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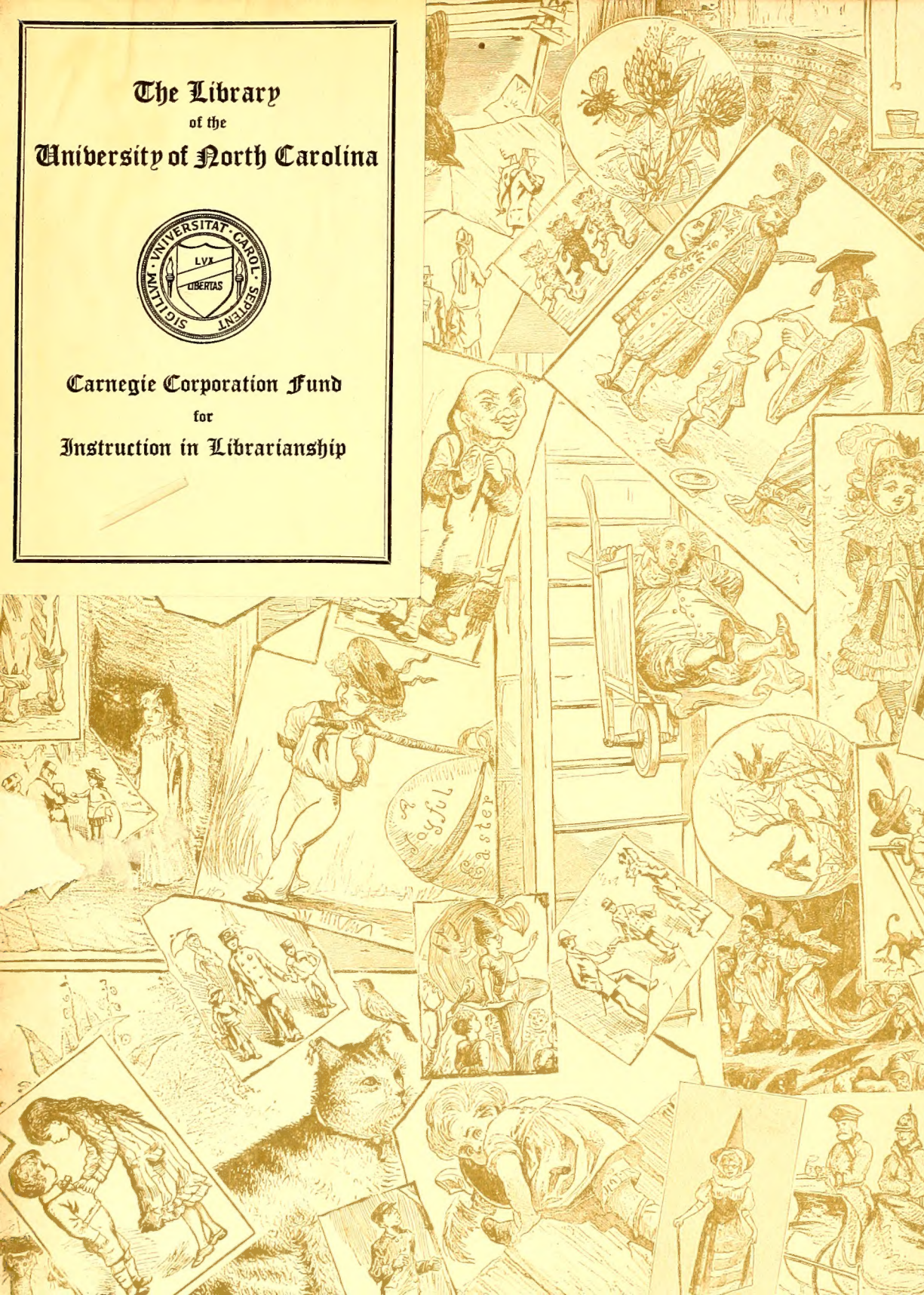
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INDIAN SUMMER

ST. NICHOLAS:

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

CONDUCTED BY

MARY MAPES DODGE.

VOLUME X.

PART I., NOVEMBER, 1882, TO MAY, 1883.

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ST. NICHOLAS:

VOLUME X.

PART I.

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ST. NICHOLAS.

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THE STORY OF VITEAU.*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

CHAPTER I.

BY the side of a small stream, which ran through one of the most picturesque portions of the province of Burgundy, in France, there sat, on a beautiful day in early summer, two boys, who were brothers.

They had been bathing in the stream, and now, having dressed, they were talking together on the bank.

Raymond, the elder, was about fourteen years old, and his brother Louis was some eighteen months younger. In form and feature, and in general disposition and character, they were not unlike many of the boys of our day, and yet these two young fellows lived more than six hundred years ago. They were dressed in simple tunics, one green, one brown, and wore short breeches, dark-colored stockings, and rather clumsy shoes.

The two brothers were very busily engaged in conversation, for they had a great deal to say to each other, and not much time to say it in. On the next day Louis was going away from home, to be gone a long, long time.

Raymond and Louis were the sons of the Countess of Viteau, whose chateau stood on a little eminence about half a mile away. Their father, the Count of Viteau, had been one of the most steadfast adherents and supporters of the Duke of Burgundy, in his endeavors to maintain the independence of his dukedom against the claims of the French crown, and had fallen in one of the battles between the Duke's followers and the army of the Regent, Queen Blanche, who, in those days, ruled France in the name of her son, the young King, Louis IX., afterward known as Louis the Just, or St. Louis.

The Duke's forces had been defeated, Burgundy had been compelled to acknowledge the supremacy of the French crown, and peace reigned in the kingdom.

The widowed Countess of Viteau now found herself the sole protector and guardian of her two boys. Fortunately, she had a large estate, but even this added to her cares and responsibilities, and rendered her less able to attend to what she had intended should be the aim and business of her life — the education of her sons.

Education, in those days, did not mean what it does now. The majority of the people, even of the upper classes, were not educated at all, some of the lords and barons being unable to write their names. Printing had not been invented; all books were in manuscript, and were scarce and valuable. Most of the learning, such as it was, had been, for a long time, confined to the monks and priests; but, in the era in which our two boys lived, people had begun to give more attention to general education, and there were schools in some of the large cities which were well attended, and where the students of that day were taught grammar, logic, rhetoric, music, arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy, although their studies in most of these branches were not carried very far. The school of Paris was one of the most celebrated of these institutions.

The Countess of Viteau was among the few ladies

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of the time who really cared for an education beyond that which included the small number of accomplishments then considered necessary to persons of high position. When quite a young woman, she had learned all that the priests, one or more of whom generally lived in her father's house, could teach her, and afterward, when her sons were old enough, she made it her personal business to attend to their studies. Some things she taught them herself, and, for other branches, she employed such men of knowledge — almost always members of some order of the clergy — as could be obtained.

But now the time had arrived when the customs of the day demanded that one of her sons, at least, should leave her to receive an education of another sort, and her younger boy was to be sent away to the castle of the Count de Barran, an old friend and fellow-soldier of her husband, to be taught, as most of the boys of his station were taught, the arts and usages of knighthood and chivalry. Raymond would also be a knight, but his mother wished him to be more than that. He would succeed to the rank and estate of his father, and she hoped that he would not only be a nobleman and a soldier, but a scholar. When he should leave her to go to the school at Paris,—and it was for this school that she was now endeavoring to prepare him,—he would live with one of his relatives, by whom he would be instructed in the noble duties of chivalry. His mother felt sure that his studies at the school and his knightly exercises would not interfere with each other.

"Only one more day," said Raymond, "and then it will seem so strange here without you, Louis."

"But it will be ever so much stranger for me," said Louis, "for I shall be without everybody. I have never seen a single soul of the castle people, excepting the Count de Barran, and it is so long since he was here that I have almost forgotten him. He was a big, stout man, and that 's all I know about him."

"You might as well have never seen him," said Raymond, "for he is not stout, and he is not big. He 's a tall, thin man, and, I think, a kind one. But I expect you soon will know everybody."

"Or they will know me," said Louis, "which will be the same thing. I know I shall have lively times. Let me see: For a year and a half I shall be a page. There must be ever so many ways for the pages, especially if there are a good many of us, to have royal fun. And then, when I am fourteen, I shall be a squire. I think I shall not like that so much, excepting for the fighting part."

"Fighting!" exclaimed his brother. "You 'll have none of that."

"Oh yes, but I shall have," returned Louis. "Barran has always been fighting, ever since I heard of him; and if he does his duty by me, he is bound to take me with him to the wars."

"But the wars are all over," said Raymond. "You know that as well as I do."

"Oh, there 'll be more," said Louis, laughing. "There is sure to be trouble of some kind before I 'm fourteen. And, if there are any wars, you must come to them. It wont do to be spending all your time here, with priests and books."

"Priests and books!" exclaimed Raymond. "I don't expect to spend half my time with them. I shall ride and fence, and tilt and hunt quite as much as you will, or even more, I doubt not. But I can do all that, and be a scholar too."

"I 'd like well enough to be a scholar," said Louis, "if it were not so much trouble. Just to learn to write, like the monks who make our books, must take years! I tell you, Raymond, it would be time wasted for me."

"No doubt of that," said his brother, laughing. "You would never have the patience to write out all the pages of a book, even if you could do it so well that people could read it. If you can do so much as write me a letter from the castle, to tell me how you find things there, and what happens to you, I shall be glad enough."

"I never did write a letter," said Louis, "but I feel quite sure that I could do it. The trouble would be for you to read it."

"That 's true," said Raymond; "but I will do my best to read, if you will do your best to write."

"Did not our mother tell you to ask me this?" said Louis, turning toward his brother with a smile.

"She did," answered Raymond.

"I thought it sounded like her," said Louis. "She greatly wants me to read and write; and, for her sake, and yours, too, Raymond, I 'll try a letter. But is not that Bernard, over in the field?"

"Yes, it is," said Raymond. "He is training a young falcon for me."

"For you!" cried Louis, jumping up. "I did not know that. Let us go down to him."

"I did not know it, either," said his brother, rising, "until yesterday. Bernard is going to teach me to fly the bird as soon as it is trained."

"And I am going away to-morrow," cried Louis. "It is too bad!"

The boys now ran down to the field, where a tall, broad-shouldered man, dressed in a short, coarse jacket of brown cloth, with tight breeches of the same stuff, was walking toward them. He bore on his left hand a large falcon, or goshawk, a bird used in that day for hunting game of various kinds.

"Ho, Bernard!" cried Louis, "how is it I never heard that you were training that bird? I should have liked to watch you all the time."

"That is the reason you were not told," said Bernard, who had been the squire of the late Count, and was now a well-trusted member of the household of Viteau.

"If you had known what I was about," he continued, "you would have done nothing but watch me, and therefore it was that your good mother told me to keep the matter from you. It takes a long time and a world of trouble to train a hawk, especially one that was nearly full-grown when caught, as this one was. Those taken from their nests are far easier to manage."

"But he is trained now, is n't he?" said Louis. "Why not try him to-day? Just one flight, good Bernard, for, you know, I shall be gone to-morrow. We can easily find a heron, or a pheasant, or something he can go after."

"No, no, my boy," said the squire; "this bird is not yet ready to cast off for a free flight. Why, it was only last week that I ceased using the long string with which I brought him back when I wanted him; and, ever since, I have been very careful to have a lure which should be so tempting that he would be certain to come down to it, no matter how high he might soar. See, here is the one I used to-day. He has eaten from it the whole breast of a pigeon."

With this he showed the boys his "lure," which was a rude figure of a bird, the body made of cloth, with the head, talons, and wings of a real bird, and to which had been attached a piece of some kind of meat of which the falcon is fond. By being thus accustomed to find something good to tear and eat when called to his master, the bird gradually learned to obey the call whenever he heard it.

Raymond was quite willing to wait until the hawk was thoroughly trained, before testing him in actual sport; but Louis, very naturally, made great complaint. To-day was his last chance. Bernard, however, was firm, and so they walked toward the château, the hooded bird still perched upon the squire's wrist.

Just as the three, now busily talking of Louis' future life at the castle of the Count de Barran, were about entering a little gate in the lower part of the grounds which surrounded the house, there came out of the gate a monk wearing a long, dark, and rather dirty gown, and walking with his eyes fixed upon the ground, as if deeply engaged in thought. He seemed scarcely to perceive the boys or the squire, as he passed them.

"I shall be glad to be free from those long-gowned folk," said Louis, as they entered the grounds. "No more priests' lessons for me. I shall have knights and soldiers for my teachers."

"All very fine," said Bernard, "but you will have other things to do besides learning how to be a knight and soldier. You will serve your masters and your mistresses at table, clean armor, hold stirrups, and do everything they ask of you."

"Oh yes," said Louis; "but that will be only while I am a page. In a year and a half all that will be over."

"A year and a half seems to me like a long time," said Raymond; "but time always passes quickly with Louis."

This remark was made to Bernard, but the squire did not appear to hear it. He was looking back through the gate at the departing monk.

"If I only knew that *he* was never coming back," he said to himself, "I would not much care what else happened."

And then he followed the boys up to the château.

CHAPTER II.

THE good squire did not make his inhospitable remark in regard to the monk because he had any dislike for monks or priests in general. He had as high an opinion of the members of the clergy as any one, but he had a very strong dislike for this particular prior. To understand his reasons for this feeling, we must know that, not very long before the period at which our story begins, and soon after the Queen Regent had conquered the rebellious provinces, and so consolidated the kingdom, there was established in the city of Toulouse that terrible tribunal of the Romish Church known as the Holy Inquisition. Here persons suspected of holding opinions in opposition to the doctrines taught by the Church were tried, often subjected to tortures in order to induce them to confess the crimes with which they were charged, and punished with great severity if found guilty. This inquisition was under the charge of the Dominican friars, of which order the man who had just passed out of the little gate was a member.

For several weeks the frequent visits of this prior to the Countess of Viteau had given a great deal of uneasiness to Bernard. The man was not one of the regular religious instructors of the family, nor had he anything to do with the education of the boys. There was some particular reason for his visits to the château, and of this the household at large knew nothing; but the fact of his being a Dominican, and therefore connected with the Inquisition, made him an unpleasant visitor to those who saw his comings and goings, but who did not know their object.

Squire Bernard thought that he knew why this Brother Anselmo came so often to the château, but he could not be certain that he was right. So he kept his ideas to himself, and did no more than hope that each visit of the friar might be the last.

When the two brothers entered the château, they went directly to their mother's apartments. They found her in a large room, the floor of which was covered with soft rushes, for there were no carpets in those days. There was an abundance of furniture, but it was stiff and heavy, and on the walls there hung various pieces of tapestry, of silk or wool, most of which the good lady had embroidered herself.

The Countess of Viteau was a woman of about thirty-five years of age, and of a sweet but dignified appearance and demeanor. She was evidently very fond of her children, and they were equally fond of her. She had a book in her hand when the boys entered (it should be remembered that she was one of the very few ladies of that day who read books), but she laid it down, and drew her sons to her, one on each side.

"Mother," said Louis, as she leaned over to kiss the young fellow who was to leave her the next day for such a long, long time,—"Mother, I wish you would write a letter to the Count de Barran, and ask him to have me taught falconry as soon as possible, and also to get me a hawk of my own, and have him trained."

"What put that into your head?" asked his mother, who could not help smiling at this absurd idea on the part of a boy who was going to begin life as a page, but who expected to enter at once into the sports and diversions of the grown-up nobility.

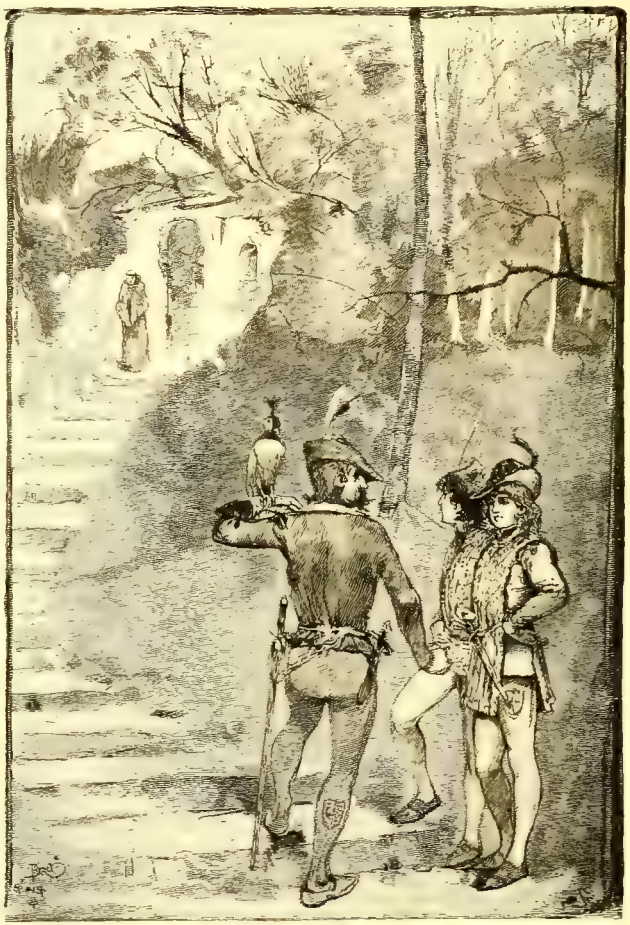
"It was Raymond's falcon that made me think of it," said Louis. "I suppose I shall not see that bird fly,—at least, not for ever so long,—and so I want one of my own."

"I did not intend you should know anything about Raymond's falcon," said his mother, "for I knew it would fill your head so full that there would be no room for anything else. But we will not talk of falcons now. I have a great deal to say to my little boy——"

"Not so very little either," said Louis, drawing himself up to his full height.

"Who is going away," continued his mother, "to learn to be a page, a squire, and a Christian knight."

We need not know what she said to him, but



BERNARD, RAYMOND, AND LOUIS MEET THE MONK.

the three were together until the room grew dark, and there was no treasure that Louis could take with him which could be so valuable as the motherly advice he received that afternoon.

Louis was to start for Barran's castle in the forenoon of the next day, and was to be accompanied by Bernard and a small body of archers, for, although there were no wars going on at that time, there was always danger from robbers. All over France, and in many other parts of Europe, there were well-organized bands of men, who made a regular business of pillaging travelers on the highways. So it was necessary that Louis should have with him enough men to defend him against an attack by these brigands.

Very early in the morning,—earlier than any

one else in the château, excepting a few servants,—Louis arose and dressed himself. He did this very quietly, so as not to wake his brother. Then he stole softly down to a room in the lower part of the building, where he knew Bernard kept the falcon he was training. The door of this room was shut, but not locked, and Louis slipped in without waking the squire, who slept soundly in a chamber just across the passage-way.

He closed the door, and looking around the room, into which a little light came from a small, high window, he soon perceived the falcon sitting on a wooden perch, in a corner. The bird was unhooded, but was tied by the leg, with a short cord, to the perch. On a small table near by lay the hood. As Louis approached the falcon, it turned its head quickly toward him and slightly raised its wings. This threatening gesture made the boy hesitate; he did not want to be bitten or scratched. Drawing back, and looking about him, he saw a cloth lying upon a bench. Seizing this, he quickly threw it over the bird, untied the cord, and, muffling with the cloth a little bell which was fastened to one of the falcon's legs, Louis snatched up the hood from the table, and, with the bird under his arm, he hurried out of the room, carefully closing the door behind him.

Out-of-doors, he quickly made his way to the little gate at the bottom of the grounds, and, through this, passed out into the road. When he reached a spot where he could not be seen from the château, he sat down, carefully uncovered the head of the falcon, and clapped over it the little hood. Then he threw aside the cloth, and set the bird upon his wrist, where it perched contentedly, although not finding it quite so firm a support as the strong hand of Bernard. While wearing the hood, which completely covered its eyes, it would not attempt to fly.

"Now, then," said he to himself, "I shall try what this fine bird can do; and when I have had an hour's sport, I shall take it back and put it on its perch, and no one will be any the worse for it. If I meet Bernard, as I go back, I shall not care. I shall have had my bit of falconry, and he can have his falcon. There must be herons, or some kind of birds, down in that field by the wood, where we saw Bernard yesterday."

When Louis reached the field, he gazed eagerly into the air and all about him for some flying creature, after which he could send his falcon in chase. But nothing, excepting a few small birds, could he discover, and he was not to be content with such game as they. If he had had dogs with him, or knew how himself to arouse the birds from their covers, he might have had a chance to send his falcon after a long-legged heron, or a pheasant; but no large bird chose to make its appearance, and poor Louis began to think that he would lose the one chance he had of seeing Raymond's falcon in pursuit of its prey.

Suddenly, from under some bushes near the edge of the wood, a large hare leaped out, and went jumping across an open space toward a little copse a short distance beyond the spot where Louis stood. Our young hunter knew that falcons chased hares, and such small animals, as well as winged game, and he instantly jerked the hood from the head of his bird, and cast it off toward the flying hare.

But, to his amazement, the falcon did not pursue the hare, which, in a few moments, disappeared in the copse. Louis did not know that hawks or falcons were not always trained to chase both hares and birds, and that this one had been accustomed to fly after winged game only.

Instead of swooping upon the hare, which, it is probable, it did not see, the falcon rose into the air, and began to soar around in a great circle.

"Perhaps it will see some game for itself," thought Louis, "and that will do just as well."

But the falcon did not appear to be in pursuit of anything. It only flew around and around, apparently rising higher and higher each moment. Louis now became anxious for it to come down, so that he could try again in some other place to scare up some game, and he began to whistle and call, as he had heard the falconers do when they wished their birds to descend.

But the falcon paid no attention to his calls, and, after rising to a great height, it flew away to the south, and presently was lost to sight.

Poor Louis was overwhelmed with grief. It seemed to him that he could never hear anything so dismal as the last tinkle of the little bell on the falcon's leg, nor see anything so sad as the dark speck which he watched until it appeared to melt away into the distant sky.

For some minutes Louis stood gazing up into the air, and then he hung his head, while a few tears came into his eyes. But he was a sturdy boy in mind and body, and he did not cry much. He slowly turned, and, with the hood of the falcon in his hand, went back to the house.

"If they ask me about it, I shall tell them," he said to himself, "but I hope they will not find it out just as I am starting away."

It was yet quite early when Louis reached his room, where he found his brother still asleep, and there was soon so much hurry and bustle, in the preparation for the departure of the little expedition, that the absence of the falcon did not seem to have been discovered.

After a prolonged leave-taking, and a great

many tears from his mother and brother, and from many of the retainers and servants of the château, Louis set forth for the castle of Barran. He rode his mother's palfrey, a small and gentle horse, and was followed by quite a train of archers and men-at-arms, headed by the trusty Bernard.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN the first pain caused by the separation from his dear mother and brother began to subside in Louis' heart,— and it must be admitted that it began to subside pretty soon, the day being so bright and everybody in such good spirits,— he felt quite proud to see himself at the head of such a goodly company, and greatly wished that they would fall in with some enemy, so that he might have a little conquering to tell about when he should reach his future home. But no enemy was met, and, if a fight had taken place, it is not likely that the boy would have been able to boast of his part in it, for Bernard was very careful of his young charge, and as soon as they had left the neighborhood of the Château de Viteau, and had entered the forest through which ran their road for the greater part of the journey, he made Louis ride about the middle of the little procession, while he himself went a short distance in advance, looking carefully about him for the first signs of robbers, or any one else who might be likely to dispute their passage.

But no such persons were met, and toward the end of the afternoon Louis and his train rode into the court-yard of the castle.

The moment that he entered the great gates, the quick eye of the boy perceived that he had come to a place very different from his mother's château. He had supposed there would be a difference, but had never imagined it would be so great. There were a good many serving-people, of various ranks and orders, at Viteau. There were ladies in attendance on his mother; and sometimes there were knights and other visitors, whose diversions had made what Raymond and Louis had considered a very gay time; but there never had been anything like the lively scenes which met the eye of our young friend, both in the court-yard and in the halls of the castle itself. Outside there were boy-pages running on various errands, or standing about, watching other people and neglecting their own business; and there were squires, men-at-arms, and archers who were lounging in the shade, or busily at work rubbing up a piece of armor, or putting a point on an arrow-head or on a blunted lance. Here and there was a knight not clad in armor, but in fine silk and embroidered cloth, looking at horses which were being led about the inclosure by varlets or inferior serving-men, who generally were dressed in clothes of dirty leather. Two barefooted monks, one of them holding the bridle of a donkey, with a bag thrown across its back, were talking together near the gate. Some people were laughing, some were talking, some were calling to others at a distance, and some were hammering; the horses were making a good deal of noise with their feet; a man was blowing a horn, which he had begun to blow as soon as Louis had entered the gates, and which was intended, it appeared, as a general announcement that somebody had arrived who was a friend, and had been admitted freely. All together, there was more noise, and moving about, and standing still, and lying down, than Louis had ever seen, at one time, before.

Inside the castle there was not so much bustle; but knights and ladies, the first generally dressed much more finely and with more show of color and ornament than their female companions, were to be seen here and there. The pages who were not running about or standing still outside seemed to be doing the same inside; there was a clatter of metal and wooden dishes in the dining-hall, where the servants were preparing supper; and, in a room opening into the great hall, a tall knight sat upon a stool, with a little harp on his knee, singing one of the romantic songs which were so much liked in those days, and accompanying his voice with a steady "tum-tum" on the harp-strings. Around him were several knights and ladies, some sitting and some standing, and all listening, with much satisfaction, to his song.

The Count de Barran, a tall, spare man, with an ugly but good-humored face, gave Louis a kindly welcome.

"He is the son of Raymond de Viteau, my old brother-at-arms," he said to a knight with a great brown beard, who stood beside him, "and I shall try to make of him as good a knight as his — as I can."

"You were going to say 'as good a knight as his father,' good sir," said Louis quickly, looking up into Barran's face. "Do you think I can not be that?"

"That will depend upon yourself," said the master of the castle. "Your father was brave and noble above his fellow-knights. If you become his equal, my little fellow, I shall be very proud. And now I shall send you to my sister, the Lady Clemence, who will see that you are taken care of."

"The boy's quickness of wit comes out well, even now," said the brown-bearded knight; "but you may have to wait for the bravery and the honor to show themselves."

"Not long, I hope," replied Barran. "Good blood must soon make some sign, if he has it in him."

The next day Bernard and his train returned to Viteau, with many messages from Louis, and the life of the boy, as the youngest page in the castle, fairly commenced. In a few days he began to understand his duties, and to make friends among the other pages, all of whom were sons of well-born people. These boys had come to the castle to receive the only education they would ever have. Louis did not at first very much like to wait upon the knights and ladies at table, and to find himself expected to serve so many people in so many ways; but he soon became used to these things, especially when he saw other boys, whom he knew to be just as good as he was, doing what he was expected to do.

He had a bright, interesting face, and he soon became a favorite, especially among the ladies, for they liked to be waited upon by a page who was so good-humored and quick. The Count de Barran was not married, and his sister, the Lady Clemence, was at the head of domestic affairs in his castle.

The only very young person among the visitors at the castle was a little girl named Agnes, the motherless daughter of Count Hugo de Lanne, the brown-bearded man who had talked with De Barran about his new page. Between this girl and Louis a friendship soon sprang up. Agnes was a year older than he, and she knew so much of castle-life, and of the duties of a page, that she became one of his best instructors. She was a lively, impulsive girl; and this was the reason, no doubt, why she and Louis got on so well together.

One morning, as Agnes was passing through an upper hall, she saw, standing at a window which overlooked the court-yard, our young friend Louis, with an enormous battle-ax over his shoulder. As she approached, he turned from the window, out of which he had been looking.

"What in the world," she cried, "are you doing with that great ax, and what makes you look so doleful?"

"I am taking the ax down to the armorer's shop, to be sharpened and polished," he said.

"It is too big a thing for you to be carrying about," said Agnes, "and it seems sharp enough now. And as to you, you look as if you were going somewhere to cut your head off with it. What is the matter with you?"

"That is the matter," said Louis, turning again to the window, and pointing to a body of horsemen who were just riding out of the gate. They had dogs with them, and several of them carried each a hooded falcon perched upon his wrist.

"Did you want to go hunting herons? Is that what troubles you?" asked Agnes.

"No, indeed; I don't want to go," said Louis. "I hate to see falcons."

"What did you look at them for, then?" asked Agnes. "But I don't see how you can hate them. I love to see them swooping about, so lordly, in the air. Why do not you like them as well as I do?"

Moved by a strong desire to share his secret with some one, Louis, after a little hesitation, finally put the battle-ax on the floor, and told Agnes the whole story of the loss of his brother's falcon, first making her promise that she would never repeat it to any one. He told it all in a straightforward way, and finished by explaining how the sight of the hunters made him think of his poor brother, who could not go hawking for ever so long. Indeed, he did not know that Bernard would be willing to get another hawk and take all the trouble of training it. He might be very angry.

"I think it 's easy enough to make that right," said Agnes. "You ought to give your brother another hawk, already trained."

"I would like much to know where I am to get it," said Louis.

Agnes thought for a moment.

"My father will give you one," she said, "if I ask him. If he questions me as to what you want with it, I can tell him, with truth, that you want to give it to your brother, who has no falcon, and who needs one very much."

"Do you really think he would give me one?" asked Louis, with brightening face.

"I am sure of it," said Agnes. "He has plenty of trained falcons, and he could spare one easily enough. I will ask him, as soon as he comes back to-day."

Accordingly, when Count Hugo returned from his hawking expedition that afternoon, he was met by his little daughter, who asked him for a falcon, a well-trained and good one, which could hunt hares as well as birds, and which would be sure to come back to its master whenever it was called.

Of course such a request as this excited some surprise, and required a good deal of explanation. But when Count Hugo, who was a very indulgent father, and who had also quite a liking for Louis, heard what was to be done with the bird, he consented to give it.

"If he wanted it for himself," he said, "I should not let him have it, for a page has no need of falcons, and a boy of the right spirit ought not to desire gifts; but, as he wants it for his brother, who is in a station to use it, it shows a generous disposition, and he shall have it." And calling to one of his falconers to bring him a hawk, he handed it to

Agnes, and told her that she should herself give it to her young friend.

"He and you can look at it for a quarter of an hour," said the Count, "and then he must bring it back to Orlon, here, who will feed and take care of it until the boy has an opportunity of sending it to his brother. Don't take its hood off, and keep your fingers well clear of its beak."

When Agnes appeared with the falcon unsteadily perched on her two small fists, which she had covered with a scarf, to keep its talons from hurting her, Louis was overwhelmed with delight. He was sure that this was a much finer bird than the one he had lost.

When the falcon had been sufficiently admired, and had been returned to its keeper, and when Louis had run to find Count Hugo, and had thanked him for his kindness, the question arose between the two young friends: How was he to be carried to Raymond?

"If I had any way of riding there, I 'd take it to him myself. I want him to have it just as soon as he can get it," said Louis.

"I can lend you my jennet," said Agnes. "He is small, but can travel far."

"You will lend him!" cried Louis. "And are you not going to use him for two days? It will take at the very least two days to go to Viteau and come back."

"I may not ride him for a week," said Agnes. "But you must not travel to your mother's house alone. You must wait until some company is going that way."

Louis would have been willing to start off by himself, but he knew he would not be allowed to do so; and he had to curb his impatience for three whole days before an opportunity of making his journey offered itself. Then a knight from the south was leaving the castle, with a small train,



LOUIS AND BERNARD ON THEIR WAY TO DE BARRAN'S CASTLE.

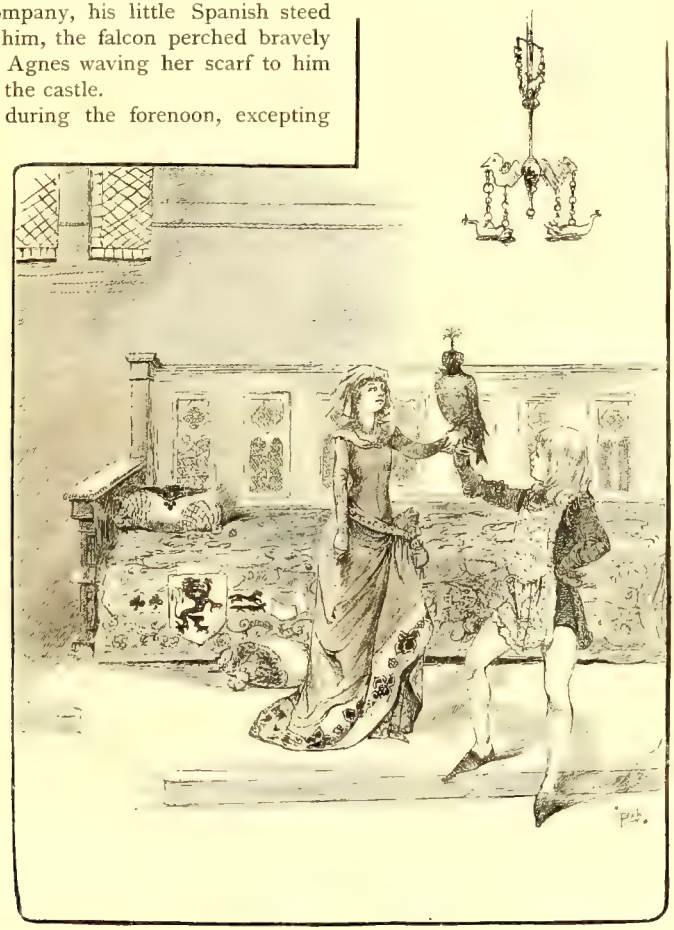
and as they would pass near Viteau, Louis was allowed to accompany them.

The Count de Barran was not pleased that his

new page should ask for leave of absence so soon; but, as it was represented that there was good reason for the journey, and as the Lady Clemence urged the boy's request, he was allowed to go.

So, early one morning Louis started away, the gayest of his company, his little Spanish steed frisking beneath him, the falcon perched bravely on his arm, and Agnes waving her scarf to him from a window of the castle.

All went well during the forenoon, excepting that the falcon became very heavy, and had to be perched on the saddle-bow; but, during a short halt which the party made about noon, Louis discovered that it was not the intention of the knight from the south to take the most direct road to Viteau. He meant, a mile or two farther on, to turn to the east, and to spend the night at a château belonging to a friend. Then, the next day, he would pursue his journey and would pass, by a rather circuitous road, near to Viteau.



LOUIS, AGNES, AND THE FALCON.

Louis did not want to stop all night anywhere excepting in his mother's house, and he made up his mind that, when he reached the forking of the road, he would leave the party and gallop on to Viteau. It could not be far, and his spirited little horse would soon take him there.

Consequently, when he came to the place where his companions took their way eastward, Louis fell behind and, instead of following them, he kept on the road to Viteau, urging his horse forward at the top of its speed. He hoped that his departure had not been noticed, and that he would not be missed until he had gone so far that he could not be overtaken. He expected to be pursued, for he knew the knight and his men would not allow him to go off by himself if it could be prevented.

So he galloped on, his falcon tightly grasping the saddle-bow, and he himself turning around every few minutes, to see if he were followed. But he saw no horsemen riding after him. The knight's men had straggled a good deal after they had turned into the new road, and Louis was not

missed for an hour or two. Then, when his absence was discovered, the knight sent three men after him, with instructions to bring him back, or to escort him to Viteau, in case they found him near that place. It was supposed, of course, that he had slipped away, so as to get home as soon as possible.

The men did not like the job at all, for they feared they would not be able to return until after dark to the château where their party was to spend the night, and they did not fancy traveling at night for the sake of a boy they knew very slightly, and cared very little about. So, after riding five or six miles, they agreed to halt until nearly night, and ride back to their party at the top of their speed, and report that they had overtaken Louis, and had accompanied him to a spot within sight of his mother's château. This story was believed by the knight from the south, who had no very clear idea as to the distance of Viteau from the forks of the road; and no further thought was given to the young page.

As for Louis, he kept madly on his way. His horse was strong and fleet, but it was beginning to flag a little in its pace, when, suddenly, it stopped short. A tall man stood in front of it, and in a moment had seized the panting animal by the bridle. Another man, with a pike in his hand, appeared on the right, while several others came out from behind some bushes on the left. The tall man wore a cuirass, or body-armor, of steel rings linked closely together, which had probably once been bright and shining, but which was now very rusty and old. He wore no other armor, and his clothes seemed torn and soiled. The whole party, indeed, as Louis, with open mouth and eyes, glanced quickly around him,—too much startled to speak,—seemed to be a very rusty set of fellows.

Louis did not long remain silent. Indeed, he was the first one to speak. He had often seen such persons as these among the serfs and varlets at the castle, and he had been accustomed to respect from them.

"Ho there!" he cried, "move out of my way. Step from the road, do you hear? I am going home to my mother's château, and I am in a hurry."

"Your mother can wait," said the tall man. "We should be pleased to have your company ourselves to-night. So do not be angry. You can not go on."

"I believe," cried Louis, his eyes flashing, although they were full of tears, "that you are a set of robbers."

"That is true," said the other, "and this little man, and this little horse, and this very fine falcon, are our booty."

(To be continued.)

TIMES AND SEASONS.

BY W. J. LINTON.

THERE 's a time—the proverb tells us—
For all things under the sun;
Even so may be proper seasons
For good works to be done,
And for good words to be said.
In the fear lest I or you
May miss the happy occasions,
Let us here note down a few.

When the trees are heavy with leaves,
When the leaves lie underfoot,
When fruit on the board is frequent,
And while there is rind or root;
When the rain comes down from the heavens.
When the sun comes after rain,
When the autumn fields are waving
With the weight of golden grain;

When the hills are purple with heather,
When the fells are black with cold,
When the larches are gay with their tassels red,
When nuts are shrivel'd and old;

Whenever there 's growth in the spring-time,
Or June close follows May,
And so long as the first of January
Happens on New-Year's day;

When mushrooms spring in the meadows,
Or toadstools under the trees,
When the gnats gyrate in the sunshine,
When the oak-boughs strain in the breeze;
In the days of the cuckoo and swallow,
When the sea-gulls flee the foam,
When the night-jar croons in the gloaming,
Or the owl goes silently home;

When the lake is a placid mirror,
When the mountains melt in mist,
When the depths of the lake are as pillars of gold
On a floor of amethyst;
When a rainbow spans the morning,
When the thunder rends the night,
When the snow on the hills is rosy red
With the blush of the wakening light;

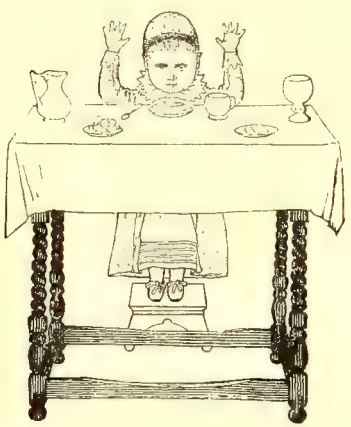
When the soul is heavy with sadness,
  When the tears fall drop by drop,
When the heart is glad as the heart of him
  Who climbs to a mountain-top;
When youth unrolls like a bracken-frond,
  When age is grandly gray
As the side of a crag that is riven and scarr'd
  With the storms of yesterday:—

Believe that in all of these seasons
  Some good may be done or said,
And whenever the loving thought and will
  Are loving enough to wed;
And well is it with the happy heart
  That hath throughly understood
How the "time for all things under the sun"
  Is always the time for good.

GRACE FOR A CHILD

by

Robert Herrick



"HERE A LITTLE CHILD I STAND.
HEAVING UP MY EITHER HAND:
COLD AS PADDOCKS-THOUGH THEY BE,
HERE I LIFT THEM UP TO THEE,
FOR A BENISON TO FALL
ON OUR MEAT AND ON OUR ALL. AMEN".





"SHE DOES N'T SEEM TO KNOW THAT SHE 'S ME!"

"TORPEDOES—DON'T ANCHOR!"

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

BOYS and girls who travel by the Sound boats, from Fall River or Newport, Stonington or Providence, or any of the ports on Long Island Sound, toward New York, always get up early and go out on deck. They want to see the view as the boat comes in from the broad Sound and enters the East River. It is one of the finest sights in the country, and, if you ever do go that way, be sure and look about you the moment the light begins to shine into your state-room window. First, you will see the beautiful shores of Long Island and Connecticut, with the charming bays stretching far back among the undulating hills. Then there are the pretty cottages, the long, smooth beaches, the curious light-houses, and the great forts.

As the two shores appear to come nearer together, you pass a funny brick light-house on an island, and then come the vast fortifications,

just where the boat seems to enter a river and takes a sudden turn to the west. On the stone walls of one of these forts is a monstrous sign, with letters six feet high:

TORPEDOES—DON'T ANCHOR!

There are ships and schooners passing both ways. You see tug-boats rushing about in search of a job, or toiling along with canal-boats, schooners, or barges in tow. In some of the bays perhaps you may see vessels at anchor, with their sails furled. Here and there you may pass fishermen in boats, anchored near their nets or over the fishing-grounds. Not a ship or sloop, or even a sail-boat, is at anchor here; every one seems to be in a great hurry to get away, as if some strange, mysterious danger lay hidden here. The pilot looks straight ahead, and the steamer plows swiftly along in her course. It would not be wise to drop anchor just now. You may sail on and see all the wonderful sights beyond, but you can not easily forget that strange place, with its warning sign, "Don't anchor." Once upon a time, a schooner, called the "Olive Branch," did come to anchor there, but she never sailed the seas again, and not so much as a stick of her could be found afterward that was fit for anything but to make a bonfire on the beach.

The coast of the United States is several thousand miles long. Scattered along it are hundreds of ports and harbors, opening upon the Atlantic, the Gulf of Mexico, or the Pacific. They extend from the wooded hills of Maine, down past the low, sandy shores of New Jersey, the Carolinas, and Florida, to the shallow river-mouths of Texas, and, again, far along the shores that face the great Pacific. Into these ports come the ships of every nation, while up and down the coast, and far away to all parts of the world, sail our ships and steamers. At some of these places, where ships go in and out, as at Boston, Newport, New York, Charleston, and San Francisco, and at many of the river entrances, are stone forts built to guard the harbors from an enemy's ships. Great guns are mounted in the forts, and there are soldiers always on guard, to see that no one does any harm to our defenses.

But many of these forts were planned or built a long time ago. Some were even used in the Revolution. Since they were built, methods and implements of warfare have undergone great changes. War-ships are now covered with heavy plates of iron that only the largest guns can break, and they carry monster cannon, some of them throwing shells weighing over seven hundred pounds, that could easily knock one of our old stone forts to pieces.

We don't want to fight. If we have a misunderstanding with any nation, we send some wise and sensible people there, to have a talk about the matter and try to settle things in a peaceful way. But, at the same time, we must be ready to fight, for, if we were not, some little nation might send a couple of war-ships over here, and before we could stop them they might knock our forts to pieces and, perhaps, burn up some of our towns. Thus it happens that, as the majority of our forts are not supplied with formidable artillery, we have tried to find some other way of driving away or destroying an enemy's ships of war in case they should try to enter any one of our ports.

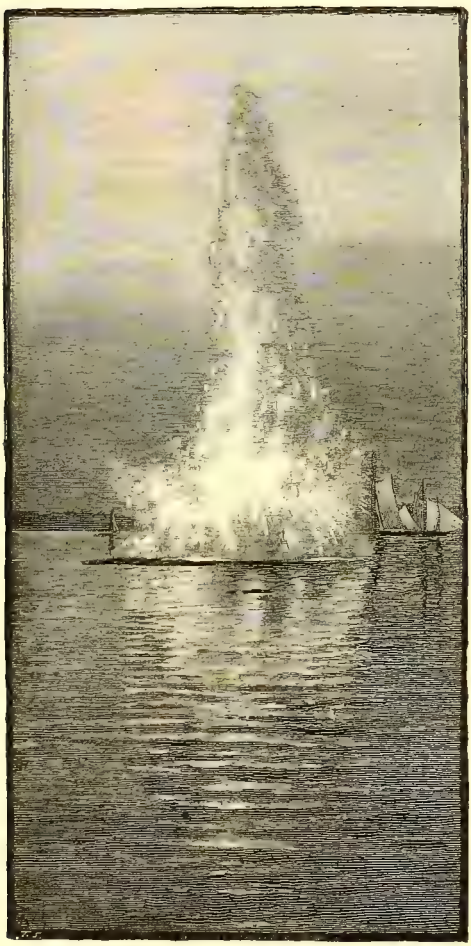
A war-ship may carry heavy iron armor that will resist the shots fired from ordinary cannon, but if a big bomb-shell should go off under her keel she could not help herself, and would instantly tumble to pieces and sink out of sight in the sea. This queer kind of under-water hostilities we could carry on, if necessary, almost anywhere along our coasts, and, conducted by our brave and skillful soldiers, not all the war-ships in the world would be able to capture our forts.

The weapons used for this under-water warfare are called "torpedoes." They are queer things. Some rest on the bottom of the bay, like great frogs. Others float silently in the water, just out of sight, like a lazy trout sunning himself in a pool, and still others are like live sharks, for they can swim and chase a ship under water till at last they put their terrible teeth in her keel and drag her down to destruction.

This place at the end of Long Island Sound, where you can see the strange sign warning vessels not to anchor, is the school where our soldiers are taught to use torpedoes in time of war. Here are used only torpedoes intended for the defense of our harbors. There is also another school at Newport. At these, they study how to use torpedoes on board ships and gun-boats, by way of practice against a time when they may be required to attack the enemy's ships on the open water. The United States Government will not permit us to see how torpedoes are made and used, because it is important that this should be kept a secret, as far as possible. All we can do is to see, in a general way, how they would be used in war, and how they would behave in a battle.

As I have said, there are two kinds of torpedoes: those that are anchored in one place, and those that swim about in the water. Of those that are anchored, there are also two kinds. One kind consists of great iron boxes filled with dynamite and sunk in the water at particular places.

They rest in the mud, or on the sand and stones, till they are ready to be fired, when they blow up or explode with terrible effect; and if a ship happens to be passing over one of them, she is sure to be torn to pieces. The other kind have a float anchored just out of sight under water, while the



A DOUBLE BLAST.*

torpedo rests on the bottom. These, too, when they explode, destroy anything that happens to be near. At Willet's Point, where the warning sign tells the ships not to anchor, the torpedoes are planted at the bottom of the water, and some times, as on the Fourth of July, some of them are fired off. Of course all vessels are warned away, for the torpedo sends into the air a tremendous fountain of water, hundreds of feet high, that would destroy any ship it fell upon.

There are two ways of firing these ground torpedoes: In one there is a wire, carefully protected from the water, leading from the torpedo to the shore. The soldiers in charge of it can send electricity through this wire and set fire to the dynamite, and thus fire the torpedo. The torpedo is lost and destroyed, but the broken wire can be pulled ashore, and used again on another torpedo. The second method is to fasten to the torpedo a wooden float. If one of the enemy's ships passes over such a torpedo and happens to strike and push aside the float that is anchored just over it, this will also fire the torpedo, for the chain or rope that anchors the float is connected with the torpedo, and any strain or pull on the rope discharges it. In this way the ship itself may fire the torpedo, and thus become an agent in its own destruction.

The swimming torpedoes are of two kinds. One of these swims like a fish, and, if it strikes its nose against a ship, explodes, and sinks the vessel by tearing a terrible hole in the bottom. Another kind can also swim, but it carries fastened to its tail a long wire, which it drags through the water wherever it goes. By means of this wire, the soldier who stands at the end, on the shore, or the sailor on board ship, can make the fish turn to the right or left, dive, turn around, go backward, or come home again when it is wanted. Besides this, the fish will blow up if it strikes against the enemy's ship, or whenever the man at the wire wishes to fire it. The Government will not tell us how such a wonderful thing can be done, but you may be sure that these fish-torpedoes are strange fellows. They seem to be able to do everything that a fish can do, and more, for when they get angry they can burst out into a frightful passion and send the water flying into the air for hundreds of feet, and woe to the sailors who are near! Torpedo, ship, and men go to the bottom in a volcano of fire and water. Besides these anchored and swimming torpedoes, there is another kind called spar-torpedoes, so named because they are placed on the ends of spars or booms that run out under water from the bows of small boats. The boats rush up to the side of the big ship, in the dark, and explode the torpedo underneath, thus sinking the vessel.

Sometimes, on the Fourth of July, or when the President or some other distinguished visitor is at Newport or Willet's Point, some of the ground torpedoes are fired as a salute. And a grand salute it is. A time is chosen when no vessels are passing, and all small boats that may be near are warned away. The officer on the shore starts the steam-engine attached to the dynamo machine that gives the electricity, or he arranges his battery for the purpose. When all is ready, he presses his finger lightly on a knob. Instantly there appears out on the sea a terrible rush of solid

* The illustrations to this article are copied from instantaneous photographs (by Von Sothen) of actual torpedo explosions.

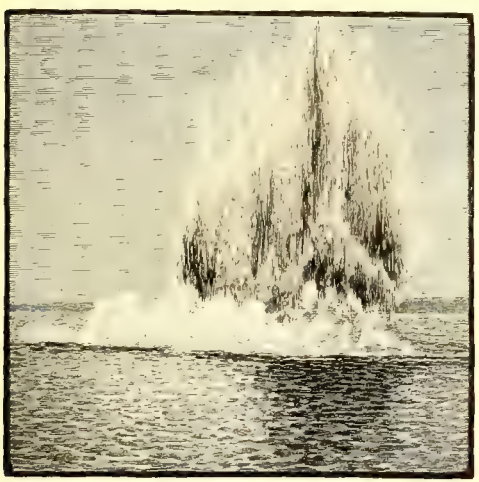
water, dark green and blazing white. It mounts into the air higher and higher, breaking into foam and spray. While this mass is white and feathery, the sea all around seems to sink into a vast whirlpool or crater. The water turns black, and



THE BEGINNING OF A BLAST—SHOWING THE BLACK RING OF WATER.

then the waves rush in from every side and fill the hole whence the fountain sprang. An instant later there is what seems to be a second, though less violent, explosion, and another fountain rushes up. Then, with a roar and splash, down falls the tall column of water, and the sea is covered with seething foam, and a ring of waves spreads out wider and wider in every direction. Grand water fire-works these, as you see by the pictures.

the explosion, and float all about on the water. The boys knew what to expect, and are picking up the dead fish as fast as they can. On one occasion, three porpoises were swimming near where a torpedo was fired. For a week afterward the soldiers had porpoise-steaks for breakfast. At another time, a fisherman, who was out in his boat when a torpedo went off, found six wild ducks dead in the water. Poor birds! They never knew what was the cause of the terrible concussion that killed them. If they were conscious of anything, it must have seemed to them that an earthquake had taken place, or that some great water-spout had leaped out of the sea to crush them.



A GRAND SALUTE—GOING UP.



A GRAND SALUTE—COMING DOWN.

When the water is quiet again, all the men and boys who are waiting near in their boats row out to the place where the torpedo was fired. What are those white things floating on the water? They are fish. Thousands of them have been killed by

Should we ever have a war with any foreign power, these soldiers at the Willet's Point torpedo school would be sent to all our forts, and hundreds upon hundreds of torpedoes would be planted near the entrances of all our ports. Then, if one of the



NO. 1.—BEFORE THE EXPLOSION.



NO. 2.—THE MOMENT OF EXPLOSION.

enemy's ships tried to batter down a fort which guarded one of our harbors, two soldiers hiding on the shore would watch the ship as she sailed in. Each man would have a small telescope



NO. 3.—THE MOMENT AFTER.



NO. 4.—THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

pointed in a particular direction, and when the ship came in sight of either, he would speak to the other man through a telephone. When they both could see the ship at once, she would be over a torpedo, and one or both would touch the knob, the electricity would fly along the wire under the sea, and Mr. Enemy would suddenly stop. The poor ship would feel a terrible shock. Her iron sides would be torn apart, her engines would sink down through the bottom and fall out, the boilers would explode with a great concussion, the masts leap into the air, and, in an instant, in a cloud of smoke and spray, the mighty ship would break in two and sink, in a seething whirlpool, into the

raging water. It would be indeed terrible, but the fort and adjacent city would be saved.

I told you that once a schooner called the "Olive Branch" did anchor off the fort. She was an old boat, and they put her there to see what would become of her if torpedoes were fired near her. You know that nowadays photographers are so skillful that they can take a picture in an instant of time. When the torpedoes were to be fired, the photographer set up his camera upon the shore, and arranged it in such a way that the pictures would be taken at the same time that the torpedoes exploded.

First they tried to see how near they could come to the schooner and not hit it. The large picture shows it was a pretty close shot. Then they fired a torpedo directly under the schooner, and took three pictures one after the other. Picture No. 1 shows the "Olive Branch" just before the explosion. The men seen on board were only dummies or scare-crows put there for fun. In No. 2 the torpedo has burst and the schooner is torn in two.



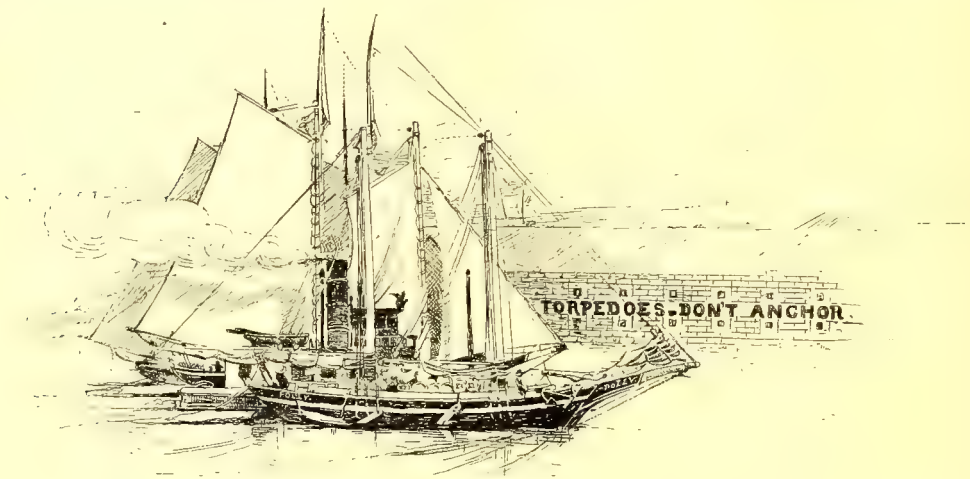
BETWEEN TWO FIRES.—EXPLODING TORPEDOES SIMULTANEOUSLY AT THE TWO ENDS OF A BOAT.

The mainmast has jumped right out of the hull, and the hull has broken into two pieces. The bowsprit is bent down into the water, and the stern has dived the other way. In No. 3 everything is torn to a million pieces, and there is only a huge fountain of sticks, ropes, and muddy water. In No. 4 the terrible wreck is falling back in ruins into the sea.

All this took only a few seconds, but the photographer caught the strange scenes just as they passed.

The other pictures show different views of explosions of torpedoes, the name on each explaining what it is.

We shall never go to war if we can avoid it, and we shall try very hard to prevent it, for war is a cruel and costly way to settle disputes. Perhaps for a hundred years torpedoes will never be fired except for salutes on the Fourth of July, and there will be no torpedoes planted anywhere except at the schools at Newport and Willet's Point. But these torpedo schools show that we are ready to fight, and that is one very good way to keep out of a fight. Torpedoes are terrible things in war, and we all trust they may never be used, except as a wonderful kind of fire-works to salute the flag or the ships of other nations when they come to make us a friendly visit.



HOTEÏ.

By Laura F. Hinsdale.

Of all the gods to legend given,
The wisest dwells beyond the sea;
One of a brotherhood of seven,
His funny name is Hoteï.*

His brother, Daikokom, has wealth,
His sacks of rice are tied with gold;
But he has neither youth nor health,
And looks forlorn and cross and old.

The God of Glory bears a lance,
And wears a cuirass and a star;
You see, with but a moment's glance,
He's only bent on making war.

The God of Love, with arrows bent,
A very naughty god is he!
And many a gentle heart has rent,
As all the wide world will agree.

But Hoteï 's a jolly lad,
Who lives in far-away Japan;
In simple sackcloth he is clad,
He owns a wallet and a fan.

He fans away the webs of care,
And, when his purse is empty quite,
Tosses it gayly in the air,
And laughs to see it is so light.

The children love him, high and low;
For where he goes 't is always May;
And joy-birds sing, and flowers grow,
And all the world is blithe and gay.

When he awakes, he laughs with glee,
Because the world was plainly meant
For just such happy souls. You see,
His name, in English, is *Content.*

* Pronounced "Ho-tā-ĕ."

OLD MORDECAI'S COCKEREL.

By Sargent Flint.

"GRAND old trees," said Mamma, "a fine view from the piazza, and pleasant inside."

"I see no fault," said Papa.

"Except that hideous little house at the foot of the garden," said Aunt Amy.

"And that horrible old man, sitting all day close up to our fence," said Bob.

"Both his legs is shorter than the other," said little Lucy.

"He sits on his own land," said Papa.

"And he minds his own business," said Mamma.

"Nevertheless, he is a very Mordecai at our back gate," said Aunt Amy.

But the summer went, and, despite the hideous little house at the foot of the garden, and the old man smoking his pipe so near the fence, everbody had seemed quite merry. The grand old trees were bare now, and a great, melancholy pile of leaves in the garden was all that was left of their glory. Aunt Amy wished the pile had been a little higher, that it might have hidden old Mordecai's house.

"I like Old Mortify," said Lucy; "he hands me my kitten when she runs away." She had grown used to seeing the old man walking from side to side, on his poor old rheumatic legs, and felt kindly toward him. She had smiled first at his little grand-daughter, and then asked her if she were Mortify's little girl.

"What you mean?" said the child.

"Are you his little girl?" asked Lucy.

"He is my grandpa; I am Sadie."

Lucy handed some white roses through the fence, and Sadie handed back a plum. To be sure, the plum was very hard, and Lucy could not eat it; but she believed it was the best her little neighbor had, and always spoke to her afterward.

Now, the weather had become so cold that Mordecai no longer sat by the fence, or walked in his little garden; and Lucy had not seen Sadie for a long time.

In a week it would be Thanksgiving. The sky was gray and cold, and the tall trees waved their bare branches to keep warm until the snow should come to cover them.

"Everything looks awfully homesick," said Bob, standing at the window. "This is the meanest place I ever saw."

At that moment a loud, defiant crow fell upon his ears.

"That's Old Mordecai's cockerel," he said angrily.

"Yes," said Lucy. "I can see him down at the pile of leaves."

"I told him never to crow on our side of the fence," said Bob.

Lucy laughed.

"You may laugh, but you just see if he crows on our side again, Lucy Jackson."

Once again the cockerel crowed, loudly and triumphantly. Once more Lucy laughed. Bob went out, and Lucy saw the cockerel scratching the leaves. Then she saw Bob creeping toward him with a bow and arrow. She laughed again, for she considered Bob a very poor shot. Aunt Amy had often said that, if no one but Bob cared for archery, a target would last forever.

Mordecai's cockerel seemed to be of the same opinion, for he stopped a moment to turn his eye toward the young archer, then began to scratch again more diligently than before.

Lucy did not see the arrow fly from the bow, but she saw Bob flying to the stable with the cockerel in his arms. She was so much excited that she ran out at once, bare-headed, to find Bob just drawing out the arrow from the poor fowl's breast.

"Oh, Bob!" she whispered, "that will hurt him dreadfully."

"Do you 'spose he likes it that way?" said Bob, sarcastically.

"Oh, Bob!" she continued, "I did n't believe you could ever hit anything."

"Nor I, either."

She turned away her head while he drew out the arrow. The cockerel flapped his wings a little, then closed his eyes and lay quite still.

"He 's going to die," whispered Lucy.

"That 's just like a girl! Why don't you help a fellow out?"

"I will do anything you want me to, Bob."

"A girl ought to know more about such things than a boy."

"I know it," sighed Lucy. "I 'm trying to think, but all I can remember is arsenicum and Jamaica ginger. He has n't sneezed, so I don't believe it 's arsenicum he needs. Shall I go for some ginger?"

"Do you think it would do any good?"

"He opened one eye; maybe, if he had some ginger, he could open both."

"Well, go get it; we can try it." And Lucy went for the ginger.

"Hope you staid long enough," said Bob, when

she appeared at the stable-door with a cup in her hand.

"That mean cook would n't give me the sugar, and I hurried so I spilled the ginger in the closet. How is he?"

"He keeps on breathing, but he does n't notice much."

Bob took the cup, and gave the cockerel a spoonful of the ginger. The bird staggered to his feet and flapped his wings. Lucy thought surely he meant to crow again on their side of the fence, but the next instant he lay motionless before them.

"He 's gone!" said Bob, solemnly.

"I wish we had tried the arsenicum," said Lucy, sadly. "What will Old Mortify say?"

And mind you, it 's my place to tell of it, and not yours."

"But you are going to tell, Bob?"

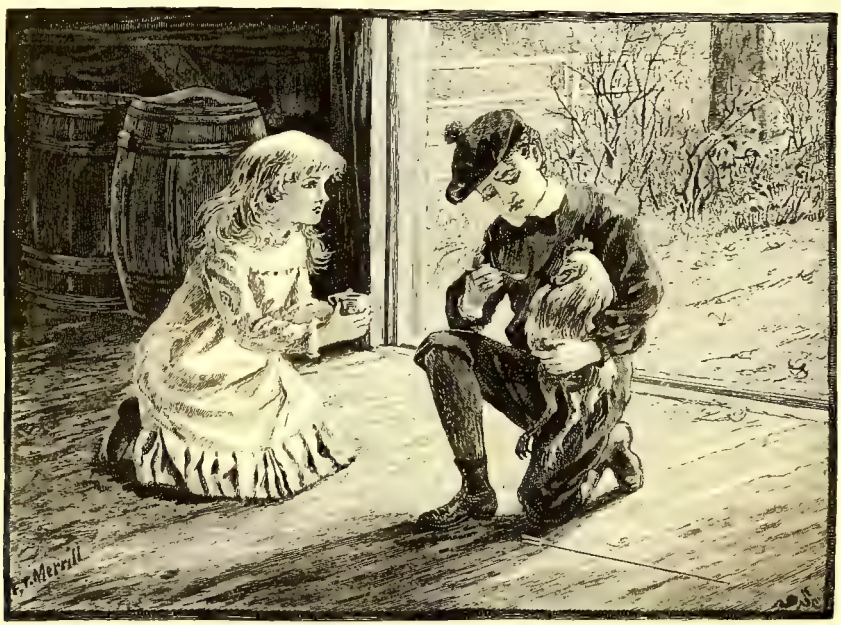
"You run in, and wait and see."

She went in and stood by the window, and saw him come carelessly out of the stable and walk about the garden, then return with the dead cock and cover him hastily with leaves.

When he came in, he said: "Don't stand staring at that pile of leaves. It 's done, and can't be helped. Nothing but an old rooster, anyway! No business crowing on our side of the fence. I gave him fair warning."

"But he did n't understand, Bob."

"Well, he does now," said Bob.



"BOB GAVE THE COCKEREL A SPOONFUL OF THE GINGER."

"I guess I shall be Old Mortify, if Papa finds it out. How strong this ginger smells!—how much did you put in?"

"Five spoonfuls. I thought he was so awful sick he ought to have a lot."

"Five spoonfuls! Then *you* killed him."

"Oh, Bob, don't say that!" she cried. "What would Sadie say to me?" and she lifted the bird's head tenderly, but it fell back again upon the stable-floor. Old Mordecai's cockerel would never crow again on either side of the fence. Little Lucy stood shivering, with tears in her eyes.

"Run in the house," said Bob.

"What shall you do?"

"I am going to hide him under the leaves.

That night, after the children had gone to bed, the old man came up to inquire if any one had seen his cockerel.

Aunt Amy went up to ask Bob.

"Yes," said that young gentleman; "tell him I saw him on the wrong side of the fence about four o'clock."

As the days went by, little Lucy felt more and more uneasy, as she thought of what lay under the leaves. She had seen Sadie out, and had heard her call and call for the poor cockerel that never came. Still she had kept quiet, waiting for Bob to speak.

The day before Thanksgiving she sat alone in the library. Her mother and Aunt Amy had gone

to the city to meet her grandmother, and Lucy felt a little lonely. Bob saw her as he passed the door, and stepped in, saying:

"What is the matter with you, Lucy? Why can't you brighten up? You 've had the doleful dumps for a week."

"Oh, Bob!" she answered, "why don't you tell about that cockerel? It worries me awfully."

He glanced around at all the doors, then came savagely up to his sister and took her roughly by the arm. "I suppose," he whispered almost fiercely, "you mean that old rooster under the leaves. Now, never say another word to me about it. You have twitted me enough."

She looked very much astonished, as she had never referred to it in any way before. A mightier voice than little Lucy's had been calling to him ever since he hid the bird under the leaves.

She saw that his conscience troubled him, and gained courage. "If you would only tell Mamma, she would tell you what to do. Oh, Bob! I can't walk on that side of the garden for fear I shall see Sadie. She came out yesterday, and looked over our fence, and I heard her call the cockerel several times."

Bob looked down into Lucy's face and wished he had not taken hold of her quite so roughly. He went back to the kitchen and got a large bunch of raisins and gave them to her, with a pat on the head, which she understood very well. "Too bad," he declared, "that you can't go out to-day."

After he had gone, she took up the raisins, when, happening to look out of the window, she saw Sadie looking over the fence. "I will give her my raisins," thought Lucy.

The cook rapped sharply as she passed the kitchen window, for she knew Lucy ought not to go out.

"Don't give me all," said Sadie, as Lucy passed the great bunch through the fence.

"To-morrow we shall have a whole box-full," said Lucy.

"We can't find our rooster," said Sadie. "Grandpa sold all but him; we kept him for Thanksgiving. I don't see how he got out of the coop. We can't have any Thanksgiving now."

"Too bad!" said little Lucy, very faintly.

"Grandpa 's looked everywhere for him, till he tired himself out, and got rheumatism dreadfully. He thinks some of the neighbors have killed him."

Lucy turned a little pale, and said she had a very bad cold and must go in

Sadie would have been surprised had she looked out a few minutes later, for she would have seen Lucy running toward the provision store.

"Anything wrong, Miss Lucy?" said the red-cheeked boy who drove the wagon.

She went in timidly, and when she stood close by his side, she whispered, "How much do you ask for roosters?"

"A hen would n't do?" he asked, laughing.

"No," she said, with a sigh, as she compared in her mind the proud strut of Mordecai's cockerel with the walk of any hen she had ever met. "No, I want a rooster."

"What 's it for?" he said, confidentially.

"For Thanksgiving."

"I just took two fine gobblers up."

"It 's for — for somebody else's Thanksgiving."

"Oho! Why not get a small turkey? Just the thing."

Why had she not thought of it before! Perhaps that would help Mordecai to forgive them. (She had begun to blame herself with Bob, for had she not prepared the fatal ginger?)

The red-cheeked boy held up a plump little turkey.

"Is that a dollar?" she asked.

"That 's heavier than I thought," he said, after he had thrown it into the scales. "That will cost, all told, — let me see, — one dollar thirty-eight."

She began feeling about her neck, as if she kept her money concealed somewhere about her jugular veins, and the tears came to her eyes.

The red-cheeked boy became again confidential. "Come, now," he said, in a low tone, "how much do we want to pay? What is just the little sum we were thinking of, when we came in?"

"I have only one dollar," answered Lucy, with her hand still guarding a jugular.

"A dollar is quite enough to pay for a small, nice, plump little turkey, if the right person comes for it."

Lucy hoped she was the right person. "If you please," she said, as he showed her another turkey, the smallest one she had ever seen, "are you sure it 's a turkey? I don't want a rooster, now."

"My word for it, Miss Lucy, yesterday afternoon that fowl said 'Gobble.' Shall I send it to your house?"

"If you would do him up so he would look like a dress, I would be very much obliged to you."

While he was gone, she again put her hand to her neck and took off a small gold chain; attached to this was a gold dollar. She had worn it since she was a baby; her fingers seemed unwilling to take it off. Her little head said, "Take it off!" and her little heart said, "Oh, no!"

When the boy came back with the turkey, looking as much like a dress as a provision man could make it, the small coin still remained firmly attached to the chain.

"If you please, will you undo this?" said Lucy.

He looked at it a moment, without taking it in

his hands, and said, "Why don't you charge it, Miss Lucy?"

"Oh, no, no," she said, hastily; "Papa is not to pay for this. I must pay for it myself."

"I understand; you don't want your good works talked about either, Miss Lucy. But I don't want to take this."

"Come, come," said his employer from the other side of the store; "fly around there!"

The boy hurriedly unfastened the dollar, and said: "You may have it back any time, Miss Lucy."

She took the turkey in her arms and went out. When she had walked a few steps she stopped suddenly and turned and went back. The boy was just getting into the wagon. She pulled his coat, and, as he turned, said timidly: "You are so kind, will you tell me how to spell 'Mordecai?' Not Mortify, but Mordecai."

"It 's a joke," he said, grinning.

"Oh, no!" groaned poor Lucy.

"Mordecai," he said, pausing, with one foot on the wheel: "M-o-r — Mor — d-y — Mordy — k-i Mordyki."

She thanked him and hurried home.

When Bob came in, she pulled him into a corner and whispered: "I have bought a little turkey, the littlest one you ever saw, but a sure turkey, for Mordecai! Run out, before you take off your coat, for it 's in the stable, in the oat-box; and will you take it to Mordecai's house? Go quick, before it gets dark."

He turned toward her with an angry gesture.

"Oh, Bob! Sadie can't have any Thanksgiving, because we killed the rooster, and I knew you would be so sorry."

He made no reply, but ran with great haste to the stable. He soon found the bundle and brought it to the little window, when he saw there was a little letter, pinned with several pins, on the outside. The afternoon light was fast fading, and it was with some difficulty he read the note, of which this is a copy:

"DEAR MISTER MORDYKI BOB AND ME KILED YOUR RUSTER PLEAS TAKE THIS LUCY."

"The good, generous little thing!" muttered Bob, gazing solemnly at the brown bundle, which was supposed to resemble dry goods. "I wonder where in time she got the money! And to say *she* killed it, or had anything to do with killing it! Oh, I hope she wont grow up and be one of those good kind of folks that never have any fun and give all their money away. Where in the world *did* she get the money?" He folded the note carefully and put it in his pocket. "I never felt meaner," he thought, as he seized the turkey, with no gentle hand, and ran to Mordecai's house.

The old man sat at the front window, and Bob thought he looked a little sour as the gate opened; but he came to the door as fast as he could hobble, for fear Mrs. Mordecai might get there first. Bob held out the turkey and said: "I shot your rooster, sir. My little sister thought you were saving him for Thanksgiving, and she sent you this turkey."

"So *you* killed my cockerel, did ye?" said the old man; "a mighty fine cockerel he was!" He punched with his thumb the turkey that he could not see, as if he wondered if it could possibly be as fine as the cockerel.

"I had no idea I should hit him," said Bob. "I am a most awful shot, sir. Would you rather have a live rooster?"

"N-no," said old Mordecai. "Though my wife misses his crowing in the morning — overslept every morning since he went."

"[illegible] should have killed him for Thanksgiving," said Mrs. Mordecai, a tired-looking little woman, who looked as if she could oversleep, in spite of all the warnings that might be sounded. "A turkey, Father, is better than a cockerel; and so we have lost nothing."

"You don't like to feel that yer neighbors is standin' round armed, ready to destroy yer property, — do you, eh?"

"No, but I like to know that, if they do happen to destroy it, they stand ready to pay more than it 's worth."

"Yer allays did like young folks," said Mordecai, dryly, and hobbled back to the front window.

"You are a good boy," said his wife. "Don't mind him; he 'll speak better of you behind your back."

"'T was Lucy sent it; I only killed the cockerel," said Bob, turning away.

"I have carried the turkey down," he said to Lucy on his return. "Now, tell me where you got the money."

"I had to take my gold dollar." Lucy could not keep the tears from filling her eyes.

"Whew!" he said, "the one on your chain?"

She nodded.

"Born with it on, were n't you?"

"I don't 'member when I got it," said she, a little more cheerfully. "Don't go out again, Bob," as he started suddenly toward the door, and she saw him run across the garden with his skate-bag under his arm.

"Hang the old rooster!" he said, as he passed the little house and saw old Mordecai sitting at the window. "It 's going to cost me a pretty sum. I wont do it! — It 's good enough for her, to go

spend that dollar — Just like a girl — I hope he wont take them. Hang Mordecai!" Still he walked on rapidly until he came to Johnny Bang's house. "Hope he 's gone away," he said, as he pulled the bell, which was answered by young John himself, whose eyes brightened as he saw the skate-bag; but he waited for Bob to speak.

"You said last night you would give me two and a half; say three and they 're yours," said Bob.

"Do you suppose I made a half a dollar in my sleep?" said Johnny, with a grin.

"Can you give me three?"

"No, I can't."

"Jerry will; I came to you first, because you made the first offer. I must have three or nothing."

"You come in and sit down, and I 'll see if I can work Mother up to it."

Johnny's mother proved a person easily "worked up," for in a few minutes he returned with three crisp bills in his hand.

"I told her they cost five dollars, and you had had them only two weeks; was that straight?"

"Yes," said Bob, "that 's straight."

"She asked me if you had a right to sell them without asking your father, and I told her you bought them yourself with your own money that you had saved; was that straight?"

"Yes," said Bob, his mouth twitching a little, "that 's straight."

He took the skates from the bag and handed them to his friend.

"Wont throw in the bag?" said Johnny.

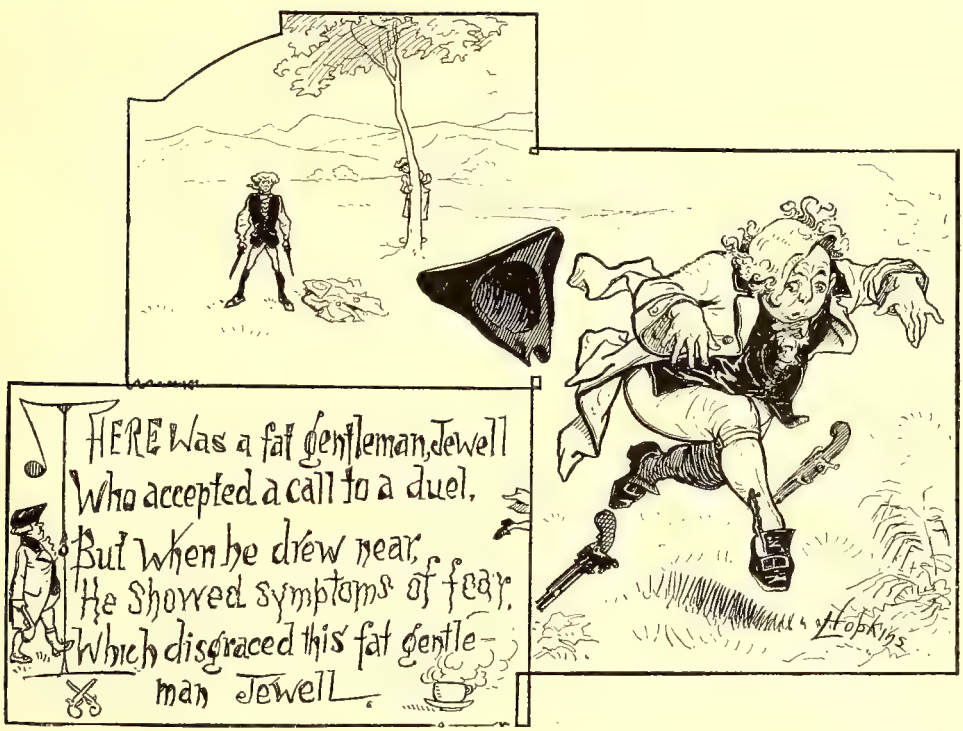
"Oh, I 'll throw in the whole family," said Bob, sarcastically, as he left the house.

The first call he made was on the red-cheeked boy at the provision store; then he went to the city.

After supper, when little Lucy was sitting with her father, talking about Thanksgiving, he came in, looking rather tired, and gave her a tiny box. She opened it and found first a note, which said to her:

"DEAR LUCY: You did the square thing by me and I wont forget it. Hang these on your chain in remembrance of Old Mordecai's rooster. BOB."

And under some pink cotton lay her own little dollar, and beside it a small gold cockerel, as proud-looking as Old Mordecai's before Bob's unlucky shot.



THE QUEEN'S GIFT.

BY ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

WHERE English daisies blossom,
And English robins sing,
When all the land was fragrant
Beneath the feet of Spring,

Two little sisters wandered,
Together, hand in hand,
Along the dusty highway,
Their bare feet soiled and tanned.

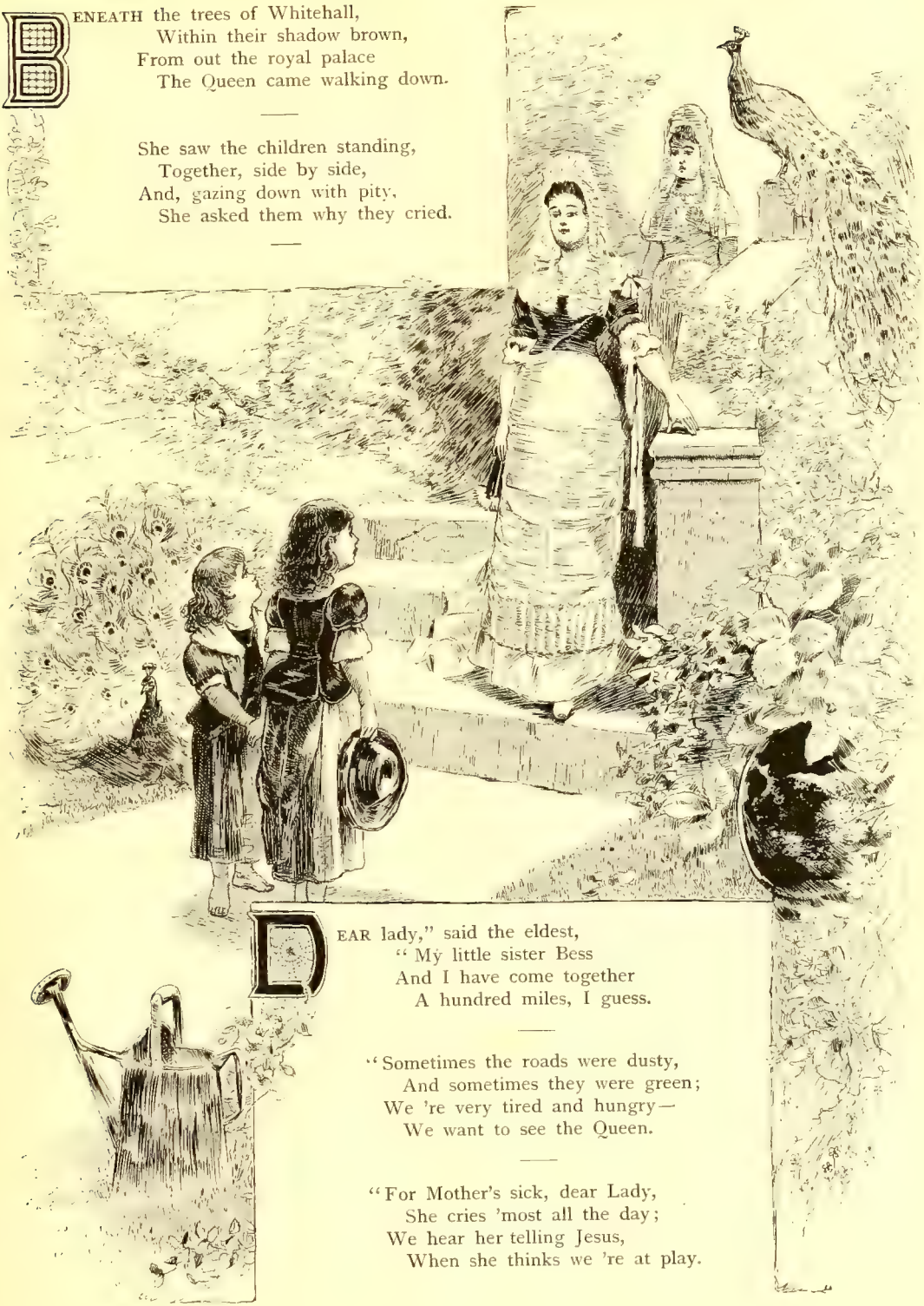


IT WAS not a childish sorrow
That filled their eyes with tears;
Their little hearts were burdened
With grief beyond their years.

The bright-eyed daisies blossomed
In valley and in glen,
The robins sang their sweetest,
Spring smiled—but not for them.

BENEATH the trees of Whitehall,
Within their shadow brown,
From out the royal palace
The Queen came walking down.

She saw the children standing,
Together, side by side,
And, gazing down with pity,
She asked them why they cried.



"DEAR lady," said the eldest,
"My little sister Bess
And I have come together
A hundred miles, I guess.

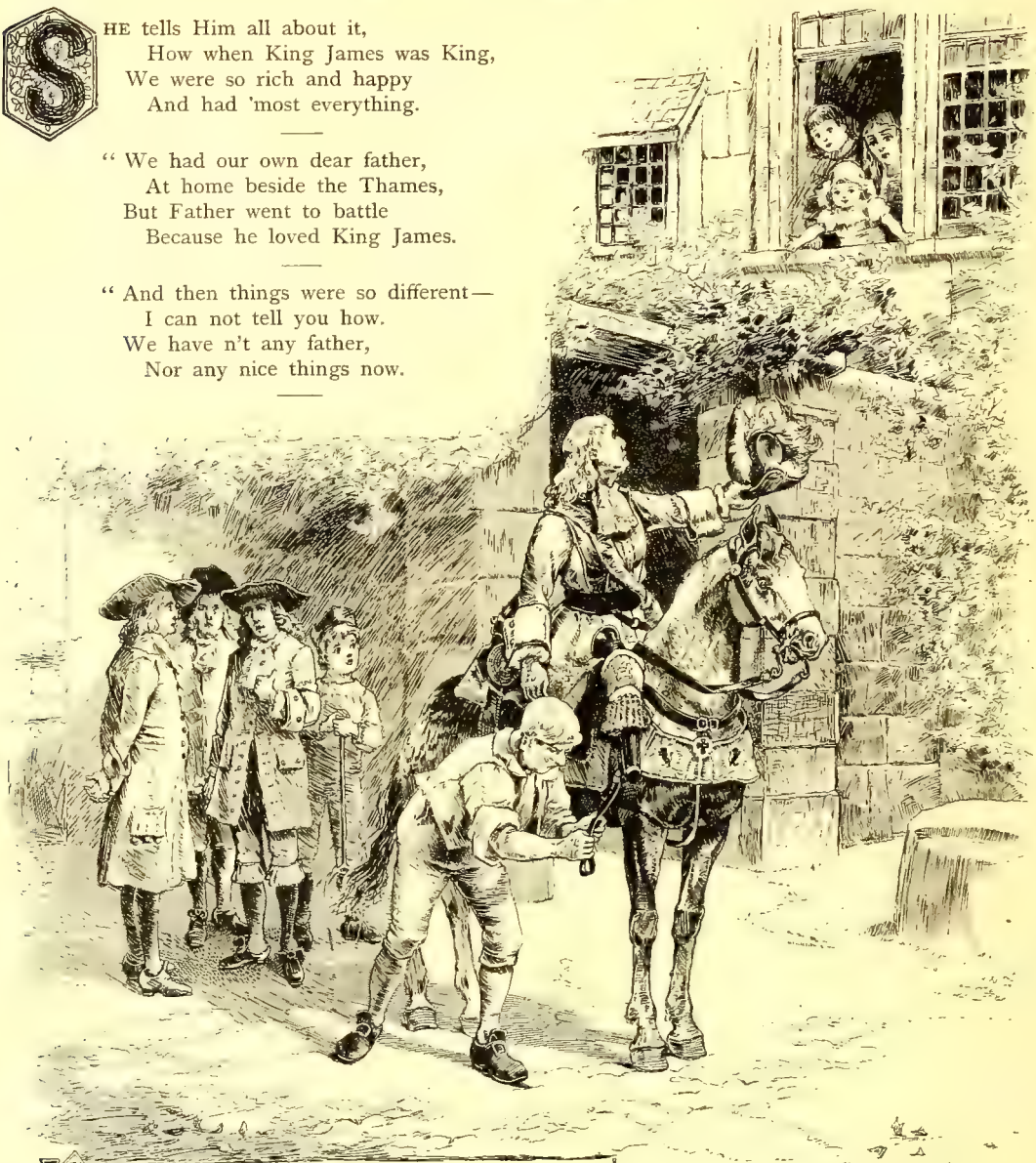
"Sometimes the roads were dusty,
And sometimes they were green;
We 're very tired and hungry—
We want to see the Queen.

"For Mother's sick, dear Lady,
She cries 'most all the day;
We hear her telling Jesus,
When she thinks we 're at play.

SHE tells Him all about it,
How when King James was King,
We were so rich and happy
And had 'most everything.

"We had our own dear father,
At home beside the Thames,
But Father went to battle
Because he loved King James.

"And then things were so different—
I can not tell you how.
We have n't any father,
Nor any nice things now.



LAST night, our mother told us
They 'd take our home away,
And leave us without any,
Because she could n't pay.

"So then we came together,
Right through the meadow green,
And prayed for God to help us,
And take us to the Queen;



BECAUSE Mamma once told us
That, many years ago,
The Queen was James's little girl,
And, Lady, if 't was so,

"I know she 'll let us keep it,—
Our home beside the Thames,—
For we have come to ask her,
And Father loved King James.

AND if we had to leave it,
I 'm sure Mamma would die,
For there 's no place to go to,—
No place but in the sky."

Her simple story finished,
She gazed up in surprise,
To see the lovely lady
With tear-drops in her eyes.

AND when the English robins
Had sought each downy nest,
And when the bright-eyed daisies,
Dew-damp, had gone to rest,

A carriage, such as never
Had passed that way before,
Set down two little children
Beside the widow's door.



THEY brought the weeping mother
A package from the Queen.
Her royal seal was on it,
And, folded in between,

A slip of paper, saying:
"The daughter of King James
Gives to these little children
Their home beside the Thames."

A HAPPY THOUGHT.

By Katharine R. McDowell.

"WHAT a looking room!" exclaimed Olive Kendall, as she came in from school and added to the confusion of the sitting-room by throwing her satchel on the lounge. "Why does n't somebody fix it up?" But no one answered. Only Leila and Nora were there to answer, and both their heads were bent over a geographical puzzle.

Olive threw herself into an easy-chair and looked out of the large bay-window. It was pleasanter to turn her head that way than to look around the disordered room. She only wished she could turn her thoughts away from the room as easily, but she could not so long as that voice kept saying:

"You know that Bridget is out with the twins, and that Kate is busy getting dinner, and that there is no one but yourself to put the room in order — you and your little sisters. Why not go to work and have a surprise for Mamma when she comes in?"

"Leila and Nora, we really ought to fix up the room," said Olive, with a half-yawn. "The twins have scattered their things. Wont you help?"

"In a minute," answered Nora. "We only want a little crooked piece to go right in there."

"Yes," responded Leila, "it 's Finland. I remember the very piece — colored yellow, and with a bit of sea-coast," as she turned to look for it.

"Are n't you coming?" asked Olive, as she listlessly folded an afghan. Again the answer was:

"Just as soon as we find Finland."

Olive looked about the room in a hopeless, helpless sort of way. "With Leila and Nora both in Finland," she thought, "I may as well give up expecting their help. If it were only a game——"

She stood a moment in thought. Her face suddenly brightened. She went to Mamma's desk and cut six slips of paper, then wrote a word on each.

"Are you getting some strips ready for Consequences?" asked Leila, a new interest in her face, as she looked up from the pieces of map.

"No," replied Olive, at which the search for Finland was renewed.

"Are we going to play Anagrams?" ventured Nora, to whom Leila had just whispered something as she motioned toward Olive.

"No, but you 've guessed pretty well," admitted Olive, "for it 's a game — a new one."

"A game! A new one!" echoed the little sisters, not only losing interest in Finland, but letting the whole of Europe fall apart. "Let 's play it! I 'm tired of this map-puzzle."

"Yes, Olive, tell us how," pleaded Leila, "and then we 'll help with the room. We truly will."

"I don't know that you 'll like the game," said Olive, "but I 'm sure that Mamma will."

"Then we shall, of course," said Nora, very decidedly. "Let 's begin it now."

So Olive laid the slips on the table — the written side downward. Then she said: "Now we are to draw in turn, the youngest first. Come, Nora!"

Nora looked at the different pieces of paper, put her finger on the last, and then suddenly changed her mind and took the one nearest her.

"Don't look at it yet, Nora," said Olive.

"Oh, I shall certainly look, if Leila does n't hurry," said Nora, excitedly, shutting her eyes very tight, but soon opening them to ask: "Is there a prize, Olive?" and jumping up and down as Olive nodded.

After Leila had settled upon one of the slips, she and Nora made Olive shut her eyes while they changed all about the papers that were left, for fear that Olive, having made them, might choose a better one than they. At last they all had slips.

"Now read!" signaled Olive.

"*Table*," said Nora, consulting her paper.

"*Chairs*," read Leila, from hers.

"*Carpet*," announced Olive.

"Now what?" asked Nora. "Do I pass mine on to Leila?" But Olive was on her knees, picking up a lot of playthings.

"Mine was *carpet*," she said, as she hastily put a handful of toys into a little cart belonging to the twins, "so I 'm to take everything off the carpet that does n't belong there. You are to put in order whatever your paper tells you, and the game is to do it as well and as quickly as you can."

Nora flew to the table. She ran into the hall with Teddy's hat, and into the nursery with Freddy's whip. Then she got a brush and prepared to sweep off the table-cover. To do this she piled some books on one of the chairs.

"My paper says *chairs*," cried Leila, "and there are eight of them! If you put those books there, I 'll never get through."

"The other table is yours also, Nora," said Olive, as she straightened the rug in front of the fire. "Look on your paper."

Sure enough, there was an *s* that Nora had overlooked! So the books found a place on the little stand while the big table was being brushed, and were then piled nicely up, and the magazines and

papers laid together, after which Nora stood off and viewed the effect with such satisfaction as almost to forget the smaller table.

She was reminded of it, however, by Leila, who was flourishing a duster about as she went from one chair to another, fastening a tidy here and shaking up a cushion there, until she was ready to say: "The whole eight are done."

"I 've finished, too," said Olive, as she brushed the hearth and hung the little broom at one side of the open fire-place. "Now, we all draw again."

Nora chose quickly this time, and went right at her work when she saw the word "*Mantel*," hardly hearing Leila say "*Desk*," and Olive "*Lounge*."

"Well, what do you think of the game?" asked Olive, a while after, as, having left the room to put away her school-satchel, she returned and found Leila and Nora putting the finishing touches to their tasks, and rejoicing over the finding of Finland in Mamma's desk.

"Why, we think it a great success — don't we, Nora? And we see now why you did n't know the name," added Leila, laughingly.

"Here comes Mamma up the walk," announced Nora from the bay-window.

"Well, don't say anything, and see if she notices the room," suggested Leila.

Mamma came to the sitting-room door, and looked in. No wonder she smiled at the picture. The room a model of neatness, the winter's sun streaming in at the window, the fire crackling on the hearth, and three faces upturned for a kiss.

"So Bridget is home," said Mamma, in a tone of relief, as she glanced about the room. "I left her getting rubbers for the twins, and feared she would n't return till dinner-time."

"She *is n't* home, Mamma," said Olive, while Nora and Leila exchanged happy glances, and Nora could n't keep from saying (though she said afterward she tried hard not to tell):

"We fixed it, Mamma. It 's Olive's game!"

Then, of course, Mamma had to hear all about it, and Papa, too, when he came to dinner. Otherwise he might not have brought up those slips of red card-board that he did that evening, nor have seated himself in the midst of them all, and said: "Now, I propose we make a set of cards in fine style," as he proceeded to write on each the word that Olive or Leila or Nora would tell him.

"And now, what shall we call the game?" asked Papa, with pen ready to put the name on the other side of the six bright cards.

"How would the 'Game of Usefulness' do?" suggested Olive.

"Or 'Daily Duty'?" put in Leila; "for we 've promised to play it every day."

"Would n't 'Helping Hands' sound well?" asked Mamma. And they probably agreed upon that, for, when Nora went up to bed, one of her plump hands held the new cards, and the name that Mamma had proposed was written on each.

"I wonder what the prize was?" she asked Leila the last thing that night.

"I guess it must have been Mamma's smile when she looked in," said Leila.

And was not that a prize worth trying for?

AN OLD ROMAN LIBRARY.

By C. L. G. Scales.

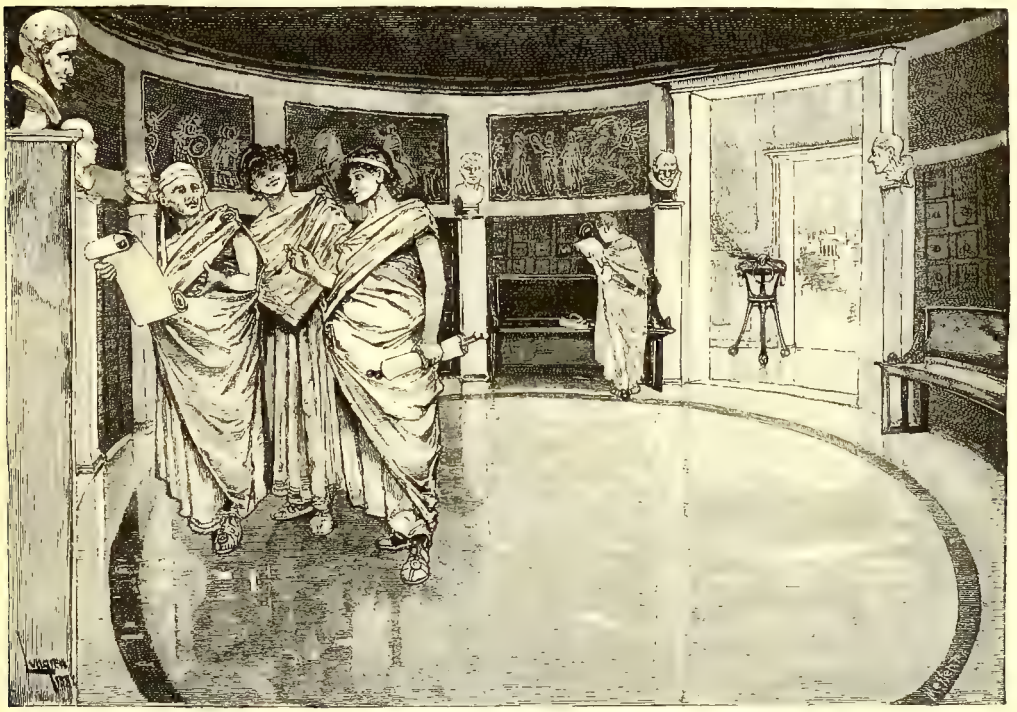
THE boys and girls of the nineteenth century probably seldom think of the marvelous changes that have been wrought in our modern civilization by the invention of printing; but, if some mischievous fairy should suddenly whisk out of sight all the books, pamphlets, newspapers, and magazines in the land, and leave not a trace of a printed page behind, then doubtless we should all begin to realize something of what the printing-press has done for us, and perhaps take to wondering how people got on in the days when it was not known. Books of some sort, however, the people of that time must have had, for the complaint that "of making many books there is no end" comes echoing down to us even from the far-off era of King Solomon. But, how could they have been made, and what kind of books were they? Very unlike our own, as we shall presently see. The old authors of Greece and Rome, over whose works your big brothers — and sisters, too — are still poring in high school and college, would never recognize their own writings in the new dress the printers have given them; and, if ushered into a modern library, they would stare with astonishment at the strange scenes before them. But a glimpse of their book-shelves would be no less of a surprise to some of us.

It so happens that some of those old-time authors have been so kind as to leave their library-doors ajar behind them, and, by taking the trouble

to clear away from the pathway the rubbish and the dust of ages, we may enter and survey at our leisure the quaint appointments and the rare treasures within.

Come with me, then, and let us see what an old Roman library is like — the library of a man who never dreamed of a printed page.

The library itself is a comparatively small room. Entering the door, we first note the windows, few in number, and so high up in the wall that there is plainly little danger of their tempting the student or reader to gaze abroad; then the floor of plain, smooth marble, or laid in mosaics with marbles of



IN AN OLD ROMAN LIBRARY.—A CHAT ABOUT THE LAST NEW BOOK.

various sorts; the walls covered with arabesques and traceries from the Greek mythology, and presenting at intervals busts of famous old Greek and Roman authors. Next our wondering glances fall upon a row of presses or cupboards, some six feet in height, ranged around the sides of the room. Each is filled with shelves divided off into little compartments or pigeon-holes, and in these snugly repose curious purple, yellow, and grayish rolls of different sizes, from the centers of which project slender rods, terminating in polished knobs. From each of these rods dangles a small label, covered with hieroglyphics in light red ink.

But these queer rolls, so snugly reposing in their little cells, are the *books*, many of them classics, which have been reprinted in our modern text, and are read and admired by the scholars and wise men of to-day.

Let us look at this one in a gay, yellow dress, which beams out at us with its one round black eye like a cheerful little Cyclops, and see what kind of a book it is. We take up the roll, which is, perhaps, ten inches in width, and begin to unfold it. But it seems to have no end, and at last unrolls before our astonished gaze one continuous sheet of thick, tough paper, some ten feet in length, the inner end of which is fastened to the rod with the projecting knobs. A second glance shows us that the whole of one side is closely covered with text written in parallel columns from left to right, up and down the sheet, the spaces between being defined by light red lines which curiously intersect the whole expanse. The letters of the text, outlined almost in relief by the thick, black ink with which they are written, look out at us with an unrecognizing stare, wholly ignoring the fact that, in their modern dress, some of us have had a hard struggle with them in order to maintain our rank in the Latin class at school. But the words, as we see them here on this old scroll, seem an unknown tongue to us, till the title of the book, written at

the end next the staff, as well as at the beginning, explains the mystery. The volume we hold is, it seems, the *Annales* of Q. Ennius, the "Father Ennius" mentioned by Horace and other Latin poets. And, satisfied with this, we replace the book in its pigeon-hole, and pass on to the more familiar names of Horace and Martial, that greet us on the pendent labels of two rolls that the *librarius* (one of the slaves whose task is the care of the library and the copying of books) has just brought in and placed in a hitherto vacant niche of the library. But a short examination of these volumes soon convinces us that, for practical purposes, our well-thumbed "Anthon," "Harkness," or "Chase and Stewart's," are more desirable. Fancy, for instance, a luckless school-boy rising to recite in Horace or Virgil, with one of these cumbersome rolls to be held up and uncoiled while gazing wildly up and down this wilderness of words, which at first glance seems to be chiefly composed of v's, owing to the queer practice of the old Romans in making their u's like v's! And a second glance, moreover, shows that we have before us indeed a pathless wilderness of words, for not a single punctuation-mark (save here and there a lonesome-looking period) holds out its friendly signal to mark the boundary lines of the author's thought.

But now, through the half-open door by which the *librarius* has just entered, we catch a glimpse of an adjoining room, where his fellow-slaves are busily at work copying manuscripts and performing the various other operations connected with the art of Roman book-making. At our request the *librarius* allows us to enter this room, and accompanies us himself to explain the new and strange process we are about to witness. Seated near the door is a slave, who is busily engaged in gluing together, into one long sheet, strips of paper, made, we are told, of a reed that grows on the banks of the Nile and is called *papyrus*. When this sheet is long enough, he passes it to the next slave, who stains its back with saffron and then hands it to another, receiving from him in return a similar sheet, covered, on one side only, with the same parallel columns of closely written text with which we have already become familiar. This is now handed to another slave, whose task it is to fasten it by the end which bears the *corona* or *flourish* — a mark denoting that the transcriber's and the reader's task is done — to a cylindrical stick of polished ivory terminating in glistening knobs of the same material. Glancing over his shoulder, we see another slave with a pile of these cylindrical sticks, some of ivory, some of woods of various sorts. These latter he rubs vigorously with pumice-stone preparatory to staining them with the purple, yellow, and black dyes at his side.

But let us see what further befalls the sheet just attached to the ivory staff. We find that it has been coiled deftly around its center-piece, its ends have been polished and colored, and it is now ready for its cover of parchment, which has also made the acquaintance of the brittle pumice and brilliant dyes, its margins being adorned with scarlet lines which gleam out vividly along the less glowing purple of its surface. Cedar-oil, too, has been rubbed into it to check the depredations of insects, and now the long sheet is rolled up tight and tied with the "red thongs." The label, with the name of the work and its author, is attached, and a new volume is ready for the Roman reading-public.

With books like these, however, we can well understand why it is that in every Roman library the door faced to the east, in order to give the scrolls the benefit of the morning sun, and prevent the formation of mold upon the cherished volumes.

Realizing after all this the immense labor and pains involved in the production of such works as these, we turn to the obliging *librarius* and ask him what price they bring in the market. Judge of our surprise when he assures us that, though a volume so carefully prepared as the one we have just seen may sell for somewhat more, yet twenty cents of our money is an ordinary price, and that many books, by even so popular an author as Martial, are sold for a still smaller sum.

Indeed, a new "book" that does not happen to suit the popular taste, he tells us, often finds its way directly to the fish-markets and groceries, to be used by the clerks for casting up accounts, or for wrapping up goods for delivery to their customers. Greatly astonished at this revelation as to the abundant supply and slight value of books in "ye olden time," we continue our questioning, and, bethinking ourselves that they have no newspapers here, we ask how the literary world becomes aware of the publication of a new work. To this he replies that the book-sellers announce its appearance on the posts of their shop-doors, and that it is also customary for an author to send early copies to his rich and powerful friends and patrons, some of whom will not fail to give it notoriety by repeating passages from it at the next dinner-party which they attend. But one question only suggests another, and we find ourselves quite in danger of turning into animated interrogation-points, when, fortunately, the gathering shadows warn us that we must take our departure and journey back to the modern world with its myriad book-shelves, which the printing-press has filled with volumes so unlike the rare, quaint treasures of this old Roman library.



"PUPS."
[After a painting by J. G. Brown.]

ALL THE PLUMS.

(A Thanksgiving Story.)

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

IT did seem as if Thanksgiving never would come.

The November page of the Farmers' Almanac that hung under the clock bore innumerable prints of small thumbs that had laboriously traveled across it, counting the number of days that must be lived through before that happy day arrived which, according to the Governor's proclamation, was to be "a day of thanksgiving and praise."

Little Darius and Lucy Ann thought praise meant plum-pudding, and even Jonah, who was getting to be an old boy, and could do problems in cube root, owned that it was not very long ago that he thought so too.

There was a continual weighing and measuring of goodies, and odors of spice and sweetness floated out of the great kitchen all over the house. The children seeded raisins, and sliced citron, and cracked walnuts, and chopped apples for the mince-pies, but Lucy Ann and little Darius were getting discouraged, for it seemed every day as if the next *must* be Thanksgiving, and yet when they awoke in the morning it was n't.

This was not going to be only an ordinary Thanksgiving day, with almost everything nice that could be thought of for dinner, and a great many aunts and uncles and cousins, all grown up, and all wanting to sit down and talk (instead of having a good time), for visitors. This year, their little city cousin, whom they had never seen, was coming to spend Thanksgiving with them.

Her name was Mabel Hortense, and the children were very proud of having a cousin who lived in the city and was named Mabel Hortense. At Damsonfield Four Corners, where they lived, all the little girls were named Mary Jane or Sarah Ann or Lucy Maria, or, at the best, Hattie and Carrie; they had scarcely even heard of so fine a name as Mabel Hortense. But a little girl who lived in a great city, where there was scarcely a bit of anything so common as grass, and the "great big houses were all hitched on to each other," as Roxy Jane, the hired girl, said, and hand-organs and monkeys were as thick as huckleberries in August, and there was a candy store at every corner, could not be expected to have a common name.

They had a photograph of Mabel Hortense, with her hair banged and a doll almost as large as a real live baby in her arms. She had a necklace around her neck and bracelets on her arms and ear-rings in her ears. Becky borrowed Hannah Olive Judson's blue-glass beads to wear during Mabel Hortense's visit, and made Lucy Ann a necklace of red alder-berries, and then, as they all had on their Sunday clothes, she felt ready for Mabel Hortense's arrival.

It was the very night before Thanksgiving Day, and all the aunts and uncles and cousins had arrived, except Mabel Hortense and her mother, and Peter Trott, the hired man, had driven over to the station to bring them.

Even little Darius, who had begun to think that Thanksgiving Day had been postponed until next year, was now convinced that it was coming to-morrow. There was a blazing log-fire in the great fireplace in the sitting-room, and Priscilla sat on the rug in front of it, herself and her three kittens in that condition of holiday freshness which becomes New England cats on the eve of Thanksgiving Day. The canary birds were singing so loud that they had to be muffled in Grandpa's bandana handkerchief, that the aunts and uncles and cousins might hear each other relate all the happenings of the past year.

Little Darius was continually running to the door, with his cage of white mice under one arm and his tame squirrel under the other, so that he might show them to Mabel Hortense the very first thing.

"I would n't be such a silly," said Lucy Ann, who had her black Dinah, with raveled yarn for wool, and two great white buttons for eyes, in her arms, and wanted Mabel Hortense to see *her* the very first thing. "Why in the city, where she lives, the mice are all white, and so tame that they come out and dance when people play on the piano. Peter Trott says so. And they keep squirrels in the stores, all with white aprons and caps on, to crack nuts for customers. Peter Trott says so."

"They aint so nice as my mice and my squirrel, anyway, and Grandpa says not to b'lieve Peter Trott,'cause he tells wicked, wrong stories!" cried little Darius, almost moved to tears at the possibility that any mice or any squirrels were more attractive than his. "I should n't think you 'd want to show any city girl your old Dinah. She was homely enough before Grandpa sat on her and flattened her all out; she 's *orfle* now!"

Lucy Ann might have resented this, for she was very fond of Dinah, and thought her a beauty in spite of the accident that had befallen her,—which was a very cruel one, for Grandpa weighed over two hundred pounds,—but just then the carriage drove up, and a little girl was lifted out by Peter Trott, and set down inside the door.

There was Mabel Hortense, bangs and doll and all, just as she looked in the photograph, only that both she and the doll had on traveling costumes, so there was not so much jewelry to be seen.

She did not look in the least like a Damsonfield little girl, nor the doll like a Damsonfield doll. The doll wore a suit trimmed with fur, just like her mamma's, and it fitted her just as nicely. (Becky could only make a doll's dress like a sacque, with slits for the arms, and Aunt Eunice did n't think it was worth the while to make dolls' dresses at all.) And she had on the daintiest gloves and boots imaginable, without a wrinkle in them. Gloves and boots were entirely unknown in doll society in Damsonfield.

For one moment Lucy Ann felt ashamed of Dinah, but she gave her an extra hug the next moment to make up for it.

Becky was glad that she had on Hannah Olive Judson's blue beads, and that Lucy Ann had on brand-new shoes, for Lucy Ann's toes were almost always threatening to stick out through her shoes, and she did hope that Solomon would n't tell that the beads were borrowed; that would be just like Solomon, and she wished she had thought to warn him about it when Aunt Eunice was cautioning him not to tell that they had borrowed the sugar-tongs of Aunt Jemima, and that they did n't always have two kinds of preserves for supper.

The first thing that Mabel Hortense seemed to notice was Dinah.

"Oh, what a perfectly beautiful doll!" she exclaimed. "She is truly colored, is n't she?"

"She was born so," said Lucy Ann, proudly displaying the raveled-yarn wool, which was Dinah's strong point in the way of looks.

"I don't think I ever saw a colored doll before! You will give her to me, wont you?"

Lucy Ann was very much surprised, and did n't know what to say. Becky gave her a little poke with her elbow. Aunt Eunice had said they must do everything that their city cousin asked them to do, and Becky thought Lucy Ann ought to give Dinah to her; but Dinah was n't Becky's, and she did n't know how it felt to part with her.

"To keep?" said Lucy Ann, falteringly, after Becky had given her a second poke.

"Oh, of course! I shall carry her home," said Mabel Hortense.

"Will you give me yours for her?" said Lucy.

"Oh, no; I want them both!" said Mabel Hortense, decidedly.

And taking Dinah out of Lucy Ann's arms—by her wool—she thrust her under one arm and her own doll under the other, and followed her mother into the sitting-room. Lucy Ann's tears began to flow, but Becky whispered:

"I suppose that 's the way city people do. You must n't cry."

Mabel Hortense seated herself on a stool before the fire, and immediately picked up the three kittens, dropping a doll on each side of her.

"I like kittens. I shall take these home with me," she said.

Lucy Ann received a warning look from Becky, but she felt that, when it came to carrying off kittens, the ways of city people could not be endured, and she said, firmly: "The Maltese one, with the very peaked tail, is Becky's, and the black one with a spot on his nose is Solomon's, and the little, white, fuzziest one is mine, and Priscilla herself belongs to Jonah."

Little Darius at this moment thrust his cage of white mice and his squirrel before Mabel Hortense's eyes, and she dropped the kittens.

"Oh, what funny little things! And the squirrel, with his tail the most of him, is too sweet! I shall carry them all home with me."

Even Becky began to doubt whether she should like city ways. Lucy Ann's eyes and mouth grew into round O's with astonishment, and little Darius set up such a howl that Aunt Eunice forthwith shut him up in the china-closet.

"I am afraid these children are not very obliging," remarked Mabel's mother. "Mabel Hortense has always been accustomed to have everything she wants."

Lucy Ann drew Becky into the hall, and shut the door. "We must n't let her see the play-house, nor my tea-set, nor Solomon's soldiers, nor little Darius's elephant, nor anything. I think we 'd better carry them all up to the attic closet and lock the door!" she exclaimed.

Becky thought so, too, and they hurriedly collected all their playthings, and hustled them into the attic closet, and locked the door securely. Becky even took off Hannah Olive Judson's blue beads and left them there. It would be so dreadful if Mabel Hortense should decide to carry those home with her!

But Becky's conscience troubled her a little as she went back to the sitting-room, for Aunt Eunice had said they must be hospitable, and do everything they could to make Mabel Hortense have a good time. Becky resolved that she would not refuse to do anything that Mabel Hortense wanted her to do.

As she reëntered the sitting-room, Solomon was entertaining Mabel Hortense.

"I have my old clothes on, because I 'm a boy and don't care, but you ought to see how the others have been fixing up, all in their Sunday things, and Becky borrowed Hannah Olive Judson's beads. Say, are the sidewalks all made of gingerbread in the city? Peter Trott says so."

"No," said Mabel Hortense, slowly and reflectively. "They are made of pound-cakes."

"True as you live?" said Solomon. "I thought it was only one of Peter Trott's yarns. And are the houses made of molasses candy?"

"Oh, no, only some of the poor people's houses; ours is made of ice-cream."

"I should think it would melt!" exclaimed Solomon.

"It does n't, but sometimes we eat it up, and build ourselves another," said Mabel Hortense.

Becky looked at her. It was a feeble imitation of the way in which Aunt Eunice looked at Lucy Ann and her when they misbehaved in church.

"I am afraid you tell very wrong stories," she said, severely. "People could n't possibly live in houses made of ice-cream."

Mabel Hortense blushed very red, and cast down her eyes. But then she answered, snappishly:

"Well, who ever s'posed he would believe it! Such a big boy! I never saw one so silly!"

It was not the first time that Solomon had been told he was silly, but coming from a girl who lived in the city it was especially cutting.

Solomon made a resolve then and there that he would "get even" with Mabel Hortense.

"Do you like Thanksgiving Day?" asked Becky, politely. She was afraid she had spoken rather severely to Mabel Hortense, and was trying to make amends for it.

"Not so very much," said Mabel Hortense. "I like to see the stained glass in church make the people's noses look red and yellow, and then there 's the dinner, but that 's disappointing, because one can't have all the plums."

Becky and Solomon and Lucy Ann looked astonished and inquiring.

"In the pudding, you know. I don't care anything about the dinner, except the pudding, and I don't care anything about the pudding, except the plums. Mamma gives me hers, and Grandpa gives me his, but other people are so selfish. They eat their own plums. Could n't you manage, tomorrow, so that I could have all the plums?"

Solomon and Lucy Ann looked at each other in silent astonishment. Lucy Ann was very fond of plums, but it never had occurred to her that she could, by any possibility, have more than her share. Solomon was particularly fond of plums, and had been known to imitate on the sly the example of little Jacky Horner, but he had never wanted to eat all the plums out of a Thanksgiving plum-pudding. Mabel Hortense seemed to him almost as wonderful as the hen that Mother Goose was acquainted with, that

> "Ate a cow and ate a calf,
> Ate a butcher and a half,
> Ate a church and ate a steeple,
> Ate the priest and all the people!"

"I will ask Aunt Eunice to give you a very plummy piece, but I don't see how you could have all the plums," said Becky, seriously.

Solomon was thinking. An idea had suddenly popped into his mind that here was a chance for mischief. Solomon loved mischief. And there might be also a chance to "pay up" Mabel Hortense, who had laughed at him and called him silly.

"Oh, I think we could manage it," said he. "Roxy Jane always bakes the pudding the day before Thanksgiving, because on Thanksgiving Day the oven is filled with the turkey and chickens and things, and then she warms it up or serves it with a hot sauce. The pudding is in the pantry this very minute; I 've seen it."

"Well, what if it is?" asked Becky.

"We might slip into the pantry when nobody was looking, and carry it off and hide it somewhere,—out in the barn, on the hay-mow, would be a good place,—and to-morrow we could eat it and have all the plums!"

"Why, of course! That is just as easy! And you 're a very nice boy to think of it. I 'll never call you silly again. Of course, you 'll give me all the plums," said Mabel Hortense.

"It would be very wrong! What would Aunt Eunice say? Why, Solomon, when last Sunday was your birthday, and you said you were surely going to be good a week!"

"I did n't know then that I was going to have company from the city," said Solomon. "And it is n't any harm, anyway. There 'll be plenty for dinner, without the pudding—maybe 't would make some of them sick to eat it; and Aunt Eunice will never find out what became of it."

"I don't think it 's nice of you to say it would be wrong, when I 'm your company. People ought to do everything that company wants."

"Aunt Eunice said we must do everything that Mabel Hortense wants us to," urged Solomon.

"Yes, so she did," said Becky, rather faintly, "but——"

"It does n't make any difference whether you help or not, we 're going to do it," said Solomon. "And now, too, for they 're all talking and wont notice where we go, and Roxy Jane is setting the table, and can't see us go to the pantry."

Lucy Ann skipped along with Solomon and Mabel Hortense, not minding in the least that Becky looked reprovingly at her.

After a little hesitation, Becky arose and followed them. She might as well see what they were going to do, she thought.

There was the Thanksgiving plum-pudding, in a great, yellow earthen baking-dish, on the pantry shelf, rich and toothsome and sweet-smelling.

"I was going to take the pudding-bag to put it in, but it is n't big enough for such a whacker of a pudding, and the clothes-pin bag is n't clean enough. Becky, you go to the clothes-press and get a clean pillow-case! We can slip it into the wash-tub Monday morning, and nobody will notice."

Becky went. Since they were going to do it, anyway, she might as well join them, she said to herself. Perhaps it was n't polite to refuse company. And it was going to be great fun!

Solomon slipped a knife around the edge of the pudding, to separate it from the dish, as he had seen Roxy Jane do, and put it into the pillow-case. Then they all stole softly out through the long wood-shed to the barn, Solomon, with the pudding slung over his shoulder, leading the way.

Solomon looked cautiously around, to be sure that Peter Trott was not in the barn. Peter was not a tell-tale, but he had a sweet tooth, and it was just as well to be on the safe side.

There was not a sound to be heard as they entered the barn, and both Solomon and Becky soon forgot everything except that they were having great fun.

They deposited the pudding in its pillow-case bag in a bed of hay, covering it carefully so that scarcely a glimpse of the white cloth was to be seen. It was hardly done when Roxy Jane rang the supper-bell vigorously.

"Now we shall all have to go to church in the morning," said Solomon, as they hurried into the house, "but the very first thing after we come home we 'll go up on to the hay-mow and eat the pudding."

One who was watching Solomon closely might have seen a twinkle in his eye, when he said that, which meant mischief deeper than any of his companions in the pudding enterprise suspected.

For it would n't be paying up Mabel Hortense to let her eat all the plums. Oh, no, indeed!

At five o'clock the next morning, Solomon arose from his bed softly, that he might not awake Jonah, who was sleeping beside him, dressed himself in great haste, and stole down-stairs. He had meant to be up at four o'clock, but, unfortunately, had failed to awake. It was quite important for the accomplishment of his purpose that he should get to the barn before Peter Trott did, and Peter Trott was a very early bird.

The large lantern which Peter used was not hanging in its accustomed place, but that was not a sure sign that Peter had gone to the barn, because he was not very orderly and might have left it somewhere else.

Solomon lighted the small lantern, and tiptoed softly, listening intently, all the way through the wood-shed, which had never seemed so long nor so dark. There was no sign of Peter Trott's lantern, and Solomon came to the conclusion that Peter's alarm-clock had not yet gone off.

An industrious hen, who had been laying an egg at this unseasonable hour, flew off her nest with loud cackling, and startled Solomon so that he almost dropped his lantern into the hay. Perhaps she meant to lay more than one egg that day, because it was Thanksgiving Day, but Solomon thought she might have waited until daylight.

Her nest seemed to be very near the place where they had hidden the pudding. Solomon hoped that she had n't been having a peck at the plums. He meant to have all those plums for his own private refreshment. He would never have thought of it if Mabel Hortense had not suggested it, and he did not want to eat them all at once, but he thought it would be a very good plan to hide the pudding where nobody but himself could find it, and have a private nibble whenever he liked.

But the best of it was that he should be more than even with Mabel Hortense. Instead of having all the plums, she would n't have any of them. And would n't the girls all be surprised when they came, after church, to the place where the pudding had been hidden and found it gone? And should n't he have to pretend to be surprised? Solomon chuckled to himself, thinking of it.

By this time he had come to the place where he had put the pudding. He put his hand down to pull up the bag, but, lo and behold! there was only a deep hole where the pudding had lain.

The pudding had vanished, bag and all!

Solomon's first thought was that it must be magic — some fairy had spirited it away, to punish him for his misdeeds. But when his knees had stopped shaking, he thought of Peter Trott.

Peter wore soft shoes, and was always near when one did not suspect it, and he was very fond of goodies. He might like all the plums as well as Mabel Hortense. Just at that moment he heard the noise of the hay-cutter at the farther end of the barn, and a ray of light from Peter Trott's lantern was cast upon the barn-floor.

"Peter, Peter, what have you done with the plum-pudding?" cried Solomon, angrily.

"Sakes alive! Is that you up on the hay-mow?

Do you want to scare a fellow to death?" said Peter, in a shaking voice. "What are you doin' up there at this time in the morning?"

"I'm not so early but what you've been before me, and carried off my plum-pudding, or else eaten it up!" said Solomon, almost in tears.

"Plum-puddin'! Plum-puddin'! You aint dreamin' or walkin' in your sleep, are you? It's Thanksgivin' Day, sure enough, and it's likely there'll be a plum-puddin' along about dinner time, good and spicy, and chock full of plums, but it's too early in the morning to talk about it now. I'm a master hand for plum-puddin', myself, but I should n't consider it wholesome before breakfast!"

"I hid the plum-pudding, in a pillow-case, up on this hay-mow, and it's gone!" said Solomon, "and nobody has been here but you."

"Hid a plum-puddin' up in the hay? That's cur'us!" exclaimed Peter Trott, in a tone of great astonishment. "And it's gone?—that's cur'user still! But, now I think of it, that yaller-speckled hen was makin' a great fuss up there, and she's a master hand for victuals, that hen is, and she's got a terrible big swallow. Why, I see her swallow a pumpkin the other day and make no more of it than she would of a pea!"

"I sha' n't believe any more of your stories, Peter Trott!" cried Solomon. "I got called silly by doing it, and Grandpa says not to."

Peter looked very sad.

"Well, I s'pose I have got kind of an unfort'nit habit of stretchin' the truth a little. It kind of seems to come nateral. But I 'm a-breakin' myself of it fast. Now I come to think of it, it wa' n't a pumpkin but a squash, and not more 'n a middlin' sized one, that I see that hen swallow. And it a'nt likely that she swallowed the puddin', on account of the bag; that would have stuck in her throat, certain sure."

"You have done something with that pudding," insisted Solomon, hotly.

"Well, now, I did toss some hay off that mow into Dandy Jim's stall. You don't s'pose the puddin' could have caught on the pitchfork, do you? Dandy Jim would n't have eaten the bag, anyhow, bein' dretful pertikler about his victuals, so it's easy enough to find out."

And Peter Trott, in a very eager and interested manner, went into Dandy Jim's stall, and searched about. Solomon followed him, with his lantern, and looked carefully all over the stall. But no traces of either pudding or bag were to be found, and Dandy Jim, after the closest inspection, did not seem to be suffering from indigestion, as Solomon thought he certainly would be if he had eaten the pudding-bag.

Peter Trott certainly looked very innocent, but Solomon had by no means lost his suspicions that he knew more about the disappearance of the pudding than he chose to tell. But to show anger toward him would never bring Peter to confession. So Solomon began to plead with him:

"Peter, please don't tease me. P-l-eas-e tell me all about it."

Peter thrust both hands into his trousers pockets, and looked very benevolent.

"Well, now, I have been jokin' a little, that's a fact, but I don't want to hurt your feelin's. But as for that puddin', all I can say is that I saw a tramp eatin' somethin' out in the barn-yard last night, an' it may 'a' been that puddin'. I can't say certain that it was the puddin', but he was a-eatin' ez if he enjoyed it mighty well. He was sittin' kind of doubled up in that bushel-basket, with his legs kind of danglin', and he had a cloth tucked under his chin for a napkin. Of course, I did n't know how he come by it. I did n't once think that it might be our Thanksgivin' puddin'. I did think about orderin' him off, but he had such a queer look in his eye that I felt like givin' him a wide berth, and I let him alone. Judgin' from what you tell me, I 'm afraid your puddin' 's gone for good. But I can't say for certain."

Solomon felt satisfied that Peter was telling the truth, now. Tramps were plenty in the neighborhood, and, only the day before, he himself had seen just such an one as Peter described, resting under a tree. And Peter was always careless about the barn door.

Now that the pudding was gone, Solomon began to think anxiously of the probability of being found out. While there was a great deal of fun to be expected with the pudding, that probability had kept in the background of his mind, but now it loomed out fearfully. Aunt Eunice would be sure to make a strict investigation as soon as she knew that the pudding was gone, and Aunt Eunice could always find out things. Sometimes her finding out seemed really marvelous, and she said that a little bird told her. Jonah said she was only joking, and Becky did n't really believe it, but Solomon was inclined to think it was true. Solomon thought, now that he came to consider the matter, that anybody who had stolen the Thanksgiving plum-pudding would n't be "let off very easy." He deliberated whether he should throw the blame upon Mabel Hortense or not. It seemed rather mean to tell of a girl, but, "anyway, he should n't have thought of it, if it had n't been for her."

The Thanksgiving sermon had always seemed endless to Solomon, but on this day it was actually too short; anything was better than having dinner-time come.

As soon as they reached home, Mabel Hortense and Lucy Ann came to him and whispered:

"Now we will go to the barn and have the pudding, wont we?"

Becky stood in the background, looking pale and sad. The truth was, Becky's conscience had been making her very unhappy.

"The pudding 's gone," said Solomon, gloomily.

"Gone! Where?" exclaimed Mabel Hortense, Becky, and Lucy Ann, in a breath.

"Eaten up!" said Solomon.

"What! plums and all?" exclaimed Mabel Hortense, the corners of her mouth beginning to droop. "Who did such a cruel, wicked thing?"

"A tramp. He ate the pudding — plums and all."

"Oh, what a greedy thing, to eat all the plums! I wanted them myself," said Mabel Hortense.

"We have n't had a bit of fun. And what will Aunt Eunice say?" said Becky.

"Girls are always getting a fellow into trouble!" said Solomon, savagely.

The children showed a surprising lack of eagerness in obeying the summons to dinner, all except little Darius, who did not feel guilty, and still expected plum-pudding.

Solomon had a very small appetite for turkey, and Becky could scarcely force down a mouthful.

Solomon felt, when they were waiting for dessert to be brought in, that it was one of the most awful moments of his life, and Becky watched the door with a frightened and fascinated gaze.

But what did their eyes behold! Roxy Jane, with beaming face, bearing aloft a huge platter, on which reposed a great, rich-brown, plummy-looking pudding! It looked exactly like the pudding they had stolen, and Roxy Jane said, in answer to a compliment upon the looks of her pudding, that "it got a splendid bake. She never knew one to slip out of the dish so easily."

It was placed on Solomon's end of the table, and he bent over and examined it critically. A tiny wisp of hay was clinging to its side. Solomon picked it off slyly and showed it to Becky.

"Grandpa, don't ever send Peter Trott away, for he 's a good fellow!" said Solomon, eagerly.

And all the grown people wondered why the plum-pudding made him think of that.

"I want all the plums!" said Mabel Hortense.

But nobody paid any attention to her, and she had only her share.



"ROXY JANE BEARING ALOFT A GREAT, PLUMMY-LOOKING PUDDING!"

THE QUEST.

BY Emily Ogden

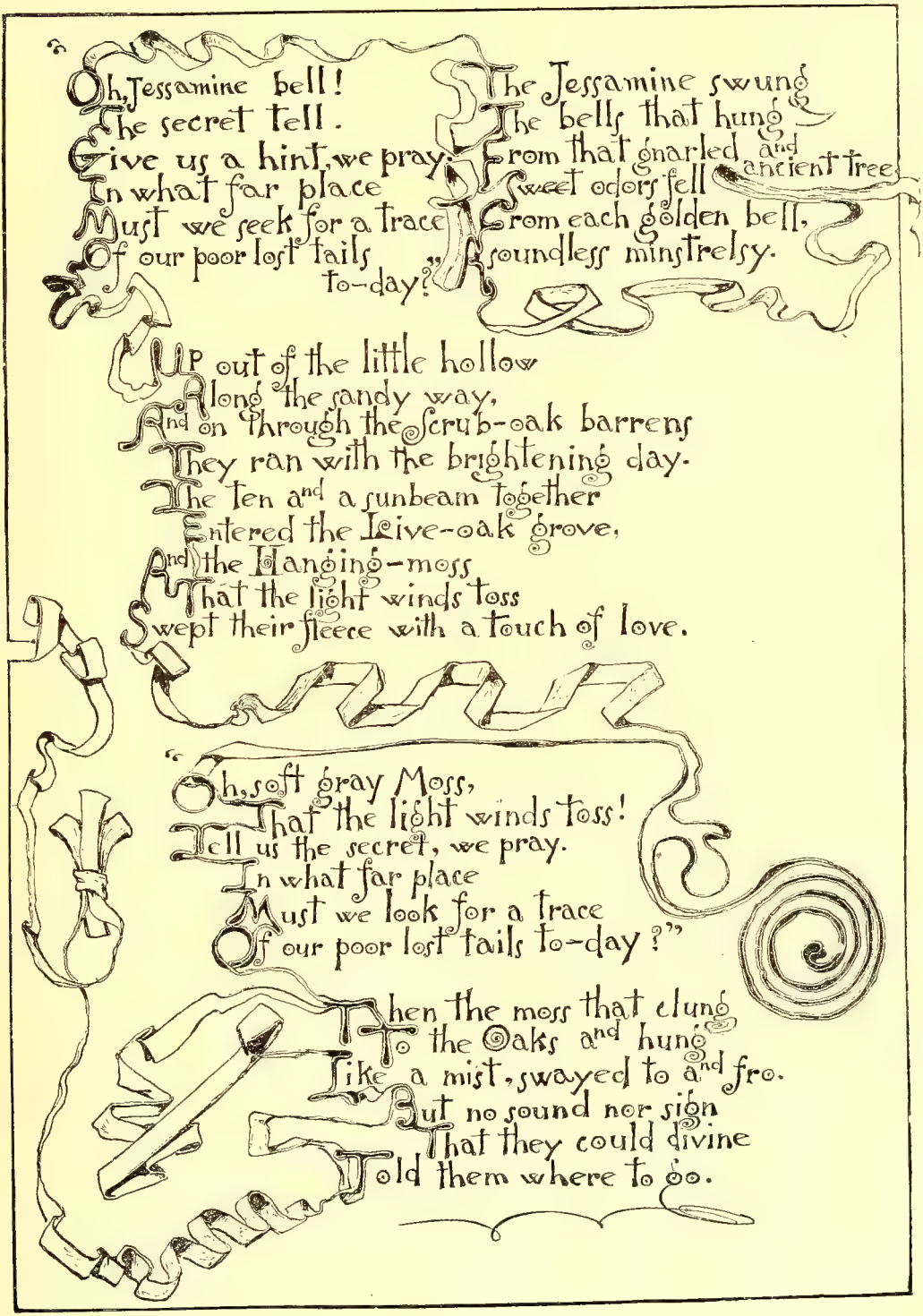
"It isn't that so much," they said,
"If every one of us were dead
And in his little grave,
We wouldn't say one word
But that she should see us come
A-limping sadly home,
And not a tail among us all,
Is too utterly absurd."

"There are ten of us, alas! alack!
And nine are white and one is black,
And not a tail—or black or white—
Among the lot. Oh, my!
And can it be that—well-a-day!
Our poor dear tails are gone for aye,
And we shall never find them,
No matter how we try?"



'Twas the very top of the morning,
The cream of the beautiful day,
And each one took up a parasol
And hastily started away.
Under the great old yellow Pines
And across the dam went they
To the little spring
Where the Jessamines cling
To the boughs of
An old Red Bay.





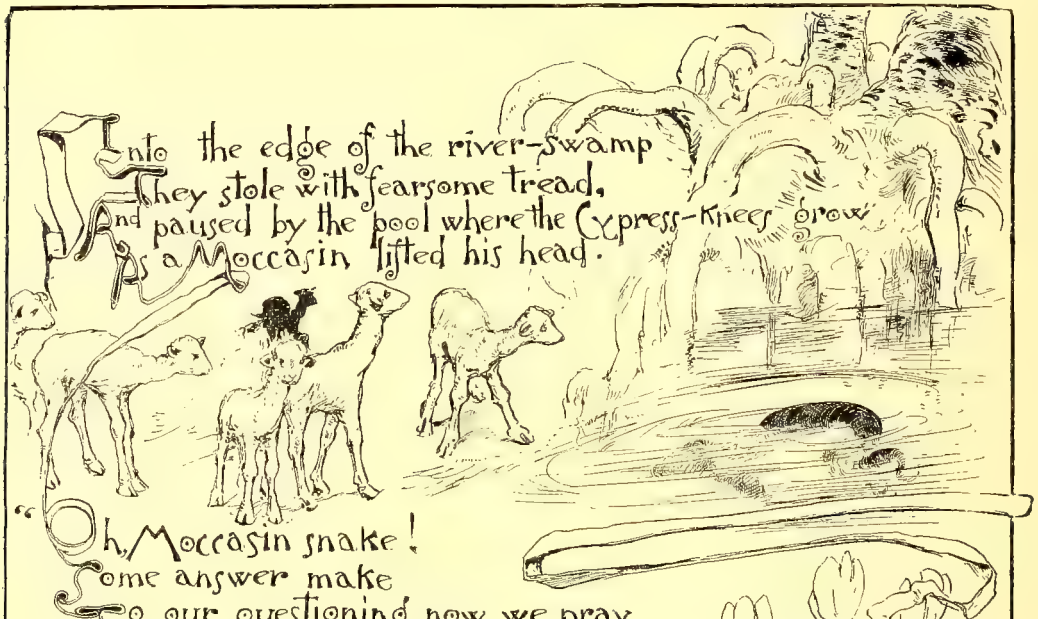
"Oh, Jessamine bell!
The secret tell.
Give us a hint, we pray.
In what far place
Must we seek for a trace
Of our poor lost tails
to-day?"

The Jessamine swung
The bells that hung
From that gnarled and ancient tree.
Sweet odors fell
From each golden bell,
Soundless minstrelsy.

UP out of the little hollow
Along the sandy way,
And on through the scrub-oak barrens
They ran with the brightening day.
The ten and a sunbeam together
Entered the Live-oak grove,
And the Hanging-moss
That the light winds toss
Swept their fleece with a touch of love.

"Oh, soft gray Moss,
That the light winds toss!
Tell us the secret, we pray.
In what far place
Must we look for a trace
Of our poor lost tails to-day?"

Then the moss that clung
To the Oaks and hung
Like a mist, swayed to and fro.
But no sound nor sign
That they could divine
Told them where to go.



Into the edge of the river-swamp
They stole with fearsome tread,
And paused by the pool where the Cypress-Knees grow
As a Moccasin lifted his head.

"Oh, Moccasin snake!
Come answer make
To our questioning now, we pray.
In what strange place
Shall we look for a trace
Of our poor lost tails to-day?"

But the Moccasin sank
Out of sight, by the bank,
Ere they had finished their speaking.
Not a sound nor a sign
That they could divine
Gave them the hint they were seeking.

Deeper then into the swamp,
Not a thought bestowing
On the Cypress and the Bays
Round about them growing,
Or the sweet Magnolia blooms
Far above them blowing,
Went they, till they reached at last
The lazy rivers flowing.

And the murmur of the river
Seemed to whisper them and say:
"Come, and let us go together
On this quest to-day!"

So each one launched his parasol
On the river's golden breast,
Stepped lightly into it, and sailed
Away on his weary quest.



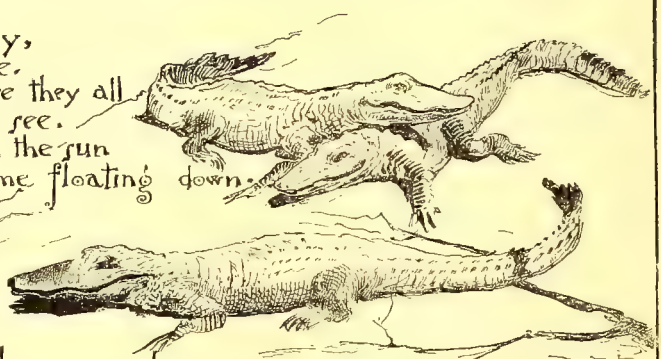
Floated ever ten sheep in the world before
Down a lazy, Southern river
Watching the sunlight gleam on the shore
And the leaver in the Cane-brake quiver?
Counting the yellow bells that hung
From the Jessamine's dark-green tresses,
Hearing the song of the Mocking-bird
Die in the wood's recesses?

Oh, river! Hurry! Hurry!
Speed along your bed!
For, as sure as preaching, all our tails
Are floating just ahead!"

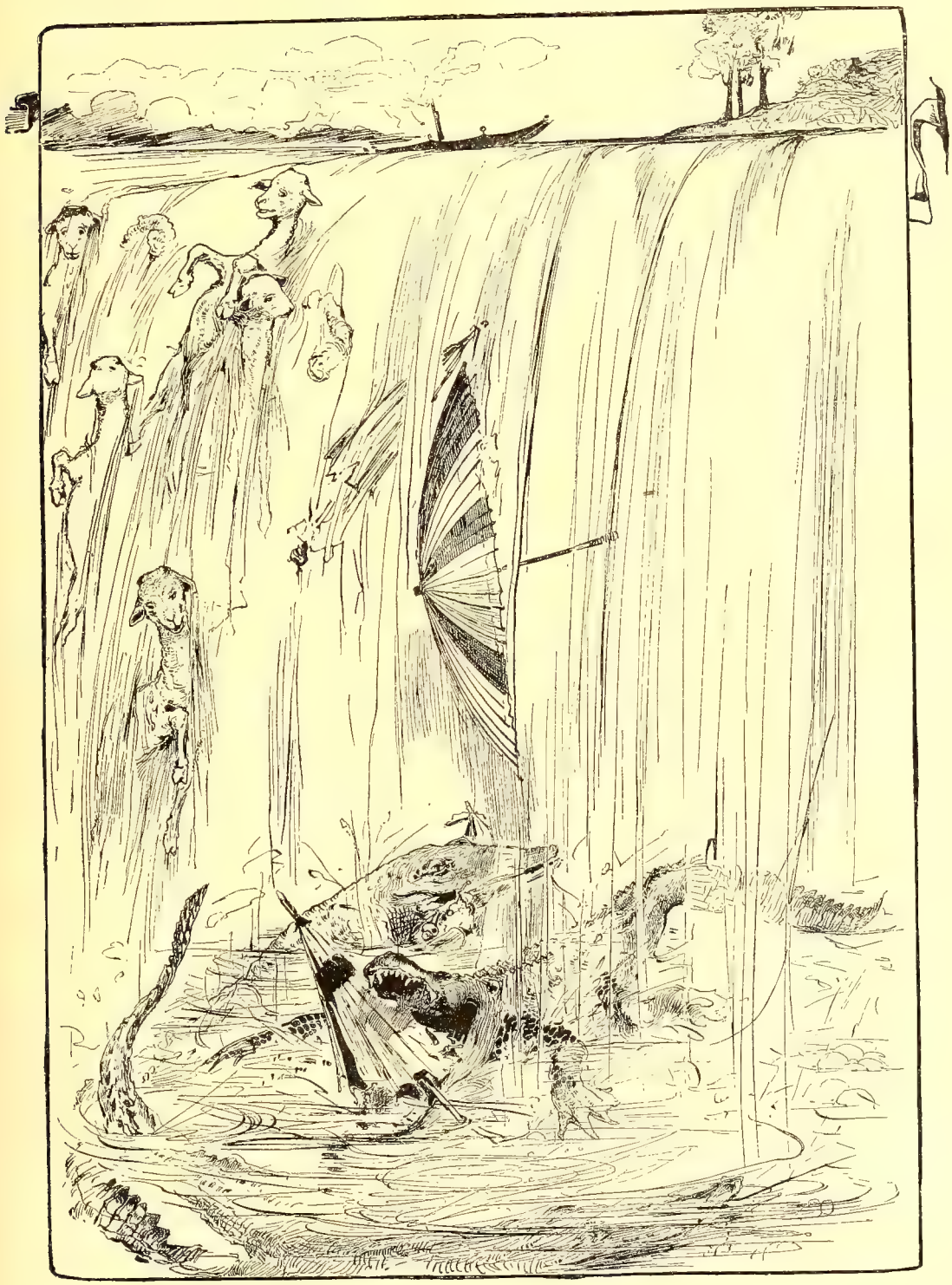


The river ran, the river tore
And swung itself from shore to shore,
As it never had done in its life before.
But no matter how fast its waters sped
The tails of the sheep kept just ahead.

There was a family,
A family of three.
And alligators were they all
As any one could see.
They were basking in the sun
When the tails came floating down.

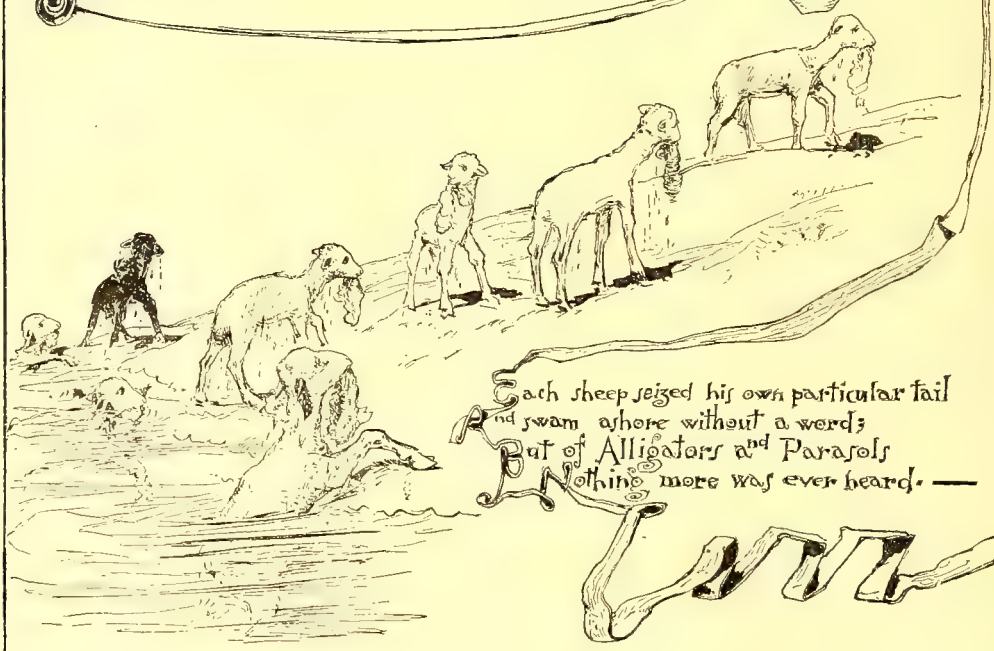


Oh! then and there such a race began
As never was seen by the eye of man!
With the tails a-floating lazily
Along on their way to the far-off-sea,
And the 'gators hurrying,
Kurrying, flurrying,
Bustling, hustling,
Hitting and jostling
Each other in hopes of the dainty fare!
While behind this great commotion all
The sheep, each erect in his parasol,
Tipping and balancing here and there,
With a bob and a bow
To this shore, now,
And then to the other,
Then each to his brother;
While the river—'twas all that it could do—
Swept them on right toward the hungry crew.



There's a bend below
Where three Gum-trees grow.
And just beyond it the waters go
Over a ledge, twenty feet or so,
Headlong into the pool below—
Eddying, whirling,
Twisting and twirling,
Till the Mississippi itself wouldn't know
Which way it ought to turn and flow.

The tails went down with an easy rush,
The Alligators with shove and push;
Each to his parasol clung the sheep,
Till they reached the edge of the watery leap,
When they shot out suddenly, one and all,—
And lo!
In the pool below
Three 'Gators swallowed three parasols,
Just as the sheep swept over the falls!



Each sheep seized his own particular tail
And swam ashore without a word;
But of Alligators and Parasols
Nothing more was ever heard. —

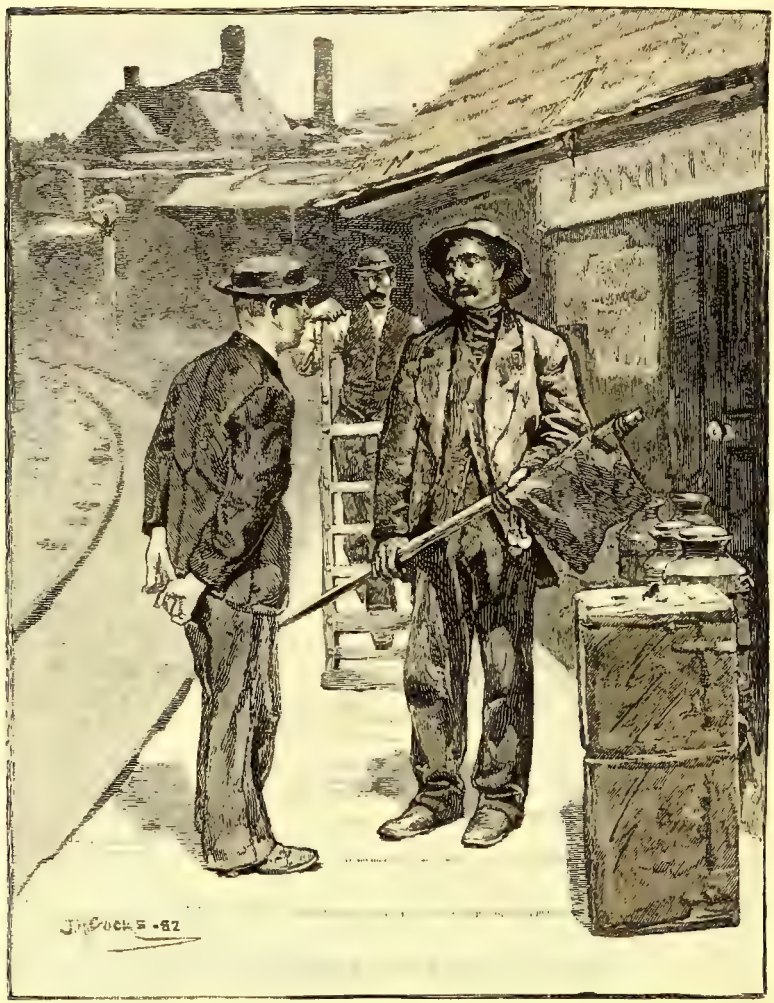


"Little Bo-Peep
Has lost her sheep,
And don't know where to find them.
Leave them alone
And they'll come home,
Bringing their tails behind them."

A. B. Bynnan. Fecit.

THE TINKHAM BROTHERS' TIDE-MILL.*

By J. T. Trowbridge.



"'CAN YOU SHOW ME DEMPFORD STREET?'"

Chapter I.

ON THE TAMMOSET RIVER.

A young fellow, about seventeen years old,—a mere boy, in fact, with a rather solid-looking but fresh and pleasant face,—stepped from a train at the Tammoset station, one March afternoon, and looked about him with the air of a stranger.

After a brief survey of the plashy village streets, bordered with gutters half full of snow and sluggish water, he addressed a flagman who was coming along the platform.

"Can you show me Dempford street?"

"First street to the left," was the ready answer, illustrated by a motion of the flag rolled up on its stick.

"Does that take me to the river?"

"Straight to the river—straight to Dempford bridge."

"And Mr. Dushee's place?"

"Oh, Dushee's!" said the flagman. "That 's a

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little off the main track. Turn to your right, just before you get to the bridge, and keep down the river a few rods, till you see an old mill."

"That 's just what I want to see," the boy replied, with a look of satisfaction. "Much obliged."

Picking his way along the muddy sidewalks, he passed beyond the village, and in a few minutes came to the brow of a hill, where he paused.

Below was the river, sweeping, full-banked and strong, across the foreground of a brown landscape, mottled with dingy patches of snow-drifts. On the left, not very far away, was a large pond or lake, still ice-bound, except near the mouth, out of which the dark current flowed. There were orchards and groves, and pleasant residences here and there, on the far-winding shores.

"That must be fine in summer," he said to himself, with a smile. "We 'll keep a boat and go a-fishing, and have some jolly sails — if the chickens I 'm counting will only hatch. Wont it be nice to take Mother out, and row with her along by those woods, just after sunset? — if she will only agree to my plans. And Letty, wont she like it! But I know it can't be; it 's all too good to come true."

And yet there was a look on his face which said that it *should* come true, if the determined will and good wit of a boy of his size could accomplish it.

The river flowed beneath the bridge at the foot of the slope, and, making a curve to the right, soon disappeared under the hill, which terminated there in a low bluff. On the summit of that was an old-fashioned house, and just beyond, through the bare boughs of a large willow-tree, appeared a brown roof.

"That must be the mill," he exclaimed, starting to walk toward it.

Descending the bluff, he took a foot-path along the river's brink, amidst a scene picturesque enough even at that season of the year.

On his right was the bluff, or high bank, to the steep side of which heavy snow-drifts still clung. On his left, the whirling stream rushed on toward a low dam, over which it broke with a sound that was music to his ears. The mossy turf of the path he trod was supported by the roots of willow-trees that overleaned the water, in the largest of which — an immense pollard, with stout branches — seats were framed, with a little foot-bridge of plank leading to them from the top of the bank.

"What a place for Mother to sit and sew, in pleasant weather!" he said to himself, with ever-kindling enthusiasm. "We 'll put a little railing along by the plank, and we can help her over safely. It beats all the bay-windows in the world! Right over the water, and up among the birds!"

A pair of those early comers, the blue-birds, were there already, flitting in the boughs, their beautiful plumage and richly warbled notes hinting of the delights of the season of leaves and flowers now so near at hand.

But, while taking in with keen interest so many things, the eye of the boy did not neglect the principal object of his visit.

That rose before him, at the end of the path, close by the great willow — a little, old, brown two-story building, built partly over the water, at the end of the dam, and partly against the high bank.

A door at the end of the path opened into a shed-like wing, where his eye was delighted with the sight of a forge, with its great bellows.

"This is what the boys will like!" he said, with a nod and a smile. "And there is the water-wheel! I wonder why it is n't going. I believe the place is deserted."

He peeped through an open door-way, leading from the shed into the lower story of the mill, and saw on one side a long work-bench, with lathes, a circular saw beyond, wheels and boards overhead, and all sorts of odd litter scattered about the room.

Nothing very attractive, you would have said; and yet the sight filled the boyish visitor with mild rapture.

"Everthing is lovely, so far! But I must n't appear too well pleased. There 's somebody."

The roof of the shed formed a walk from the upper story of the mill to the top of the bank. Footsteps were heard on the boards overhead, and presently a chubby-faced boy appeared beyond, descending a path through the slushy snow.

"I 've come to look at your mill," said Boy Number One, carelessly.

"Wall, ye can look — don't cost nothin'," said Boy Number Two, with a grin.

"It 's a dilapidated old shell," remarked Number One.

"Wall, kind o'," said Number Two, "though she aint so old as she looks. She never had no coat of paint; that 's what 's the matter."

"I should think so," said Number One. "Is the water-power good for anything?"

"Good for anything!" echoed Number Two, as he went and stood by Number One, and watched the current rushing by the undershot wheel. "There 's power enough."

"Why is n't somebody using it, then?"

"Well, we might; tide is going out strong now."

"You are dependent on the tide, are you?"

"Of course," said Number Two. "Don't you know? It 's a tide-mill."

"I 'm not much acquainted with tide-mills," Number One replied. "Explain it to me."

"This is the Tammoset River," said Number Two, "though some folks call it the Dempford River. It runs between two towns. This is Tammoset on this side, and that is Dempford over there."

"And what 's the name of the lake?"

"That 's got more names than a poor man has shirts," grinned Boy Number Two. "Some folks call it Tammoset Lake, and some Dempford Lake; but 'most generally they say jest the lake, or the pond."

"Do you mean to say that the tide flows all the way up here, from the harbor?"

"Course I do! Why not? It 's only about seven miles, and there 's scarce any fall to the water."

"Is the water of the lake salt or fresh?" asked the strange boy.

"Fresh, of course," the Tammoset boy replied. "No salt water ever gits up as fur as here, without 't is in a very dry time. They do say the water in the bottom of the pond is a leetle mite brackish; though I don't know how anybody knows."

"I see," remarked the visitor, who was not quite so ignorant as he had been willing to appear. "When the tide comes in, it forces back the flow of fresh water; but it turns again before it gets up as far as here. Salt water being heavier than fresh, any that gets into the lake would stay at the bottom."

While they were talking, there came a sudden rush of water under the wheel, which began to move, slowly at first, then with a brisk rush of the revolving paddles.

"There she goes!" said the Tammoset boy. "I told you 't was about time for her to begin to hum. Do you want to see Father?"

"Is Mr. Dushee your father?"

"Yes, and he owns the mill; and he wants to sell it. Do you know of anybody who wants to buy?"

The Tammoset boy spoke so eagerly that the boy who really wanted to buy thought it best to appear more indifferent than ever.

"I 'd like to see him by and by. Why does he want to sell?"

"Oh, I d'n' know! Tired on 't, I s'pose. Wants to git into some other kind o' business, where he wont have to work so hard."

"That 's natural," said the visitor. "Show me how you take advantage of the tide."

The boy who belonged to the place led the way to a platform over the end of the dam, and pointed out a broad opening in it, stopped by movable boards, over which the water poured.

"Them 's the *flash-boards*," he explained. "When the tide runs up they float, and let it go up into the pond. Those ropes keep 'em from floating away. After the tide turns, and we want the power, all we 've got to do is to put down the flash-boards. Soon 's the water has fell away a leetle from the lower side, we 've got about as smart a water-power, till tide comes up again, as ever ye need to have, for a small, perty business, ye know. Two tides a day, understand."

"Only, one of them 's apt to be in the night," replied the visitor, with a laugh. "Do you own any land on the other side?"

"No need of that," said the mill-boy. "Father jest bought the right of the owner to build his dam and keep it there ninety-nine years. I don't know why they did n't say a hundred, while they was about it."

"Ninety-nine seems long enough for all practical purposes," said the visitor, hardly able to conceal his delight at the general aspect of things. "What 's the price of the old trap, anyway?"

"I don't know what the price is; but Father says he means to sell for what he can git," said young Dushee, innocently.

"Oh, does he?" thought the visitor, with secret glee — not that he was at all anxious to obtain the property for less than it was worth, but that, having already set his heart on it, he earnestly hoped that the price would come within the means at his command.

CHAPTER II.

THE OWNER OF THE MILL.

A LARGE-FACED, sandy-complexioned man was at work before a lathe when the two boys entered the shop. He was turning what promised to be a croquet-ball, making the fine chips fly, and the round, ragged-looking block hum.

As the mill-boy had just such another flabby-cheeked, sandy countenance, laid out on a smaller scale, the visitor did not need to be told that he was in the presence of the elder Dushee.

He watched the operation of turning with lively interest, while the son spoke to his father, and tried to attract his attention. But the elder Dushee, having noticed by a glance that it was only another boy who had come in with his boy, kept steadily at his work, with no more expression in the extensive features than if they had been composed of the sand they so much resembled.

After a while he paused in his cutting to apply the curved arms of a measure to his revolving ball. Then the son tried again.

"Here 's somebody to look at the mill. Guess he wants to buy!"

Instantly a gleam of sunshine lighted up the Sahara-like countenance — a smile, in other words — which was turned hospitably on the youthful stranger.

"Come to look at the mill, have ye?" Scanning him closely, and seeing what a mere boy he was, the man added: "But I don't s'pose *you* want to buy?"

"No, I don't," said the visitor.

The sunshine faded from the desert.

"But I know parties who may wish to purchase," he continued, "and I have come to examine and report."

"Oh! all right." The sandy waste lighted up again. "I 'll show you what we 've got here."

"Don't leave your work," said the visitor.

"That can wait. I happened to get hold of some good apple-tree wood, and I thought I would turn a few croquet sets," Mr. Dushee explained. "Who are the parties you speak of?"

"Well, my brothers and myself. There are five of us altogether. I am the third. Our name is Tinkham."

"The Tinkham boys! I have heard of the Tinkham boys!" Mr. Dushee exclaimed. "And, by George! I owe 'em a grudge, too!"

"I am sorry for that," replied young Tinkham, modestly.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Dushee, good-naturedly, notwithstanding his grudge. "I was making a very nice doll's carriage for Mellen & Company; they sold all I could turn out. But all to once they said: 'Mr. Dushee, we can't take any more of them carriages at that price.' 'What 's up?' says I. Says they, 'We have to retail your carriage at three dollars; but here 's some, jest about as good,—better, too, in some respects,—that we can sell for two.' 'Whose carriages be them?' says I, and I 'll own that they was mighty cute little things! By two or three ingenious tricks, the inventors had managed to make a cheaper article than mine, while it was quite as perty,—mebby pertier,—and nigh-about as strong."

The visitor smiled quietly, while Mr. Dushee went on.

"'Whose make be them?' says I. 'The Tinkham boys',' says they. 'Who 's the Tinkham boys?' says I. 'The Widder Tinkham's,' says they. 'That 's about all we know of 'em—only that they 've got long heads on their shoulders, and can make dolls' carriages cheaper 'n you can.' 'Very well,' says I; 'let 'em make 'em!' But I tell ye I was mad!"

"That little carriage was my brother Luther's notion," said the Tinkham boy present. "He 's only nineteen, but he 's full of ideas, and can do almost anything he sets out to. He did n't set out to undersell you, Mr. Dushee, or to injure your business; but he saw there might be improvements made in dolls' carriages, and it appears that he succeeded in making them."

"Oh, that 's all right!" Mr. Dushee said. "Where 's your shop?"

"We have n't any shop of our own," the Tinkham boy answered, frankly, "and we are looking about for one. That is, I saw your advertisement, and thought perhaps your tide-mill would suit our purpose."

"Should n't wonder if it would!" said the proprietor, gleefully; "should n't wonder a mite! Where have you done your work?"

"At home, and in our Uncle Dave Darrill's saw-mill. My older brothers, Luther and Martin, began to make things for their own amusement while they were going to school. Then, when Father died, and they had to go to work, they thought they would put some of their toys and knickknacks on the market. A few sold pretty well, and that encouraged them to invent more. They have made a good many of their own tools, and contrived the machinery they have put up in Uncle's mill. I am not much of an inventor, myself," the Tinkham boy went on, "but I am a tolerably good workman, and I believe I 've a head for business."

"I should think you had!" said Mr. Dushee, with increasing good humor.

"I don't want to be separated from my brothers; I want to keep the family together," the representative of the Tinkhams went on, with a swell of emotion in his tones. "I have two younger brothers, still at school, and one sister. My mother fell and broke her knee on a bad place in the sidewalk, just after Father died, and she is a cripple. We want to keep her with us."

"A good idee! a good idee!" Mr. Dushee exclaimed, the sunshine of his smile expanding until it seemed to spread all over the continent of his person, and put him into a universal glow.

"The time has come when the boys ought to have a shop of their own, with a little elbow-room and water-power. I want to keep with them, and learn to be the business man of the concern. Then our younger brothers can work into it. That 's my plan, and that 's why I have come——"

Suddenly, seeming to recollect himself, the visitor hesitated. He had set out to be very diplomatic, and here he was telling the honest truth and exposing his secret motives without any caution whatever. Indeed, it was not in Rush Tinkham's frank and impulsive nature to use much reserve and *finesse*, however needful he might think them in advancing his personal interests; but he instinctively broke through them, and stood on the solid and enduring ground of sincerity.

"You 've come to jest the right place," Mr. Dushee made haste to assure him. "This is jest the mill you want!" showing his visitor about the

little factory. "Everything in perfect repair, shabby as things look. Good water-power, good machinery, plenty of room. Come upstairs."

Rush Tinkham felt sure that his brothers would be delighted with what he saw But he said discreetly:

"I should n't wonder if it would suit us. Now, about the price. Put your figures right down to the lowest point; then, if we can reach up to them, I 'll try to have my brothers come out and see the property."

"You ought to buy the whole place," said the owner; "good house, an acre of land, garden, and stable."

"I should like that, if we can afford it," said Rush; thinking, "We 'll keep a horse, and give Mother such nice rides!"

Mr. Dushee then showed him the house and grounds, the boy's keen eyes taking in everything, while he often said to himself: "Mother will like this; wont Mother take comfort in that!" for, though simple and plain, everything was spacious and comfortable, compared with the narrow quarters which the family occupied in the city.

"Nice place, aint it?" said the proprietor, with his most expansive smile, as they returned to the mill.

"I like it," Rush replied, frankly; "and I am surprised that you should want to part with it."

"I don't want to," said Mr. Dushee. "But, if I sell the mill, I don't care to keep the house. And I want to sell the mill because the Tinkham boys cut under me, and make dolls' carriages cheaper 'n I can."

He laughed. Rush laughed too, and said:

"There 's no other reason?"

"That 's the principal reason. My ways are ruther old-fashioned, and I can't get out of the ruts; I can't compete with younger men with their modern improvements."

"Your water-power is all right?" Rush inquired.

The owner grinned. Young Dushee also grinned, with a curious expression, as he stood and listened to the conversation and watched his father's face.

"It ought to be; I 've used it nigh on to fifteen year. I 've never seen the time," the elder Dushee added, "when I could n't depend on eight hours, in every twelve, of good running power. Each tide is about two hours coming up. In about two hours more it will be running down fast enough for the wheel. Then we have eight hours, as I say, before the water sets back again. In the driest time, when fresh water fails and a good many mills have to stop, the tide keeps up the supply here."

"You 've a right to dam the stream?" said Rush, looking out on the river from a window.

"A perfect right," the elder Dushee declared, rather earnestly, while the younger watched his face with the same curious grin which Rush would have done well to observe. "It don't injure nobody. It keeps the level of the lake stiddier 'n it would be without it, and that 's ruther an advantage to land-owners than otherwise."

"I should think it might be in the way of boats," Rush suggested.

There was a sort of sunset flush on the sandy desert of a face, as the proprietor answered stoutly:

"Whether 't is or not, it has been there, as I said, nigh on to fifteen year; and it has a perfect right to be there, for this aint a navigable stream."

They then talked of terms; and Mr. Dushee, after much hesitation, named a price for the whole place, and also a separate price for the mill.

"If everything is as you say, and as it looks to be," said Rush, "I 'll have my brothers, and perhaps my uncle, come and talk with you."

"It 's jest as I say, and jest as it looks," Mr. Dushee assured him. Then, as Rush started to go, he said: "Wait till we tackle up, and my boy shall carry you over to the depot. Dick, run and be backing out the buggy."

Rush Tinkham took a last survey of the mill, the river, and the pleasant grounds, while father and son were "tackling up," and the father gave the son this parting counsel:

"Watch the clock on the steeple, and keep driving till jest a minute or two afore train-time, so he wont have no chance to talk with anybody else about the mill. And be sure you don't let on anything about——"

Here he lowered his voice, for the horse was harnessed, and Rush was coming to get into the buggy.

Returning along the hill-side toward the lake, Rush, from the high buggy-seat, observed an object which had hardly attracted his attention when he passed within sight of it on foot. It was an odd-looking, half-finished structure, partly hidden by trees on the shore.

"What are they building over there?" he asked of Dick Dushee.

Now, as this was a dangerously near approach to the subject which he had been warned by his father not to "let on anything about," Dick Dushee, I regret to say, prevaricated.

"Oh, I d'n' know," he replied. "Some sort of a summer-house, I believe."

"An odd-looking summer-house," was Rush Tinkham's comment, "and an ugly object to be set there, on the lake-shore!"

Dick Dushee looked straight before his nose at the horse's tail, and made no reply.

They rode on, and, with his mind full of other

things, Rush thought no more of the odd-looking "summer-house," destined though it was to be the source of unnumbered woes to the future owners of the tide-mill.

Chapter III.

THE TINKHAM FAMILY.

Rush Tinkham went home that evening full of enthusiasm for the purchase of the Dushee property.

"It seems as though the place had been made on purpose for us," he said, drawing his chair up to the table, where the family were already at supper. "We must have it! We will have it!"

"Even if we have to steal it," suggested Martin, the oldest son, whose habit it was to grow cool as the juniors grew warm on any subject.

He had a dry way with him, and a serious drawl, which, together with a trick of drawing down one side of his homely mouth, gave a droll effect to his little sarcasms.

"You would say steal it, or anything, to have it, if you should pay it a visit," said Rush. "Oh! the nice water-power, the iron lathe and the wood lathe, the steam-box, the forge, the jig-saws, and things — it would do your heart good, Mart, to see 'em!"

"I rather think it would make my heart ache to see what I could n't have," Mart replied.

"Rush has got tide-mill on the brain," remarked Luther, the second son, a near-sighted youth in glasses, which gave a singularly old look to his face of nineteen. He stammered a little. "F-f-funny! Rush can't invent anything, and yet he 's the one who is so anxious for us to have a f-f-factory of our own."

"You are just as anxious as he is," spoke up Letty, the sister, a bright girl in her sixteenth year; "but you are not half so enterprising."

"Come, children," said the mild mother, in her cripple's chair, which had been drawn up to the table, "postpone your disputes, and hear what Rocket has to say."

"Rocket" was the playful family name for Rush; though I am not sure that any one could have told how he ever came by it. Perhaps it was on account of an eager, impetuous way he had of starting up and darting off on new enterprises — a trait which had been more noticeable in him two or three years before than now.

Or it may have been suggested by his real name. Since a rocket goes with a rush, why should not "Rush" give rise to "Rocket"?

Each of the children had some such nickname, and it was a beautiful trait of the mother that, despite her years, her widowhood, and her crippled limb, she entered into all innocent sportiveness of this sort with as much spirit as any of them.

"The tide-mill is my idea, and, for that reason, Mart and Lute oppose it," said Rush. "But they 'll come 'round. It 's just the place for you, Mother; and for you, Letty! Such a great willow-tree as there is, with seats in it, almost over the water, and a foot-plank running to them from the bank! A pair of blue-birds came while I was there, and told me how pleasant it was in summer."

"Oh!" exclaimed Letty, sharing his enthusiasm. "You make me want to fly to get there! I 'm longing for trees and water!"

"And, of course, we shall keep a boat and a horse; and, Mother, you shall have the loveliest rides on the lake and the fine Tammoset roads!" Rush rattled on. "And a garden for flowers and vegetables — think of that! And pigs and chickens, boys!" addressing the two youngest, at the end of the table.

"I go in for the pigs and chickens!" cried Rupert, aged fourteen.

"Let 's move to-morrow!" exclaimed Rodman, aged twelve.

"But you have n't told us the price of all these fine things," said the mother, with a smile.

"Yes, Rocket," added Martin, who was far more interested than he appeared. "Now for the cold water."

"The asking price is four thousand dollars. But I 've no doubt we can buy it for three, for Dushee is awfully anxious to sell. That includes everything; and there is an acre of land. By the way, boys, there 's a good joke!"

And, to explain Dushee's motive for selling, Rush told the story of the dolls' carriages which Luther's had driven out of the market.

That pleased Luther, and brought him over to Rush's side.

"Now, I 've something to tell you," he said. "Mart to-day received a p-p-proposal to make all the wood-work of Cole & Company's fireworks. To do that, we shall need our own shop."

"Oh, now! if everything is n't made a-purpose!" said Rush. "Dushee said he must have half down in cash, say fifteen hundred. You 've got twelve hundred, Mother; and I 'm sure we can raise the rest somehow, with enough to move and start with."

The widow smiled, but with something like a look of pain.

"My poor little twelve hundred dollars!" she said; "all I have in the world!"

"Except your children, Mother," said Letty, with a high, proud look. "See those five stalwart boys!"

"And my dear, darling daughter!" said the mother, with starting tears. "I know better than anybody else what you all are to me. I am rich in your love and help. But I must look out carefully for my twelve hundred dollars, just the same. I can't—I can't risk that!"

"Where 's the risk?" Rush asked. "I tell you this is a big thing that has been kept waiting for us. We 're bound to succeed, and build up a business, and make such a home for you, Mother, as you never could have unless we launched out a little."

"Well, well! we 'll see," said Mrs. Tinkham, quickly brushing away a tear, and smiling resolutely. "We shall do nothing rashly."

"Of course," replied Rush. "I want Lute and Mart and Uncle Dave to go and see the place, examine it thoroughly, and make sure that everything about it is all right; and then buy it only if they think it 's best."

There was much more talk on the exciting topic, the result of which was that the two oldest boys and their uncle visited the Dushee place two days later, and got the refusal of it for thirty-six hundred dollars—sixteen hundred to be paid in cash, the remainder to be secured by mortgage.

The uncle advised the purchase, and Mart and Lute were now as eager as Rush himself to get possession of the old tide-mill and the river-side home. They had not noticed the odd-looking "summer-house" on the lake-shore.

The boys had two hundred dollars of their own, and their uncle, who knew them well and believed in them, offered to lend them five hundred more. After that the mother could no longer withhold her consent.

To make every step secure, a lawyer examined the title to the property, and, that being found satisfactory, the bargain was finally closed, to the great joy of Rush and his brothers, and equally to the satisfaction of Mr. Dushee.

"They 're young and plucky; they can fight it better 'n I can," he remarked, with a big sigh of relief, when he told Dick that he had at last got the "plaguy thing" off his hands. "Now let 'em find out!"

Thus, the tide-mill became the property of the Tinkham boys, and began its exciting adventures.

(To be continued.)

LITTLE KATE'S DIARY.

By Mrs. M. F. Butts.

Little Kate Andrews had long wished to keep a diary. Her elegant Cousin Maud, from the city, who wore trails and frizzes, and carried a wonderful painted fan and a white parasol trimmed with lace, kept a diary. She used to sit at her table and write, after everybody else was in bed. Sometimes Kate slept with her, and she would wake up after her first long nap, and watch Maud as she wrote. Kate thought she looked very interesting in her long white wrapper, her black hair hanging over her shoulders, and her head supported upon her hand. To sit up in that way and write in a diary was the little girl's highest ambition.

So, when Maud asked Kate what she should buy for her after she went back to the city, the child answered: "A diary, please; one just like yours."

The diary came all right, wrapped in buff paper, and directed to "Miss Kate Andrews, care of James Andrews, Esq."

Kate was delighted. She meant to sit up late that very night. Mamma was going to a party, and it would be easy to sit up till nine o'clock at least.

But, for fear something would happen, she thought she would make one entry in her new book in the afternoon. So she went to Papa's desk, got pen, ink, and blotter, and sat down in the desk-chair with her left hand supporting her head, in imitation of Cousin Maud.

But what should she write? Her little mind was perfectly blank the moment she got the pen in her hand. Brother Ned sat at the open window, studying his grammar lesson.

"Ned, will you please tell me what folks put in diaries mostly?" she said.

"Events and feelings," said Ned, grandly.

Kate wrote across the upper part of the first page, "Evenz and Fealings," when she came to another stop.

"But, Ned, what is events?" she asked, after a minute.

"Eating your dinner is an event," said Ned. "And sometimes they put good resolutions into their diaries. And they write down the bad things they have done."

Kate became very quiet.

"If eating dinner is an event," she thought, "it is n't interesting enough to put in a diary. I think Cousin Maud wrote about the friends who came to see her, and the books she read. But I should n't 'spose folks would want to write it down when they don't do as they ought to. I want my diary to be nice reading."

So, under June 1, 1881, she wrote:

"There is no evenz worth writing down. When I get time, I shall make up some. About my fealings, I have n't much of any."

In the evening, after Mamma went to the party, Kate carried the pen and ink to the nursery. Nurse, thinking she had gone to bed, sat in the kitchen gossiping with the cook. The little girl established herself at the table and began to write:

"To-day, a man came and pade me the rent. It was a million dollars. I gave some to a minister to build a meeting-hous and make a chine of bells. I bought a white saton dress, with an awful long trane. A member of Congress carried my trane. The President gave me a bokay of roses. My fealings were happy, 'speshly when I gave my white saton dress to a poor woman with 10 children, and bought me a pink one with pink roses embrordered onto it."

Under another date, she wrote:

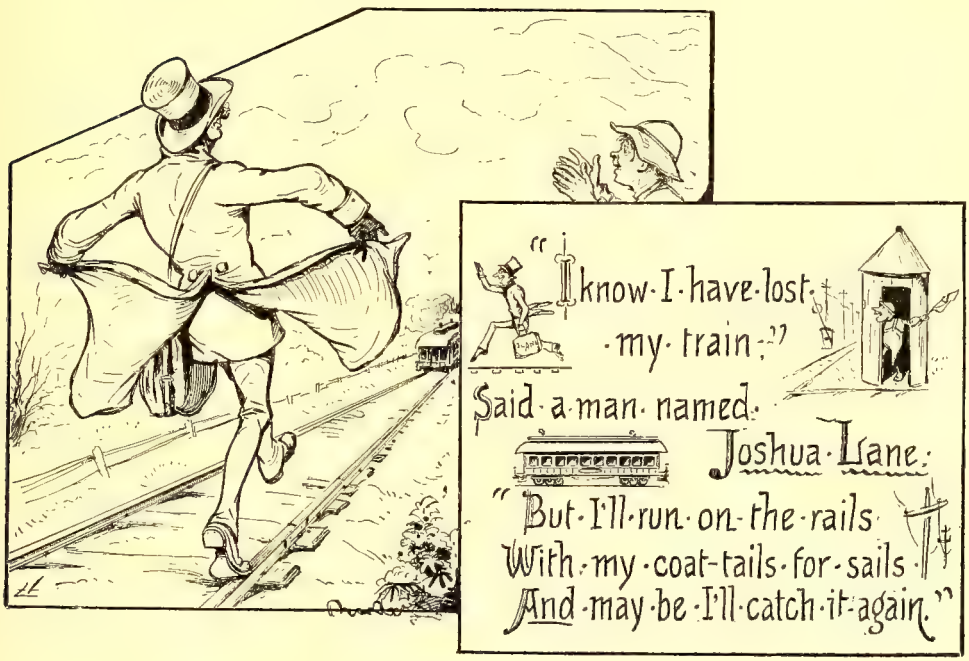
"I wore a reeth of white roses to-day, maid of purls. A beggir child came, and I took a rose out of the reeth and gave it to her. The Prince smiled at me, and called me an angil.

"I sat under a tree and read a thick book in an hour. Reading is nice."

It took Kate a long time to write all this. When she had finished, she said: "There, that 's what I call events!"

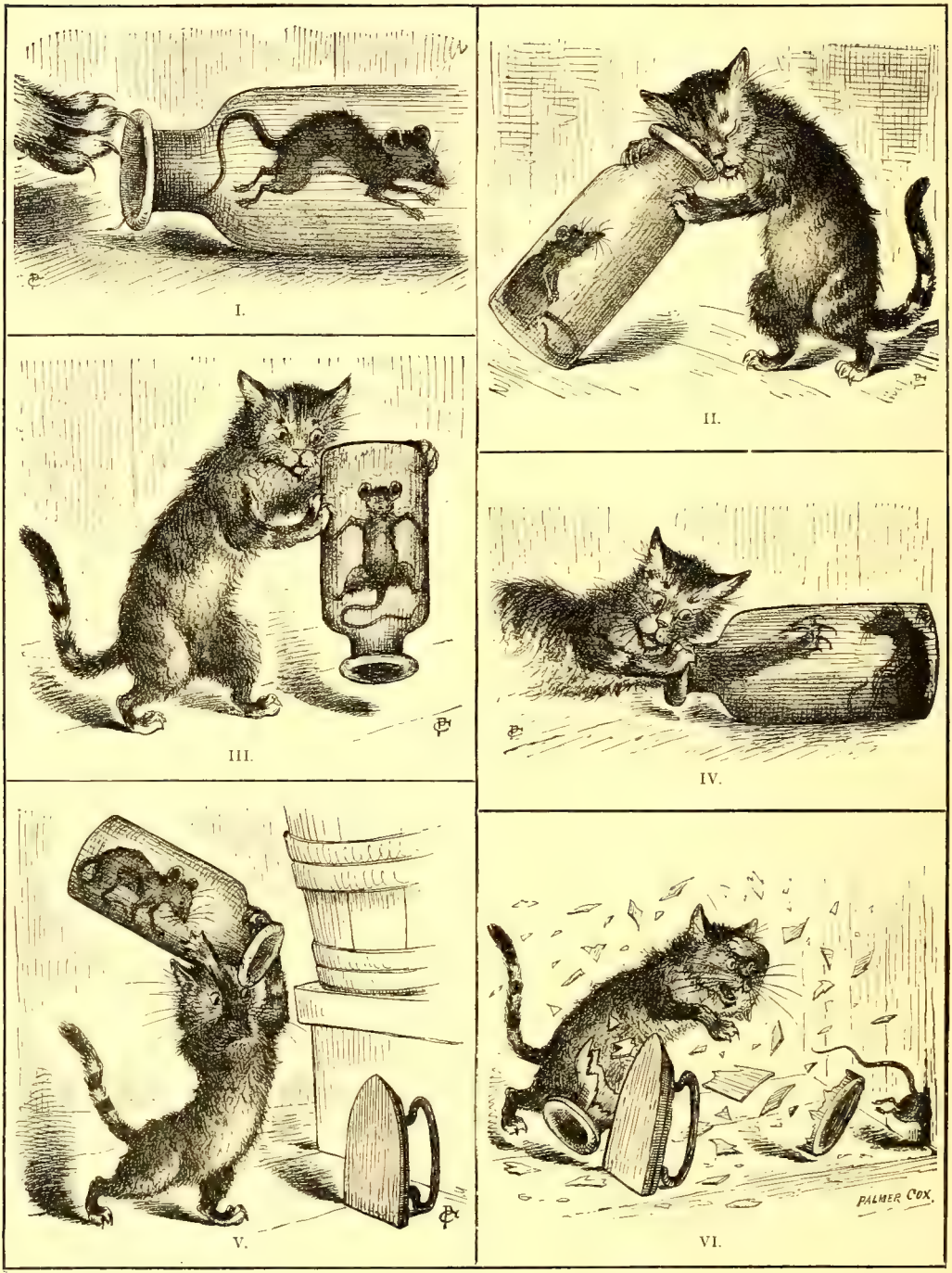
While she was trying to read over her "Evenz and Fealings," she fell fast asleep, dropping her pen and making a big blot on the page. There Mamma and Papa found her, when they came home from the party.

They had a hearty laugh over the poor little book, and after that, whenever they spoke of a stilted, unnatural person, they said: "He reminds me of Kate's diary."



THE CAT AND THE MOUSE.

By Palmer Cox.



A BOY IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

By Noah Brooks.

Before the time of President Abraham Lincoln, there had been very few children living in the White House. Mr. Buchanan, who immediately preceded Lincoln, was unmarried. Mr. Pierce, who came next before Buchanan, was childless, his only son having been killed by a sorrowful accident just before the newly elected President moved into the house where he had anticipated taking his much-beloved boy. And so, for many years, no President had brought into the White House the mirth and laughter of childhood. People who visited the home of the President, in Washington, used often to remark on the absence of children; and I dare say that many a mother, as she wandered through the stately apartments of that celebrated house, thought to herself that she would not like to live in the midst of its grandeur if she had to give up the companionship of her dear boys and girls. Perhaps it was because of this absence of children that everybody used to say that the White House did not seem like a home, but rather a place to "stay" at for a time.

This was all changed when Lincoln and his family came to Washington, in March, 1861. At that time three boys were the only children of the good Lincoln. Robert, the eldest, now Secretary of War for the United States, was then not quite eighteen years old. Willie, the next eldest, was a little more than ten years of age; and Thomas, better known as "Tad," was eight years old, having been born April 4, 1853. His next birthday was probably the first boy's birthday ever celebrated in the White House.

When these three boys, of eighteen, ten, and eight years respectively, came to the White House, it may be imagined that they speedily changed the aspect of things in the quiet and dignified old mansion. They were happy, hearty boys, brought up to spend much of their time in out-door sports and boyish exercise. Visitors to the White House soon noticed a change from the dull, uniform quiet that had prevailed during the administration of Mr. Buchanan, whose stately and old-bachelor ways were very different from those of the home-loving family that had succeeded the solitary old man. Bats, tops, kites, and other playthings were oftentimes to be seen scattered about in the grand halls of the mansion. The shouts and clatter of two youngsters were heard resounding through the fine old corridors, and visitors who well knew the place would smile and nudge each other when they picked up, as they sometimes did, a trifle which indicated that a very-much-alive boy had been scurrying through the state apartments, on a short cut across the house.

Robert, however, did not long remain in the White House. He had entered Phillips Academy, Exeter, N. H., in July, 1859, and had been admitted to Harvard during the following year. Going home in February, 1861, for the first time since his original departure, he accompanied his father to Washington, and so was present at the inauguration. But he soon rejoined his class, and Tad and Willie were the two boys of the White House. As a pleasant souvenir of those days, I give the readers of St. Nicholas a copy of a portrait of Robert, taken soon after the arrival of the family in Washington. In February, 1862, the shadow of a great grief came down upon the cheery family in the White House. Willie, the studious and lovable boy, the joy and comfort of his mother and father, died suddenly, after a short illness. By this time, the War of the Rebellion had waxed fierce and deadly. In almost every house there was mourning and lamentation for the dead, alarm and anxiety for the absent. The good President was sorely distressed with many cares and troubles. He was continually thinking, with a heavy heart, of the sorrows of others, whose beloved sons, brothers, and friends had fallen on the field of battle. Yet he knew that more must fall before the war could be ended and peace return. And, in the midst of these heavy griefs that weighed down the heart of the noble Lincoln, came the death of his bright-eyed and affectionate little son. It was less than a year after the three boys had come to the White House that Willie's pale form was laid, with many tears, in the house appointed for all mankind.

We shall never know how deep was the sorrow of Lincoln, the tender-hearted father, when this new and unlooked-for blow fell upon him. He was not a man to talk much of what was deepest in his mind. Although he was pleasant and bright in his conversation with friends, he kept locked up in his heart many of the thoughts which men of a different nature would have put into words. But some of us know that, in the long nights when Lincoln sat alone in his chamber, oppressed with unspeakable anxieties for the whole country, and waiting to hear news from the struggling army of the Union, the darkness of his own personal grief came over him to deepen his loneliness and gloom.

Once, while Lincoln was passing several days at Fortress Monroe, waiting for certain military movements, he employed his leisure in reading Shakespeare. While thus engaged one day, looking through into an adjoining apartment, where was seated Colonel Cannon, of General Wool's staff, he called to him, as if longing for fellowship in his thoughts, and asked him to listen while he read from the book. He then recited a few passages from "Hamlet" and from "Macbeth." Then, turning to "King John," he read the passage in which *Constance* bewails the loss of her boy. Closing the book and recalling the words, Lincoln asked Colonel Cannon if he had ever dreamed of being with one whom he had lost in death, only to wake and find the vision fled.

"Just so," he said, "I dream of my boy Willie."

The loving father bowed his head and wept as he recalled the words of *Constance:*

> "And, Father Cardinal, I have heard you say
> That we shall see and know our friends in Heaven:
> If that be true, I shall see my boy again."

It was this bereavement, I think, that made Mr. Lincoln and his wife very tender and indulgent toward their youngest boy. It seemed almost impossible for father or mother to be stern to this boisterous and irrepressible youngster. Besides this, he had many qualities that endeared him to those who knew him, and there were circumstances that made almost everybody very kindly disposed toward him. If there was ever a boy in danger of being "spoiled," this youngest son of the President was that lad. Much of the time it was impossible that he should not be left to run at large. He was foolishly caressed and petted by people who wanted favors of his father, and who took this way of making a friend in the family, as they thought; and he was living in the midst of a most exciting epoch in the country's history, when a boy in the White House was in a strange and somewhat unnatural atmosphere. But I am bound to say that Tad, although he doubtless had his wits sharpened by being in such strange surroundings, was never anything else, while I knew him, but a boisterous, rollicking, and absolutely real boy. He was not "old for his years," as we sometimes say of precocious children, nor was he burdened with care before his time. He was a big-hearted and fresh-faced youngster, and when he went away from the White House, after his father's tragic end, he carried with him, from the midst of sorrows and associations that are now historic, the same boyish frankness and simplicity that he took into it.

The boy was named Thomas after his grandfather, the father of the great President. An unfortunate difficulty in his speech prevented him from speaking plainly, and strangers could hardly understand what he said. The nearest he could come to saying his own name, when quite a little fellow, was "Tad," and the name clung to him for many a year. In the family he was usually known as "Taddie," but even this nickname was shortened, and those who were fortunate enough to be near the President during his term of government will never forget "Tad," the tricksy sprite of the White House.

In those days, it was the custom of people who objected to the prosecution of the war to speak of Lincoln as "a tyrant." This seems silly enough now, when all the commotion and bitterness of the war have passed away; but even then, to those who knew the mild-mannered and tender-hearted President, the word had no meaning. One day, going to the White House, I met a very eminent public man, who, with a queer look, said, "I have just had an interview with the tyrant of the White House." Then, noticing my surprise, he added—"Tad," and went away laughing at his little joke. If there was any tyrant in that house during Lincoln's administration, his name was Tad. The boy certainly did rule everybody who came within his power. Without being domineering or unpleasant with his imperiousness, he had a fashion of issuing orders that brooked no delay, no refusal. He overran the White House and the grounds. It was seldom that he had playmates; but, to hear the noise that Tad contrived to make, one would suppose that there were at least six boys wherever he happened to be. The day was passed in a series of enterprises, panics, and commotions. Tad invaded every part of the great establishment, and he was an uncommonly knowing person who could tell where the agile lad was likely next to appear, at any hour of the day. Now his whoop would be heard as he galloped his pony to the stable-door, and anon he would be expostulating with his dog-team, as he trained them on the lawn by the side of the house next the Potomac. A party of ladies (said to be from Boston) were one day almost frozen with horror as they were reverentially stalking about the famous East Room. There was an outburst and a clatter at the most distant end of the corridor leading to the family apartments, a cry of "Get out of the way, there!" and Tad, driving a tandem team of goats harnessed to a chair, careered into the state apartment, once around, and then out to the front of the house.

One of his admiring friends gave him a box of tools. This was, for a few days, a mine of pleasure to Tad. There was nothing within his reach that was not sawed, bored, chiseled, or hacked with some one of the tools of that collection. At first, he proposed setting up a cabinet-shop for the man-

ufacture of furniture for the hospitals. Then the repairing of a wagon engaged his attention; but when he began to try experiments with the old-fashioned mahogany chairs in the East Room, the box of tools mysteriously disappeared.

Of course, Tad knew no law, no restraint, that should bar any part of the house against him. So it sometimes happened that, while the President and his Cabinet were anxiously discussing affairs of state, and were in the midst of questions of great moment, Tad would burst into the room, bubbling with excitement, and insist that his complaint or request should be attended to at once. Sometimes it was the woes of some ill-clad petitioner, repulsed by the ushers, that aroused his childish wrath. At other times he would insist on being allowed to drag before the President of the United States a particularly youthful suitor, whose tale he had heard for himself, and who appeared in the presence with an air of mingled terror and amusement. There was a certain Cabinet officer whom he did not like, and when he had burst into his father's privacy, one morning, to find the objectionable functionary there, Tad, unabashed, cried out, "What are you here so early for? What do *you* want?" It may be added that office-seekers generally he regarded with undisguised contempt.

While Mr. F. B. Carpenter, the artist, was at work on his picture of Lincoln and his Cabinet, it was found necessary to make some photographic studies of the room in which the President and his council were to be represented as assembled. In his book, "Six Months at the White House," Mr. Carpenter tells a characteristic story of Tad's opposition to all attempts to infringe upon what he considered to be his rights. While the photographers were at work, Mr. Carpenter took them to a room which could be darkened for their purposes, but of which Tad had lately taken possession and had fitted up as a miniature theater, with drop-curtain, seats, orchestra, and benches.

Everything was going on well, when suddenly there was an uproar.

Tad took great offense at the occupancy of his room without his consent, and, turning everybody out, locked the door. In his anger, the little fellow put all the blame on Mr. Carpenter, and absolutely refused to allow the photographers even to go into the room for their apparatus and chemicals, there locked up. He pocketed the key, and went to his father in high dudgeon.

Mr. Lincoln was sitting in his chair, one photograph having been already taken. He mildly told Tad to go and open the door.

Tad went off to his mother's room, muttering and refusing to obey, Mr. Carpenter following and vainly entreating him to open the door.

Presently Lincoln said, when Mr. Carpenter returned, "Has not the boy opened the door?"

On being told that he had not, the patient father, compressing his lips, strode off to the family apartments, and soon returned with the key to the theater, which he unlocked himself, saying:

"There, go ahead; it 's all right now."

The President went back to his office, and, resuming his seat, said, as if in apology for Tad:

"Tad is a peculiar child. He was violently excited when I went to him. I said, 'Tad, do you know you are making your father a great deal of trouble?' He burst into tears, and instantly gave me the key."

A friend of the Lincoln family once sent a fine live turkey to the White House, with the request that it should be served on the President's Christmas table. But Christmas was then several weeks off, and in the interim Tad won the confidence and esteem of the turkey, as he did the affection of every living thing with which he came in contact. "Jack," as the fowl had been named, was an object of great interest to Tad, who fed him, petted him, and began to teach him to follow his young master. One day, just before Christmas, 1863, while the President was engaged with one of his Cabinet ministers on an affair of great moment, Tad burst into the room like a bomb-shell, sobbing and crying with rage and indignation. The turkey was about to be killed. Tad had procured from the executioner a stay of proceedings while he flew to lay the case before the President. Jack must not be killed; it was wicked.

"But," said the President, "Jack was sent here to be killed and eaten for this very Christmas."

"I can't help it," roared Tad, between his sobs. "He 's a good turkey, and I don't want him killed."

The President of the United States, pausing in the midst of his business, took a card and wrote on it an order of reprieve. The turkey's life was spared, and Tad, seizing the precious bit of paper, fled to set him at liberty. In course of time Jack became very tame, and roamed at will about the premises. He was a prime favorite with the soldiers — a company of Pennsylvania "Bucktails" — who were on guard at the house. The tents of these soldiers were at the bottom of the south lawn, on the Potomac side of the house. In the summer of 1864, the election for President being then pending, a commission was sent on from Pennsylvania to take the votes of the Pennsylvania soldiers in Washington. While the "Bucktails" were voting, Tad rushed into his father's room, the windows of which looked out on the lawn, crying, "Oh, the soldiers are voting for Lincoln for Presient!" He dragged his father to the window and insisted that he should see this remarkable thing.

The turkey, now grown tall and free-mannered, stalked about among the soldiers, regarding the proceedings with much interest.

"Does Jack vote?" asked Lincoln, with a roguish twinkle of his eye.

Tad paused for a moment, nonplussed at the unexpected question; then rallying, he replied, "Why, no, of course not. He is n't of age yet."

Great was Tad's curiosity, in 1864, to know what was meant by the President's proclamation for a day of fasting and prayer. His inquiries were not satisfactorily answered, but from the servants he learned, to his great dismay, that there would be nothing eaten in the White House from sunrise to sunset on Fast Day. The boy, who was blessed with a vigorous appetite, took measures to escape from the rigors of the day. It happened that, just before Fast Day came, the family carriage was brought out of its house to be cleaned and put in order. Tad stood by, with feelings of alarm, while a general overhauling of the vehicle went on, the coachman dusting, rubbing, and pulling things about, quite unconscious of Tad's anxious watch on the proceedings. Pretty soon, drawing out a queer-looking bundle from one of the boxes under the seat, the man brought to light a part of a loaf of bread, some bits of cold meat, and various other fragments of food from the larder. Tad, now ready to burst with anger and disappointment, cried, "Oh! oh! give that up, I say! That 's my Fast Day picnic!" The poor lad, from dread of going hungry, had cautiously hidden, from day to day, a portion of food against the day of fasting, and had stood by while his hoard was in danger hoping that it might escape the eyes of the servants. He was consoled by a promise from his mother, to whom he ran with his tale of woe, that he should not suffer hunger on Fast Day, even though his father, the President, had proclaimed a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer for all the people.

Mingled with his boyish simplicity, Tad had a great deal of native shrewdness. The White House was infested with a numerous horde of office-seekers. From day to day these men crowded the corridors leading to the President's office. Sometimes they were so numerous as to line the halls all the way down the stairs. It was not long before Tad found out what this assemblage meant, and it then became one of his greatest diversions, when other resources failed, to go around among the office-seekers and sympathetically inquire what they wanted, how long they had waited, and how much longer they proposed to wait. To some he gave good advice, telling them to go home and chop wood for a living. Others he tried to dismiss by volunteering to speak to his father in their behalf, if they would promise not to come again. Many of these people were at the White House for weeks and even months, never missing a day, unless they learned that the President was out of town, or otherwise absent from the house.

Tad levied tribute on the men whose faces he



PORTRAIT OF SECRETARY LINCOLN AT THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN.

had learned to know. Once he mounted guard at the foot of the staircase and compelled every passenger to pay an admission fee of five cents,—"for the benefit of the Sanitary Fund," as he explained. Most of the visitors took it in good part, and some of the fawning creatures, glad of an opportunity to earn the good-will of the little fellow, paid their way with a "stamp" of some considerable value. This venture was so successful that Tad resolved on having one of the Sanitary Commission fairs then so much in vogue all over the country. He placed a table in the grand corridor, or entrance hall, of the White House, stocked it with a few broken toys, some purchases of fruit, sundry articles of food begged from the family pantry, and a lot of miscellaneous odds and ends contributed by admiring friends. Before night, the sanitary fair of the White House was closed out. No man who looked as if he had money in his pocket was permitted to pass into the House that day without first buying something of Master Lincoln's stock in trade.

His success in this venture emboldened him soon afterward to branch out in a larger speculation. Having saved up quite a sum of pocket-money, he bought out the entire stock of an old woman who sold apples and gingerbread near the Treasury building. A pair of trestles and a board, extorted from the carpenters employed on the building, gave the young merchant his counter, and he set up his shop in the grand, historic portico of the White House, much to the horror of some of the eminently respectable people who passed by and beheld this most undignified proceeding. Before noon, almost every office-seeker who entered had bought a luncheon, under compulsion, from the alert young shop-keeper, who drove a brisk trade as long as his goods lasted. When Tad had sold out all he had to sell, a goodly lot of the fractional currency of those times was stuffed into his pockets, his hat, and his little fist. He was "the President's son," and that was enough for the flatterers, who were glad to buy of him. But Tad was too generous and open-handed to be long a gainer by any such operations. Before night, capital and profits had been squandered, and the little speculator went penniless to bed.

Everything that Tad did was done with a certain rush and rude strength which were peculiar to him. I was once sitting with the President in the library, when Tad tore into the room in search of something, and, having found it, he threw himself on his father like a small thunderbolt, gave him one wild, fierce hug, and, without a word, fled from the room before his father could put out his hand to detain him. With all his boyish roughness, Tad had a warm heart and a tender conscience. He abhorred falsehood as he did books and study. Tutors came and went, like changes of the moon. None staid long enough to learn much about the boy; but he knew them before they had been one day in the house. "Let him run," his father would say; "there 's time enough yet for him to learn his letters and get poky. Bob was just such a little rascal, and now he is a very decent boy."

It was curious, however, to see how Tad comprehended many practical realities that are far beyond the grasp of most boys. Even when he could scarcely read, he knew much about the cost of things, the details of trade, the principles of mechanics, and the habits of animals, all of which showed the activity of his mind and the odd turn of his thoughts. His father took great interest in everything that concerned Tad, and, when the long day's work was done, and the little chap had related to the President all that had moved him or had taken up his attention during the daylight hours, and had finally fallen asleep under a drowsy cross-examination, the weary father would turn once more to his desk, and work on into the night, for his cares never ended. Then, shouldering the sleeping child, the man for whom millions of good men and women nightly prayed took his way through silent corridors and passages to his boy's bed-chamber.

One day, Tad, in search of amusement, loitered into the office of the Secretary of War, and Mr. Stanton, for the fun of the thing, commissioned him a lieutenant of United States Volunteers. This elated the boy so much that he went off immediately and ordered a quantity of muskets sent to the White House, and then he organized and drilled the house-servants and gardeners, and, without attracting anybody's attention, he actually discharged the regular sentries about the premises and ordered his unwilling recruits on duty as guards.

Robert Lincoln soon discovered what had been done, and as he thought it a great hardship that men who had been at work all day should be obliged to keep watch during the night to gratify a boyish freak, he remonstrated. But Tad would listen to nothing from his elder brother, and Robert appealed to his father, who only laughed at the matter as a good joke. Tad soon tired, however, of his self-imposed duties and went to bed. The drafted men were quietly relieved from duty, and there was no guard at the President's mansion that night, much to Mr. Lincoln's relief. He never approved of the precaution of mounting guard at the White House. While Tad sported his commission as lieutenant, he cut quite a military figure. From some source he procured a uniform suitable to his supposed rank, and thus

proudly attired, he had himself photographed, as seen in the illustration on page 64.

It had been intended to celebrate Tad's tenth birthday, April 4, 1863, by a visit to the Army of the Potomac, then encamped on the banks of the Rappahannock, opposite Fredericksburg. The President, at the suggestion of Mrs. Lincoln, had thought that it would cheer the soldiers to see the familiar face of the chief magistrate among them before their anticipated departure for the front. But other business had intervened, and it was not until the boy's birthday had actually arrived, and with it a present of a fine pony, that we got away from Washington. Our party consisted of Tad, his father and mother, Mr. Edward Bates, the Attorney-General of the United States, and two friends of the family. Toward evening a violent and unseasonable snow-storm came up, and the little steamer that was taking us from Washington to Aquia Creek (the landing-place of the army) was compelled to cast anchor for the night under the lee of a headland of the Potomac. By that time Tad had examined every nook and corner of the steamer, and as the President's party were the only passengers on board, he had full swing during the trip. After we had anchored, Tad, resolved to employ advantageously every moment of the time, rigged up a fishing-line and went valiantly to work, in the midst of the snow-storm, to catch fish for supper. He promptly reported every bite to his father or mother, and when he finally rushed into their presence with a single very small and very bony fish, a proud and happy boy was he. But we actually did have a smoking platter of fish for supper, much to the delight of Tad, who had marked the three fish of his own catching by cutting off their tails.

During the five days of our stay in the Army of the Potomac, Tad was a most restless little chap. At General Hooker's head-quarters there was a bakery, a printing-office, a telegraph station, and sundry other small establishments, all in shanties or tents. We were quartered in large "hospital tents," as they were called. By the end of the first day, Tad had exhausted everything in sight, and was ready to go home to his beloved pony. But there were reviews and parades to come, and for these the President must stay. Each day, beginning with the second of our stay, was taken up with a review. While these lasted Tad was happy. A handsome young soldier was detailed to act as escort to the boy, and a little gray horse consoled him, for the time, for the absence of his own pony.

That long series of reviews in the Army of the Potomac, just before the battle of Chancellorsville, will never be forgotten by the participants. Over hill and dale dashed the brilliant cavalcade of the general-in-chief, surrounded by a company of officers in gay attire and sparkling with gold lace, the party being escorted by the Philadelphia Lancers, a showy troop of soldiers. In the midst, or at the head, rose and fell, as the horses galloped afar, the form of Lincoln, conspicuous by his height and his tall black hat. And ever on the flanks of the hurrying column flew, like a flag or banneret, Tad's little gray riding-cloak. His short legs stuck straight out from his saddle, and sometimes there was danger that his steed, by a sudden turn in the rough road, would throw him off like a bolt from a catapult. But faithful Michael was always ready to steady the lad, and, much to the amazement of everybody, the hard-riding and reckless youngster turned up at head-quarters every night, flushed with the excitement of the day, but safe and sound.

The soldiers soon learned of Tad's presence in the army, and wherever he went on horseback he easily divided the honors with his father. I can not begin to tell you how the men cheered and shouted and waved their hats when they saw the dear face and tall figure of the good President, then the best-beloved man in the world; but to these men of war, far away from home and children, the sight of that fresh-faced and laughing boy seemed an inspiration. They cheered like mad. When told that he ought to doff his cap to the soldiers who saluted him, Tad sturdily replied: "Why, that 's the way General Hooker and Father do; but I 'm only a boy."

When night came on, and there was nothing for Tad to do but to hang around his father and mother, he grew weary of the army, and longed for that pony at home. Then he would begin to ask why he could not go back. But it was in vain he reminded his father that the soldiers did not like visitors, and in vain he told his mother that women were not wanted in the army. Finally, his father, to be rid of the boy's importunities, said: "Tad, I 'll make a bargain with you. If you will agree not to say anything about going home until we are ready to go, I will give you that dollar that you want so badly." For Tad had needed, as he thought, a whole dollar in cash. Being a truthful story-teller, I must say that Tad did sometimes, later during our stay, murmur at the long sojourn in the army; but, while we were waiting for the ambulances to take us to the station on our way back to the steam-boat landing, Lincoln took out a dollar note, saying, "Now, Taddie, my son, do you think you have earned this?"

Tad hung his head and answered never a word; but the President handed him the note, saying: "Well, my son, although I don't think you have kept your part of the bargain, I will keep mine,

and you can not reproach *me* with breaking faith, anyway."

On the way from head-quarters to the station there was an immense amount of cheering from the soldiers, who, as usual, seemed wild with delight at seeing the President. Occasionally we heard them cry, "Three cheers for Mrs. Lincoln!" and they were given with a will. Then, again, the men would cry, "Three cheers for the boy!" This salute Tad acknowledged, under instructions from his mother, and entirely unabashed by so much noise and attention. One soldier, after the line through which we were passing had given three cheers "for the next fight," cried, "And send along the greenbacks!" This arrested the attention of Tad, who inquired its meaning, and, when told that the army had not been paid for some time, on account of the scarcity of greenbacks, he said, with the true spirit of an inflationist, "Why does n't Governor Chase print 'em some, then?"

In the October number of *The Century Magazine* another incident in which Tad took part is narrated in a letter from Mr. Alexander Starbruck, of Waltham, Mass., as follows:

"About the last of February, 1865, Mr. H. F. Warren, a photographer of Waltham, Mass., left home, intending, if practicable, to visit the army in front of Richmond and Petersburg. Arriving in Washington on the morning of the 4th of March, and finding it necessary to procure passes to carry out the end he had in view, he concluded to remain there until the inauguration ceremonies were over, and, having carried with him all the apparatus necessary for taking negatives, he decided to try to secure a sitting from the President. At that time rumors of plots and dangers had caused the friends of President Lincoln to urge upon him the necessity of a guard, and, as he had finally permitted the presence of such a body, an audience with him was somewhat difficult. On the afternoon of the 6th of March, Mr. Warren sought a presentation to Mr. Lincoln, but found, after consulting with the guard, that an interview could be had on that day in only a somewhat irregular manner. After some conversation with the officer in charge, who became convinced of his loyalty, Mr. Warren was admitted within the lines, and, at the same time, was given to understand that the surest way to obtain an audience with the President was through the intercession of his little son 'Tad.' The latter was a great pet with the soldiers, and was constantly at their barracks, and soon made his appearance, mounted upon his pony. He and the pony were soon placed in position and photographed, after which Mr. Warren asked 'Tad' to tell his father that a man had come all the way from Boston, and was particularly anxious to see him and obtain a sitting from him. 'Tad' went to see his father, and word was soon returned that Mr. Lincoln would comply. In the meantime Mr. Warren had improvised a kind of studio upon the south balcony of the White House. Mr. Lincoln soon came out, and, saying but a very few words, took his seat as indicated. After a single negative was taken, he inquired: 'Is that all, sir?' Unwilling to detain him longer than was absolutely necessary, Mr. Warren replied: 'Yes, sir,' and the President immediately withdrew. At the time he appeared upon the balcony the wind was blowing freshly, as his disarranged hair indicates, and, as sunset was rapidly approaching, it was difficult to obtain a sharp picture. Six weeks later President Lincoln was dead, and it is doubtless true that this is the last photograph ever made of him."

Later, Tad figured with his father in one more historic scene. It was on the night of April 11, 1865, when the President made his last long speech. The news of the fall of Petersburg and Richmond, and the flight of Lee and Davis had come to Washington. On that night the White House was illuminated, and there was great joy throughout the land, for we had begun to feel that the war was nearly over. Outside of the house was a vast crowd, cheering and shouting with a roar like that of the sea. A small battery from the Navy Yard occasionally rent the air with a salute, and the clamor of brass bands and the hissing of fire-works added to the confusion and racket in front of the mansion. Lincoln and a few friends lingered at the dinner-table until it was time for him to begin his speech. As the little party mounted the stairs to the upper part of the house, there was a tremendous din outside, as if roars of laughter were mingling with the music and the cheers. Inside of the house, at one of the front windows on the right of the staircase, was old Edward, the conservative and dignified butler of the White House, struggling with Tad and trying to drag him back from the window, from which he was waving a Confederate flag, captured in some fight and given to the boy. The crowd recognized Tad, who frantically waved the flag as he fought with Edward, while the people roared with delight. "The likes of it, Mister Tad," said the scandalized butler—"the likes of a rebel flag out of the windows of the White House! Oh, did I ever!"

Edward conquered, and, followed by a parting cheer from the throng below, Tad rushed to his father with his complaints. But the President, just then approaching the center window overlooking the portico, stood with a beaming face before the vast assembly beneath, and the mighty cheer that arose drowned all other sounds. The speech began with the words, "We meet this evening, not in sor-

row, but in gladness of heart." As Lincoln spoke, the multitude was as silent as if the court-yard had been deserted. Then, as his speech was written on loose sheets, and the candles placed for him were too low, he took a light in his hand and went on with his reading. Soon coming to the end of a page, he found some difficulty in handling the manuscript and holding the candlestick. A friend who stood behind the drapery of the window reached out and took the candle, and held it until the end of the speech, and the President let the loose pages fall on the floor, one by one, as fast as he was through with them. Presently, Tad, having refreshed himself at the dinner-table, came back in search of amusement. He gathered up the scattered sheets of the President's speech, and then amused himself by chasing the leaves as they fluttered from Lincoln's hand. Anon, growing impatient at his delay to drop another page, he whispered, "Come, give me another!" The President made a queer motion with his foot toward Tad, but otherwise showed no sign that he had other thoughts than those on reconstruction which he was dropping to the listeners beneath.



TAD LINCOLN IN HIS UNIFORM OF A LIEUTENANT.

Without was a vast sea of upturned faces, each eye fixed on the form of the President. Around the tall white pillars of the portico flowed an undulating surface of human beings, stirred by emotion and lighted with the fantastic colors of fire-works. At the window, his face irradiated with patriotic joy, was the much-beloved Lincoln, reading the speech that was to be his last to the people. Behind crept back and forth, on his hands and knees, the boy of the White House, gathering up his father's

carefully written pages, and occasionally lifting up his eager face, waiting for more. It was before and behind the scenes. Sometimes I wonder, when I recall that night, how much of a father's love and thought of his boy might have been mingled in Lincoln's last speech to the eager multitude.

The dark and dreadful end was drawing nigh apace. Within a few days after that memorable night, the beloved Lincoln fell by the hand of an assassin. Amid the lamentations of a stricken nation, his form was carried back to Illinois to be buried near the spot where little Willie had been laid to rest. Soon afterward, the stricken family left the gloomy White House, and the sound of Tad's merry voice was heard no more in the mansion of the people.

After his father's death, Robert took charge of his brother's education until the lad went to Europe with his mother, in 1869. Sobered and steadied by the great tragedy through which he had passed, Tad applied himself diligently to study, and made such progress that his friends cherished for him the brightest hopes. He was a self-reliant boy, firm in his friendships, cordial, modest, and as true as the needle to the pole whenever principle and justice were called in question. Under the tuition of a careful instructor in Germany, he quite overcame the difficulty in his speech which had burdened him from childhood. He was disciplined by an English-speaking German teacher, who required him to read aloud, slowly and distinctly, as a daily exercise. By this simple means he finally learned to speak plainly, but with a slight German accent which came from his practice in reading.

Returning home with his mother in 1871, he was taken with a severe illness, and after enduring with manly fortitude months of great pain, he passed away July 15, 1871, being then only a little more than eighteen years old. It was well said of him that he gave to the sad and solemn White House the only comic relief it knew. And, in justice to the memory of the boy whose life was but a brief and swiftly passing vision of a cheery spirit, it should be added that his gayety and affection were the only illumination of the dark hours of the best and greatest American who ever lived.

THE FALSE SIR SANTA CLAUS.

(A Christmas Masque for Young and Old.)

BY E. S. BROOKS,

Author of the "Land of Nod" and "Comedies for Children."

MUSIC BY ANTHONY RIEFF.

[THIS Masque is designed to precede the Christmas tree at a Christmas party. Its action may call for the help of the entire company to assist at the choruses. All the children in the room may, if desired, be massed on the stage, and the chorus of parents may be given by the audience from the seats they occupy, provided they are led by a few ready voices near the piano. No special decoration is needed for the stage. The action should take place near the Christmas tree, which should, if possible, stand behind a curtain, or be screened by the folding-doors, until the end of the Masque, when it should be suddenly disclosed with all its blaze and glitter. The "properties" are simple and none of the costumes need be elaborate, but the setting can be as greatly diversified and elaborated as the inclination and facilities of the managers permit. Let the choruses and speaking parts be rendered with spirit. *Much of the text can be sung to familiar airs, which will readily suggest themselves to the musical directors.*]

CHARACTERS.

MR. MONEYBAGS *(afterward the False Sir Santa Claus)*.—Hard as his dollars, and "down on children."

SANTA CLAUS.—Positively the Only Original article. No connection whatever with the spurious imitation above.

JACK FROST AND HIS WIFE.—Firm friends of the "only original."

JACK O'LANTERN.—The pugnacious young page of the False Sir Santa Claus.

THE FAIRY BOUNTIFUL.—All glitter and spangles.

RED RIDING-HOOD'S WOLF,
THE BIG BUGABOO,
THE WHOOPING-COUGH MAN,
THE WANDERING JEW,
} The False Four. The base and hireling policemen of the False Sir Santa Claus.

DICK,
ETHEL,
CURLY-LOCKS,
} Who do the talking for the rest of the children.

THE CHORUS OF CHILDREN — THE INDULGENT PARENTS.

COSTUMES AND PROPERTIES.

MR. MONEYBAGS may be a "grown man," or a big boy. May be dressed in street costume at first. When he appears as the FALSE SIR SANTA CLAUS he should wear a full-dress suit, of fashionable cut, with opera hat, white kids, big watch-chain, trim white wig, white mustache and side-whiskers — as great a contrast as possible to the conventional Santa Claus.

SANTA CLAUS should be made up, as customary, "in fur from his head to his foot, a bundle of toys flung on his back," etc. Another "grown man" or big boy should be selected for this part.

JACK FROST.—Boy of fifteen.
HIS WIFE.—Girl of thirteen.
} Pretty ice-and-snow suits of white Canton flannel and swan's-down trimming, sprinkled with silver powder, and silver wands.

JACK O'LANTERN.—Agile boy of twelve, in tight-fitting fancy or Jester's suit.

THE FAIRY BOUNTIFUL.—Girl of sixteen; fancy white dress, wings, and spangles, silver wand.

RED RIDING-HOOD'S WOLF.—Boy of sixteen, in fur robe or coat, with wolf's-head mask, and movable jaws, if possible.

THE BIG BUGABOO.—Tall youth of sixteen or eighteen, with demon's mask or some ugly face. Dressed in close-fitting red suit.

THE WHOOPING-COUGH MAN.—Boy of sixteen, doubled and bent, with basket and crook, whitened face, and light clothes.

THE WANDERING JEW.—Big boy in old black suit, shocking bad hat, and bag full of "old clo'es."

DICK.—A bright boy of fourteen.

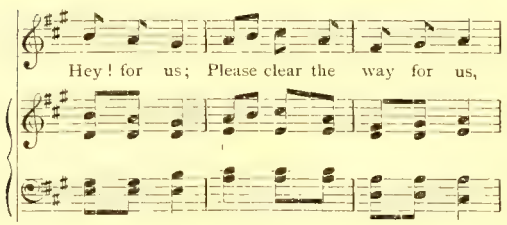
ETHEL.—A bright girl of twelve.

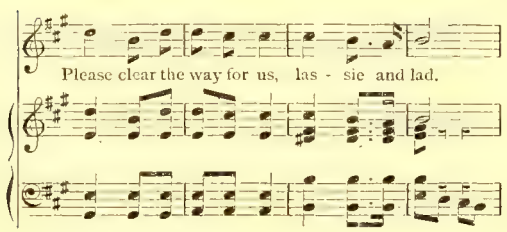
CURLY-LOCKS.—A pretty little girl of six or eight

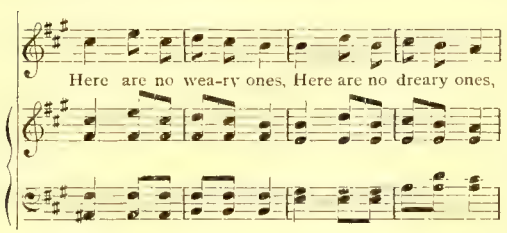
THE FALSE SIR SANTA CLAUS.

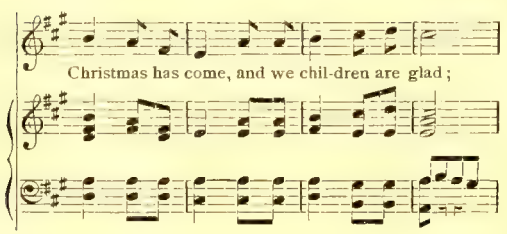
[As the curtain rises, the children rush in pell-mell, singing:















CHORUS OF INDULGENT PARENTS *(in audience)*.

Shout it out! Sing it out! Clear voices ring it out!
Ring out your glee, every lassie and lad.
Under the holly, now, sing and be jolly, now;
Christmas has come and the children are glad!

CHORUS OF CHILDREN.

Hurry all! Scurry all! We 're in a flurry all!
We 're in a flurry, with happiness mad.
Gayly we sing to you; welcomes we bring to you;
Christmas has come and we children are glad!

[Enter MR. MONEYBAGS, account-book in hand. He shakes his fist at children, and says, sharply:

MONEYBAGS. What a rumpus! What a clatter!
Why, whatever is the matter?
All this rout and shout and riot is distracting to my brain.
You 've disturbed my computations
With your singing and gyrations,
And you 've mixed my figures up so, I must add 'em all again.

ETHEL. Oh, stupid Mr. Moneybags, where are your senses, pray, sir?

DICK. Why, don't you know—of course you do—that this is Christmas Day, sir?

CURLY-LOCKS. 'T is Christmas, sir—the children's day!

ETHEL, DICK, AND CURLY-LOCKS *(shaking their fingers)*.
And please to understand—

ALL THE CHILDREN. We 're waiting here for Santa Claus to come from Somewhereland.

CHORUS OF INDULGENT PARENTS.

Don't scold them, Mr. Moneybags, for, please to understand,
They 're waiting here for Santa Claus to come from Somewhereland.

MONEYBAGS *(much disgusted)*.
For what? For who? For Santa Claus?
'T is past my comprehension
That, in this nineteenth century,
Such foolishness finds mention!
For Santa Claus? No bigger fraud
Has ever yet been planned!
There *is n't* any Santa Claus,
Nor any Somewhereland!

[Consternation among the children.

ETHEL *(indignantly)*.
Oh, wicked Mr. Moneybags, how can you be so cruel!
DICK *(pathetically)*. Why, Christmas without Santa Claus is weak as watered gruel!
ETHEL AND CURLY-LOCKS *(sorrowfully)*.
We can't believe you!
DICK *(vehemently)*. And we wont!
ETHEL, DICK, CURLY-LOCKS *(with warning finger)*.
So, please to understand —
ALL THE CHILDREN *(vociferously)*. We 're waiting here for Santa Claus to come from Somewhereland.

CHORUS OF INDULGENT PARENTS.

They can't believe you, and they wont, for, please to understand,
They 're waiting here for Santa Claus to come from Somewhereland.

MONEYBAGS *(aside)*.
It seems to me it would be wise
To stop this superstition;
To open these young eyes to fact
Would be a useful mission.
So I 'll devise a little scheme,
And try it, if I 'm able,
To bring these folks to common sense,
And burst this foolish fable.

[Aloud. Well, good-bye, youngsters; now I 'm off!
I really can not stand
This trash you talk of Santa Claus
Who comes from Somewhereland. [Exit.

DICK *(turning to children, with uplifted hands)*.
No Santa Claus?
THE CHILDREN *(lifting hands in dismay)*. No Santa Claus!
CURLY-LOCKS *(tearfully)*. I never did — did you?
ETHEL *(to children, hands lifted)*. No Santa Claus!
THE CHILDREN *(lifting hands solemnly)*. No Santa Claus!
ALL *(in audible tears)*. Boo-hoo, boo-hoo, boo-hoo!
ETHEL *(spitefully)*. I just believe he 's telling fibs.
DICK *(surlily)*. Of course!
ETHEL *(dejectedly)*. It seems to me,
This horrid Mr. Moneybags
Is mean as mean can be!
DICK *(decidedly)*. Of course he 's fibbing.
CURLY-LOCKS *(indignantly)*. 'Course he is.
ETHEL. He does it just to tease us.
DICK. He 's down on children; so, you see,
He never wants to please us.
CURLY-LOCKS *(anxiously)*. Oh, dear! why does n't Santa come?
DICK. Let 's wish him here.
THE CHILDREN *(incredulously)*. That 's — quirky!
DICK *(stoutly)*. 'T aint! Ethel saved a wish-bone up,
From last Thanksgiving's turkey.
CHILDREN. All right! Who 'll pull it?
ETHEL *(producing the wish-bone)*. Dick and I.
DICK *(examining it)*. It 's dry enough. Say "when," boys. Catch hold here, Ethel — wish!
THE CHILDREN. Now, pull!

[DICK and ETHEL snap the wish-bone.

ETHEL. Dick 's got the lucky end, boys!

CHORUS OF CHILDREN. *(Try, for air, "Nelly Bly.")*
Come to us, come to us, here as we sing;
Come to us, come to us, Christmas bells ring.
Come to us quickly — nor loiter, nor pause;
Come to us, come to us, old Santa Claus!

CHORUS OF INDULGENT PARENTS.

Santa Claus! Santa Claus! Jolly old Saint;
Hark to them! Hear to them! List to their plaint.
Broken the wish-bone! All wistful they stand,—
Come to them, Santa Claus, from Somewhereland!

[A loud clang and clash outside. Enter, with double somersault or long jump, JACK O'LANTERN. The children start, amazed.

JACK O'LANTERN *(with comic posture)*. Who calls for Santa Claus, I 'd like to know?
ETHEL *(surveying him curiously)*. We, Mr. — India-rubber!
JACK O'LANTERN *(laughing derisively)*. Ho, ho, ho!

[Turns a double somersault, or some other nimble contortion, and, striking a comical attitude, says:

With a clash and a clang, and a rattle-te-bang,
And a bumpity-jump rather risky,
With a jounce and a bounce, Santa Claus I announce!
I 'm his page, Jack O'Lantern so frisky.
See where he comes; stand all here close at hand,
Enter! Sir Santa Claus of Somewhereland!

[Enter MONEYBAGS as the FALSE SIR SANTA CLAUS, dressed in full-dress suit, as indicated in costume directions. The children start back, surprised at seeing a person so different from their idea of Santa Claus in dress and appearance. MONEYBAGS surveys them through his eye-glass, sourly.

MONEYBAGS *(gruffly)*. Heigho, there, you youngsters!
Well, how do you do? H'm — what did you say?
ETHEL *(timidly)*. Oh, we only said —— Oo-oo-oo!
MONEYBAGS.
Well, why this surprise? Why this staring and stir?
CURLY-LOCKS *(showing him her toy book)*.
We looked for *that* kind of a Santa Claus, sir.
MONEYBAGS *(taking book and examining it critically through eye-glass)*.
Hey? what kind? Oh, that! Ah! permit me to look;
Why, Santa Claus, child, does n't live in a book!

[Reading quickly.

H'm — "*little old driver*" — Pshaw! — "*sleigh full of toys*" —
"*Down the chimney*" — that 's nonsense, you know, girls and boys.

[Reading again.

"*He was dressed all in furs, from his head to his foot,*
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedlar just opening his pack.
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;
And the stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face ——"
Oh, that 's nonsense, I say:
I have n't looked that way for many a day!
I dress in the fashion; I 'm solemn in speech,
And detest all the folly *that* fable would teach.

I hate to be bothered with children and toys,
And I 'm "down" on this Christmas Day worry and noise.

ETHEL *(anxiously)*. And your sleigh? —
DICK *(dubiously)*. And your reindeer? —
MONEYBAGS. All sold — long ago.
They were quite out of date — too old-fashioned and slow.
What with steam-ships and railways and telegraph wires,
And stores overcrowded with sellers and buyers,
And modern improvements in every land,
There 's no use for Santa Claus, now; — understand?

[Sings. *(Try "The Campbells are Coming.")*

I 'm a thrifty old merchant, who lives at the Pole;
A sleep-loving, ease-loving, saving old soul;
I 'm healthy and wealthy and wise, now, because —
I 've done with the nonsense of old Santa Claus!

CHILDREN *(singing, poutingly)*.

He 's a selfish old merchant, who lives at the Pole;
A skinflint old miser, as mean as a mole;
But he 'll never succeed, if he tries to pick flaws
In the joys of the children — this old Santa Claus!

INDIGNANT PARENTS *(singing, snappishly)*.

He 's a heartless old merchant, who lives at the Pole;
For his comfort and ease, he would barter his soul.
Come away from him, children; don't trust him, because —
He 's a fraud and a miser — this old Santa Claus!

MONEYBAGS *(bowing low, in mock humility)*.

Thanks for your compliments, kind friends, indeed;
I 'll not forget your praises;
'T is pleasure rare to hear and heed
Such kind and courtly phrases.
But this I know — you 'll soon, with speed,
Give up these Christmas crazes.

DICK *(emphatically)*. Well, is n't this dreadful?
ETHEL *(tearfully)*. Oh, dear, I could cry!
MONEYBAGS *(threateningly)*.
You 'd better leave that for the "sweet by and by."
If there 's one thing I hate, in this bedlam appalling,
It is to hear children a-screaming and squalling.
So, if you attempt it, I know what to do! —

CURLY-LOCKS *(anxiously)*. Oh, what does he mean?
ETHEL. I don't know.
ALL THE CHILDREN *(vociferously)*. Boo-hoo-hoo!
MONEYBAGS *(wrathfully)*.
What ho, there! Hallo, there! My trusty police;
These children are cranky — this nonsense must cease.
Come in here, my beauties, these children to tell
Sir Santa Claus knows how to manage them well.

[Enter the FALSE FOUR, one by one. Consternation on the part of the children. MONEYBAGS checks them off as they enter.

Here 's Red Riding-hood's Wolf!
Here 's the Big Bugaboo!
Here 's the Whooping-cough Man!
Here 's the Wandering Jew!

Are n't they sweet? What 's the matter? You quiver and quake so;
One would think you were frightened, to see you all shake so.

DICK. What horrid, ugly people!
ETHEL. Did you ever, ever see
Such dreadful folks invited to a lovely Christmas Tree?
MONEYBAGS. Speak up, my gentle serving-men, and tell these children, now,
What parts you play on Christmas Day — and when and where and how.
RED RIDING-HOOD'S WOLF *(snappishly)*.

I 've great big Ears, and I 've great big Eyes,
And I 've great big Teeth, because —
Oh, yes, you 've heard the story before —
Just look at these beautiful jaws!

[Opening mouth very wide.

THE BIG BUGABOO *(solemnly)*.
I 'm the Big Bugaboo! And I live in the dark,
With my grin and my club. And I wish to remark,
I know all the bad boys, and I 'm looking at *you!*
So, don't you forget I 'm the Big Bugaboo!
THE WHOOPING-COUGH MAN *(asthmatically)*.
I 'm the Whooping-cough Man, yes, I am — I am —
I 'm the Whooping-cough Man so breezy;
And the bad boys I fill, yes, I will — I will —
With my choke and my strangle so sneezy.
And the little girls, too, yes, I do — I do —
If I find them at all uneasy,
Why — I take their breath off
With the cough — the cough.
I 'm the Whooping-cough Man so wheezy.
THE WANDERING JEW *(seductively)*.
"Old clo'es! Old clo'es! Cash paid for old clo'es!"
I sing through the streets of the city,
And the people they bring every ragged old thing
When they hear the sweet strains of my ditty.

[Impressively.

But the bad girls and boys, if they make too much noise,
Or if words with their betters they bandy,
Why, I ups with their heels,
And I smothers their squeals
In my bag of "old clo'es," so handy!

[More consternation among the children.

MONEYBAGS *(alluringly)*.
They sometimes give Boxes at Christmas, you know,
Instead of the Stockings and Trees.
A nice Christmas Box would be jolly to show —
You each shall have one, if you please.
Come, gather around me, and I will explain.

[The children draw near in anticipation.

My meaning I 'll make very clear:

[Ominously.

If children are cranky, I don't speak again,
But give them — a Box on the ear!

[Tries one on Dick, with bewildering effect. The children retreat in dismay, and sing dolefully:





CHORUS OF DISTRESSED PARENTS.

Worried, flurried parents, worried parents, we!
Pleasure's sun is clouded, gloomy is our glee.
Christmas ends in crying, hopes are dashed, because—
He is such a horrid, hateful Santa Claus!
Please to go, please to go, please to go, because—
You 're not what they looked for in old Santa Claus!

MONEYBAGS.

What! Go? Ah, no—the children want me badly,
The darling, snarling, doleful little dears;
If I should leave, I know they 'd miss me sadly;
I know they love me, so I 'll spare their tears.
What! Go? Ah, no—not while I 've strength to stand;
Why, I 'm Sir Santa Claus of Somewhereland!

THE FALSE FOUR *(in derisive chorus)*.

What! Go? Ah, no—not while we 've strength to stand;
Why, he 's Sir Santa Claus of Somewhereland!

JACK FROST AND HIS WIFE *(singing behind scenes)*.

Out from the kingdom of ice and of snow,
Rollicking, frollicking, frisking we go;
Rollicking, frollicking, singing in glee;
Oh, who so merry and cheery as we?
Clear rings our song, all the day long,
All the glad Christmas Day, Christmas Day long.
Shout the gay glories of Christmas so grand;
Shout for old Santa Claus of Somewhereland!

[MONEYBAGS and the FALSE FOUR start in surprise at the sound of this singing, and look at each other anxiously.

MONEYBAGS.

Say, who be these that sing so blithe and free?
Quick, Jack O'Lantern, find this out for me!

JACK O'LANTERN *(reluctantly)*.

Excuse me, I beg; I 'm suspicious of dangers,
And it ruffles my nerves, sir, to interview strangers.

JACK FROST AND HIS WIFE *(singing nearer)*.

Racing and chasing, from sunset to light,
Painting the windows with traceries bright;
Dancing with sunbeams, all sparkle and life,
Oh, who so gay as Jack Frost and his Wife?
Oh, who so gay, all the glad day,
All the glad Christmas, the glad Christmas Day?
Shout the gay glories of Christmas so grand;
Shout for old Santa Claus of Somewhereland!

[JACK O'LANTERN clutches MONEYBAGS by the arm and drags him to the front, saying, hurriedly and emphatically:

Jack Frost and his Wife, sir,
Oh, run for your life, sir!
They 'll stir up a strife, sir,
And interview you.
They 're Santa Claus folks, sir,
Have done with your jokes, sir!
You 'll be pinched and poked, sir—
And frost-bitten, too!

MONEYBAGS *(defiantly)*. Pshaw! Who 's afraid? Here on my rights I 'll stand!
I am Sir Santa Claus of Somewhereland!

[Enter JACK FROST and his WIFE, briskly.

JACK FROST.

How are you, youngsters? Full of fun and life?
I am Jack Frost——

HIS WIFE. And I 'm his loving wife.

JACK FROST *(looking at the children anxiously)*.

What 's the matter? where are your shouts of glee?
Where 's Santa Claus? And where 's your Christmas tree?

DICK (*ruefully*). There 'll be no tree——
ETHEL (*dolefully*). And Christmas glee is o'er.
CURLY-LOCKS (*with a great sigh*).
Oh, Mr. Jack! Christmas will come no more.
JACK FROST. Why, who says that, you curly little elf?
CURLY-LOCKS.
Oh, don't you know? Old Santa Claus himself!
JACK FROST (*looking all around*).
Old Santa here? Where? Not among *that* band!
DICK (*pointing to* MONEYBAGS). There!
MONEYBAGS (*pompously*).
I am Sir Santa Claus of Somewhereland!
JACK FROST.
You? Well, I guess not! You, sir? Oh, no, no!
That 's a good joke! *You* Santa? Ho, ho, ho!
MONEYBAGS.
There, that will do! Be off, now! Scatter! Pack!
JACK'S WIFE.
We get away? I guess not! Will we, Jack?
JACK FROST (*dancing derisively before* MONEYBAGS).
No, not for such a fat old fraud as you!
[Then to children.
This False Sir Santa Claus is fooling you!
MONEYBAGS.
Quick, now, my good policemen, clear them out!
I will not have such vagabonds about.
THE FALSE FOUR (*closing around* JACK and his WIFE).
Move on, now! Come — move on! You 're in the way here!
JACK FROST (*with hand to ear, sarcastically*).
I 'm just a little deaf. What 's that you say, here?
THE WHOOPING-COUGH MAN (*grasping* JACK FROST'S *arm roughly*). Move on, I say!
[JACK FROST touches him with his wand.] Ah!
JACK FROST (*slyly*). Well, now, what 's the matter?
DICK (*touching the* WHOOPING-COUGH MAN, *who is motionless as a statue*). He 's frozen stiff!
[JACK FROST suddenly touches the BIG BUGABOO with his wand.
THE BIG BUGABOO. Oh, how my teeth do chatter!
[He also stands motionless and stiff.
ETHEL. Oh, see there, Dick! Feel him!
DICK. He 's frozen, too.
JACK FROST.
Jack's magic wand froze the Big Bugaboo!
JACK'S WIFE.
They both are frozen up. Too stiff to wink;
They 'll let us stay here now awhile, I think!
ETHEL (*pointing to* MONEYBAGS).
But is n't he Santa Claus?
JACK FROST. He? Bless you, no!
MONEYBAGS. H'm! how will you prove it?
JACK FROST. That 's easy to show.
MONEYBAGS. Well, show it!
JACK FROST. I will, sir! I will — don't you fret!
JACK'S WIFE.
Oh, False Sir Santa Claus, we 'll beat you yet!
MONEYBAGS (*snapping his fingers contemptuously*).
What can you do?
JACK FROST. Oh, quite enough, I think;
We 'll do enough, I know, to make you shrink.
I 'll summon up each fairy, gnome, and elf,
I 'll call — I 'll call old Santa Claus, himself!
I 'll tell him — no — for first, I 'll stop this strife,
Or *we* will (wont we, dear?) Jack Frost and Wife!

[They rush with their magic wands to RED RIDING-HOOD'S WOLF and the WANDERING JEW, who are at once frozen to statues and stand stiff and rigid. JACK O'LANTERN runs off.

DICK. Hey! The Wandering Jew 's frozen stiff as a stake!
ETHEL. So 's Red Riding-hood's Wolf! What nice statues they make!
ALL THE CHILDREN (*exultantly*).
And now, hip, hurrah! Let Jack go, if he can,
For this horrible, terrible Santa Claus man!

[JACK FROST and his WIFE, dancing around MONEYBAGS, pinch and poke him, while he winces and dodges and shivers and the children jump for joy.

JACK FROST and his WIFE. (*Try, for air, "Grandfather's Clock."*)
We 'll nip his nose and tweak his toes,
With cold he 'll shake and shiver;
We 'll twinge his ears and freeze his tears,
Until he 'll quake and quiver.
We 'll cover him nice with a coat of ice,
While he 'll shiver and sneeze and stumble;
No Santa Claus he! A fraud he must be:
He 's nothing but glitter and grumble.
MONEYBAGS (*aching with cold*).
Br-r-r! Oo-oo-oo! I 'm cold! Oh, hold there, hold!
Do save me from this ice man.
Ah, boo — I freeze! My nose! My knees!
Do stop it — there 's a nice man!

[Enter JACK O'LANTERN, hastily, with a stick, painted to look like a red-hot iron bar.

JACK O'LANTERN.
Here 's a red-hot bar I 've brought, sir;
Heat will thaw you — so it ought, sir;
Now I 'll try what heat will do, sir.
[Pokes MONEYBAGS with the bar. That 's for you!
[Lays it on JACK FROST'S back. And that 's for you, sir!
MONEYBAGS (*jumping with pain, but relieved*).
Ouch! that 's better — what a pelting!
JACK FROST (*growing limp and drooping, as the hot iron thaws him out*).
Wifey, quick! I 'm limp and melting!
Come, with magic wand revolving;
Here 's your Jacky fast dissolving!
JACK'S WIFE.
Courage, Jacky, here I come, dear;
My! you 're getting thin and numb, dear.
There! I 'll stop this in a trice, sir:
[Touching JACK O'LANTERN with her wand.
Jack O'Lantern, turn to ice, sir!

[JACK O'LANTERN becomes a frozen statue. Noise of sleigh-bells heard, and then SANTA CLAUS is heard shouting, behind scenes.

SANTA CLAUS (*outside*).
"*Now, Dasher! Now, Dancer! Now, Prancer and Vixen!*
On, Comet! On, Cupid! On, Donder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall,
Now, dash away! dash away! dash away, all!"
[The children listen, amazed and delighted.

CHORUS OF CHILDREN.

(Try the "Galop" from "Gustavus.")

Hark! we hear the jangle, jingle;
Hark! we hear the tangle, tingle;
Hear the jingle and the tingle of the sleigh-bells sweet and strong.
Welcome, welcome, rings our greeting;
Joyful, joyful, is the meeting;
Sweet the greeting and the meeting, sing the welcome loud and long.
Jingle, jangle, tingle, tangle,
Christmas joy shall know no pause.
Tangle, tingle, jangle, jingle,
Welcome to you, Santa Claus!

CHORUS OF HAPPY PARENTS.

Jingle, jangle, tingle, tangle, etc.

SANTA CLAUS *(entering with a rush, shaking snow off).*

Hello! Merry Christmas! I hope I 'm on time!
With the rivers I cross and the mountains I climb,
With the roofs that I scale and the chimneys I drop down,
By the day *after* Christmas I 'm ready to flop down.
But what if I do get so tired with trotting?
Your joy gives new strength for my planning and plotting.
My reindeer are fleet, and — Hello! What 's the matter?
Something 's wrong here — or else *I 'm* as mad as a hatter!
Why is Mr. Jack Frost, there, so slimpsy and droopy?
Who are these funny statues so cold and so croupy?
Why are not all these little folks happy and hearty?
And — well — bless my stars! Who 's *that* pompous old party?

MONEYBAGS *(advancing).*

I am Sir Santa Claus of Somewhereland!

SANTA CLAUS *(quizzing him).*

Ho! are you? Well, old fellow, here 's my hand!
So you 're Sir Santa Claus? Well — by the by —
If you are he — why, bless me! Who am I?

MONEYBAGS *(loftily).*

I have no doubt, sir, you 're some low impostor.

SANTA CLAUS. Well, come, that 's friendly! I 'll look up the roster.
But, still, — I *think*, — as far as I am able,
I 've been old Santa Claus since the days of fable.
How is it, little folks? We 'll leave to you
To say which is the False one — which the True?

DICK *(decidedly).* Oh, *you 're* the true one!

CURLY-LOCKS. Certain sure!

SANTA CLAUS *(inquiringly.)* Because? —

ETHEL. We know that *he 's* the False Sir Santa Claus.

SANTA CLAUS.

Well, well; that 's logic! Then, by your decree,
What shall the sentence of this culprit be?

DICK *(vindictively).* Let 's tar and feather him!

ETHEL. And freeze him, too!

SANTA CLAUS.

Well, little Curly-locks, and what say you?

CURLY-LOCKS *(reflecting).*

He 's been so dreadful naughty, I should say
It 's best to make him good again to-day.
If *we* are good to him, why, don't you see,
He 'll have a chance to try and gooder be?

SANTA CLAUS.

Why, bless you for a rosy little saint!
You 've found the cure that 's best for his complaint.
What, Mr. Moneybags, shall your answer be,
Now that you 've heard this little maid's decree?
Do you appreciate the magnanimity
Extended you by this small judge in dimity?

MONEYBAGS *(dropping humbly on one knee before* CURLY-LOCKS).

I 'm conquered completely, as you may see,
And I bow to your gentle sentence;
And I humbly beg, on my bended knee,
Your pardon — with true repentance.
I have been *such* a horrible, cross old bear,
With never a soul above dollars;
But I promise you now, if my life you spare,
To be one of your happiest scholars.
Hereafter my days shall have more of glee;
With the children I 'll frolic and roam, ma'am,
And I 'll give one-half of my fortune, free,
To the Destitute Children's Home, ma'am.

SANTA CLAUS *(clapping him on the back).*

Bravo! Now joy-bells ring out clear and free;
Come with me, children! To the Christmas Tree!

[Enter the FAIRY BOUNTIFUL, with a burst of music. All stand surprised.

THE FAIRY BOUNTIFUL.

One moment tarry, ere, with wonders sweet,
The tree shall make your Christmas joys complete.
One thing remains: List, while I tell to you
What Fairy Bountiful would have you do.
In the old days, when Valor, Truth, and Right
Would fight the Wrong and conquer wicked Might,
The champion brave his sure reward would see,
And, by his king or queen, would knighted be;
And, as his shoulders felt the royal blade
Give the glad stroke they called the "Accolade,"
These welcome words came, as his guerdon due:
"Rise up, Sir so-and-so, good knight and true!"

Without old Santa Claus, the children's fun
At Christmas-tide could never be begun.
In their glad hearts the champion he 'll stand —
Their good old friend, who comes from Somewhereland.
Let, then, the title that this False one bore
Come to the True, with love in goodly store.
Kneel down, old Santa Claus, while with ready blade
Sweet Curly-locks shall give the "Accolade!"

[SANTA CLAUS kneels before CURLY-LOCKS, who touches him lightly on the shoulder with the FAIRY'S wand.

CURLY-LOCKS.

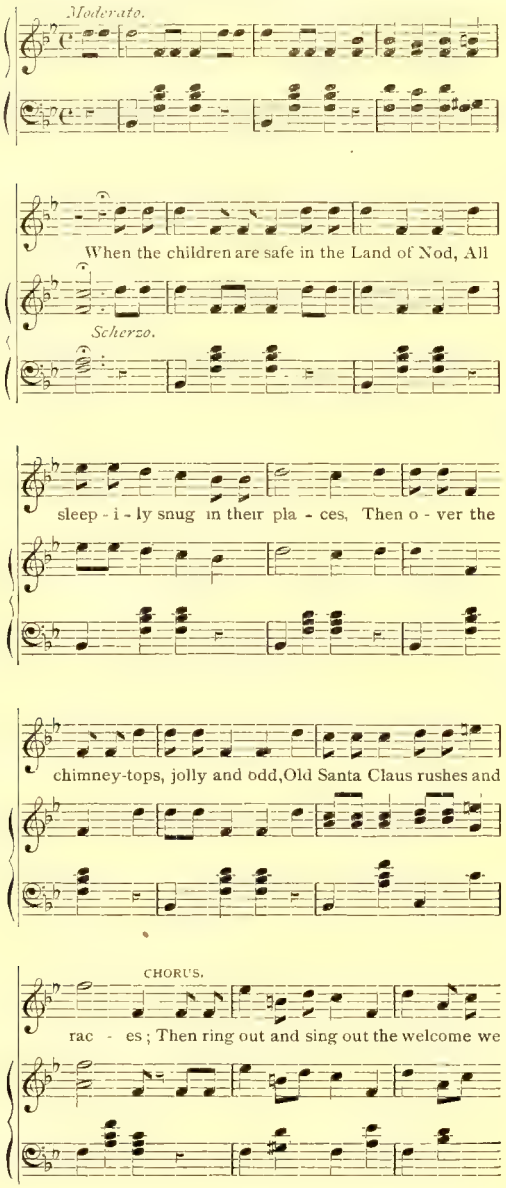
Good Knight and True! Dear to the girls and boys,
Friend of their fun and helper in their joys,
Receive this honor from the children's hand.
"Rise up, Sir Santa Claus of Somewhereland!"

SANTA CLAUS *(rising).*

Thanks, thanks to you, Curly-locks gentle and true;
Thanks all, girls and boys, for this honor from you.

I 'll be loyal and leal to your joyous young cause.
Health and wealth to you all! says your friend Santa Claus.
Now, rally all, rally all, rally with me,
Round the wonders and sights of the bright Christmas Tree,
Give a cheer and a shout and a chorus, because —
We have routed and conquered the False Santa Claus!

[During the chorus that follows, in which the parents should join, the curtain or doors should slowly open and disclose the Christmas Tree, around which the children, with SANTA CLAUS at their head, should march as they sing:



While Christmas-tide comes with its laughter and glee,
Our hearts shall keep green as the holly,
If there in the circle with smiles we may see
Old Santa Claus merry and jolly.

CHORUS: Then ring out, etc.

Then 'round the glad Christmas-tree rally with joy,
Let Love's happy sun shine in gladness;
Sing it out, every girl, sing it out, every boy,
Old Santa Claus banishes sadness.

CHORUS: Then ring out, etc.

DISTRIBUTION OF GIFTS AND GENERAL JOLLITY.

THE STORY OF ROB.—Told by his Little Mamma.

Rob is my boy doll. No-bod-y knows what he says but me. Rob ran a-way one day—when he was young-er than he is now—and he was gone a long time. I was a-fraid he would nev-er come back; and Pa-pa went out one day and brought home Nee-na. Nee-na is a ba-by-doll, with-out an-y hair; but she has blue eyes like Rob's, and is just too sweet for an-y-thing. One day it was my birth-day, and I had a birth-day par-ty, and we had real dish-es, and I poured the tea, same as Mam-ma does; and the door-bell rang, and who do you think was there?



It was Rob, come home! And he had on a Scotch cap and an Ulster coat. Yes, and he had a car-pet bag, too, and there he stood in the hall, look-ing up at me, and hold-ing out his arms. He had come to my birth-day par-ty, just as Pa-pa said he would. Oh, how splen-did he looked, and how glad I was to see him! And when he saw Nee-na he was glad, and I knew he would nev-er run a-way an-y more. And now he stays home ev-er-y day and helps nurse his sis-ter, and he is a good boy. Not a speck of naugh-ty in him. This is a true sto-ry, and here is Rob tak-ing care of Nee-na.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

ONE of my birds overheard a queer conversation between the Deacon and the dear Little School-ma'am the other day. They evidently were over-joyed about something, he says, for they constantly enlivened each other with interruptions, and neither seemed to care one bit.

"Like it?" exclaimed the Deacon, "like it? Of course they 'll like it! They 'll be wild over it! Who ever saw a sensible boy or girl that would n't like such a colored front ——"

But just here the Little School-ma'am broke in excitedly: "Yes, and then that tide-mill that Mr. Trowb——"

But the Deacon, who barely allowed her to finish a single sentence, immediately asserted: "Yes, yes! Splendid! And then there 's the Veto story ——"

"Yes! And oh, the Cloth-of-Gold, you know!" exclaimed the dear little woman, "and ——"

And so they went on in a way that would have made me think my poor bird's head was turned by some unhappy accident, if I had not happened to overhear one or two such conversations myself, in previous years, between the two good folk he told me of. And I always found, too, that every such talk predicted some happy event for you and me in the pages of ST. NICHOLAS; and that 's the reason I tell you in advance about this one. I have n't the slightest idea why a boy or girl should like a colored front, nor who Mr. Trowb is, nor how he is going to grind a tide, nor what a veto story is, but I do know that whenever the Deacon and the Little School-ma'am have a jubilant talk in the style described by my bird-reporter, it 's a sign of the fairest kind of weather in the ST. NICHOLAS sky. So be on the look-out, my hearers, and send me word promptly of any new developments. For it 's my opinion that there 's a good time coming.

A YOUNG SOCIETY.

THE dear Little School-ma'am, who is much interested in the ST. NICHOLAS Agassiz Association, tells me that it is growing very fast, and that many new Chapters or branch associations are forming in various parts of the country. This is good news. Natural history is what the Deacon calls a natural study, and I like to hear that thousands of boys and girls enjoy it so much that they have enrolled themselves under the banner of the ST. N. A. A. ST. NICHOLAS tells you about the Association in the Letter-box every month, and all that your Jack wishes to speak of here is the new Chapter that lately has been organized in Jackson, in the State of Michigan, by a nine-year-old boy, one Master Gridley. There is not a big boy in the Chapter, for the youngest member is eight years old and the oldest eleven, but neither are there any babies. Not they. They mean business. Already every little man of them has his badge of blue satin, and has accepted the excellent by-laws as drafted by themselves. Here are the by-laws:

1st. Resolved, That we come here for instruction, and to learn everything that we can.

2d. Resolved, That any person behaving badly shall be expelled from the Association.

3d. Resolved, That any person who does not bring an answer to his question shall be expelled.

4th. Resolved, That every person must pay the sum of five cents to become a member of the Association.

5th. Resolved, That any person who wants to enter must receive a three-fourths vote.

FORCED TO MOVE.

DEAR JACK: I read in the newspaper yesterday an account of a wren and his little wife, who were forced, by a disagreeable odor, to move their nest, and it interested me so much that I want you to tell it to the other boys and girls.

This wren lives in Virginia, and he and his wife had just finished a perfect little nest high in an eastern corner of the long portico of a farm-house. They seemed quite delighted with the result of their labors, when the farmer's wife happened to buy some asafœtida, which you know is one of the worst smelling things in the world. To keep it out of the way, she leaned out of a window and stuck the package up under the eaves, close to the wrens' new abode, when — what do you think? — that knowing little pair of birds at once decided that they must move. For some days they were observed to be in a state of confusion, and at last some one, noticing their movements, discovered that they had carried their nest, twig by twig, away to the farther end of the portico, and in a more sheltered part, where the disagreeable odor could not reach them.

Was not that wonderful? — Your young friend,

MARIAN D. R.

DIVING AT THE FLASH.

"YES, he dived at the flash," insisted the Deacon, "and that is the way he dodged me, or rather dodged my shot. It was in Mr. Justus Hoyt's mill-pond in New Canaan, Conn., when I was a boy about thirteen years old. As I was passing the pond, with my gun in my hand, I saw a bird as large as a small duck sitting on the water, close to a bunch of thick bushes which grew on the bank. Here was a chance for a shot! I thought I could get him to a certainty, for I saw that the bushes would hide me so as to allow me to creep up very close. I worked my way along carefully, and when I peeped through the leaves there he sat, not over ten yards from me, not having seen me at all. I put my gun quietly through, and took a

steady aim. My shot struck the water in a circle of foam, exactly at the right place, but *the bird was not there.* Now, do you ask where he had gone? That is it exactly; he had 'dived at the flash.' He went under so quickly that even the shot had not time enough to strike him. The thing is very wonderful, and I can not explain it, but I have seen it many times since I made that first shot when I was a boy, and I have watched the birds often when others have fired at them, and I have seen them escape, and they did it so rapidly that I could never tell how it was done. Because of this remarkable power they are commonly called water-witches. In books of ornithology their name is grebe: as horned grebe, crested grebe, etc."

"FOR THE INQUISITIVE."

HERE is a charming bit of a letter (which the Little School-ma'am has picked out from many good ones) in answer to my questions "for the inquisitive," in the May number:

BALTIMORE.

DEAR JACK I saw in the May number your questions for the inquisitive one was "how can a cat get down a tree" pussy has very sharp Claws which she sticks in the bark. her claws are also very strong: a little kitten can not get down a tree very well as its Claws are not very strong I put a little kitten up a tree and she came down backward a little way and then jumped.

A dog can not come down a tree or go up because his nail are not shaped like that of a cat. My cousin had a little dog and he jumped up a tree about two yards high and landed in the crotch I remain your constant reader MANIE H.

A TALKING CANARY.

YOUR Jack has just heard of a canary that had been trained to pronounce a number of sentences, closely imitating the voice of the lady who had been its instructor. Invariably after such a performance, as though overjoyed at having accomplished something difficult, the little creature would rush off into a perfect ecstasy of canary song, "tweeting" and trilling as though, after all, that was the only proper language for birds. An English writer, I am told, thinks it is the want of "imitative impulse rather than any lack of the necessary mechanical apparatus which now limits the power of speech to parrots, ravens, jackdaws, and a few other birds." Other writers hold a different opinion. Meantime, my dears, while the learned people are discussing this matter, and calling the various parts of little birds' throats by the most astonishing Latin names that can be manufactured, we should be thankful that more birds are not "imitative," for if they were we might lose a great many of the songs we love, and, in return, gain only a great deal of empty chatter.

ANOTHER ANSWER.

THANKS, young friends, for your clear and satisfactory answers to my question in the September number concerning the queer things with the slits in their backs. After this, nobody need try to tell your Jack anything more than he has learned from your letters concerning the locust and its strange habit of crawling out of its former self.

ANIMAL FLOWERS.

DEAR JACK: I send you with this a picture of two animals that look like flowers. Their home is the bottom of the sea. The two tallest "blossoms" in the center of the picture represent the creature



TWO ANIMAL-FLOWERS.

called by naturalists *Rhizocrinus loffotensis*, and are copied from a specimen brought up by a dredge from a depth of 530 fathoms, or more than 3000 feet. The large lily-looking object at the right and the lower flower to the left of the drawing show another animal called *Pentacrinus asteria.* They live attached to the bottom of the sea. The "blossom" is the head, stomach, and body of the animal. When the little marine creatures on which they feed come within reach of the arms that compose the lily, these arms close upon their prey, holding them imprisoned until they are devoured, when this queer "flower" again unfolds and moves its delicate stem, swayed by the gentle currents, just as an ordinary flower is swayed by the summer wind. Yours truly. D. C. B.

THE LETTER-BOX.

الصبيان ما إحلى القعود مع جدة مثل جدة ربي فذهب الابا الى المحطات لتسال والامات ركضت الى السوق لتخبر امه والاولاد طافت في البلد باعلانات تصرخ ولد ضائع ولد ضائع



فلما بلغ ام رب الخبر المشوم ركضت الى البيت بكل سرعة فنادت وهي تجول في البيت فوق وتحت ياربي ياربي فلم يكن من مجيب فاصفرّت حينئذٍ وقالت لها الجدة لايغمى عليك فانهُ ولد طيب واذا الام المسكينة صفقت بايديها وقالت فانهُ قد مات فلو كان حيًّا كان يسمعني انهُ مات ثم طرق فكرها ربما ياكل المربى فاسرعت الى السرداب حيث كانت كل الاشيا الطيبة ودببت الجدة وراها متعبة جدًّا ثم



تبعها البوليس والمنادي والطباخ وهناك في السرداب جالس ربى في غاية البسط والانشراح ياكل المربى

فهكذا كان بسطهُ عظيمًا حتى انهُ لم يدر ان جذتهُ فاقت من غفوتها وجدتهُ هكذا كان فرحها عظيمًا حتى انها صعدت وغفت احسن غفوة غفتها في كل عمرها

A REDUCED FAC-SIMILE OF A PAGE FROM "ST. NICHOLAS" IN ARABIC.

St. Nicholas in Arabic.

Rev. Henry Harris Jessup, the missionary, when in this country a few years ago, suggested that many of the poems and rhymes in St. Nicholas could be translated into the Arabic language, and still retain much of their melody and rhythm. The publishers at once offered to supply any illustrations that would be needed for a book of such translations, and the result is a volume in Arabic with text and illustrations from St. Nicholas. It was printed in Beirut, Syria, and is perhaps the first illustrated book ever printed in that country, or in that language. The first copy was bound in Beirut, on the 14th of last June, and we here present to our readers a reduced fac-simile of one of its pages.

We are sure that all our readers will welcome and admire the beautiful colored frontispiece, prepared expressly for this number of St. Nicholas, and we are glad to announce that Mr. Birch has made a companion picture, which is even finer, and which will appear as the frontispiece of our next number. That number will contain also several other exceptional features, as it is to be the Christmas issue, and the finest single number of St. Nicholas ever published.

Hartford, Conn.

Dear St. Nicholas: As I am always glad to get ideas for presents, I thought perhaps some of your other readers might like to know how I made a very pretty "school-bag" for my little sister. I first cut out a piece of "Ada" canvas, eight by twenty inches, and worked a border around it, then lined it with farmer satin, olive-green it was, as the stitch was worked in that color (though almost any color would be pretty). I then braided some carpet thread of a color to match the canvas, and fastened it on for handles. Then I sewed the edges of the bag together. This is rather small, but it is easy to make larger. Initials, or a fancy pattern worked in the middle of one side, is a great improvement. I put initials. I have been out of school for two months now, as I'm not well, and watch for St. Nicholas very eagerly. I have taken you for five years, and shall keep on as long as I can. Every Christmas my grandma gives me the three dollars to take you, and mamma has you bound. But I must not say any more, as this is a long letter for the first time. I must close now, as your very loving reader, Clara M. Cone,

Thirteen and a half years.

P. S. Please ask the other readers to send a description of some pretty piece of work.

Our thanks are due to Von Sothen for his courtesy in allowing us to reproduce in this number of St. Nicholas his wonderful instantaneous photographs of torpedo explosions.

Detroit.

Dear St. Nicholas: My brother and I have taken you for a long time, and think you are splendid. I think it would be so nice for the subscribers who know how to make any pretty Christmas presents to write to St. Nicholas about them. I am sure if everybody has as much trouble to find something pretty to make as we have in this house, they would be very acceptable

Something very pretty, for a person who has plenty of time, is a random quilt. First, you want a large collection of silks, satins, velvets, etc. The blocks are about one foot square. To make the block, you embroider (with feather-stitch, etc.) the pieces of silk together; they may be of any size or shape or color. If a piece of silk is very large and plain, the effect is good to have a flower embroidered or hand-painted on it. The blocks are fastened together by embroidery, and the whole quilt is lined with some bright-colored silk. It is very pretty for an afghan on a sofa.

Your interested reader, May.

Brooklyn.

Dear St. Nicholas: I want to tell you a funny thing about our little Mabel. When her father was having his house repaired, she had seen the men climbing high ladders, and when she asked where they were going, was answered, "To the roof." Not long after, Mamie's mamma took her to see Jumbo. She watched in silence, as one little pair of feet after another mounted the ladder to reach the huge creature's back, then, suddenly clapping her hands, she exclaimed: "Oh, Mamma! See! see! They are sitting on Jumbo's roof!" C. A. G.

Jane B. Haines sends to the "Letter-box" the following riddle:

Day by day, I stand quite still;
But when a person, thirsting,
Comes up and kindly shakes my hand,
Out comes the water bursting.
What am I?

Answer: A pump.

THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.—TWENTIETH REPORT.

This month begins the third year of the St. Nicholas Agassiz Association. The latest number on our register is 3816, which shows that our membership has doubled during the year. We have now 336 Chapters on our list We can not here afford space to explain again the history and purpose of the Society, but must refer all who are interested to back numbers of the St. Nicholas, which is our organ of communication, and to the "Hand-book of the A. A.," which we have prepared specially to acquaint all with the full scope, plan, and history of our work. This book costs half a dollar, and all orders for it, as well as all communications for this department, and all letters of inquiry, should be sent to Mr. Harlan H. Ballard, Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass. The interest taken in nature by our boys and girls, from Maine to Texas, has been as gratifying as it has been surprising, and the assistance of their elders has been of great value. Since our latest report, the following new Chapters have been enrolled:

New Chapters.

No.	*Name.*	*Members.*	*Secretary's Address.*
319.	Pelham, N. Y. (A)	4.	Newbold Morris.
320.	Peoria, Ill. (C)	6.	J. A. Smith.
321.	San Francisco, Cal. (E)	8.	Wm. Breeze, 1330 Sutter St.
322.	Madison, Wis. (A)	11.	Andrews Allen, Box 141.
323.	Bryan, Ohio (A)	8.	Miss Ethel Gillis.
324.	Georgetown, D. C. (B)	7.	C. L. Dunlop.
325.	Torrington, Ct. (A)	—.	J. F. Alldis, Box 165.
326.	Freeland, Pa. (A)	11.	Samuel Caskey.
327.	Muscatine, Iowa (A)	—.	Glenn A. Gordon.
328.	Buchanan, Mich. (A)	4.	William Talbot.
329.	Mt. Vernon, N. Y. (A)	7.	Miss Clara E. Bernstein.
330.	Cedar Rapids, Iowa (B)	4.	C. R. Eastman.
331.	New Orleans, La. (A)	4.	Percy S. Benedict, 1243 St. Charles St.
332.	Augusta, Me. (A)	—.	*Chapter, please send address.*
333.	San Francisco, Cal. (F)	11.	Mrs. Helen Moore, 1336 Sacramento St.
334.	Chappaqua, N. Y. (A)	4.	M. Wright Barnum.
335.	San José, Cal. (A)	8.	F. R. Garnier, Box 181.
336.	Auburn, N. Y. (B)	8	E. L. Hickok, 13 Aurelius Av.

Exchanges Desired.

Franklinite, for carboniferous fossils, or the ores of tin or copper. — Miss Mary R. Ridgway, W. New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y.

Magnetic iron, shells from Scotland, and French buhr-stone. — Maude M. Lord, 75 Lamberton St., New Haven, Conn.

Organ-pipe coral, and Tenney's "Geology," for a large and perfect trilobite — Bruce Richards, 1726 N. 18th st., Phila., Pa.

Rare insects, for milberti, arthemis, semidea, nephele, portlandis, and *J.-Album* butterflies.— C. C. Beale, Faulkner, Mass., Sec. Chapter 297.

Insects of all kinds, for lepidopteræ.— Fred. A. Brown, Malden, Mass., Pres. Chapter 297.

Notes from Members.

In response to our question about the *Proteus*, Denver (B) writes:

It is generally found in dark, subterranean lakes. It bears some resemblance to the young of newts, having branchial tufts on each side of the neck. The animal is of a light flesh-color, which deepens on exposure to the air.

[The proteus is one of the salamanders, closely related to the liredons. They are especially interesting because, even in their adult state, they resemble one of the transient forms of higher batrachians.]

Can any one name a caterpillar which lives on evergreen trees? It carries its cocoon on its back. The cocoons have evergreen needles hanging down the sides.

We now number five; we have also one honorary member. We have separate collections instead of a general cabinet; we have a microscope and books; we all live near Agassiz's Museum, and have made one excursion to it. We have decided to take note of all things we see concerning natural history.

F. T. Hammond, Sec. Chap. 224.

I caught a fly and killed it. Then I took my microscope and saw on its back, by the wings, a little red speck, and when I looked at it with my microscope carefully, I saw it had legs and was alive. Will some one please tell me what it was, and how it came there?

D. M. Perine, 26 Cathedral St., Baltimore, Md.

We are now fitting up and trimming our room, making cases, and hunting up cabinets. We have added several varieties of rare butterflies and moths. SEC. Chap. 223.

I have examined several kinds of pollen. I find it hard to determine the exact shape of the grains. Several kinds appear oval, with a mark across which looks as if it were a sort of rut.

While examining pollen from a cardinal flower *(Lobelia cardinalis)*, it occurred to me to float some of the grains in water. The result was such a change of shape, which, beside, lasted only while the grains were wet, that I gave up cardinal flowers in despair
A FRIEND OF THE A. A.

MAYPORT, FLORIDA.

Pilot-boat "Maggie B." picked up a stone in seventy-two feet of water, some three miles off the bar. The stone weighed about eighty pounds. It was covered with moss, sea-weeds, and varieties of living shell-fish. On one corner of the top was a branch of coral about a foot long, with several branches. I never before saw coral growing on such a stone. F. C. SAWYER.

COPENHAGEN, N. Y.

Last spring I sent specimens of prepared woods to nearly one hundred persons. I have a few more, which I would like to exchange. I will send one, to show method of preparation, on receipt of ten cents. I also offer for exchange a case large enough to hold twenty specimens of the woods. The early winter is the best time to cut woods, as the bark then adheres tightly.
L. L. LEWIS, Box 174.

ST. CLAIR, PA.

Some of us took an excursion to-day after "water creatures." We got some crabs, water-bugs, tadpoles, and two unknown species of water-insects, all in some tomato-cans. When we got home, we emptied them all into a little tub. One of the "unknown" began to show murderous proclivities by tearing up the tadpole. When this was taken from him, he attacked the water-bugs, so we removed him to a separate apartment We wish to know the pirate's name. The other insects we did not know were long and narrow, with two bead-like eyes protruding far from the head. They had six long legs, the first pair of which pointed straight ahead, and were used to seize food. This food consisted only of flies, so far as we could observe. Our interesting collection is prospering finely.
GEO. POWELL, Sec. Chap. 266.

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

We have a fine collection of insects. We have seven members, and meet every week. E. G. RICE, Sec. Chap. 307.

ROME, N. Y., Aug. 20.

The other day a curious nest was found fastened to the outside of a window. It was made of mud, and shaped much like a hornet's nest. On the outside, many small red spiders might be seen running up and down. The inside of the cell was divided into round cells, each of which contained a large yellowish-white grub, which was covered with thin skin, closely resembling, in color and texture, the inside shell of a peanut. We desire information regarding this curious nest. CITY AND COUNTRY.

[The nest is the home of some species of wasp, probably *Pelopæus flavipes*, or *spirifex*. I abridge from the *Zoölogist* for 1864, p. 582: "About this time" (Aug. 18th, see date above), "the other species of pelopæus began to be busy fabricating their nests. When a little more in length is finished than suffices for a single cell, an egg is laid and spiders are brought in." These spiders are for food for the grubs of the wasps when they shall appear. They are stung so as to be helpless, but not dead. Compare this with the way the "digger wasp" treats caterpillars. The peanut-like skin was the pupal envelope, with regard to which Mr. Gosse made a curious discovery. The abdomen of the "dauber wasp" is supported on a very long and slender peduncle or foot-stalk. "Mr. Gosse," says Wood, "was naturally anxious to discover how the insect could draw the abdomen out of the pupal skin. He discovered that the pupal envelope did not sit closely to the body, but that it was as wide in the middle as at either end." "City and Country" could have learned all this by watching the insects. For extended details, see Wood's "Homes without Hands," p. 374.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 29, 1882.

I have seen and eaten "squid," and know a little bit about them. The squid belongs to the cuttle-fish family. Some of them have eight arms, and some ten. One with eight arms is called an octopus. It is dangerous for a man to go alone to catch them, as they sometimes draw him under water. Some squids have an ink-bag, and when the contents are dried, sepia, used by artists, is obtained.
BERTHA L. ROWELL, Sec. Chap. 296.

[Answered also by Bruce Richards.]

STOCKPORT, N. Y., Sept. 8, 1882.

On Friday, the 26th of last May, our teacher made a proposition of starting a branch of the "A. A." in our school. The attendance at the first informal meeting was seventeen, of whom fifteen joined. Three members have since been admitted. We hold our meetings in the school-house. We have a large number of specimens, but no cabinet. WILLARD J. FISHER, Sec. Chap. 286.

[The School Committee of Stockport will undoubtedly furnish you a cabinet, if they understand what you are doing.]

SYCAMORE, ILL., Sept. 9, 1882.

I have a little beetle that must be first cousin to *Stenocorus cinctus* (of which I have a fine specimen). It is about an inch long, with a barrel-shaped thorax that has a little spine on each side and two little black dots above. Its "flashing dark eyes" are grooved for the admission of the antennæ, which are long and many-jointed. It is distinguished by two white spots on each wing-cover. These are raised and shining, and divided through the middle. I can not find an account of it in Harris. PANSY SMITH.

[Who will name this curious beetle?]

PITTSBURGH, PA., "D."

Our chapter is progressing finely and increasing in membership every meeting. Please change the Secretary's address to
GEORGE R. WEST, 100 Diamond St., Sec. Chap. 298.

HOTEL DU SIGNAL, SWITZERLAND.

I thought you would like a specimen of the Edelweiss. It grows in large quantities under the snow. The people here gather it and make blankets of it. HARRY JOHNSTON.

MUSIC IN THE A. A.

FLUSHING, L. I.

I want to tell you how much we enjoy our meetings. The subject of the latest meeting was Mistletoe, and here is what was said about it. Mamma said, "The botanical name of the mistletoe is *Viscum album*. In olden times it was thought to be poisonous, for Shakespeare speaks of the 'baleful Mistletoe.' The Druids used it in religious rites. It is a parasite, growing chiefly on apple-trees." Miss Scott had tasted the berry, which is sweet and glutinous. She painted me a lovely picture of mistletoe and holly. In the evenings when Papa is at home, we have music, and, if possible, pieces bearing on our subject; for instance, this evening we had a song entitled "The Mistletoe Bough," and an instrumental piece, the "Mistletoe Polka." Mamma plays on the violin, and I on the organ or piano.
From your friend, F. M. H.

DETROIT, MICH.

I read in a number of the *Canadian Entomologist* an interesting paper on "Nature-painted Butterflies." It was something like this. Cut off the wings close to the body of the butterfly. Next fold a piece of white paper in the middle. Cover the inside of the paper with a thin, clear solution of gum-arabic. Lay the wings carefully on one-half of the paper, in their natural position, then fold the other half down upon them. Press it with your hand, and leave it to dry under a heavy weight, for some hours. When dry, draw a pencil line around the edges of the wings, then with a camel's-hair brush wet with water the paper outside the lines, *being very careful not to wet it elsewhere*. Lastly, pull the two ends of the paper apart, and the scales will adhere to the paper, leaving a transparent membrane, which will fall out. Connect the wings by drawing a body, and then cut out the butterfly. CH. A. WILEY, Sec. Detroit (A).

THE OAKS, TIOGA CENTER, N. Y.

I am nine, and my sister is five. We have examined a geranium-bug, and it is beautiful. Its body is green, and it has six legs that are clear like crystal. The antennæ are longer than the insect, and are sometimes thrown backward. It has a long beak. The body has two horns at the end. The eyes are reddish brown, with tiny white dots. ANGIE LATIMER, Sec.

BIRCHAM, HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

I live on the sea-shore and near woods. Last summer I caught a very large specimen of *Lophius piscatorius*, and my father made a skeleton of it. It was caught in the rock-weeds, and when we put an oar at it, it caught it with its teeth. HELEN W. MORROW.

SOUTH BOSTON, MASS.

On the outside of our school-house is a gong a foot in diameter. In this a pair of sparrows *(Passer domesticus)* built their nest and raised a brood this year. The gong has been rung about two dozen times a day. Have other members noticed a more curious place for a nest than this? H. E. SAWYER, Sec. Chap. 112.

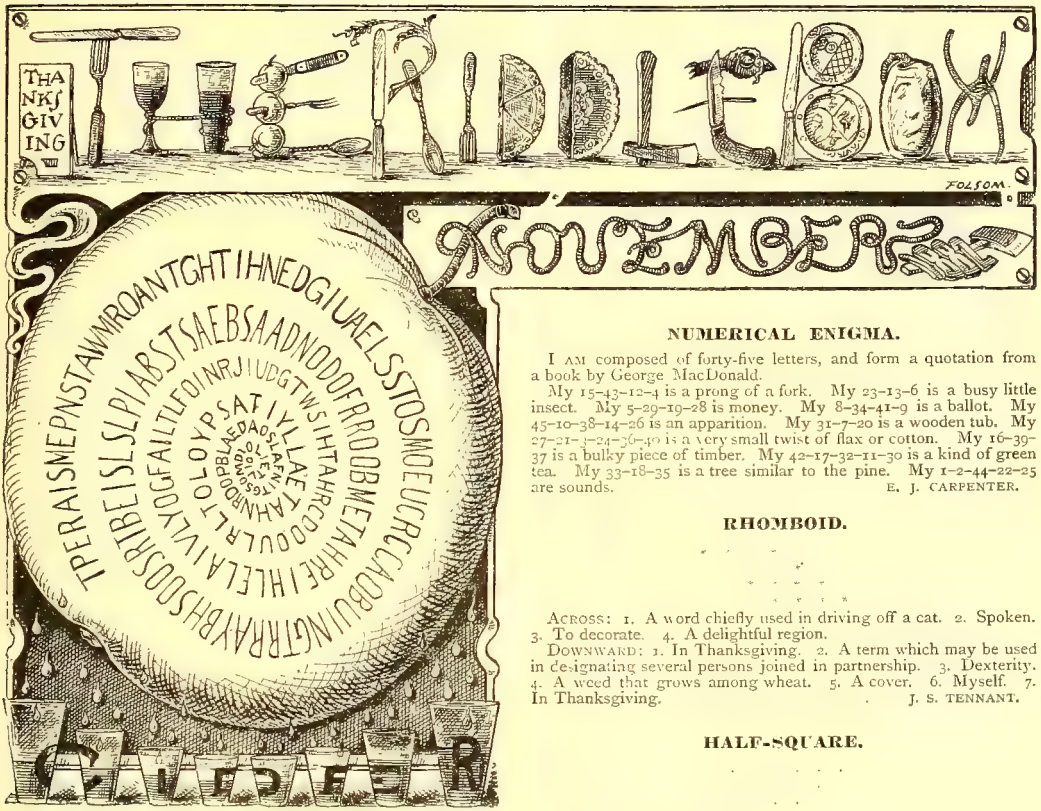
ST. PAUL, MINN., Sept. 9, 1882.

DEAR MR. BALLARD: We had a few caterpillars, but they all took off their hair, and lay down in it and died. FRANK RAMALEY.

[Don't bury them, Frank. Watch for their resurrection. They have probably not died, but only changed into chrysalids.]

Philip C. Tucker, Jr., of Galveston, Texas, sends a long and interesting report on the squid, and requests us to correct an error, which occurred in the July report, in the spelling of his name. He also sends the following answer to F. R. Gilbert's first question:

The Kuda Ayer, or Malayan tapir, is of a deep, sooty black color. It is larger than the American tapir, and inhabits deep woods by river-banks. It is extremely shy.



ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE IN THE HEAD-PIECE.

Spiral Puzzle. The answer to this puzzle is a five-line verse, appropriate to the November holiday. The last line of the stanza is "Drops cider in the glasses"; and the four remaining lines (consisting of nineteen words) are concealed in the spiral. These words may be found by taking every second letter in the spiral, after the one to begin with has been rightly guessed. G. F.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in thought, but not in mind;
My second in rough, but not in kind;
My third is in laugh, but not in cry;
My fourth is in corn, but not in rye;
My fifth is in sack, but not in coat;
My sixth is in sheep, but not in goat;
My seventh in gig, but not in dray;
My eighth is in fight, but not in fray;
My ninth is in grove, but not in wood;
My tenth is in mile, but not in rood;
My eleventh in sturgeon, but not in shad;
My twelfth is in gay, but not in sad;
My whole is a time to be grateful and glad.

ARABELLA WARD.

NOVEL CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in November; my second is in February; my third is in May; my fourth is in August; my fifth is in June; my sixth is in September.

My whole is the name of a well-known poet, who was born on November 3d. LEATHER STOCKING.

DIAMOND.

1. In Thanksgiving. 2. To place. 3. A tendon. 4. A military officer. 5. Conditions. 6. Has been. 7. In festival.

EDITH H. E. P.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of forty-five letters, and form a quotation from a book by George MacDonald.

My 15–43–12–4 is a prong of a fork. My 23–13–6 is a busy little insect. My 5–29–19–28 is money. My 8–34–41–9 is a ballot. My 45–10–38–14–26 is an apparition. My 31–7–20 is a wooden tub. My 27–21–3–24–36–40 is a very small twist of flax or cotton. My 16–39–37 is a bulky piece of timber. My 42–17–32–11–30 is a kind of green tea. My 33–18–35 is a tree similar to the pine. My 1–2–44–22–25 are sounds. E. J. CARPENTER.

RHOMBOID.

. . .
. . . .
. . . . .

Across: 1. A word chiefly used in driving off a cat. 2. Spoken. 3. To decorate. 4. A delightful region.

Downward: 1. In Thanksgiving. 2. A term which may be used in designating several persons joined in partnership. 3. Dexterity. 4. A weed that grows among wheat. 5. A cover. 6. Myself. 7. In Thanksgiving. J. S. TENNANT.

HALF-SQUARE.

. . .
. .
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Across: 1. A cape with a hood. 2. Disclosures. 3. To repair. 4. An abbreviation for one of the United States. 5. An abbreviation for a British Province. 6. A vowel. H. AND B.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

A Shakespearian Charade. Hamlet.

He saw the *first* upon a chopping block ('t was unprotected).
He grasped the *first* and did not *second* go (act undetected).
First and second show a play (by us selected).

Patchwork. 1. Let. 2. Lore. 3. Lumber. 4. Mass. 5. Leash. 6. Launch. 7. Lapse. 8. Knead. 9. Lantern.

Anagrammatical Spelling-Lesson. 1. Cachinnation. 2. Determination. 3. Justification. 4. Spontaneous. 5. Terrestrial. 6. Emancipation. —— Charade. Withwind.

Double Acrostic. Primals, Franz; finals, Liszt. Cross-words: 1. FestivaL. 2. RabbI. 3. AtlaS. 4. NatcheZ. 5. ZealoT.

Beheaded Rhymes. Trout, rout, out. Skill, kill, ill. Spray, pray, ray. Flit, lit, it.

Single Acrostic. Quebec. Cross-words: 1. Q-uiet. 2. U-sual. 3. E-lder. 4. B-ound. 5. E-mber. 6. C-ider.

Hour-glass. Centrals, Vermont. Cross-words: 1. BraVado. 2. BrEad. 3. IRe. 4. M. 5. LOg. 6. FaNcy. 7. PorTend.

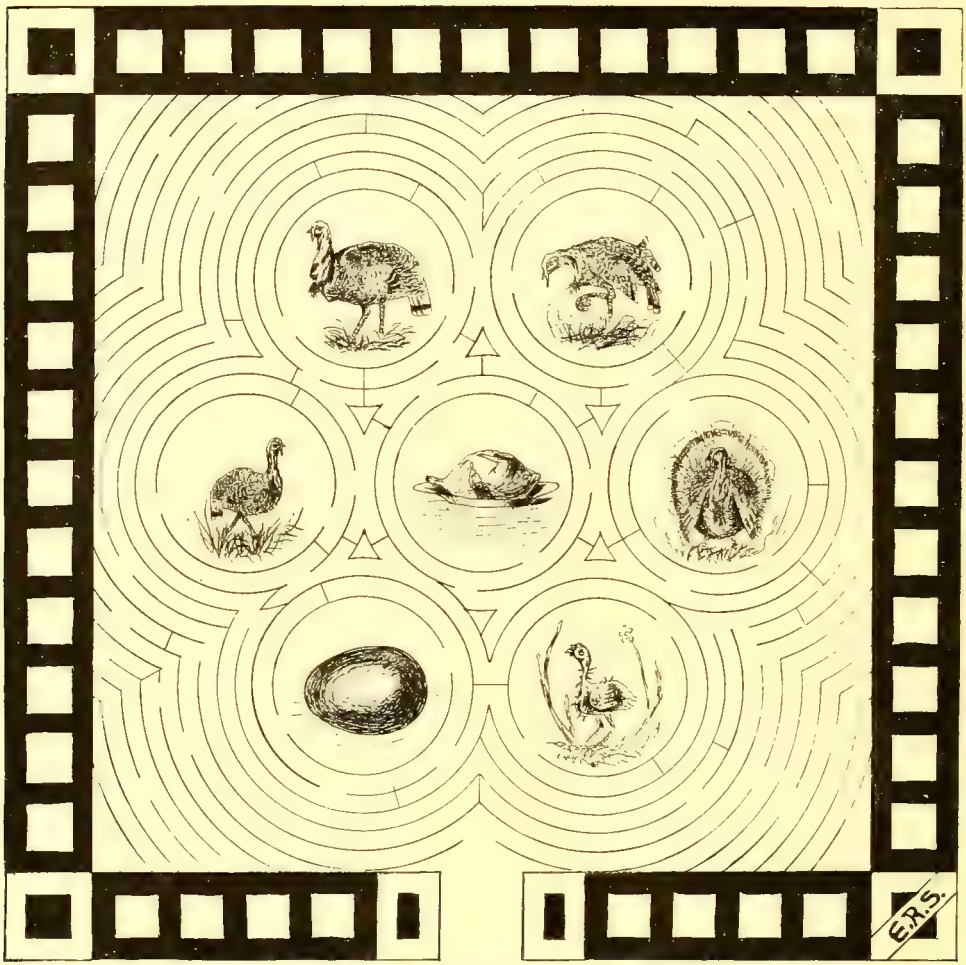
Half-square. 1. Presidial. 2. Reviving. 3. Evading. 4. Sidles. 5. Ivied. 6. Dins. 7. (k)Ing. 8. Ag(ile). 9. L.

Double Diagonal. Cross-words: 1. Her. 2. Ewe. 3. Ell.

Metamorphoses. 1. Fail, foil, foul. 2. Mute, mule, mile, milk, silk. 3. Floor, flood, blood, brood, broad, bread. 4. Wen, wan, way, wry, dry. 5. Cords, corps, coops, crops, cross, cress, crest, wrest, wrist, whist. 6. Heir, hear, pear, peas, pens, pins, wins, wigs. —— Cross-word Enigma. Emerson.

Proverb Rebus. Experience keeps a dear school, but fools learn in no other.

Cube. From 1 to 2, deluge; 2 to 6, endear; 5 to 6, runner; 1 to 5, doctor; 3 to 4, Easter; 4 to 8, ransom; 7 to 8, anthem; 3 to 7, enigma; 1 to 3, dome; 2 to 4, ewer; 5 to 7, rhea; 6 to 8, room.

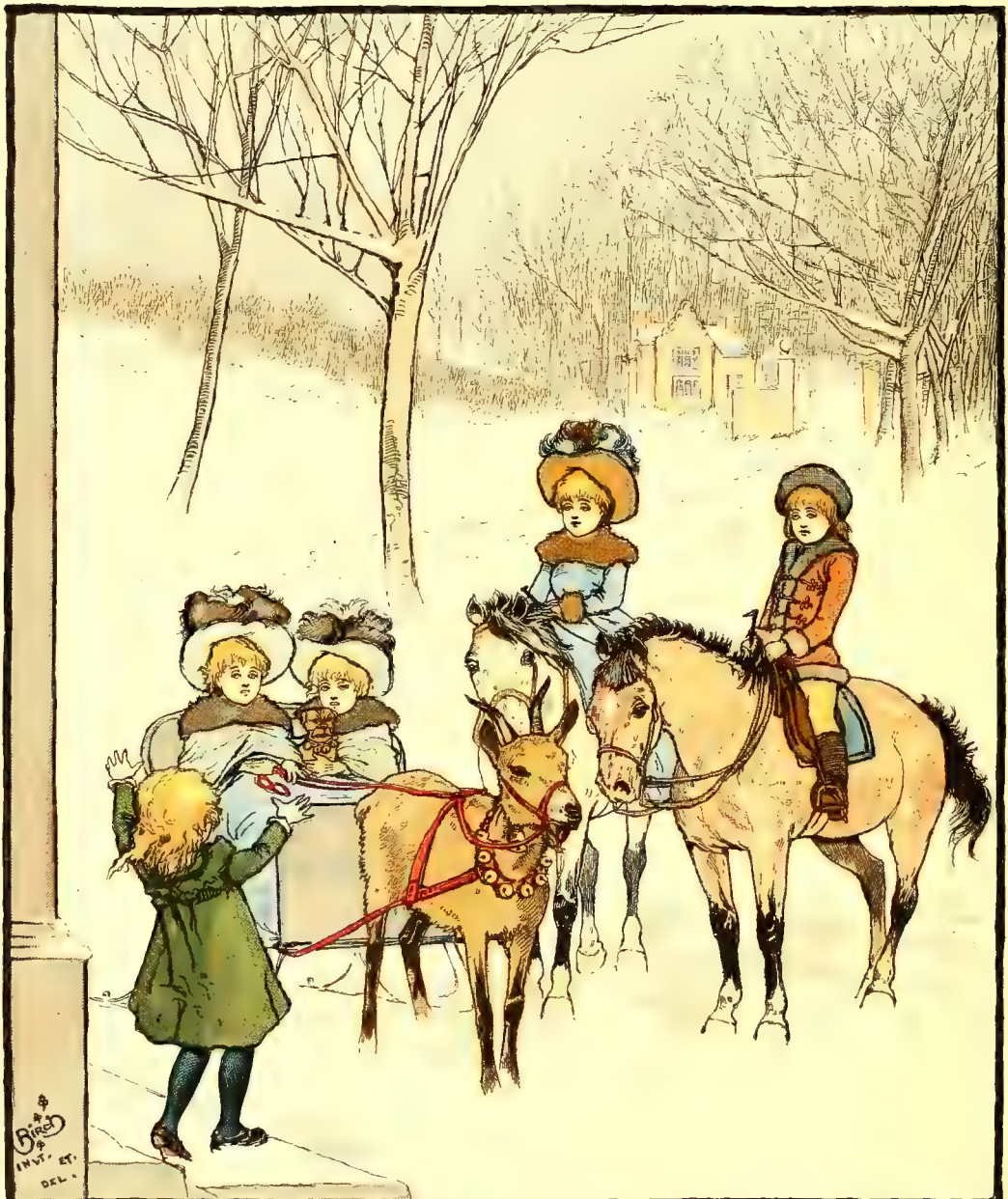


TRACE a way through this maze, beginning at the circle containing the egg, and then through the others successively, reaching at last the middle circle.

THE NAMES of those who send solutions are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL OF THE PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 20, from "Professor and Co."—R. H. F.—Bessie R.—Emma Honig and Kate Howard—John Pyne—Marna and Bae—O. C. Turner—Scrap—"S. Long Beach. S."—"Jumbo"—Fred H. Meeder—Annie E. Hixon—John C. and William V. Moses—Marie Faucompré—John W. Reynolds—"Two Subscribers"—Prometheus—"College Point"—"Ailsa"—Gertrude Lansing and Julia Wallace—David E. Ansbacher—Florence Leslie Kyte—Génie J. Callmeyer—Harry L. Reed—Clara J. Child.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 20, from Anna G. Baker, 14—Elaine, 2—Frank P. Nugent, 4—Edith and Carrie Thompson, 1—Charles N. Cogswell, 6—Sidney Van Keuren, 1—Blanche Haywood, 14—Rosa Lottie Witte, 1—Gracie D. Smith, 7—Sadie L. Rhodes, 3—Florence E. Thompson, 6—"Southampton Trio," 11—Charles Walton, 3—"Two Æsthetic Maidens," 9—Helen and Hattie, 1—A. T. Losee, 13—Haedus, 3—Paul Gorham, 11—Joe B. Sheffield, 2—A. Louise Weightman and Julie P. Miller, 7—George W. Barnes, 4—Susie Dessalet, 3—Fred E. Walton, 3—Nellie F. Miner, 4—Claude Duval, 1—"Cinderella," 2—Maude R., 3—Philip De Normandie, 2—Edith Buffington Dalton, 5—Emile L. V. Cheron, 1—John P. Conduit, 4—Nellie Caldwell, 10—Mabel Thompson, 7—Weston Stickney, 1—"Capt. Jinks," 11—Maud E. Benson, 4—J. H. Ingersoll, 3—Daisy, 2—Mary C. Burnam, 6—Ehrick Rossiter Jones, 2—D. S. Crosby, Jr., 12—Effie K. Talboys, 13—Louise Kelly, 10—"Jinks and Dad," 9—H. Revell, 1—"Pewee," 5—Grace Murray, 2—Allie Close, 6—Mary E. Baker, 5—Helen R. and May D. Dexter, 14—Ruby Frazer, 2—Alice W. C., 14—Paul England and Co., 11—Vera, 13—Roast and Pierce, 14—"Alcibiades," 12—"Patience," 9—Willie H. Bawden, 14—Arabella Ward, 3—M. W. T., 3—Donna Ruth and Samuel H. Camp, 7—Frank G. Newland, 10—Dolly Varden, 6—Helen W. Merriam, 11—Francis L. Bosqui, 3—Bertie and Maud, 8—Arthur Herbert Cuming, 2—Æon, 11—"Jumbo," 5—Gertie E. Webb, 2—Addie White, 14—Gertrude and Florence, 11—Marion and Daisy, 5—Clara and her Aunt, 14—Frank P. Midlam, 1—Clarence H. Young, 14—Minnie B. Murray, 12—Shumway, 14—Algernon Tassin, 9—"Flat Rock Campers," 11—C. L. Slattery, 13—Vin and Henry, 11—Harry Johnston, 8—Bolivar, 13—Daisy, Violet, and Clover, 3—T. W. T., 7—Myrtle, 4—Helen Ansbacher, 7—Trask, 14—Nellie Mott, 1—Freddy Thwaits, 14—James H. Strong, 10—V. P. J. S. M. S., 9—Warren, 5—Rosette et Félicité, 12—Madge Tolderlund, 4—J. S. Tennant, 13—P. Embury, Jr., 5—Appleton H., 14—Pernie, 12—"Three Old Maids," 7—Jessie Mühlhäuser, 4—A. Gardner, 11—Mary Black and Mae B. Creighton, 10—Standish McCleary, 4—Margarite, 2—Lottie A. Foggan, 2.



"ON · CHRISTMAS · DAY · IN · THE · MORNING" ·

WITH · THE · COMPLIMENTS · OF · ST. NICHOLAS ·

PINNER S.



ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. X. DECEMBER, 1882. NO. 2.

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A WINTER SONG.

BY SUSAN HARTLEY.

OH, Summer has the roses
And the laughing light south wind,
And the merry meadows lined
With dewy, dancing posies;
But Winter has the sprites
And the witching frosty nights.

Oh, Summer has the splendor
Of the corn-fields wide and deep,
Where scarlet poppies sleep
And wary shadows wander;
But Winter fields are rare
With diamonds everywhere.

Oh, Summer has the wild bees,
And the ringing, singing note
In the robin's tuneful throat,
And the leaf-talk in the trees;
But Winter has the chime
Of the merry Christmas time.

Oh, Summer has the luster
Of the sunbeams warm and bright,
And rains that fall at night
Where reeds and lilies cluster;
But deep in Winter's snow
The fires of Christmas glow.

THE CHRISTMAS FAIRIES.

By M. E. K.

AUNT RUTH sat thinking. It was only a week before Christmas, and, as yet, no gift had been decided upon for her pet niece, who lived in a distant city.

It was hard to know what to give Bessie—she seemed so well supplied with everything a little girl could want for comfort or pleasure. She was such a good child, and so unselfish, that she was a general favorite, and her friends, young and old, were always sending her some pretty trinket, until her own room was a kind of museum of love-tokens; every corner was full, her bureau loaded, the table covered, and the walls adorned; in fact, it had almost become a proverb in the family that "Whatever Bessie wished for always came."

Now she was ten years old, had declared herself tired of Christmas trees, and announced that to hang up a stocking for Santa Claus to fill was too childish—she should like to keep Christmas some new way. This was what Aunt Ruth was puzzling over. At last, with a look of relief, she exclaimed: "I have an idea! I know it will please her."

She immediately went to her writing-desk, wrote a long letter to Bessie's mamma, and folded into it a crisp bank-note.

On Christmas morning Bessie opened her eyes upon a bright silver quarter which lay on her pillow. Beside it was a tiny note. She opened it and read:

"DEAR BESSIE: I am one of fifteen silver fairies which are to appear to-day, with a Christmas greeting from your Aunt Ruth. Take us all together down to some big store to-morrow, and we will turn into whatever small thing you may wish for."

"Oh, how nice!" said Bessie. "What a funny auntie! always doing something different from other people. I don't quite understand what it all means, but I am glad enough of this bit of spending-money, for I had n't one cent left."

And, wide awake, she jumped out of bed and began pulling on her stockings, when, to her surprise and delight, she found a shining piece of silver in the foot of each. Two of Aunt Ruth's fairies had taken possession of her shoes, another faced her in the wash-bowl, and a wee one was in the box beside her brush and comb.

"These will almost fill my poor, little empty purse," she thought, as she took it from a drawer and touched the spring—but there, right between the red linings, was the biggest fairy that had yet appeared!

Such a merry time as she had dressing that morning! Mamma was called in continually. And how they laughed over every new discovery!

At breakfast, she was served first to a small piece of silver coin; another, just the same size, shone in the bottom of the glass of water Bridget brought her. It was really enchanting—quite like the story of Midas she had just been reading, only whatever he touched turned into gold. She wondered if the chicken, potatoes, and rolls would turn into silver when she tasted them; but, no! Although she looked very suspiciously at everything on the table, not another fairy showed itself.

How many times that morning she counted her ten silver fairies, I can not tell. But what fun she had hunting after the other five, upstairs and downstairs, from attic to cellar, under rugs, in work-baskets, and in every conceivable place! Searching was all in vain, however; fairy number eleven did not appear until dinner-time, when it flew out, most unexpectedly, as Bessie was unrolling her napkin, and its silver mate lay temptingly among the nuts when dessert was brought in.

Bessie spent a happy afternoon sitting in the midst of her many presents, and planning how to spend her little fortune. Some of her fairy pieces should turn into a pair of warm mittens for poor Johnnie Davis; many times it had made her heart ache as she had watched him trying to shovel snow with such red hands. She would carry a basket full of fairy cakes, frosted with pink and white sugar, to old colored Susan (she had overheard her telling the cook that it was many a long day since she had tasted anything nice); she would change her biggest fairy into a pretty doll for that distressed-looking crippled girl who lived around in the alley, and would carry out many other plans of the same sort.

But Mamma was calling her to get ready for a walk, and, rather reluctantly, she turned away from her new treasures to put on her wrappings, and felt in the pocket of her cloak for her gloves. They were missing, but there she found a fairy, and another came sticking out from the bow on her hat, in a most comical fashion.

That night, at supper, a little cake was placed before Bessie's plate, and fairy fourteen came near being eaten, but peeped into sight just in time to be saved from such a fate. How pleasantly and quickly the evening passed! All the new things

had to be looked at and admired over again. There was one more hunt after the fairy that had not made its appearance; it was unsuccessful, however, and bed-time, that dread of children, came at last. It was strange (for Bessie had ransacked her room five minutes before), but there, quietly resting on the snowy pillow, lay the last of Aunt Ruth's fairies!

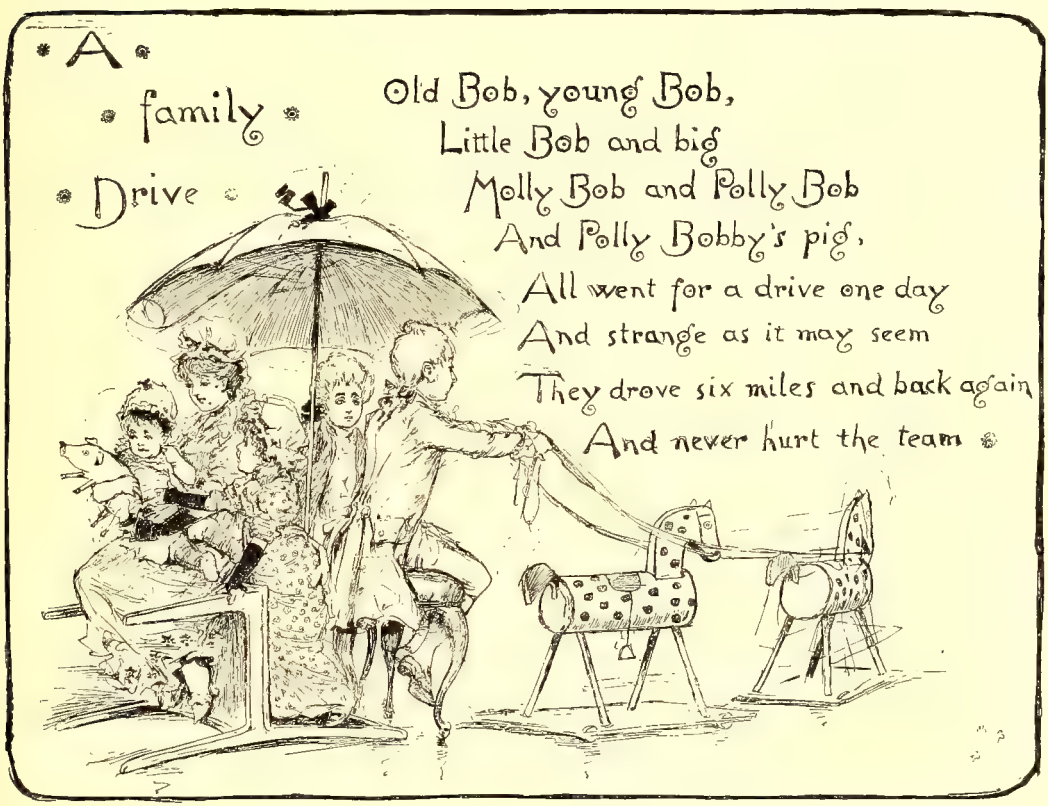
While she was undressing, Mamma explained all the mysteries of the day by reading her Aunt Ruth's letter, in which full directions had been given. Then she told how Papa had changed the paper money into the newest and brightest coins he could find; how busy she had been hiding them, as Auntie had suggested, and how successfully she had escaped being caught.

"Well, Mamma, it 's the merriest Christmas Day I ever knew! I like all my presents very much, but I think I have enjoyed my fairies the most. I know what I shall do to-morrow. I have got it all planned. Some other people shall see fairies too."

And thanking her Heavenly Father for all his good gifts, Bessie tucked the crowded purse under her pillow, lay down, and was soon fast asleep.

Early next morning, with Mamma to help and advise, Bessie started out on her pleasant errands of love; and the silver fairies disappeared rapidly into all kinds of the oddest-shaped parcels, until Bessie's big basket was full, and her arms too. Such fun she had distributing her fairy bundles, and such looks and words of gratitude as she received in return! "Why, it 's nicer than *my* Christmas, Mamma," she whispered, as she turned to leave the poor little cripple, whom she had made so happy by giving her the first doll she had ever owned.

So, many sad hearts were made glad that day, and the whole long year, by Aunt Ruth's Christmas fairies.



THE STORY OF VITEAU.*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.



LOUIS FINDS ONE OF THE HIGHWAYMEN A GOOD-NATURED FELLOW.

CHAPTER IV.†

LOUIS did not submit readily to his captors. At first he was angry; then he cried, and when some of the men laughed at him for being a baby he got angry again, and told them they were a band of cowards to set upon him in this way,—a dozen men on one boy,—and that if they wanted to rob him they might do it and go about their business. He did not care; he could walk home.

"No, no, my valiant page," said the leader of the robbers; "we don't want you to walk and we don't want you to go home. We shall take you with us now, and we will see about the robbing afterward."

And with this he turned the little horse around, and led him, by a path which Louis had passed without noticing it, into the depths of the forest. On the way, the robber asked his young prisoner a great many questions regarding his family, his connections, and his present business in riding thus alone through the forest roads. To these questions Louis was ready enough to give answer, for it was not his nature to conceal anything, unless he thought it absolutely necessary. Indeed, he was quite proud of the opportunity thus afforded him of talking about the rank and importance of his mother, and of dwelling upon the great power and warlike renown of the nobleman under whom he served.

"They will not let me stay here long, you may be sure of that," said Louis. "As soon as they

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† This story was begun in the November number.

hear that you have carried me off, they will take me away from you."

"I hope so, indeed," said the robber, laughing; "and if I had not thought that they would take you from me, I should not have taken the trouble to capture you."

"Oh, I know what you mean," said the boy. "You expect them to ransom me."

"I most certainly do," replied the other.

"But they will not do it," cried Louis. "They will come with soldiers and take me from you!"

"We shall see," returned the robber.

It was almost dark when, by many winding and sometimes almost invisible paths through the forest, the party reached a collection of rude huts, which were evidently the present dwelling-places of these robbers, or *cotereaux*, as they were called. There were several classes of highwaymen, or brigands, in France at this time, and of these the *cotereaux* were, probably, the most numerous.

There were fires built in various places about the open space in which the huts had been erected, and there were a good many men around the fires. A smell of cooking meat made Louis feel sure that supper would soon be ready, and this was a comforting thing to him, for he was very hungry. The supper which was served to him was of plain food, but he had enough, and the bed he slept on, at the back part of the Captain's hut, was nothing but a lot of dry leaves and twigs, with a coarse cloth thrown over it; but Louis was very tired, and it was not long before he was sound asleep.

He was much troubled, of course, at the thought of going to bed in this way, in the midst of a band of robbers, but he was not afraid that they would do him any injury, for he had heard enough about these *cotereaux* to know that they took prisoners almost always for the purpose of making money out of them, and not to do them useless harm. If he had been an older and a deeper thinker, he would, probably, have thought of the harm which might be done to him in case no money could be made by his capture; but this matter did not enter his mind. He went to sleep with the feeling that what he wanted now was a good night's rest, and that, in some way or other, all would be right on the morrow.

Michol, the captain of the band, was very plain-spoken, the next morning, in telling Louis his plans in regard to him. "I know well," he said, "that your mother is able to pay a handsome ransom for you, and, if she is so hard-hearted that she will not do it, I can depend on Barran. He will not let a page from his castle pine away in these woods, for the sake of a handful of gold."

"My mother is not hard-hearted," said Louis, "and I am not going to pine away, no matter how long you keep me. Do you intend to send to my mother to-day?"

"Not so soon as that," replied Michol. "I shall let her have time to feel what a grievous thing it is to have a son carried away to the heart of the forest, where she can never find him, and where he must stay, month after month and year after year, until she pays his worthy captors what she thinks the boy is worth."

"I 'll tell you what I 'll do," said Louis. "If you will give me my horse and my falcon, which your men have taken from me, and will let me have again my dagger, I will go to Viteau, myself, and tell my mother about the ransom; and I promise you that she will send you all the money she can afford to spend for me in that way. And, if there is no one else to bring it,—for our men might be afraid to venture among so many robbers,—I shall bring it myself, on my way back to Barran's castle. I am not afraid to come."

"I am much pleased to hear that, my boy," said Michol, "but I do not like your plan. When I am ready, I shall send a messenger, and no one will be afraid to bring me the money, when everything is settled. But one thing you can do. If you have ever learned to write,—and I have heard that the Countess of Viteau has taught her sons to be scholars,—you may write a letter to your mother, and tell her in what a doleful plight you find yourself, and how necessary it is that she should send all the money that I ask for. Thus she will see that you are really my prisoner, and will not delay to come to your assistance. One of my men, Jasto, will give you a pen and ink, and something to write your letter on. You may go, now, and look for Jasto. You will know him by his torn clothes and his thirst for knowledge."

"Torn clothes!" said Louis, as he walked away. "They all have clothes of that kind. And, as for his thirst for knowledge, I can not see how I am to find out that. I suppose the Captain wanted to give me something to do, so as to keep me from troubling him. I am not going to look for any Jasto. If I could find my horse, and could get a chance, I should jump on him and gallop away from these fellows."

Louis wandered about among the huts, peering here and there for a sight of Agnes's little jennet. But he saw nothing of him, for the animal had been taken away to another part of the forest, to keep company with other stolen horses. And even if he had been able to mount and ride away unobserved, it would have been impossible for Louis to find his way along the devious paths of the forest to the highway. More than this, although he seemed to be wandering about in perfect liberty, some of the men had orders to keep their eyes

upon the boy, and to stop him if he endeavored to penetrate into the forest.

"Ho, there!" said a man, whom Louis suddenly met, as he was walking between two of the huts, "are you looking for anything? What have you lost?"

"I have lost nothing," said Louis, deeming it necessary to reply only to the last question.

"I thought you lost your liberty yesterday," said the other, "and, before that, you must have lost your senses, to be riding alone on a road, walled in for miles and miles by trees, bushes, and brave *cotereaux*. But, of course, I did not suppose that you came here to look for either your liberty or your senses. What is it you want?"

Louis had no intention of telling the man that he was looking for his horse, and so, as he felt obliged to give some answer, he said:

"I was sent to look for Jasto, so that I could write a letter to my mother."

"Jasto!" exclaimed the man. "Well, my young page, if you find everything in the world as easily as you found Jasto, you will do well. I am Jasto. And do you know how you came to find me?"

"I chanced to meet you," said Louis.

"Not so," said the other. "If I had not been looking for you, you never would have found me. Things often happen in that manner. If what we are looking for does not look for us, we never find it. But what is this about your mother and a letter? Sit down here, in this bit of shade, and make these things plain to me."

Louis accepted this invitation, for the sun was beginning to be warm, and he sat down by the man, at the foot of a tree.

"I do not believe you are Jasto," he said, looking at his companion. "Your clothes are not torn. I was told to look for a man with torn clothes."

"Torn clothes!" exclaimed the other. "What are you talking of? Not torn? Why, boy, my clothes are more torn and are worse torn and have staid torn longer than the clothes of any man in all our goodly company. But they have been mended, you see, and that is what makes them observable among so many sadly tattered garments."

Louis looked at the coarse jerkin, breeches, and stockings of the man beside him. They were, certainly, torn and ripped in many places, and the torn places were of many curious shapes, as if the wearer had been making a hurried journey through miles of bramble bushes; but all the torn places were carefully mended with bright-red silk thread, which made them more conspicuous than if they had not been mended at all.

"I see that they have been torn," said Louis, "but they are not torn now."

"A great mistake, my good sir page—a great mistake," said the other; "once torn, always torn. If my clothes are mended, that but gives them another quality. Then they have two qualities. They are torn and they are mended. If one's clothes are torn, the only way to have clothes that are not torn is to have new ones. Think of that, boy, and make no rents in yourself nor in your clothes. Although mending can be done very well," he added, looking complacently at his breeches, "the evil of it is, though, that it always shows."

"I could mend better than that," said Louis.

"That is to be hoped; it is truly to be hoped," said the other, "for you have had better chances than I. This red silk, left in our hands by a fair lady, who was taking it to waste it in embroidery in some friend's castle, was all the thread I had for my mending. Now, you could have all things suitable for your mending, whether of clothes or of mind or of body, if it should so happen that you should have rents in any of these. But tell me, now, about your letter."

"There is nothing to tell," said Louis, "excepting that your Captain wishes me to write a letter to my mother, urging her to send good ransom for me, and that he said you could give me pen and ink and something to write upon."

"Pen and ink are well enough," said the man, who, as Louis now believed, was really Jasto, "for I can make them. But something to write on is a more difficult matter to find. Paper is too scarce, and parchment costs too much; and so there is none of either in this company. But I shall see to it that you have something to write on when you are ready to write. It strikes me that the chief trouble will be to put together the three things—the pen and the ink and the something to write on—in such a manner as to make a letter of them. Did you ever write a letter?"

"Not yet. But I know how to do it," said Louis; and, as he spoke, he remembered how he had promised his brother to write a letter to him. He was now going to send a letter to Viteau, but under what strange circumstances it would be written! If he were at the castle, Agnes would help him. He wished he had thought of asking her, weeks ago, to help him.

"I have written a letter myself," said Jasto, "but before I had written it I trembled to say I could do it. And I was a grown man, and had fought in three battles. But pages are bolder than soldiers. Would you like to hear about my letter?"

"Indeed I should," said Louis, anxious to lis-

ten to anything which might give him a helping hint regarding the duty he had taken upon himself.

"Well, then," said Jasto, stretching out his legs, "I shall tell you about my letter. It was just before ——"

"Jasto!" rang out a voice from the opposite side of the inclosure formed by the huts.

"There!" cried Jasto, jumping to his feet, "that is the Captain. I must go. But you sit still, just where you are, and when I come back, which will be shortly, I shall tell you about my letter."

a good appearance at the house of his cousin, with whom he was to live, Bernard insisted on his employing nearly all his leisure time in out-door exercises and knightly accomplishments. Hawking was postponed for the present, for, after the loss of Raymond's falcon was discovered, Bernard declared that he had not the heart to train another one immediately, even if a good bird could be easily obtained, which was not the case.

Very little was said about the disappearance of the falcon. Raymond, his mother, and the squire



BERNARD TEACHING RAYMOND THE USE OF THE LONG SWORD. [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

CHAPTER V.

WE must now go back to the Chateau de Viteau, and see what has happened there since the departure of Louis for his new home. Of course, the boy was greatly missed by his mother and brother, but Raymond soon found himself so busy that he had not time enough to grieve very much over the absence of his old playmate. In order to prepare himself for the school at Paris he was obliged to study diligently, and in order that he might make each had a suspicion that Louis had had something to do with it; but no one of them mentioned it to either of the others. Each hoped the suspicion was unfounded, and therefore said nothing about it.

While Raymond was busy with his studies and his manly exercises, the mind of Bernard, even while giving the boy the benefit of his knowledge of the management of horses and the use of arms, was occupied with a very serious matter.

As has been said before, the Countess of Viteau was one of the very few ladies in France who was

fairly educated, and who took an interest in acquiring knowledge from books. This disposition, so unusual at that time, together with her well-known efforts to have her sons educated, even giving a helping hand herself whenever she found that she was qualified to do so, had attracted attention to her, and many people began to talk about her, as a woman who gave a great deal of time to useless pursuits. Why should a lady of her rank — these people said — wish to read books and study out the meaning of old manuscripts, as if she were of no higher station than a poor monk? If there were anything in the books and parchments which she ought to know, the priests would tell her all about it.

But the Countess thought differently, and she kept on with her reading, which was almost entirely confined to religious works, and in this way she gradually formed some ideas about religious matters which were somewhat different from those taught at that time by the Church of Rome, or, at least, from those taught by the priests about her. She saw no harm in her opinions, and did not hesitate to speak of them to the priests who came to the château from a neighboring monastery, and even to argue in favor of them.

The priests, however, did see harm in the ideas of the Countess, simply because, in those days, people had very narrow and bigoted ways of thinking in regard to religious affairs, and it was generally thought that any person having an opinion differing, even very little, from what was taught by the monks and priests, was doing a wicked thing to persist in such an opinion after he had been told it was wrong.

For this reason, when the priests who had charge of the religious services at Viteau found that their arguments made no impression on the Countess, who was able to answer them back in such a way that they could find nothing more to say on their side of the question, they reported the state of affairs to some of the higher officers of the Church, and, in due time, a man was sent to Viteau to find out exactly what its mistress did think, and why she was so wicked as to think it.

The person who was sent was the Dominican monk, Brother Anselmo, who was met by the two boys and Bernard, on the occasion when we first made their acquaintance. Brother Anselmo was a quiet-spoken man, making no pretensions to authority or to superior knowledge; and the Countess talked with him and answered his questions freely and unsuspectingly. She knew he was a Dominican, and she knew he had come to the neighborhood of Viteau on purpose to talk with her on certain religious subjects; but this did not surprise her, as she supposed all good people were just as much interested in these subjects as she was; but she had no idea that he was connected with the Inquisition at Toulouse.

Bernard, the squire, however, knew well who he was, and it troubled him greatly to know it.

Some weeks after the Dominican had begun to make his almost daily visits to Viteau, he came, one day, accompanied by another monk, who did not enter the grounds, but who remained outside the little gate, waiting for his companion to return.

Bernard noticed the monk waiting outside, and thinking that this unusual occurrence had something suspicious about it, he followed Brother Anselmo when he left the château, and, as he rejoined his fellow monk, the squire slipped quietly up to the wall and listened to what they said to each other. In this case, Bernard did not consider that he was doing a very improper thing. He feared that danger threatened the household of Viteau, and that these two monks were the persons through whom the evil would come. Therefore, he believed that it was his duty to employ every possible means of averting this danger; and he listened with all his ears.

What he heard was very little. The two monks stood silent a few moments, and then the one who had been waiting said something in a low voice, which Bernard could not hear. To this Brother Anselmo answered: "We have done all we can. I think it is a case for the Holy Inquisition."

And then the two walked off together.

Bernard now knew that his fears were correct. His beloved mistress, on account of some of her religious opinions, was in danger of being carried a prisoner to Toulouse, there to be tried before the officers of the Inquisition. He had no doubt that her opinions, whatever they were, were entirely correct, for he had a great respect for her religious knowledge, and he felt sure she knew more than the monks who came to the château, but he well understood that, if she should be put on trial, and if the doctrines she believed to be true were found to differ, in the least point, from those taught by the priests, she would be considered guilty of heresy, and perhaps be put to death.

The squire went away from the wall a very sad man. He was certain that no one at the château but himself knew of the danger of its mistress, and he felt that it rested on him to take some immediate steps to save her, if that were possible.

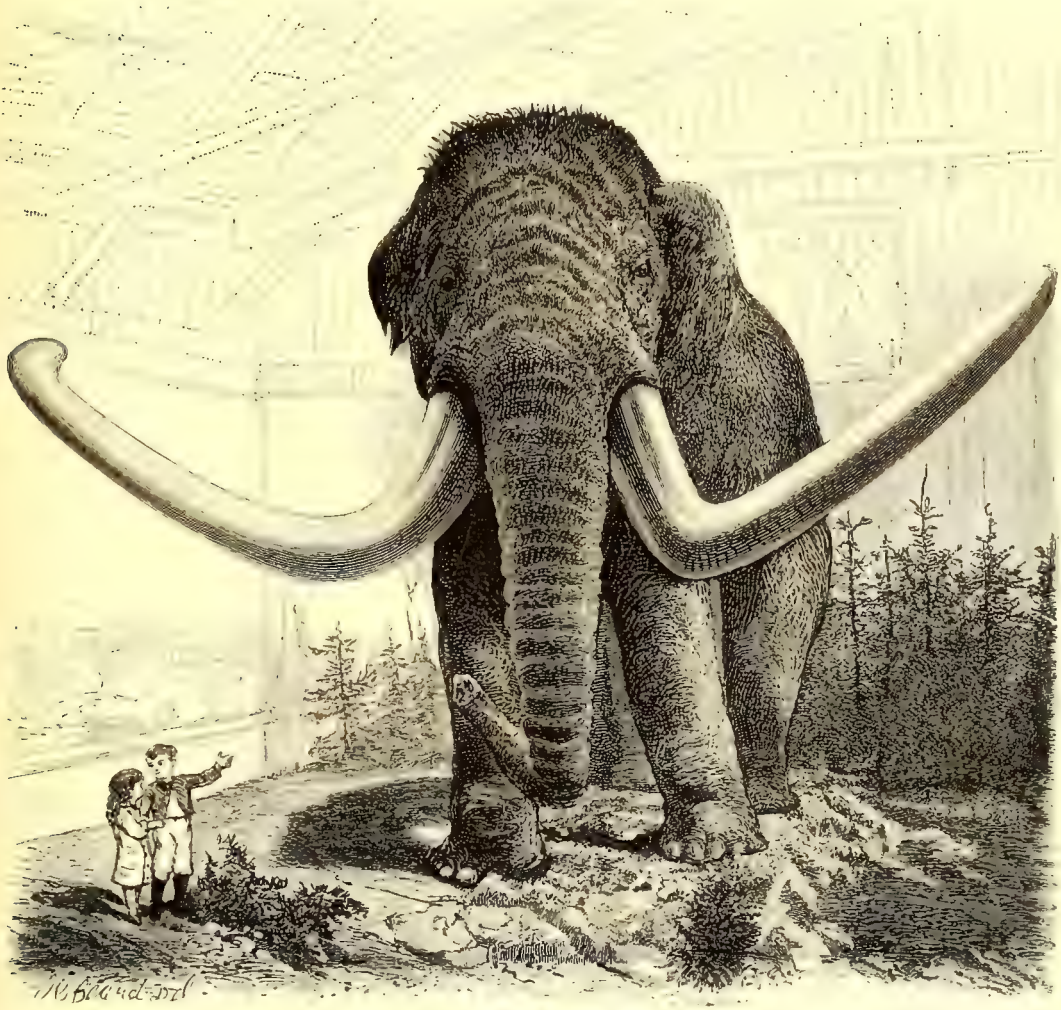
As he approached the house, Bernard met Raymond, who was coming to take some lessons from him in the use of the long sword. The good squire never threw so much energy and good-will into his lessons as he did that day.

"If he has to fight for his mother," he said to himself, "I want him to fight well."

(To be continued.)

THE DISCOVERY OF THE MAMMOTH.

By C. F. Holder.



THE MAMMOTH OF ST PETERSBURG.

At the close of the last century, a poor fisherman named Shumarhoff lived near the mouth of the Lena River, which flows through the cold Siberian country and is lost in the icy waters of the Arctic Sea. In the summer, he plied his vocation on the sea-coast, and during the long winter lived far up the river, where it was, perhaps, a little warmer. It is safe to say that Shumarhoff would never have made a great noise in the world — in fact, would never have been heard of — had it not been for a wonderful discovery he made while coming down the river one spring. The river-banks of this cold country are quite peculiar. Those on the western side are generally low and marshy, while those on the eastern are often from sixty to one hundred feet in height. In the extreme north, this high elevation is cut into numerous pyramidal-shaped mounds, which, viewed from the sea or river, look

exactly as if they had been built by man. In the summer, these strange formations are free from snow, and to a depth of ten feet are soft; but below this they are continually frozen, and have been for untold ages. They are formed of layers of earth and ice—sometimes a clear stratum of the latter many feet in thickness.

It was before such a mound that our fisherman stopped, dumb with astonishment, one spring morning, so many years ago. About thirty feet above him, half-way up the face of the mound, appeared the section of a great ice-layer, from which the water was flowing in numberless streams; while protruding from it, and partly hanging over, was an animal of such huge proportions that the simple fisherman could hardly believe his eyes. Two gigantic horns or tusks were visible, and a great woolly body was faintly outlined in the blue, icy mass. In the fall, he related the story to his comrades up the river, and in the ensuing spring, with a party of his fellow fishermen, he again visited the spot. A year had worked wonders. The great mass had thawed out sufficiently to show its nature, and on closer inspection proved to be a well-preserved specimen of one of those gigantic extinct hairy elephants that roamed over the northern parts of Europe and America in the earlier ages of the world. The body was still too firmly attached and frozen to permit of removal. For four successive years the fishermen visited it, until finally, in March, 1804, five years after its original discovery, it broke away from its icy bed and came thundering down upon the sands below. The discoverers first detached the tusks, that were nine feet six inches in length, and together weighed three hundred and sixty pounds. The hide, covered with wool and hair, was more than twenty men could lift. Part of this, with the tusks, were taken to Jakutsk and sold for fifty rubles, while the rest of the animal was left where it fell, and cut up at various times by the Jakoutes, who fed their dogs with its flesh. A strange feast this, truly—meat that had been frozen solid in the ice-house of Nature perhaps fifty thousand years,* more or less; but so well was it preserved that, when the brain was afterward compared with that of a recently killed animal, no difference in the tissues could be detected.

Two years after the animal had fallen from the cliff, the news reached St. Petersburg, and the Museum of Natural History sent a scientist to secure the specimen and purchase it for the Emperor. He found the mammoth where it originally fell, but much torn by animals, especially by the white bears and foxes. The massive skeleton, however, was entire, with the exception of one fore leg, while all the other bones were still held together by the ligaments and flesh, as if the animal had been dead only a few weeks. The neck was still covered by a long mane of reddish wool, and over thirty pounds more of the same colored wool or hair were collected by the scientist from the adjacent sand, into which it had been trodden by bears and other animals of prey. In this condition the mammoth, with the tusks, which were repurchased in Jakutsk, was taken to St. Petersburg and there mounted.

Our illustration depicts this very specimen, representing it as it appeared when alive and moving along with ponderous tread through the scanty woodland of the northern countries. Its length is twenty-six feet, including the curve of the tusks; it stands sixteen feet high, and when alive it probably weighed more than twice as much as the largest living elephant. And, as some tusks have been found over fifteen feet in length, we may reasonably conclude that Shumarhoff's mammoth is only an average specimen, and that many of its companions were considerably larger.

Imagine the spectacle of a large herd of these mighty creatures rushing along over the frozen ground, the reverberation of their tread sounding like thunder. When enraged, their wild, headlong course must have been one of terrible devastation. Large trees were but twigs to these giants of the north, and everything must have given way before them.

Tusks of this animal had been discovered previous to Shumarhoff's find, and have been found since in such great quantities that vessels go out for the sole purpose of collecting them. Eschscholtz Bay, near Behring Strait, is a famous place for them, and numbers have also been found in England. It is stated that the fishermen of Happisburgh have dredged up over two thousand mammoth teeth during the past twelve years—a fact showing that a once favorite resort, or perhaps burying-ground, of these great creatures, is now covered by the ocean. In the cliffs of Northern Alaska remains of the mammoth are often seen, and the New Siberian Islands recently visited by the Arctic explorer, Baron Nordenskjold, are liberally supplied with these, as well as remains of other and equally interesting extinct and fossil animals. The mammoth was so called from a curious belief among the Siberians that this enormous animal lived in caverns under the ground, much after the fashion of the mole. Many of the tusks and bones were found buried in the frozen earth, and it was the natural conclusion that the animal lived there when alive. They believed it could not bear the light of day; and so dug out with its tusks great tunnels in the earth.

* According to Sir William Logan, from five hundred thousand to one million years ago.

To us the mammoth is known as the *Elephas primigenus*, an extinct and northern cousin of the Indian elephant of to-day. It lived above the parallel of forty degrees in Europe, Northern Asia, and North-western North America, during what is known in geology as the Quaternary age. In those days, North America presented an entirely different appearance from the present. What are now the coast States, from Maine to Central America, were then nearly, if not entirely, under water, while Florida existed, if at all, merely as a deep coral-reef. A great arm of the sea or ocean extended up the St. Lawrence nearly to Lake Ontario, covering Lake Champlain and many other Canadian lakes. The site of the present city of Montreal was then five hundred feet under water, and whales swam at will over what is now Lake Champlain — a fact sufficiently proved by the discovery of one sixty feet above the borders of the present lake, and one hundred and fifty feet above the level of the Atlantic Ocean.

The animals that lived with the mammoth in that far-off, wonderful age were equally interesting. In 1772, a hairy rhinoceros was found in the ice at Wilni, Siberia, preserved in the same manner as the Shumarhoff mammoth. England, the northern part of Europe and Asia, and probably North America also, were the roaming-grounds of a huge two-horned rhinoceros, that probably waged war with the mammoth. The streams, rivers, and swamps were then populated with gigantic hippopotamuses, armed with terrible tusks, while on the higher plains were oxen and deer, compared to which our modern cattle are dwarfs and pigmies. Among the tiger tribe was one now called the *Marchaerodus*, with sharp, saber-like teeth eight or nine inches long — one of the most formidable creatures of this age of wonders. It waged deadly warfare against the vast herds of wild horses that roamed the eastern plains in those days. Besides these were savage hyenas of great size, that traversed the country in troops, leaving devastation in their track.

Other great elephants are known to the geologist: as the mastodon, specimens of which have been unearthed at Newburg and Cohoes, N. Y., in Salem County, N. J., and in many other parts of this country. There is also record of a great fossil elephant, with tusks fifteen feet long, that was excavated from the Sewalik Hills of India; but none of these approached the hairy mammoth in size. It is surely a fitting monument of this ancient time, when man — if he existed at all — was but a savage, and the earth seemingly incomplete.



CHRISTMAS DAY.

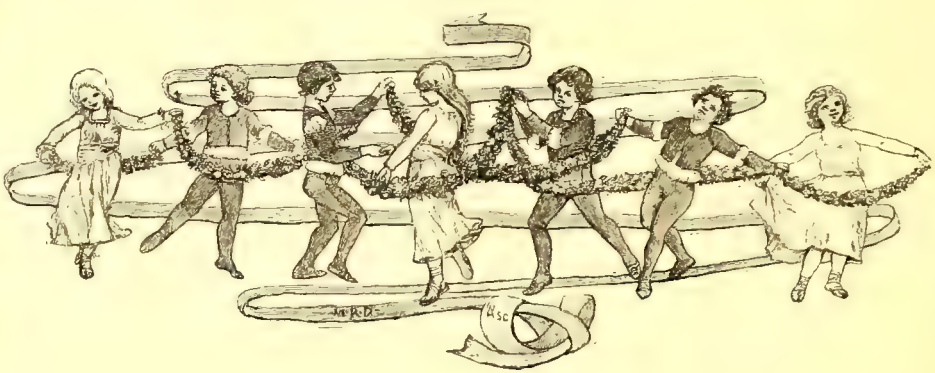
By Nora Perry.

WHAT 'S this hurry, what 's this flurry,
All throughout the house to-day?
Everywhere a merry scurry,
Everywhere a sound of play.
Something, too, 's the matter, matter,
Out-of-doors as well as in,
For the bell goes clatter, clatter,
Every minute—such a din!

Everybody winking, blinking,
In a queer, mysterious way;
What on earth can they be thinking,
What on earth can be to pay?
Bobby peeping o'er the stair-way,
Bursts into a little shout;
Kitty, too, is in a fair way,
Where she hides, to giggle out.

As the bell goes cling-a-ling-ing
Every minute more and more,
And swift feet go springing, springing,
Through the hall-way to the door,
Where a glimpse of box and packet,
And a little rustle, rustle,
Makes such sight and sound and racket,—
Such a jolly bustle, bustle,—
That the youngsters in their places,
Hiding slyly out of sight,
All at once show shining faces,
All at once scream with delight.

Go and ask *them* what 's the matter,
What the fun outside and in—
What the meaning of the clatter,
What the bustle and the din.
Hear them, hear them laugh and shout then,
All together hear them say,
"Why, what have you been about, then,
Not to know it 's Christmas day?"



"SOUL, SOUL, FOR A SOUL-CAKE!"

By J. L. W.

THE scene here represented was a familiar spectacle in the streets of English towns some centuries ago. They had many quaint observances in those days, as we all know, and the one here shown resembled much the pretty custom of singing Christmas carols under the windows of the rich, during holiday-week. The "Soul-cake," however, was rather a Halloween celebration than a Christmas-tide usage. The offerings of the first fruits of the year's harvest were called "Soul-cakes," which the rich gave to the poor at the Halloween season, in return for which the recipients prayed for the souls of the givers and their friends. And this custom became so favored in popular esteem that, for a long time, it was a regular observance in the country towns of England for small companies to go about from parish to parish at Halloween, begging soul-cakes by singing under the windows some such verse as this:

"Soul, soul, for a soul-cake;
Pray you, good mistress, a soul-cake!"



It was not unusual, too, in those days, for the celebration of Christmas to be kept up for weeks before and after the actual date; and in the great houses of the country,—the homes of dukes and earls,—a "lord of misrule," or "abbot of unreason," was appointed before the advent of Halloween, to devise and superintend the pastimes and merry-making of the Christmas festival. His authority lasted from All-Hallow Eve (or Halloween) to Candlemas Day (the 2d of February), and during all that time the castle or manor over which he reigned was given up to feasting, music, and mirth, which was shared by those of every rank and age. The last recorded appointment of a "lord of misrule" was in 1627, and at that time his title had changed into "The Grand Captaine of Mischieffe." No doubt he must have been the merriest of all the revelers at Halloween, when beginning his frolicsome reign; but perhaps he found it harder to maintain his joy as Candlemas Day drew near, when he would have to lay aside his authority and resume his work-a-day duties and burdens.

CHANGING A FACE.—AN OPEN LETTER.



A FEW days ago, my dear Kitty, I saw a little girl making a new face for herself, although she did n't know what she was doing. Indeed, I often see boys and girls tracing upon themselves lines that, after a time, become as distinct, though not colored, as the tattoo-markings of the South Sea Islanders. In fact, you were the little girl who was changing her face; and I have thought that, if I wrote you what the politicians call "an open letter" about it, both you and other little friends of ST. NICHOLAS might thank me in your hearts. You have often heard the saying that "Beauty is only skin deep"; and there is another that may be new to you, that "God makes our faces, but we make our mouths." Now, like most proverbs, these are truths, but they are not complete truths. But I think I can show you how in great measure we do make our own mouths and our own faces.

You know very well that a blacksmith's arm is not only strong, but large, because hard work has developed its muscles. And it is a general truth that all muscles increase by exercise. But you do not see how a blacksmith's arm illustrates anything in a little girl's face? Let us "make haste slowly," as the wise old Romans used to say, and then my meaning may be clearer.

What does our skin, so soft and smooth in childhood, and often so harsh and wrinkled in old age, cover? You say, flesh? Yes. And some other little girl adds, fat? Very well. And the boy who is studying physiology adds, nerves and tendons? True. And then you all know that bones support the human structure—are the frame—just as the beams and timbers of a wooden house, or of a ship, are its frame. But what is flesh? Is it merely so much softer fabric thrown over and fastened to the bones in a thick sheet, like the soft seat on the hard frame of your parlor sofa? Not at all. The flesh is separated into several hundred divisions, or little bundles, called muscles.

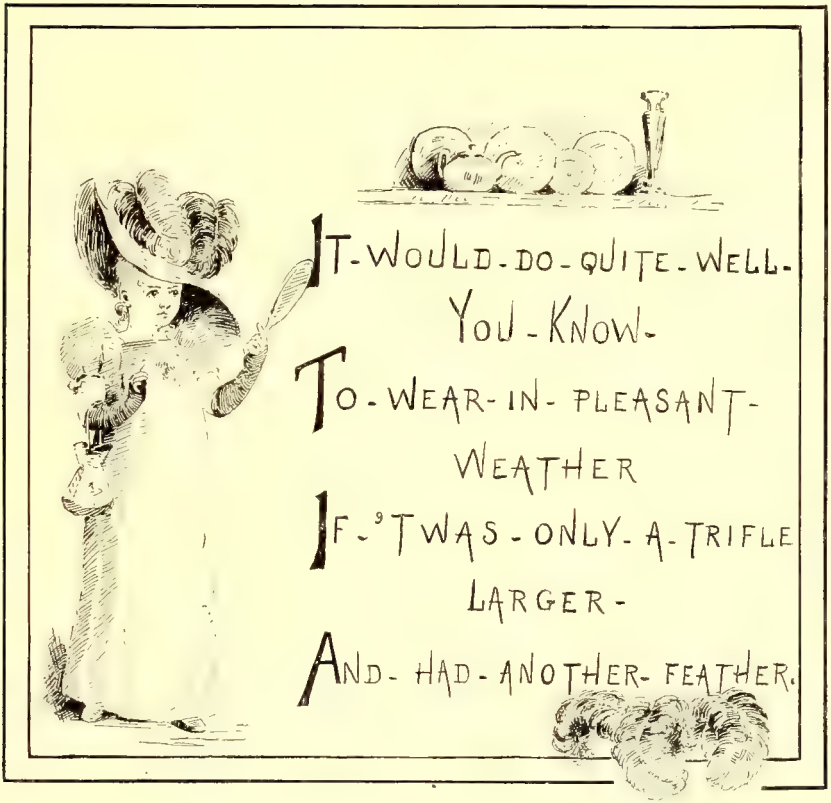
Muscles and flesh are different names for the same thing, just as the bricks and the wall of a house, or the stones and the pavement of a street, are the same. Only the muscles, unlike the bricks and stones, are all changeable as to size within certain limits; for each muscle is attached to the bone beneath it by the tough, inelastic tendon. Now, you know the bones can neither bend nor change their length. But how, for example, does your hand reach your mouth when you eat? Because your arm is jointed, and some large muscles are fastened by one end to its upper part, near the shoulder, and by the other end below the elbow. The muscles contract, which, as your Latin reminds you, means "draw together," and thus grow shorter, and by means of the elbow-joint the lower part of the arm (for the bone can not shorten) is carried around and toward the shoulder or the face, as the case may be. But, becoming shorter, the muscles must become thicker, just as, when a stretched piece of India-rubber contracts, you see it grow thicker and stouter as it grows shorter. By putting your hand upon it, you can feel the muscle of your arm swell as it does its work. But you already know that continuous and forcible exercise causes the arm—that is, its muscles—to grow much more marked and bulky. Let us stop a moment to see exactly what muscle means. Your Latin dictionary will tell you, if you don't already know, that *mus* means mouse, and *musculus* a little mouse. The old anatomists who began to pry into Nature's secrets were impressed with the mouse-like outline of these tissues when contracted, and so called them little mice-muscles. So all our flesh is muscle, and it is these little mice running under the skin that are the tell-tales of what is going on or has been done.

Now your dear, soft face has its many muscles, too, much finer and more delicate than those of the body, by the exercise of which you express the emotions you feel. It would take too long to explain how or why certain of them respond to and illustrate certain feelings, and for the present you must accept it as a fact. Now, the secret of our first proverb lies in the further fact that around the mouth is one of the few muscles in the body that is not attached to bone. It is a muscular ring, to which other muscles are fastened, and moves in whatever direction it may be influenced, retaining the set and fashion into which it may be

drawn. And as the bony parts of the face, the nose, the forehead, the cheek-bones, the jaws, the whole fixed contour, are what we have inherited, we can not of ourselves make much alteration in them. So, also, we inherit our mouth; but this, as well as a part of the surface of the countenance, we can, and often do, materially alter; and it is to these alterations,—this making of faces,—that we all, old and young, should give heed.

I will not tire you, my darling, by going into those details which belong to a study that is beyond your years, but I want you to remember that those who are peevish and knit their eyebrows and wrinkle their foreheads—cloud their brows, it is called—do so only by the operation of little muscles, that work more easily and grow a very little every time they are so employed. There are a set of snarling muscles that draw up the corners of the mouth and expose the canine teeth, which, in the savage flesh-eaters of the forest and jungle, are coarse and strong, and always at work, and which, I am sorry to say, are sometimes too well marked in boys and men. There is a little, but mischievous muscle, called *superbus* (which does not mean "superb," but "proud"), that, with a human helper, draws down and pouts out the proud and sullen lower lip. But, regardless of names, what I want you to particularly bear in mind is, that as every expression the features can assume becomes easier the oftener it is repeated, so the little mice run away with beauty and goodness of face when these expressions are unkind; and, in like manner, they are fairy messengers, bringing pleasant gifts for both present and future use, when the face becomes the mask of a good and willing heart.

Your affectionate UNCLE ALFRED.



MARY and her GARDEN.

by

EVA J. OGDEN

Willful Mary got up one day
Just as the clock struck ten.
She washed her face, and she combed her hair,
And she donned her frock, and then
She went with her little watering-pot
To water her garden fair.
But alas! and alack! there wasn't a sign
Of her beautiful garden there!



The stately lilies, so white and tall,
And the elecampane that grew by the wall,
The silver bells,
And the cockle-shells,
And the maidens all a-row,
Were gone, all gone! and there wasn't a thing
In the place where they used to grow!

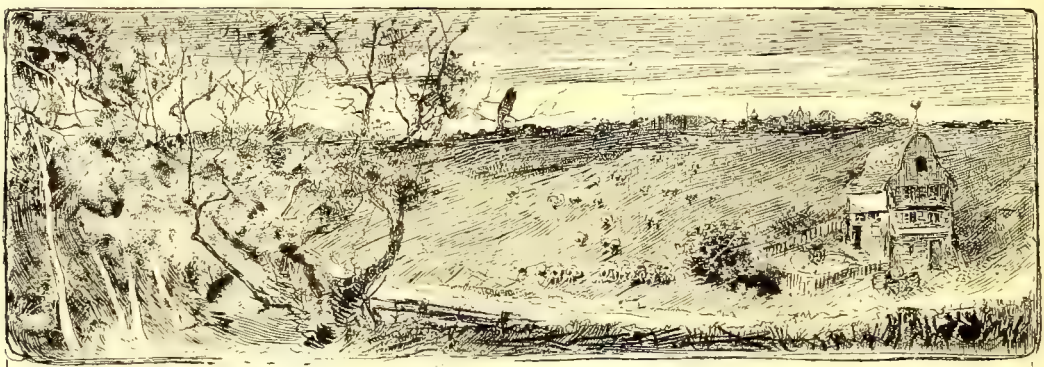
"O little brown bird in the old elm tree,
Have you seen my flowers to-day?"
"Last night, when the moon was setting red,
I saw them go away.
Two by two, down the garden walk,
Each standing straight on its slender stalk,
They went in the dim starlight.



"O MISTRESS MARY — QUITE CONTRARY — GOOD-BYE TO YOUR GARDEN BED!"

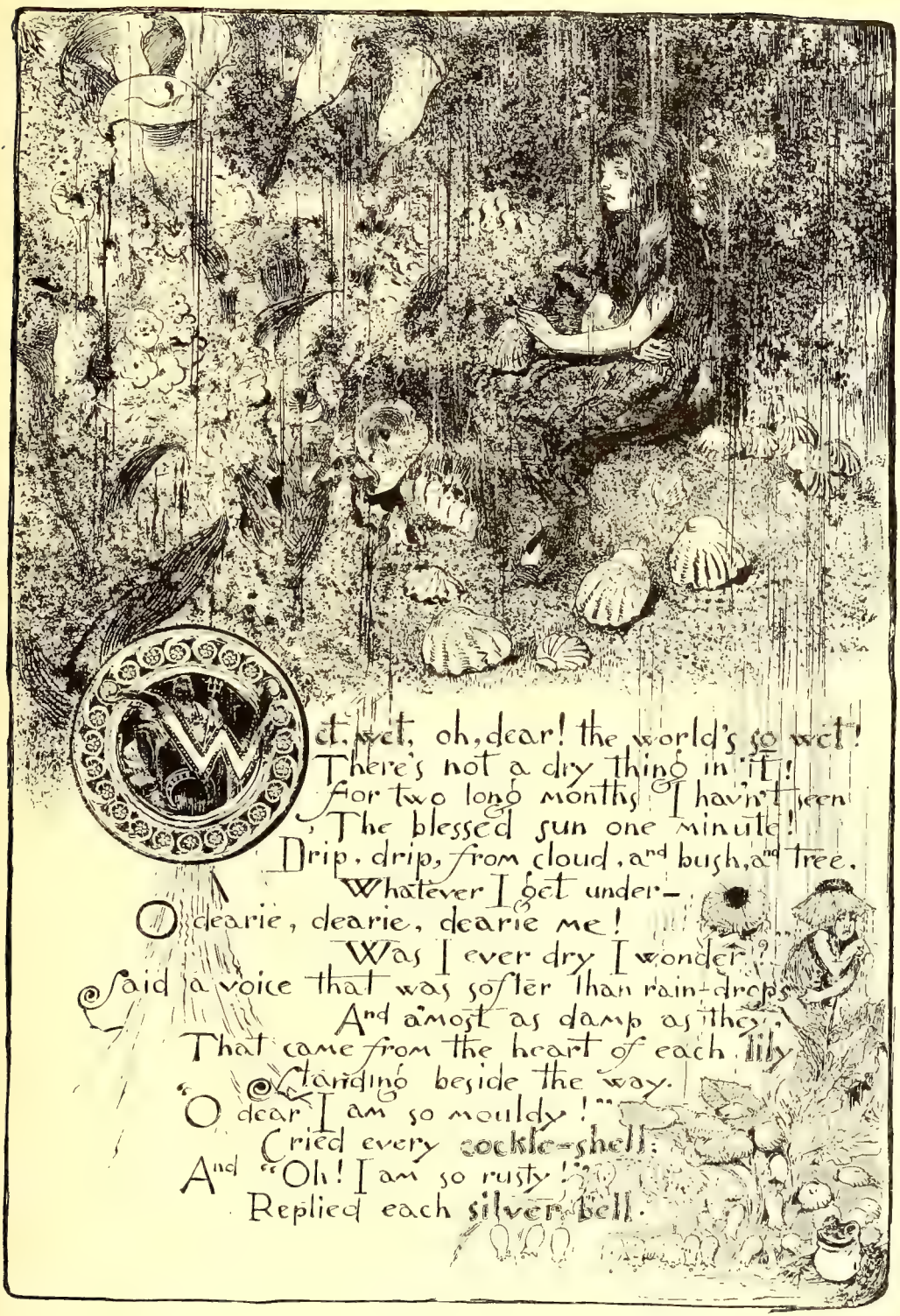
The maidens carried the cockle-shells,
There were mufflers around the silver bells
And over the lilies white.
But the elecampane was laughing,
And I heard him when he said:
"O MISTRESS MARY,
Quite contrary,
Good-bye to your garden bed!"

"O little brown bird in the old elm tree,
Can you tell which way they went?"
"Over the river and down the hill,
And up by the old red cider-mill,
You can follow them by the scent.
For when I woke up this morning,
Just at the break of day,
The trail of the lilies' sweetness still
Hung over the dusty way."



She followed them all the morning,
And through the bright hot noon,
And into the edge of the evening
By the light of the pale new moon.
For full two months all vainly
She looked for her wandering flowers,
And at last one day she found them
Down in the LAND OF FLOWERS.





Wet, wet, oh, dear! the world's so wet!
There's not a dry thing in it!
For two long months I havn't seen
The blessed sun one minute!
Drip, drip, from cloud, and bush, and tree,
Whatever I get under—
O dearie, dearie, dearie me!
Was I ever dry I wonder?

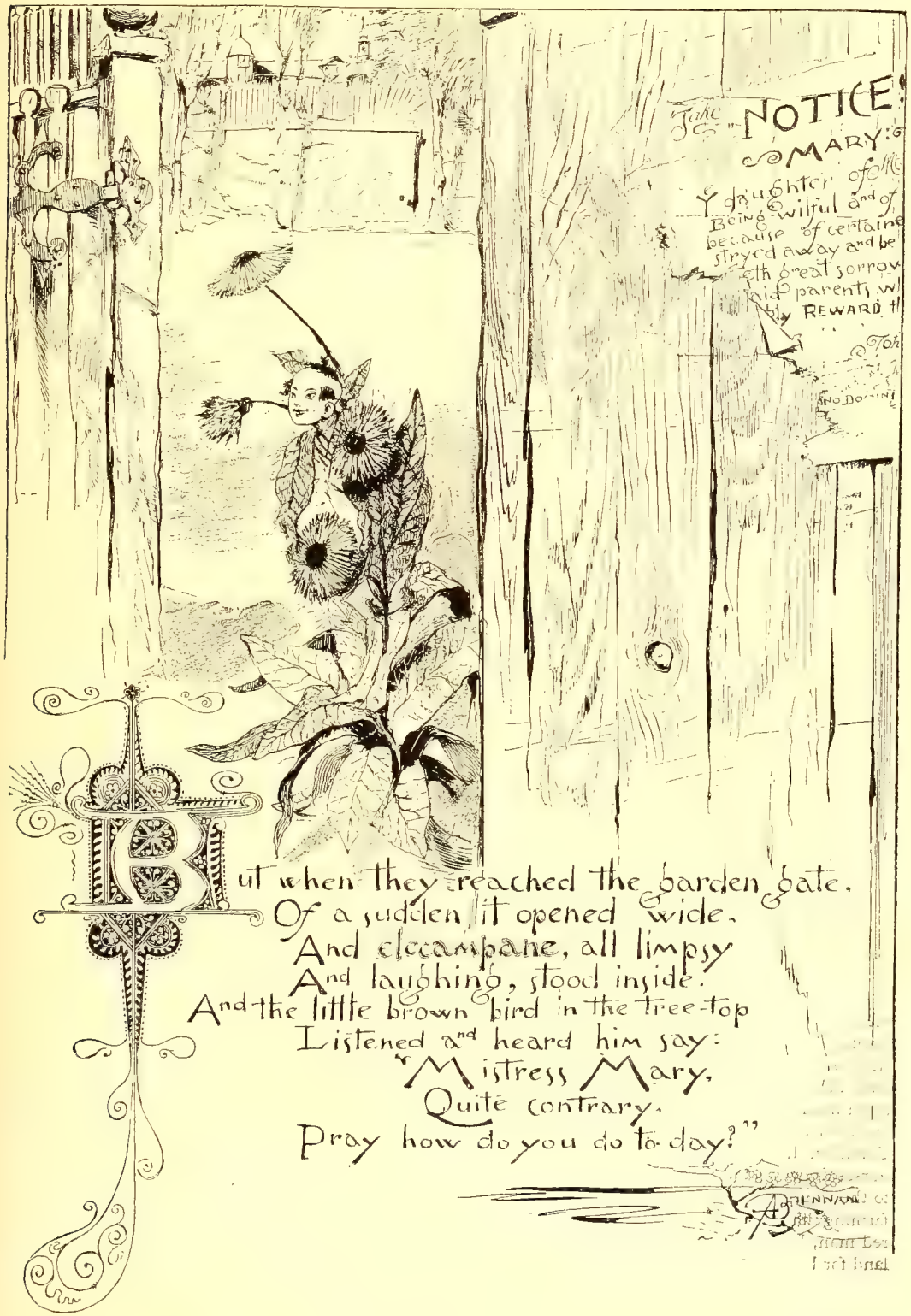
Said a voice that was softer than rain-drops
And almost as damp as they,
That came from the heart of each lily
Standing beside the way.
"O dear I am so mouldy!"
Cried every cockle-shell;
And "Oh! I am so rusty!"
Replied each silver-bell.

Five months in the hot Sahara
She dried her lilies well,
And three in the Desert of Loki,
She scoured each silver bell;
And two on the sea-shore she scraped the mould
Off of each cockle-shell.
But elecampane was so draggled
(And so dirty and so rude)
That Mistress Mary,
Quite contrary,
Left him beside the road.



A year and a day
Had passed away
When willful Mary came back to town.
Her hair had faded an ashen gray
And her eyes were a dusty brown.
But the lilies walked beside her
Stately and fair to see,
And the cockles, close behind her,
Came jumping three and three.
The silver bells were ringing
And the maidens all were singing
As they passed the old elm tree.





But when they reached the garden gate,
Of a sudden it opened wide,
And elecampane, all limpsy
And laughing, stood inside.
And the little brown bird in the tree-top
Listened and heard him say:
"Mistress Mary,
Quite contrary,
Pray how do you do to-day?"

COASTING ON LAKE WINNIPEG.

By Edmund A. Struthers.



MOUISEAU AND HIS DOG.

THE boys and girls of ST. NICHOLAS will perhaps be a little surprised to hear that there are civilized and enlightened people in the far north of our American continent who, during the winter season, make constant use of the dog as a beast of burden.

The officers of the powerful Hudson's Bay Company, whose trading-posts are scattered through the Dominion of Canada, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and away north to the banks of the noble Yukon, find it necessary to utilize the dog for purposes of traveling and transportation through sections of country where proper food can not be found for horses and cattle.

The dog is capable, also, of enduring a very low temperature and of thriving under harsh treatment. It is the habit of these hardy creatures, during a respite from drawing their heavily loaded sledges, to lie huddled together in their harness and allow the falling and drifting snow to hide them from sight, save where their black noses protrude for the purpose of obtaining air. With the Canadian Indian the dog takes the place of the horse, drawing the wood in winter, and bringing to the wigwam the spoils of the hunt. And, where farming has been attempted in a rude way by the red man, he uses his train of dogs for plowing the land for his little patch of potatoes.

As you boys have your toy steam-boats and cars, and while playing with them think that, when you are men, you will own real cars and boats, so the little Indian boy has his toy flat-sled, and no doubt thinks with longing of the days when he, a full-grown brave, will come striding back from the moose-hunt on his snow-shoes, followed by the panting train, drawing the carcass of the antlered king of the forest.

The manner of harnessing and driving dogs is interesting. The harness is usually made of moose-skin or buffalo leather, and is often lavishly decorated. The collar, which is not unlike our common horse-collar, is perfectly round, and is slipped over the dog's head, fitting snugly at the shoulders; the traces are attached to this collar, and, passing through loops in the bead-worked saddle-cloth, are fastened to the sledge. Four dogs usually comprise a train, and are driven "tandem." Great care is taken in selecting and training a leader; he must be quick, intelligent, strong, and ready to answer and obey the "chaw" and "yeā" ("right" and "left") of his driver.

The sledges for winter travel are of three kinds: the plain, flat sled (which is for freight), and the carriole and Berlin, for passengers. The flat sled is constructed of two or three long, thin boards, turned up at the front exactly as were the old-fashioned skates of our fathers, and bound together with rawhide thongs. The carriole, which might be termed the palace-car of the dog-train, is framed over and covered with dressed skins. The Berlin is a pleasure-sleigh, with rawhide sides.

Having given you an outline of the make-up and appearance of a dog-train, let me now ask that one of the boys (a brave boy he must be) accompany me on a journey of a few hundred miles through the wilderness, our only conveyance being flat sleighs and carrioles drawn by bushy-tailed and sharp-eared dogs. We will imagine ourselves, in the dead of winter, at Norway House, an important post or fort of the Hudson's Bay Trading Company, which is situated north of the head of that inland sea, Lake Winnipeg, and nearly four hundred miles from civilization; also that we are (as we most likely should be, in such a situation) very homesick, and wishing ourselves again by the shores of the grand old Atlantic. You say, my dear boy, you do not care to be dragged four hundred miles by dogs over a frozen lake, with no shelter at night, and the companionship

only of the bears and wolves near the coast. But, never fear — it is our only way of exit from this land of ice and snow. So come with me to the dog-yard, while Mouiseau, our French half-breed guide, selects the animals which are to form our trains. We find a large inclosure with high, wooden walls, which are, at the base and for some distance upward, plated with sheet-iron to prevent the restless animals from gnawing their way out of prison. This yard, or prison-house, is filled with a great variety of dogs, from the stately fellow who plainly shows the blood of the Scotch greyhound, to the miserable little Indian dog, who has been allowed lodgings inside the stockade, while his red master is bartering furs inside the fort.

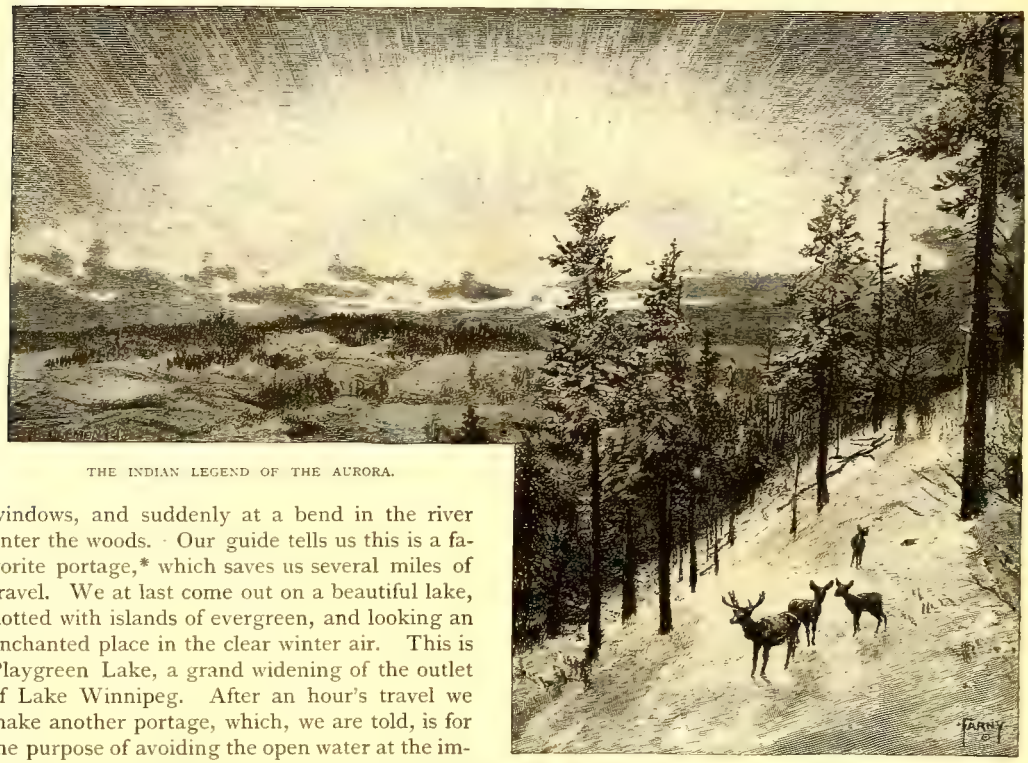
Mouiseau at last selects his dogs — not the largest in the yard, but from the medium-sized animals, on account of their greater powers of endurance. We are to have twelve dogs, making three trains of four dogs each. The selection is again carefully examined, collars are fitted, and the dogs are placed in another yard near by, ready for to-morrow, the day of our departure. We must look now to our personal outfit, bearing in mind that our baggage must be light; two pairs of wool blankets each, two buffalo robes, an oil-skin blanket, and two pillows complete our outfit. Mouiseau, with his two Indian drivers, attends to the food-supply, and places on the baggage-sledge a bag of pemmican (pounded buffalo-meat), a bag of "bannocks" (wheat-cakes made by Hector, the Scotch cook, who hails from the island of Lewis), several large pieces of fat pork, and a little box containing compressed potatoes.

Mouiseau calls us to look at our sleighs, packed as only an old traveler can pack, with snow-shoes, rifles, and cooking utensils lashed on the outside. All is now ready, and at break of day we shall be off amid the cheers and shouts of the employés, to whom the arrival and departure of guests is a matter of no small moment. Were it an arrival, the ensign of the corporation, with its "elk rampant" and curious motto "Pro pelle cutem" ("skin for skin"), would be at the top of the tall staff outside the walls of the fort.

Morning comes, and after numerous hand-shakings we sit in our carrioles, and are carefully wrapped by our attentive drivers, while the dogs are whining and barking in impatience to be off. The word is given: "Marsh anne mush!" ("Go along, dog!") the whips crack, and we glide down the slippery path, out of the gates of the fort and out upon the frozen river, which has for banks rough walls of granite, the tops of which are dotted with clumps of small jack-pine and spruce. We fly swiftly along, passing a few houses with mud chimneys and parchment



LEAVING NORWAY HOUSE.



THE INDIAN LEGEND OF THE AURORA.

windows, and suddenly at a bend in the river enter the woods. Our guide tells us this is a favorite portage,* which saves us several miles of travel. We at last come out on a beautiful lake, dotted with islands of evergreen, and looking an enchanted place in the clear winter air. This is Playgreen Lake, a grand widening of the outlet of Lake Winnipeg. After an hour's travel we make another portage, which, we are told, is for the purpose of avoiding the open water at the immediate outlet of the lake. We are now twenty-five miles from Norway House, and have been four hours on the road. Truly, our little dogs do bravely. We stop for a few minutes, while one of our Indians builds a fire and prepares a cup of tea; and then, our lunch over, the drivers take their places at the back of the sleighs, steadying and steering them through the narrow wood track by the use of a rope called a sail-line. We suddenly speed down a steep bank, and there before us is Lake Winnipeg, that immense receiving basin, which takes to itself on the south the mighty, rushing Winnipeg and the steady-flowing and silent stream which comes dashing through the rich prairie-lands of Dakota, Minnesota, and Manitoba, in its search for the sea, and known to us as the Red River of the North; while in the north-west the melting snows of the Rocky Mountains, after a swift journey through the valley of the Saskatchewan, find a few hours' rest and then go tumbling down the Nelson to Hudson's Bay. On the right is the site of an old fort, where many years ago a bloody battle was fought† between two powerful trading companies. Before us is Montreal Point, for which place we now take a direct course, our guide running before, in a steady, swinging trot peculiar to Indian runners, while our dogs follow in good form. At intervals we drop into a light slumber, to be suddenly awakened by the loud crack of a loaded whip and the responsive cry of a lazy dog. As the sun is setting in the west, going down into the apparently boundless lake, we halt on the edge of a huge drift, near the shore, which is at this point dotted with thickets of spruce and balsam, and get out of our carrioles stiffly enough after our long journey. The sleds are drawn into the timber, and our little party go at the work of clearing with snow-shoes a place for the camp. This accomplished, the fire is built, green boughs are laid for our beds, blankets and robes are brought forth; and while

* The term portage signifies a crossing or carrying place between two bodies of water. For instance: On a certain route where canoes are used, there are a series of lakes separated from one another by narrow strips of land. We pass through lake No. 1, in the direction of lake No. 2, searching for the narrowest strip separating them; a road is cut through the forest, over which the sturdy Indians carry the canoes and baggage, and launching their craft push on for No. 3. On much-frequented canoe routes these carrying-places have fine, wide roads, and bear suggestive titles, as "Turtle Portage," "Mossy Portage," etc. In winter these roads are used by travelers in order to pass from one frozen lake to another.

† This battle appears to have taken place near the close of a terrific strife for the control of the rich fur trade of the North-west, which raged between the North-west Trading Company, with head-quarters at Montreal, and the Hudson's Bay Company, of London, England, the termination being the joining of the rivals under the title of the latter company.

we stretch ourselves lazily before the bright fire of tamarack, our guide prepares supper, and his assistants unharness the dogs and prepare their meal of fresh white-fish. As we recline in perfect comfort, a shrike or butcher-bird, the first life we have seen in the woods to-day, hops from the bough above us, and helps itself from the pemmican-bag; then flies saucily over our heads toward his *cache*, to return in a few moments for more. The shrike is truly a camp-bird, and on discovering the smoke from some newly built camp-fire, as it curls upward through the trees, does not rest till it has reached the camp and sampled the cookery. The Indian seldom molests this arch thief, but laughs quietly at its saucy chatter, having a belief that, in days past, Wah-sē-i-ka-chak, as he calls it, has been in some way of service to his people. After a hearty supper of pemmican, potato, and bannock, we sit and listen to the monotonous tones of the Indians, who are recounting journeys to different parts of the far-north country, while they smoke their tiny stone pipes, filled with a mixture of willow bark and tobacco. Our twelve dogs are grouped on the solid drift, near the shore. The largest dog occupies the most elevated part of the bank, the place of honor, while the others sit solidly on their haunches and gaze steadily at their leader, who is now the picture of profundity, with a far-off, dreamy look in his eyes which his fellows are making a vain attempt to imitate. The moon is coming up now, and as it softly rises, causing the frost-covered trees to glisten in its light, the leader utters a plaintive wail, which is taken up by his companions, softly at first; then the leader gives forth a louder cry, another, and soon the whole pack there in the weird light are howling in fearful discord. Suddenly the leader ceases, and gradually the others become quiet, and curl themselves about the fire. The Indians soon are snoring in heavy sleep, the fire burns low, the trees crackle with frost, we hear a commingling of sounds, and, at last, sleep too.

We rest comfortably, with nothing above our heads save the beautiful dome of heaven, with its twinkling stars, which are dimmed at times by the magnificent and ever-changing aurora, which here reaches its greatest brilliancy. The Indians call this electric phenomenon Wah-wah-tao, and fancy it to be the spirits of the departed dancing on the borders of the Land of the Hereafter. While it is yet dark our drivers arise, with sundry grunts and remarks in Indian language relative to the probable weather and winds of the coming day; and soon a large fire, crackling and sending sparks over our heads without regard to consequences, is the alarm which brings us quickly from our snug beds. We now assist in packing our baggage preparatory to a continuation of our journey. A light breakfast dispatched, our dogs are placed in harness, we take seats in the carrioles, and are



THE GIANT OF LAKE WINNIPEG.

away with speed through the gray light of dawn. After an hour's run, the sun comes up—a golden ball seen through the stunted and storm-beaten



AN INDIAN VILLAGE.

pines that find footing on the lichen-covered rocks of the shore. We sit up in our sleighs to enjoy the fresh, clear air, and, looking to the right, we discover land where, a few moments before, there was none to be seen. Our look of surprise is answered by one of the Indians, who, running alongside the sleigh, shouts: "Statim Minis!" (The Horse Islands!) It is a grand mirage, for the Statim Minis are islands at least seventy miles away.

We fly along, our guides shouting alternately at the dogs and each other, apparently in the best of humor, now and again favoring us with snatches of Canadian boat-songs, no doubt caught up from the hardy voyageurs who go west in charge of bateaux from the banks of the rushing tributaries of the lower St. Lawrence.

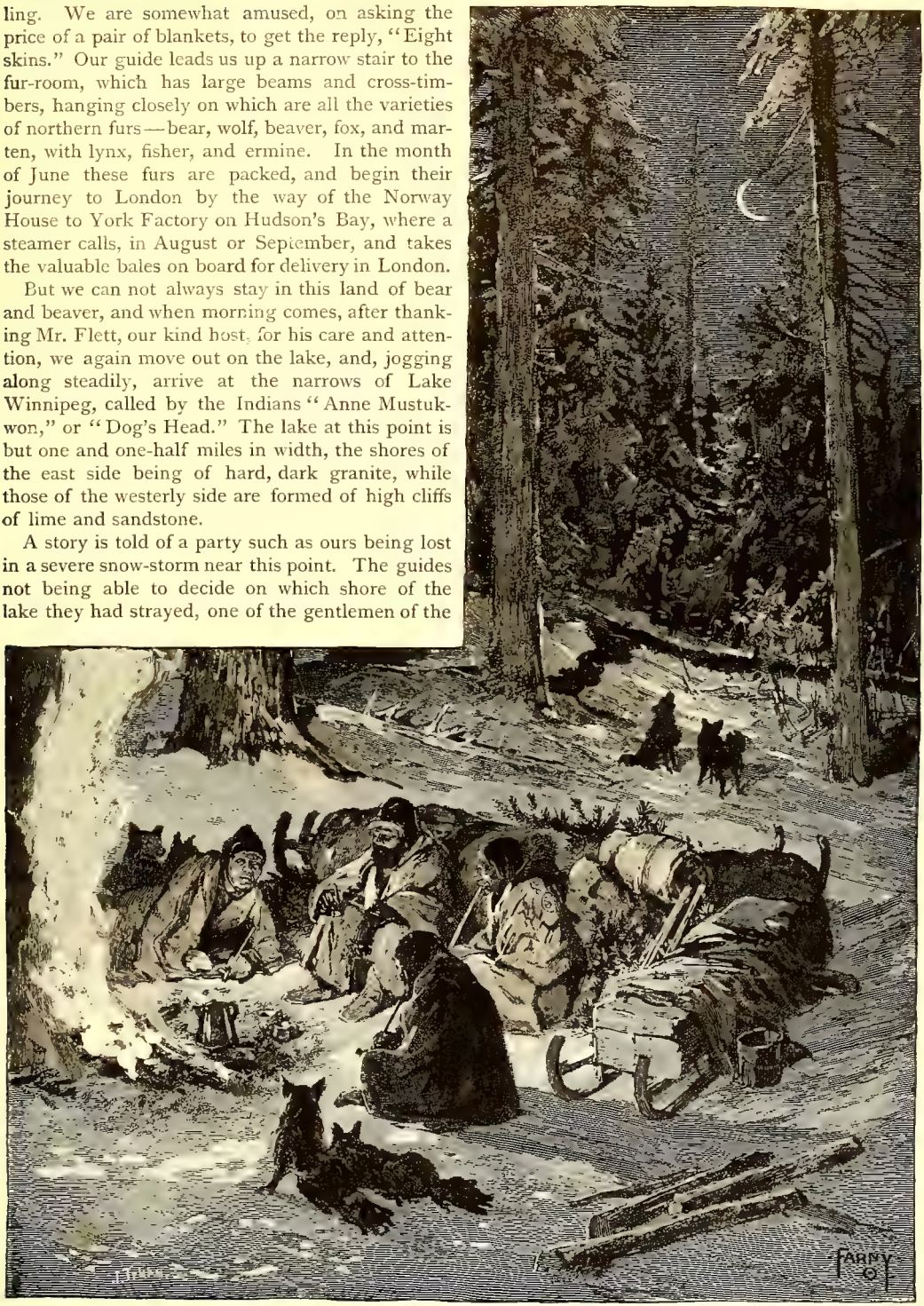
At sunset we arrive at a large Indian village, the entire population turning out to welcome us. This is a village of the Poplar River band, the wildest of the Lake Winnipeg Indians. During our halt of a few minutes, the old chief with his council appear, and have a few words with our men, while we must show our good and friendly feeling by presents of tobacco, clay pipes, etc. As we move away, our good-byes are answered by shouts of "Marchon, How marchon!" ("Good speed!")

At dusk of evening we camp a few miles south of Poplar River, going through the same procedure as on the evening of the first camp. At two o'clock in the morning of the next day, while the clear moon is slowly going down in the west, we are slipping along a hard-beaten hunters' track which runs across the bay. During the day we skirt a rough, rocky shore which lies to the left, and get glimpses of numerous islands on our right. In the early evening we arrive at Behrin's River Fort, a post of the trading company, where we are hospitably received by the officer in charge. We find in use at this place the St. Bernard dogs, very large and strong. Old travelers, however, will tell you that for long journeys, such as ours, the smaller dogs are preferable. It is not late, so let us accept the kind invitation of our host, and visit the trading-rooms of the fort. We follow him through a narrow passage, on one side of which is a short counter and at the end a heavy door, so built as to guard against surprise from hostile Indians, which, being swung back, admits us to the stores of Indian supplies—blankets, shirts, belts, and much-beaded moccasins; while hanging from smoke-stained beams are flint-lock guns of the "Queen Anne" pattern, axes, knives, and copper kettles. There is no money used in the trade of this far-away country; the beaver skin is recognized as the standard, and represents about five shillings ster-

ling. We are somewhat amused, on asking the price of a pair of blankets, to get the reply, "Eight skins." Our guide leads us up a narrow stair to the fur-room, which has large beams and cross-timbers, hanging closely on which are all the varieties of northern furs — bear, wolf, beaver, fox, and marten, with lynx, fisher, and ermine. In the month of June these furs are packed, and begin their journey to London by the way of the Norway House to York Factory on Hudson's Bay, where a steamer calls, in August or September, and takes the valuable bales on board for delivery in London.

But we can not always stay in this land of bear and beaver, and when morning comes, after thanking Mr. Flett, our kind host, for his care and attention, we again move out on the lake, and, jogging along steadily, arrive at the narrows of Lake Winnipeg, called by the Indians "Anne Mustukwon," or "Dog's Head." The lake at this point is but one and one-half miles in width, the shores of the east side being of hard, dark granite, while those of the westerly side are formed of high cliffs of lime and sandstone.

A story is told of a party such as ours being lost in a severe snow-storm near this point. The guides not being able to decide on which shore of the lake they had strayed, one of the gentlemen of the



THE CAMP AT NIGHT.



INDIANS FISHING THROUGH THE ICE.

party bethought himself of this difference in the formation of the rock, and, digging through the drift, at once solved the question. Our camp is made here, and in the morning we are off at full speed, passing during the forenoon Indian people fishing through holes in the ice, and bringing to the surface in their heavy nets beautiful white-fish. We pass Bull's Head, run through the Loon Straits, leave Grindstone Point on our right, and at night camp at the southern end of Red Deer Island. The camp to-night is in the enchanted country, and lying to the south-east is an island in which during summer, at break of dawn (according to our guide Mouiseau), the high wall of sandstone rock opens, and a giant, dragging after him a huge stone canoe, strides to the water's edge, launches his stony craft and pushes out into the broad lake, to return unseen for his voyage of the following morning. In passing this island it is customary to leave fragments of tobacco, and tea-leaves, as a peace-offering to the Phantom Giant of the Cliff.

We are now but seventy miles from the track of the iron horse, and with extra exertion may on the morrow finish our journey. We are called very early, to find a bright fire and breakfast ready. It is apparent that our men mean to distinguish themselves as runners to-day. Great care is taken in the lacing of moccasins and fixing belts and leggings; the harness is carefully examined, and, all being in readiness, we dash down the steep bank and out upon the lake, over which we glide along, unable at times to distinguish land on either side.

As the sun is low in the west, we run through a narrow, ice-bound channel, bordered on either side with tall, yellow reeds and rushes. Shortly after getting into this channel our half-breed guide, who is running swiftly before, turns and shouts, "Rivière Rouge" (Red River).

And here our journey is virtually at an end, as in a few hours we arrive at a station of the Canadian Pacific Railway, where we secure passage, and, after bidding farewell to our brave companions, who, strange to say, have become dear to us after a week's companionship, we roll away eastward, and passing through the cities of Winnipeg in Manitoba, St. Paul, Minnesota, and ever-busy Chicago, in the short space of three days we arrive at our homes on the Atlantic sea-board.



CONFUSION.

By M. M. D.



Heigho! I 've left my B O, bo,
And A B, ab — oh, long ago!
And gone to letters three.
(Dear me! What *does* that last word spell —
The last I learned? I knew it well —
It's W and E and B.)

You see, I 've so much work to do —
Scrubbing and sweeping, dusting too —
I can't remember half I know.
And oh! the spiders drive me wild,
Till Mother says: "What ails the child?
What makes her fidget so?"
(Now, sakes alive! What can it be —
That W and E and B?)

Right after school is out, I run
To do my work. It 's never done,
But soon as any lesson 's said
It goes and pops right out my head —
All on account of dust and dirt.
No matter how my hands may hurt,
I sweep and toil the livelong day,
And try to brush the things away.
(It's all the spiders — don't you see?)
And yet I 'm glad I 've learned to spell.
(What *is* that word? I knew it well —
That W and E and B!)

THE WHALE-HUNTERS OF JAPAN.

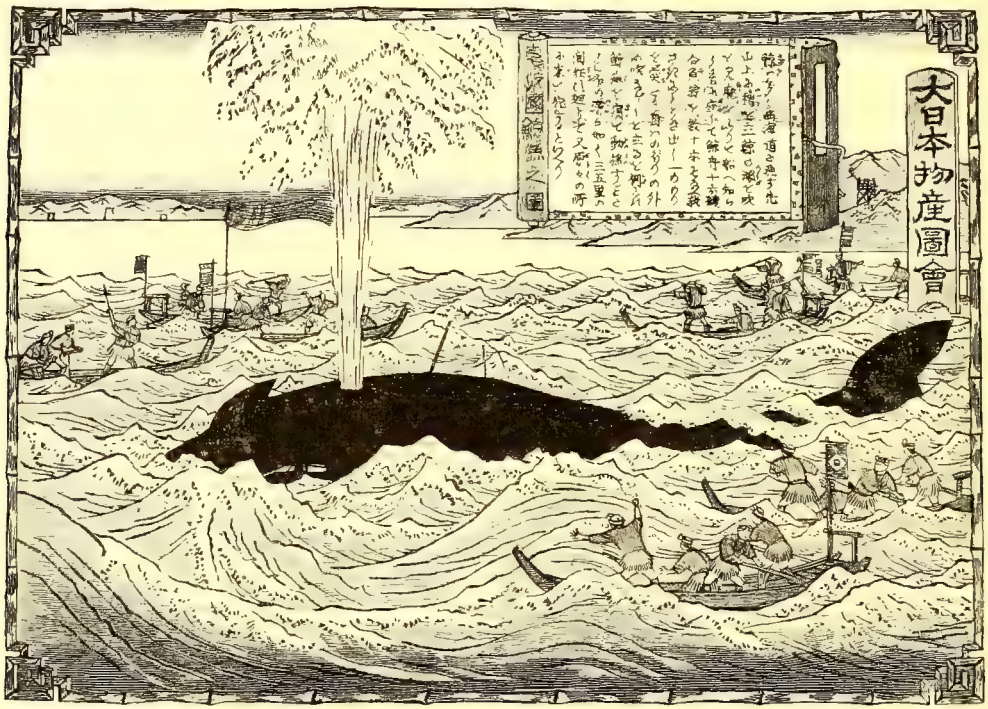
By Wm. Elliot Griffis.

Who ever heard of catching whales with a net, or of eating whale's meat? Yet both are done by Japanese sailors.

The whale-fishery of Japan is carried on as a regular business on both coasts of the country; but more men are employed, and the catch of whales is larger, off the eastern coast, especially off Kii province. A line drawn southward from Kioto, Lake Biwa, or Ozaka, will cut the Kii whaling-waters, and help one to find it on the map.

The great Gulf Stream of the Pacific, which the Japanese call the Kuro Shiwo, or Dark Current, on account of its deep blue color, rushes up from the south, and scours the Kii promontory like a mill-sluice. It is so sharply distinguishable from common sea-water that from the prow of a ship one can discern the line that divides the two colors. The starboard may be in the pale-green or sky-blue, while the larboard lies in the indigo or inky part. A bucket of water taken up from one side

will be twelve or fourteen degrees colder than one dipped simultaneously from over the opposite gunwale. The Kuro Shiwo is really a river flowing in the ocean. It lies upon, but does not mix with, the sea. Rising in the tropics, below Formosa, whalemen are divided into scullers, netters, and harpooners, or grappling-iron men. Japanese never row, but scull with curiously bent long sweeps, which swing on a half-round knob set into a pivot, the handle end being usually strapped at



ATTACKING THE WHALE.

and flowing up and across the Pacific, it bends around Alaska to California, and then crosses to the Sandwich Islands. A plank set floating off Formosa will travel in a few weeks to Honolulu, if not picked up.

The whales seem to enjoy the dark current as a promenade or ocean avenue; but at certain promontories, like that of Kii, they come quite near the shore, or swim around into the eddies, for recreation or for food.

The fishermen of the little town of Koza have a lookout-tower perched upon the rocks, far up on the hill-side. A sentinel is kept constantly watching for the spouting *kujiri* ("number-one fish"), as the natives call the whale. Long boats, holding from four to ten men, are kept ready launched. These hardy fellows row with tremendous energy, as if in a prize race. If the whales are numerous, the men wait in their boats, with sculls on their pins and straps ready to slip on at a moment's notice, all in order to put out to sea. A gay flag with a curious device floats at each stern. The the proper height. The device on each flag is different, and spears, nets, and grappling-irons are marked, so that the most skillful get proper credit for their courage, sure aim, and celerity.

The boatmen are lightly clad in short, sleeveless cotton jackets, with leggings, like greaves, reaching from knee to ankle. Around their waists are kilts made of coarse rice-straw. The nets, which are about twenty feet square, with meshes three feet wide, are made of tough sea-grass rope, two inches thick.

Twenty or thirty of these nets are provided, and then lightly tied together, so as to make one huge net, from four hundred to six hundred feet long. As soon as the signal from the tower is given, the boats put out, two by two, each pair of the larger boats having the net tackle, and all armed with darts and spears. Rowing in front of the whale, the net is dropped in his path. If skillfully done, the huge fish runs his nose or jaw into a mesh. He at once dives, and tries to shake off the net. This he can not do, for the square in which he is en-

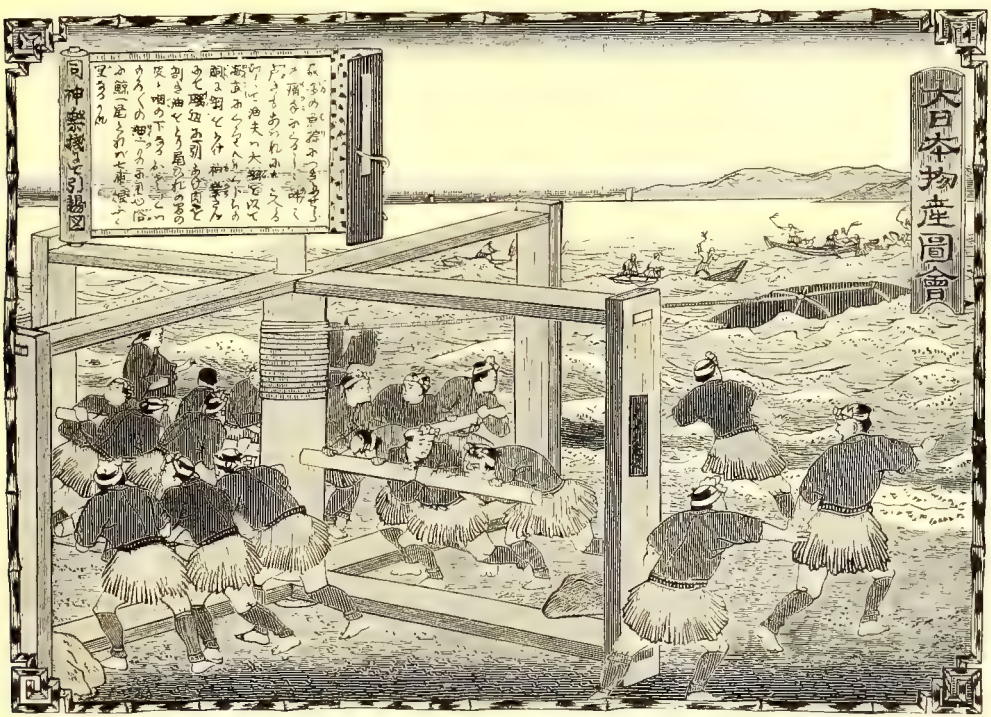
tangled immediately breaks off from the rest, which is hauled on board, ready for another drop. Should this also be successful, the game is soon up with the whale. Usually, the more he flounders, the more tightly his terrible collars hold him, entangling his fins and quickly exhausting his strength. No sooner does he rise for breath than the rowers dash close to him, giving the harpooners an opportunity to hurl their darts at his big body, until he looks like an exaggerated pincushion. As his struggles become weaker, the grappling-irons are thrown on and the boats tow the carcass near shore.

The whalemen carefully avoid the enraged animal's tail, and it is only occasionally that one of them is killed. In a good season, fifty whales will be taken. This method of whale-hunting was first practiced about the year 1680. When nets are not used, as in some places, the number of boats must be increased, and they must be smaller, so as to admit of rapid movements, and a good supply of harpoons must be on hand.

is the jolliest part of the work, as the casting of the net is the most exciting.

The whale is now cut up into chunks. Its tidbits go on the fisherman's gridiron, or are pickled, boiled, roasted, or fried. Japanese whales are caught more for food than for oil, and are leaner than their brethren of the Arctic seas. Some oil is, however, tried out from the blubber. Even the bones, when fresh and tender, are eaten. Of the others they make ropes, springs, and steelyards for weighing gold and silver. Nothing seems to be thrown away, except the shoulder-bone.

The ordinary dry-goods measure of Japan is called a "whale-foot," and is two inches longer than the "metal-foot" with which wood and stone are measured. The origin of this difference, according to legend, is as follows: Long ago, a great white whale, the king of the northern seas, having heard of the fame and great size of the bronze image of Buddha at Kamakura, went in high dudgeon and compared his length with that of Dai Butsu, the statue. Greatly to his relief, the image was found



DRAWING THE WHALE ASHORE BY THE WINDLASS.

To land their prize, the successful hunters lash about it stout straw ropes, and attach to them a cable, winding the other end around a windlass set up on the beach. Then, with gay and lively songs, they haul the enormous mass ashore. This

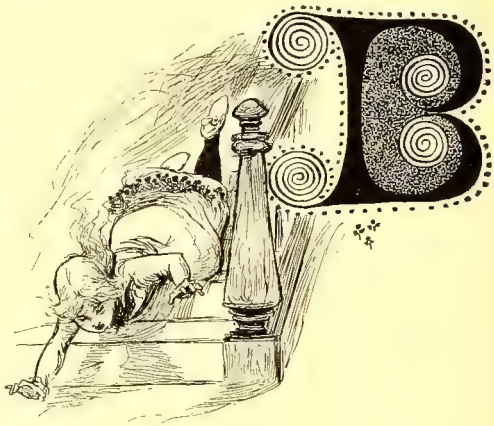
to be two inches shorter than his spouting majesty, who thereupon whisked his tail in triumph and returned home. Hence the "whale-foot" is two inches longer than the "metal-foot," as every Japanese boy knows.

AN ALPHABET OF CHILDREN.

BY ISABEL FRANCES BELLOWS.



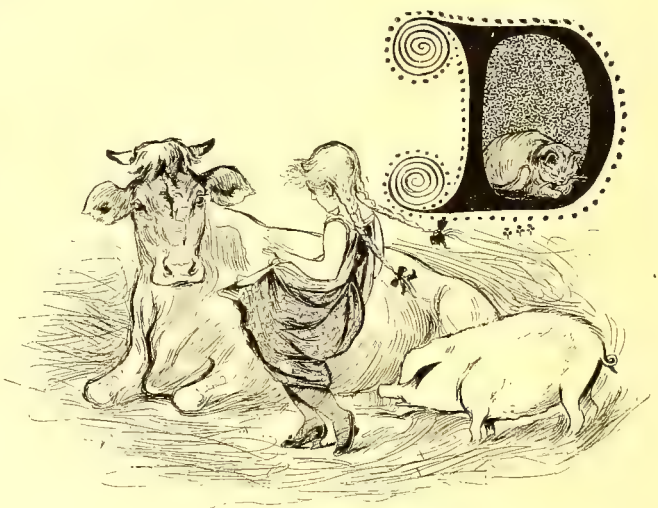
A IS for Apt little Annie,
Who lives down in Maine with her grannie.
Such pies she can make!
And such doughnuts and cake!
Oh, we like to make visits to Grannie!



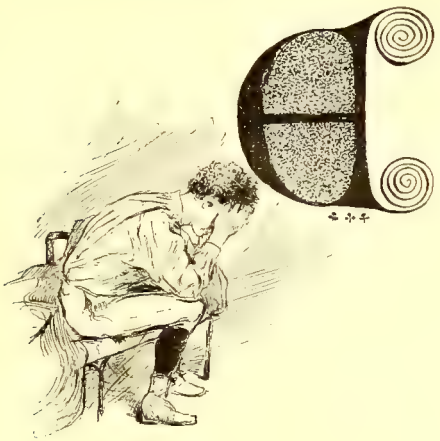
B is for Bad little Bridget,
Who is morn, noon, and night in a fidget.
Her dresses she tears,
And she tumbles down-stairs,
And her mother 's most worn to a midget.



C is for Curious Charlie,
Who lives on rice, oatmeal, and barley.
He once wrote a sonnet
On his mother's best bonnet;
And he lets his hair grow long and snarley.



D is for Dear little Dinah,
Whose manners grow finer and finer.
She smiles and she bows
To the pigs and the cows,
And she calls the old cat Angelina.



E is for Erring young Edward,
Who never can bear to go bedward.
Every evening at eight
He bewails his hard fate,
And they 're all quite discouraged with Edward.



F is for Foolish Miss Florence,
Who of spiders has such an abhorrence
That she shivers with dread
When she looks overhead,
For she lives where they 're plenty — at Lawrence.



G is for Glad little Gustave,
Who says that a monkey he *must* have;
But his mother thinks not,
And says that they 've got
All the monkey they care for in Gustave.



H is for Horrid young Hannah,
Who has the most shocking bad manner.
Once she went out to dine
With a party of nine,
And she ate every single banana.



I is for Ignorant Ida.
Who does n't know rhubarb from cider.
Once she drank up a quart,
Which was more than she ought,
And it gave her queer feelings inside her.



J is for Jovial young Jack,
Who goes to the balls in a hack.
He thinks he can dance,
And he 'll caper and prance
Till his joints are half ready to crack.



K is for Kind little Katy,
Who weighs 'most a hundred and eighty:
But she eats every day,
And the doctors all say
That 's the reason she 's growing so weighty.



L is for Lazy young Leicester,
Who works for a grocer in Chester;
But he says he needs rest,
And he finds it is best
To take every day a siesta.



M is for Mournful Miss Molly,
Who likes to be thought melancholy.
She 's as limp as a rag
When her sisters play tag,
For it 's vulgar, she says, to be jolly.



N is for Naughty young Nat,
Who sat on his father's best hat.
When they asked if he thought
He had done as he ought,
He said he supposed 't was the cat!



O 's Operatic Olivia,
Who visits her aunt in Bolivia.
She can sing to high C—
But, between you and me,
They don't care for that in Bolivia.



P is for Poor little Paul,
Who does n't like study at all.
But he 's learning to speak
In Hebrew and Greek,
And is going to take Sanskrit next fall.



Q is for Queer little Queen,
Who 's grown so excessively lean
That she fell in a crack,
And hurt her poor back,
And they say she can hardly be seen.



R is for Rude Master Ruby,
Who once called his sister a booby!
But a boy who stood by
Heard her piteous cry,
And came and chastised Master Ruby.



S is for Stylish young Sadie,
Whose hat is so big and so shady
That she thought it was night
When the sun was out bright,
And mistook an old cow for a lady.



T is for Turbulent Teddy,
Who never can learn to be steady.
He 'll skip and he 'll hop,
And turn 'round like a top,
And he 's broken his leg twice already.



U is Unhappy Ulrica,
Who takes her tea weaker and weaker;
She sits in the dust
And eats nothing but crust,
And Moses, they say, was n't meeker.

V is for Valiant young Vivian,
Who practiced awhile in oblivion;
Till he saw, without doubt,
He could turn inside out,
And now they 're all boasting of Vivian.

W is Wise little Willie,
Who lives where the weather is chilly;
But he skates and he slides,
And takes lots of sleigh-rides,
And he coasts on his sled where it 's hilly.



X, Y, Z—each is a baby
Who is going to be wonderful, maybe;
For their mothers all say
To themselves every day,
That there never was quite such a baby.

THE BANISHED KING.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

THERE was once a kingdom in which everything seemed to go wrong. Everybody knew this, and everybody talked about it, especially the King. The bad state of affairs troubled him more than it did any one else, but he could think of no way to make them better.

"I can not bear to see things going on so badly," he said to the Queen and his chief councilors. "I wish I knew how other kingdoms were governed."

One of his councilors offered to go to some other countries, and see how they were governed, and come back and tell him all about it, but this did not suit his majesty.

"You would simply come back," he said, "and give me your ideas about things. I want my own ideas."

The Queen then suggested that he should take a vacation, and visit other kingdoms, and see for himself how things were managed in them.

This did not suit the King. "A vacation would not answer," he said. "I should not be gone a week before something would happen here which would make it necessary to come back."

The Queen then suggested that he be banished for a certain time, say a year. In that case he could not come back, and would be at full liberty to visit foreign kingdoms, and find out how they were governed.

This idea pleased the King. "If it were made impossible for me to come back," he said, "of course I could not do it. The plan is a good one. Let me be banished." And he gave orders that his council should pass a law banishing him for one year.

Preparations were immediately begun to carry out this plan, and in a day or two the King took leave of the Queen, and left his kingdom, a banished man. He went away on foot, entirely unattended. But, as he did not wish to cut off all communication between himself and his kingdom, he devised a plan which he thought a very good one. At easy shouting distance behind him walked one of the officers of the court, and at shouting distance behind him walked another, and so on at distances of about a hundred yards from each other. In this way there would always be a line of men extending from the King to his palace. Whenever the King had walked a hundred yards the line moved on after him, and another officer was put in the gap between the last man and the palace door. Thus, as the King walked on, his line of followers lengthened, and was never broken. Whenever he had any message to send to the Queen, or any other person in the palace, he shouted it to the officer next him, who shouted it to the one next to him, and it was so passed on until it reached the palace. If he needed food, clothes, or any other necessary thing, the order for it was shouted along the line, and the article was passed to him from man to man, each one carrying it forward to his neighbor, and then retiring to his proper place.

In this way the King walked on day by day until he had passed entirely out of his own kingdom. At night he stopped at some convenient house on the road, and if any of his followers did not find himself near a house or cottage when the King shouted back the order to halt, he just laid himself down to sleep wherever he might be. By this time the increasing line of followers had used up all the officers of the court, and it became necessary to draw upon some of the under-government officers in order to keep the line perfect.

The King had not gone very far outside the limits of his dominions when he met a Sphinx. He had often heard of these creatures, although he had never seen one before. But when he saw the winged body of a lion with a woman's head, he knew instantly what it was. He knew, also, that the chief business of a Sphinx was supposed to be that of asking people questions, and then getting them into trouble if the right answers were not given. He therefore determined that he would not be caught by any such tricks as these, and that he would be on his guard if the Sphinx spoke to him. The creature was lying down when the King first saw it, but when he approached nearer it rose to its feet. There was nothing savage about its look, and the King was not at all afraid.

"Where are you going?" said the Sphinx to him, in a pleasant voice.

"Give it up," replied the King.

"What do you mean by that?" said the other, looking surprised.

"I give that up, too," said the King.

The Sphinx then looked at him quite astonished.

"I don't mind telling you," said the King, "of my own free-will, and not in answer to any questions, that I do not know where I am going. I am a king, as you may have noticed, and I

have been banished from my kingdom for a year. I am now going to look into the government of other countries in order that I may find out what it is that is wrong in my own kingdom. Everything goes badly, and there is something wrong at the bottom of it all. What this is I want to discover."



"'WHERE ARE YOU GOING?' SAID THE SPHINX, IN A PLEASANT VOICE."

"I am much interested in puzzles and matters of that kind," said the Sphinx, "and if you like I will go with you and help to find out what is wrong in your kingdom."

"All right," said the King. "I shall be glad of your company."

"What is the meaning of this long line of people following you at regular distances?" asked the Sphinx.

"Give it up," said the King.

The Sphinx laughed.

"I don't mind telling you," said the King, "of my own free-will, and not in answer to any question, that these men form a line of communication between me and my kingdom, where things, I fear, must be going on worse than ever, in my absence."

The two now traveled on together until they came to a high hill, from which they could see, not very far away, a large city.

"That city," said the Sphinx, "is the capital of an extensive country. It is governed by a king of mingled sentiments. Suppose we go there. I think you will find a government that is rather peculiar."

The King consented, and they walked down the hill toward the city.

"How did the King get his sentiments mingled?" asked the King.

"I really don't know how it began," said the Sphinx, "but the King, when a young man, had so many sentiments of different kinds, and he mingled them up so much, that no one could ever tell exactly what he thought on any particular subject. Of course, his people gradually got into the same frame of mind, and you never can know in this kingdom exactly what people think or what they are going to do. You will find all sorts of people here: giants, dwarfs, fairies, gnomes, and personages of that kind, who have been drawn here by the mingled sentiments of the people. I, myself, came into these parts because the people every now and then take a great fancy to puzzles and riddles."

On entering the city, the King was cordially welcomed by his brother sovereign, to whom he told his story; and he was lodged in a room in the palace. Such of his followers as came within the limits of the city were entertained by the persons near to whose houses they found themselves when the line halted.

Every day the Sphinx went with him to see the sights of this strange city. They took long walks through the streets, and sometimes into the surrounding country — always going one way and returning another, the Sphinx being very careful never to bring the King back by the same road or street by which they went. In this way the King's line of followers, which, of course, lengthened out every time he took a walk, came to be arranged in long loops through many parts of the city and suburbs.

Many of the things the King saw showed plainly the mingled sentiments of the people. For instance, he would one day visit a great smith's-shop, where heavy masses of iron were being forged, the whole place resounding with tremendous blows from heavy hammers, and the clank and din of iron on the anvils; while the next day he would find the place transformed into a studio.



THE ATTENDANT SPRITE ADOPTS A NEW PAIR OF PARENTS.

where the former blacksmith was painting dainty little pictures on the delicate surface of egg-shells. The King of the country, in his treatment of his visitor, showed his peculiar nature very plainly. Sometimes he would receive him with enthusiastic delight, while at others he would upbraid him with having left his dominions to go wandering around the earth this way.

One day, our King was sitting rather disconsolately in the garden of the palace. His host had invited him to attend a royal dinner that day, but, when he went to the grand dining-hall, pleased with anticipations of a splendid feast, he found that the sentiments of his majesty had become mingled, and that he had determined, instead of having a dinner, to conduct the funeral services of one of his servants who had died the day before. All the guests had been obliged by politeness to remain during the ceremonies, which our King, not having been acquainted with the deceased servant, had not found at all interesting. Another thing troubled him; his long walks had nearly worn out his shoes, and, although he had sent through his line of communication an order for a fresh pair, he had already waited for them a greater time than he had ever waited for anything before. It took a long time for an order to go through all the immense loops in which his followers were now arranged in the city, and then to the comparatively straight line between this city and his kingdom. While sitting thus, he perceived a Genie walking meditatively down one of the paths. Perceiving him, the Genie stopped and asked what was the matter with him. The King did not say anything about the lost dinner and the funeral, because he thought the Genie might possibly belong to the court, but he told him how troubled he was about his boots.

"You need not annoy yourself about a matter of that kind," said the Genie, smiling. "What size do you wear?"

"Eights," said the King.

The Genie clapped his mighty hands, and in a moment an Attendant Sprite appeared.

"A pair of number eight boots," said the Genie —"best leather and purple tops."

Instantly the Attendant Sprite disappeared, and the Genie, without waiting for the thanks of the King, pursued his meditative walk. In a short time, the Attendant Sprite returned, bearing on a silver salver a beautiful pair of new boots. The King tried them on, and they fitted admirably.

"I am very glad you brought me the boots," he said to the Attendant Sprite. "I was very much afraid that on the way your sentiments would become mingled, and that you might bring me a bee-hive."

"No," said the little fellow, "I am not one of the regular inhabitants of this city, and I don't mingle my sentiments much, although if I were

to do so a little, just now, it would not surprise me, for I am greatly worried in my mind."

"What troubles you?" asked the King.

"Well," replied the Attendant Sprite, putting his silver salver upon the ground, and seating himself in it, "I am afraid I 'm an orphan, and that is enough to trouble me, I am sure."

"You are not certain of it, then?" asked the King.

"Yes," said the other, "I really may be certain of it. You see that we attendant sprites have no parents when we make our appearance in this world, and if we want to be taken care of, we are obliged to adopt a pair of parents as soon as possible. For a long time I had very good parents. They did not know each other, but sometimes one cared for me, and sometimes the other. But now they have become acquainted, and have actually gone off to get married. Of course, they will care no more for me. My parents are lost to me. It is especially hard for me to be an orphan, for the world who needs as much as I do some parents to take care of him and make him comfortable on the rare occasions when he gets a chance to take a little rest."

"Poor fellow!" said the King. "What do you intend to do?"

"I must look for another pair," replied the other, "as soon as I can get the time."

"How would I do?" asked the King. "Should you like me for one of your parents?"

"You would do splendidly," cried the Attendant Sprite, springing up. "I will take you, if you say so."

"Very well," answered the King. "I will be one of them."

"I am very much obliged," said the Attendant Sprite; "and now I will look up the other one." And away he ran.

The next day the King was in the garden again, talking with the Sphinx, when the Attendant Sprite re-appeared.



"'YES,' SAID THE LITTLE FELLOW, 'I REFUSE, POINT-BLANK'" [SEE PAGE 123.]

Genie, my master, gives me a great deal of work to do, and some of his errands are very long and difficult. There is n't an attendant sprite in the

"I have got the other one," he said, "or, at least, I had her." And he began feeling in his pockets. "Oh, here she is!" he cried directly.

And he pulled out a little Pigwidgeon Fairy, about six inches high.

This small creature looked rather old for her size, and was dressed in a short-gown and petticoat, and wore a speckled sun-bonnet.

"Now I am all right," he cried. "There 's a father!" he said, pointing to the King; "and here," holding up the Pigwidgeon, "is a mother! Now, then, I shall have a chance to be happy and comfortable."

Just then he stopped, and looked as if he had been struck by a chill. "Oh, dear!" he cried, "the Genie has summoned me." And he was off in an instant.

"Poor dear! poor dear!" cried the Pigwidgeon, wringing her little hands. "This sort of thing will kill him before long. He tells me he hardly ever has a minute to rest. His constitution wont stand it."

"But what is to be done?" said the King. "I suppose he has to go when the Genie summons him."

"But he ought n't to have to go!" cried the Pigwidgeon. "Is n't there some way to get rid of going?"

"I have heard," said the Sphinx, "that there is only one way of not doing what a Genie tells you to do when he is your master. You must reverse his summons."

"How do you do that?" asked the King.

"I really can not tell you," replied the Sphinx, "because I have never heard. To find out that, we shall have to consult a Sage."

For this purpose they set out immediately, the King carrying the Pigwidgeon in his pocket. They walked a long, long way before they came to the home of the Sage. In fact, they made a great circuit in going to this place, and the officer of the court who followed next to him remarked to himself that if the Sphinx did not take the King by such roundabout ways there would not be half as much walking for them all to do.

The Sage was at home, and their business was soon explained. The learned man took down some old books from a high shelf, and turned to a chapter which treated of the summonses of Genii. After considerable study and thought, he announced to his visitors that the way to reverse the summons of a Genie was to mingle his sentiments.

"There is nothing particularly learned about that," exclaimed the King. "In this city that sort of thing is done all the time."

"Nevertheless," said the Sage, closing the book, "that is the way to do it. Five drachmas of silver, if you please."

The King paid the fee, and left the house very angry. "That is a regular imposition," he said to the Sphinx. "Anybody in this place would have told us exactly the same thing."

"Perhaps so," said the Sphinx, with a mystic smile, "but I think we had better try it."

"Indeed we must!" cried the little Pigwidgeon, putting her head out of the King's pocket. "We must do everything we can to save our poor dear from killing himself with errand-running for this Genie."

"But how is it to be done?" asked the King.

"We must think that over," answered the Sphinx.

When they reached the palace garden they found the Attendant Sprite waiting for them. He was very tired, and was lying on his back on the grass. By this time the Sphinx had thought thoroughly over the matter, and he now proposed a plan.

"The next time the Attendant Sprite is summoned," said the Sphinx, "he must go to the Genie, of course, but let him refuse to obey his commands. If that does not mingle his sentiments I shall be very much surprised. Then we shall see what will happen."

"I don't believe anything will happen, except, perhaps, that he will be punished," said the King; "but, as there is nothing else to be done, we will try it."

"Oh, yes," replied the Pigwidgeon, "we will try it. We 'll try anything to save our poor dear from his dreadful life."

"It will be pretty hard on me," said the Attendant Sprite, stretching his arms and legs out on the grass; "but I suppose I 'll have to try it."

It was not long before the little fellow sprang to his feet. He felt a summons from the Genie, and was off in an instant. Impelled by some invisible power he found himself in a very short time in one of the rooms belonging to the ladies of the palace. On a divan sat a beautiful and richly dressed Princess, and beside her stood the Genie.

"Go, minion," said the Genie, "to the top of yonder high mountain. There you will find a lovely garden surrounded by a crystal wall. In the center of that garden stands a rose-bush more beautiful than any bush that grows. On the bush is a single damask rose, with a great pearl lying like a drop of dew on its crimson bosom. Go and pluck that rose, and bring it instantly to this fair Princess."

"I can't do it," said the Attendant Sprite. "It 's dreadfully tiresome going up high mountains, and I always cut my legs when I climb over crystal walls."

"What!" cried the Genie, turning black with rage. "Do you refuse?"

"Yes," said the little fellow, looking up at the

Genie, with his legs outspread and his hands behind his back. "I refuse, point-blank."

The Genie was so moved by rage that he turned and twisted like the smoke from the chimney of a forge. "Go back!" he cried, his form trembling until the house shook, "to whatever wretched spot you came from, and nevermore be slave of mine!"

The Attendant Sprite turned, and was gone in an instant. Reaching the palace garden he threw himself upon the grass. "It is all right," he said to his parents and the Sphinx. "I mingled his sentiments, and the summons is reversed."

"A united family!" exclaimed the Pigwidgeon, taking off her sun-bonnet, and smoothing her hair.

"Now, then," said the King, "I am in favor of moving on. I am tired of this place, where every sentiment is so mingled with others that you can never tell what anybody really thinks or feels. I don't believe any one in this country was ever truly glad or sorry. They mix one sentiment so quickly with another that they never have, so far as I can see, anything but a sort of mushy feeling which amounts to nothing at all."

"When the King first began to mingle his sentiments," said the Sphinx, "it was because he always wished to think and feel exactly right. He did not wish his feelings to run too much one way or the other."

"And so he is never either right or wrong," said the King. "I don't like that, at all. I want to be either one thing or the other."

"I want to be one thing," said the Attendant Sprite, as he lay upon the grass, "and that is comfortable. Anybody who likes can be the other."

"I have wasted a good deal of time at this place," said the King, as they walked on, "and I have seen and heard nothing which I wish to teach my people. And yet I desire very much to do something which will prevent everything from going wrong as it does now. I have tried plan after plan, and sometimes two or three together, and have kept this up year after year, and yet nothing seems to do my kingdom any good."

"Have you heard how things are going on there now?" asked the Sphinx.

"Give it up," said the King.

This very much surprised the Pigwidgeon, who was always glad to get news of any kind, and had put her head out of the King's pocket, the better to hear how his kingdom was coming on. "What do you mean by that?" she asked quickly.

"I never answer a question put to me by a Sphinx," said the King. "There is no knowing what trouble it might lead to. But I don't mind saying of my own accord, and not as answer to any question, that I have sent a good many communications to my Queen, but have never received any from her. So I do not know how things are going on in my kingdom."

"I dare say she thinks you would meddle if she tells you what she is doing. I think she must be a very wise Queen," said the Pigwidgeon. "And now I want to say that I believe that is all stuff about answering the Sphinx's questions. I am not to be frightened by anything of that sort. Wont you ask me a question?" she said, turning to the Sphinx.

"How do you do?" gravely asked the Sphinx.

"Very well, indeed," answered the Pigwidgeon.

"There!" she said, looking around triumphantly before she cuddled herself down for another nap in the King's pocket.

The party now went on for an hour or more, the King and the Sphinx walking side by side; the Attendant Sprite skipping in front of them; the little Pigwidgeon sleeping quietly in the King's pocket; and the long line of followers coming after, keeping their relative positions a hundred yards apart, and passing over all the ground the King had traversed in his circuitous walks about the city. Thus the line crept along like an enormous snake in straight lines, loops, and coils; and every time the King walked a hundred yards a fresh man from his capital city was obliged to take his place at the tail of the procession.

"There is one thing we have found out," said the Attendant Sprite, after a while, as he came down from a tree where he had been gathering plums, "and that is that resistance to tyranny is the root of joy."

"There is no tyranny in my dominions," said the King, "so there is no need of learning anything about that."

"Oh, of course not!" said the little Pigwidgeon, popping out her head, and looking back at the long line of followers who had been obliged to leave their homes and families to trudge after the King in his wanderings. Nothing was said in answer to this, and after a time the Pigwidgeon made another remark. "If you want to see a kingdom where there really is something to learn, you ought to go to the country of the Pigwidgeons," she said.

"All right," said the King. "Let 's go there."

And so, under the direction of the little creature, they started to walk to her country. She wanted to go there herself, she said, and would be very glad to show them the way. In the course of the afternoon they reached the edge of a high bluff. "On the level ground, beneath this precipice," she said, "is the country of the Pigwidgeons. You can sit on the edge of the bluff and look down upon it."

The King, the Sphinx, and the Attendant Sprite then sat down, and looked out from the edge over the country of the little people. The officer of the court who had formed the head of the line wished very much to see what they were looking at, but, when the line halted, he was not near enough.

"There now, you see," said the Pigwidgeon, "is the land of my people. You will notice that the little houses and huts are gathered together in clusters, and each one of these clusters is under a separate king."

"Why don't they all live under one ruler?" asked the King. "That is the proper way."

"No, it is n't," said the Pigwidgeon quickly, "not if you want everything to go on right. You might as well have one father for all the families in your city, and I am sure nobody would like that. In each of these clusters live the Pigwidgeons who are best suited to each other; and, if any Pigwidgeon finds he can not get along in one cluster, he goes to another. The kings are chosen from among the very best of us, and each one is always very anxious to please his subjects. He knows that everything that he, and his queen, and his children eat, or drink, or wear, or have must be given to him by his subjects, and if it were not for them he would not be anything at all. And so he does everything that he can to make them happy and contented, for he knows if he does not please them and govern them well, they will gradually drop off from him and go to other clusters, and he will be left without any people or any kingdom."

"That is a very queer way of ruling," said the King. "I think the people ought to try to please their sovereign."

"He is only one, and they are a great many," said the Pigwidgeon. "Consequently they are much more important. We know how to do things here, and everything goes on all right. No subject is ever allowed to look down upon a king, just because he helps to feed and clothe him, and send his children to school. If any one were to do a thing of this kind, he would be banished until he learned better. I was banished for this very thing.



THE BANISHED KING PROCEEDS TO THE COUNTRY OF THE PIGWIDGEONS.

I went to see our queen one day, and I suppose I was a little airy when I saw her wearing the clothes and eating the food I had helped to give her. And so I was banished."

"For how long?" asked the Attendant Sprite.

"I was ordered to stay away," she said, "as long as my sun-bonnet was clean and my clothes were not torn. Now, I want you all to look at me," she continued, turning herself around as she stood before them, "and tell me if I am really fit to be seen. My sun-bonnet is all crumpled up from sleeping in it, and there are several holes in my short-gown and petticoat."

Everybody agreed that her clothes were certainly

soiled and worn-out enough to entitle her to return to her home.

"All right," she said; "I am going down to my people. There is a little winding path here, by which I can walk down easily. If everything is all right, I will call for the Attendant Sprite, and he shall bring you something to eat. Are you not hungry?"

The King was obliged to admit that he was. Food had been regularly passed to him from his palace, but the line of communication had now become so long that it took a great while to reach him, and was often very stale and cold before he got it. Sometimes it was spoiled on the way, and then it was not passed on any further. So the King, who had now been waiting a long time for his dinner, which probably had been started to him two or three days before, was very glad to get something to eat, although he did not think his appetite would be satisfied by the little mites of food the Pigwidgeons must live upon. But when, in a short time, the Pigwidgeon parent, in a clean speckled sun-bonnet, and new short-gown and petticoat, appeared at the bottom of the cliff and called the Attendant Sprite to come down, he did not have to wait long for a very good dinner. When the Attendant Sprite returned, clambering up the face of the cliff almost as quickly as he had gone down, he bore with him a barn-full of fresh loaves of bread, and a quantity of fruit. The loaves of bread were no larger than very little biscuits, and the fruit was like currants or elder-berries, but they were both sweet and delicious, and there was enough to give the three companions a good meal. The first man in the line of followers looked very much as if he would have liked to have had some of these good things, but he was too far away to expect any to be offered him.

Before long the little Pigwidgeon came toiling up the winding path, and rejoined her former companions. "It 's all right with me down there," she said, "and my time of banishment is over. I wish you could go down to see what a happy condition our country is in. The people are so good, and so kind to their kings, and the kings are so grateful for all that their subjects are doing for them, and so anxious to preserve their good opinion, that everything is going on beautifully."

"That may be very well for Pigwidgeons," said the King, "but I can learn nothing from a government like that, where everything seems to be working in an opposite direction from what everybody knows is right and proper. A king anxious to deserve the good opinion of his subjects! What nonsense! It ought to be just the other way."

"It ought n't to be the other way, at all!" cried the Pigwidgeon, sharply, "and you could learn a great deal from our government, if you chose! But you don't seem able to learn anything at all here, and so you had better go on, and try to find some other government that is better than ours. You 'll have a long walk of it, I can tell you! I am going home to my people." And so saying, she ran down the little path.

The King now again took up the line of march, turning away from the country of the Pigwidgeons. But he had not gone more than two or three hundred yards before he received a message from the Queen. It came to him very rapidly, every man in the line seeming anxious to shout it to the man ahead of him as quickly as possible. The message was to the effect that he must either stop where he was or come home: his constantly lengthening line of communication had used up all the chief officers of the government, all the clerks in the departments, and all the officials of every grade, excepting the few who were actually necessary to carry on the government, and if any more men went into the line it would be necessary to call upon the laborers and other persons who could not be spared.

"I think," said the Sphinx, "that you have made your line long enough."

"And I think," said the King, "that you made it a great deal longer than it need have been, by taking me about in such twisty-ma-curl ways."

"It may be so," said the Sphinx, with his mystic smile.

"Well, I am not going to stop here," said the King, "and so I might as well go back as soon as I can." And he shouted to the head man of the line to pass on the order that his edict of banishment be revoked.

In a very short time the news came that the edict was revoked. The King then commanded that the procession return home, tail end foremost. The march was immediately begun, each man, as soon as he reached the city, going immediately to his home and family.

The King and the greater part of the line had a long and weary journey, as they followed each other through the country and over the devious ways in which the Sphinx had led them in the City of Mingled Sentiments. The King was obliged to pursue all these devious turns, or be separated from his officers, and so break up his communication with his palace. The Sphinx and Attendant Sprite accompanied him.

When, at last, he reached his palace, his line of former followers having apparently melted entirely away, he hurried upstairs to the Queen, leaving the Attendant Sprite and the Sphinx in the courtyard.

The King found, when he had time to look into

the affairs of his dominions, that everything was in the most admirable condition. The Queen had selected a few of those officials who were best qualified to carry on the government, and had ordered the rest to fall, one by one, into the line of communication. The King set himself to work to think about the matter. It was not long before he came to the conclusion that the main thing which had been wrong in his kingdom was himself. He was so greatly impressed with this idea that he went down to the court-yard to speak to the Sphinx about it.

"I dare say you are right," said the Sphinx, "and I don't wonder that what you learned when you were away, and what you have seen since you came back, have made you feel certain that you were the cause of everything going wrong in this kingdom. And now, what are you going to do about your government?"

"Give it up," promptly replied the King.

"That is exactly what I should do," said the Sphinx; and the Attendant Sprite remarked that he thought under the circumstances he would do it too.

The King did give up his kingdom. He was convinced that being a king was exactly the thing he was not suited for, and that he would get on much better in some other business or profession. He determined to be a traveler and explorer, and to go abroad into other countries to find out things that might be useful to his own nation. His Queen had shown that she could govern the country in the very best manner, and it was not at all necessary for him to stay at home. She had ordered all the men who had made up his line to follow the King's example and to go into some good business; and, not being bothered with so many officers, she would be able to get along quite easily.

The King was very successful in his new pursuit, and although he did not this time have a line of followers connecting him with the palace, he frequently sent home messages which were of use and value to his nation.

"And now," said the Attendant Sprite to the Sphinx, "I 'd like to know what I am to do for parents. Both the Pigwidgeon and the King have deserted me, and again I am left an orphan. I wish I could find a pair of permanent parents."

"I feel very sorry for you," said the Sphinx, "and I would help you if I could. If you choose, I will be one of your parents."

"Well," said the Attendant Sprite, "when I come to think of it, I don't believe I will bother myself to make any changes at present. Good-bye." And he quickly skipped out of sight.



THE RETURN HOME.

LITTLE BEPPO.

By Malcolm Douglas.

A DULL, leaden sky. All day the snow-flakes have steadily fallen, and now, as night approaches, not a vestige of the frozen earth remains. Beppo walks wearily along, his beloved guitar held closely under his arm. He sees the lights lit in happy homes; he sees the children, with their faces pressed against the panes, watching with delight the fall of the flakes, for to-morrow will be Christmas and the snow will aid Kriss Kringle in his visit; and a sad smile lights up his dark face, for the snow that brings happiness to them brings him deepest sorrow.

As the little wanderer strolls on, he thinks of that land of mellow sunshine far over the sea, and of the happy home *he* had before his parents died; and, in contrast to this, he thinks of the home he has now, and of the wicked *padrone* who took him from his cherished country.

These last thoughts arouse him to a sense of business, and, clinking the few pennies in his pockets, he takes up his position at the entrance of a theater which is ablaze with light. Then, blowing his breath upon his stiff, cold fingers, he plays a few wild, sweet notes upon his instrument —a prelude to "Home, Sweet Home." He watches the gayly attired people pass into the warm building, but none seem to notice the little figure shrinking in the shadow. None save the gruff, burly policeman who roughly grasps his shoulder and says: "Come, young un, move along now!"

And Beppo, utterly disheartened, moves on. It has been a poor day for business; he does not dare to go home with the few pennies he has earned; and now the stern mandate of the officer has cut off his last chance of getting more.

He pauses under a gas-lamp, and, by its flickering rays, he counts his pennies over. Just ten— enough for coffee and rolls; and he crosses over to a little restaurant, and is soon indulging in a bit of extravagance. Supper over, he plans where he shall sleep.

He remembers a box filled with straw which he has seen in his wanderings. He wends his way toward it, and, when ten strikes from the tall church-tower near by, Beppo is calmly asleep, his guitar pressed tenderly upon his breast.

* * * * * *

Twelve o'clock. As the last stroke reels out upon the frosty air, Beppo awakes from a troubled dream. His sharp ear catches the sound of voices, and he remains almost breathless.

"How are you going to work the job?" says some one in a hoarse whisper.

"It 's as easy as rolling off a log," replies his companion. "The girl leaves the kitchen-window unlatched, and we 're in the house as nice as you please. Have you brought all the tools?"

"All in this bag," rejoins the first, and Beppo, wide awake now, hears something jingle.

"Then, ho for old Howland's silver!" chuckles the second, and the two move off.

Beppo hears their footsteps die away. He comprehends it all,— that there is to be a robbery, —and wonders how he can prevent it. The name Howland he has heard before, and he knows that he may be the means of saving much.

He arises from his cramped position, and, stretching himself, reaches for his guitar. Then, shivering as the piercing winds strike through his tattered clothing, he glides swiftly down the street— on until the bright light of a police-station greets his vision.

In broken sentences, he tells his story to the sergeant in charge, and the latter at once sends two officers out to investigate the matter.

Beppo knows that he has done his duty— he can do no more. Unnoticed, he steals out into the dark street. Two or three blocks passed, a strange feeling comes over him. The snow falls so fast that he can scarcely see before him. Sick and dizzy, he gropes his way up the steps of a private residence and falls fainting in the door-way.

* * * * * *

The *Herald*, two days after, contained among its advertisements the following:

IF THE LAD WHO GAVE THE VALUABLE INFORMATION that led to the frustration of designs upon a Fifth Avenue house, will send his address to A—— H——, Herald office, he will hear of something to his advantage.

And the following in its local department:

FROZEN TO DEATH.

Yesterday morning, while Mr. John Smith, of Blank street, was searching for his paper in the door-way, his attention was drawn to a little figure half-covered by the snow. A guitar was tightly clasped in his hands. A doctor was immediately summoned and stimulants were given, but to no avail. The poor little fellow was quite dead. He was subsequently identified as Beppo, who, with his instrument, was quite well known among people of the lower district.

AN ACCIDENT IN HIGH LIFE.

By Eleanor A. Hunter.



THE TINKHAM BROTHERS' TIDE-MILL.*

By J. T. Trowbridge.

Chapter IV.

THE NEW HOME.

The Dushees moved into a smaller house on the Dempford side of the river, and on the first of April the Tinkhams took possession of their new home.

Rush drove his mother and Letty over from the Tammoset station in Mr. Dushee's buggy, which the boys had about decided to purchase, together with the horse, harnesses, and a good business wagon — these being among the many things the owner would now have no use for, and which, he said, ought to go with the mill.

"A pretty fair sort of a horse," Rush remarked, as he drove out of the village. "Get up!" — with a flourish of the whip. "Not a two-forty nag, exactly — go 'long, will you! — not very stunning in the way of beauty, but he 'll do till we can afford a better."

"He looks well enough, I 'm sure," replied his mother. "And why should boys always wish to travel so fast? I never expected we should be able to keep a horse at all; and such a one as this, even, seems too much — too great a blessing!"

"Oh, he 's beautiful, if he is only ours!" said Letty. "To think of keeping our own horse and carriage! It 's like a dream."

"I hope it wont all turn out to be a big April fool," said the mother, with a smile in which quivered a deep and tender emotion. "That 's what I am afraid of."

The weather was fine; nearly all the first birds had come; there was a sweet scent of spring in the air. Letty, full of girlish hopes and gay spirits, was delighted with everything; and it was easy to see that, under all her doubts and misgivings as to this important change in their lives, the widow felt a tranquil joy.

Until that day, Rush had not seen the place since his first visit, and the others had not seen it at all. It now appeared to him even more attractive than before, and he experienced the anxious pleasure of watching their first impressions as they saw the lake, the river, the mill-roof appearing among the willows above the bank, and the old-fashioned house which was to be their future home.

Letty was almost wild with enthusiasm, while in the mother's eyes glistened that happiness which is akin to tears.

"Did n't I tell you it was nice?" Rush said, exultingly.

"Oh, yes!" said Letty; "but I could n't believe it was half so nice as it is."

"It is very charming, indeed," said the mother. "What a pretty little plateau the house stands on! I did n't think I should live to enjoy a home surrounded only by the air and sunshine, with no near neighbors but the trees and birds."

"There 's Lute coming out to meet us," said Letty.

The boys had arrived with the loads of goods earlier in the day, and had been busy putting things to rights and preparing for their mother, whom they wished to spare the trials of moving.

Lute ran out, hatless, in his shirt-sleeves, his honest face beaming behind the spectacles which gave it an almost comically wise look, and stammered his joyful greeting.

"Well, M-m-mother, this is j-j-jolly! We did n't want you to come a minute before; but now we 're about r-r-ready for you."

He reached to lift her from the wagon, as tenderly as if she had been a child, at the same time ordering Rush to "t-t-tumble out." But Rush said:

"I want to drive her around the place first, and show her the mill and the river."

"All right," said Lute. "That will give us a l-l-little more time."

He ran in to give some finishing touches to his mother's room, which was the first part of the house the boys had meant to have comfortable, in order to make her arrival as pleasant a surprise as possible.

Rush drove around by the little barn, along the track toward the mill; while Letty, who had leaped from the buggy, ran on before, light and happy as one of the newly arrived birds.

Hens were squawking with lazy content in the warm sun beside the barn. A pullet was cackling excitedly within,—over a new-laid egg, Rush said,— and a fine red rooster, stepping aside from the track as they passed, crowed a shrill welcome — sounds full of pleasant rural suggestion to ears and hearts long shut up in city walls.

Then came shouts of boyish laughter, as the two youngest, Rupert and Rodman, ran out of the upper story of the mill, along the level shed-roof, to meet the buggy bringing their mother.

Rush turned out on the turf near the edge of the

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bank, and stopped where they could look down on the mill and the river, while Letty skipped along the foot-plank to the seats in the branches of the great willow.

"Oh, Mother, you must come here!" she cried. "You never saw so lovely a spot!"

"Yes, yes, I see; it is all too lovely!" Mrs. Tinkham exclaimed, with a tremulous smile.

"Here 's Mart," said Rush. "He and I can take you up and carry you right over there without the least trouble."

"So you shall, some time," his mother replied. "I foresee that I am to spend many happy hours in that grand old tree over the stream. But not now; I must go into the house, and see how things are getting on."

"Yes, Mother," said Mart, coming to the side of the buggy, and looking up at her with an expression which beautified his rather lank face and homely mouth. "I want you to come and look at your little nest. Drive around, Rocket!"

At the side door he took her in his arms, and, in spite of her protestations,—for, with the help of her crutches, or an arm to lean on, she could walk,—carried her through the kitchen and sitting-room (where things were still in a chaotic state) into a room beyond, where he set her down gently in her own easy-chair.

She looked wonderingly about her. It was her own carpet on the floor, her own bed set up and freshly made, with the pictures on the walls and the vases on the mantel to which her eyes had long been accustomed.

"There!" said Mart. "We want you to stay here, and try to make yourself contented, while we straighten out things in the other parts of the house. We are getting along finely with the woman we have hired, and we don't mean that you shall take a step."

"Oh, this is too much!" said Mrs. Tinkham, seeing how hard the boys had tried to make her new home home-like to her at the start. "I think there never were such children as mine."

She had to cry a little, but soon dried her eyes in her quick, resolute way, and observed:

"The poor old carpet was n't quite large enough, was it?"

"All the better," said Lute, who peered in through his spectacles to enjoy her surprise. "For if it was, the r-r-room would be smaller."

"I am so glad you are to have a good large room now, Mother!" Letty exclaimed. "We used to crowd you so in the other house!"

It was a happy thought to the widow that her daughter and five sons had always found her room so attractive; and she now looked around with pleasant anticipations of the comfort they would all take together there on future evenings and Sunday afternoons.

"I never had the sun in my windows so before," she said. "I am afraid, boys, you 've given me the best room in the house."

"We mean to make it the best, as soon as we can afford it," said Mart. "We knew you would n't like this wall-paper very well; but I hope we can have the whole house repapered and painted in a year or two."

"The figures are rather old-fashioned," said his mother; "but old fashions are coming around to be new fashions now."

"And it 's awfully 'tony,'" said Rush, "to have your carpet too small for your room, leaving a space a foot or so wide around by the wall!"

"And see," Letty laughed, gayly, "what small window-panes! The Lummells, in their new Queen Anne cottage, have some just such little scrimped-up panes, and think they are elegant."

"Children, we are in style, and it seems to me this place is going to be a little paradise! I like it—I like it extremely! Did you bring in my crutches, Rocket?"

In spite of all opposition, she was presently on her feet,—or rather on her one good foot and a crutch,—stepping about the house, giving instructions, and setting things in order with her own hands.

CHAPTER V.

THE FISH-OFFICER.

THE boys worked hard, delighted with the change, and inspired by youthful hope and joy.

They had taken the contract to supply rocket-sticks, pin-wheels, and other wooden fixtures, for Cole & Company's fire-works, and orders for toys and dolls' carriages had been secured.

The mill met their most sanguine expectations. Much of the old machinery proved to be good, and their ingenious heads and skillful hands found little difficulty in adjusting to it their own special improvements in tools and apparatus. The future seemed bright with the promise of abundant, happy, and prosperous employment.

The simple water-power was a joy to their hearts. The tide set back twice a day, and ebbing again gave, as Mr. Dushee had said, about eight hours of good running power out of every twelve. The occurrence of this period varied day after day; but they could easily accommodate their work to it, for there would always be plenty of mere hand labor to do in the intervals of flood tide and still water.

Two or three days after taking possession, while they were experimenting with the machinery, they

received a call from Mr. Dushee. He came to inquire whether they had concluded to buy the horse and wagons; and the vast landscape of his countenance brightened when Mart said they would try to have the money ready for him the next day.

"I see you are making improvements," he remarked encouragingly, as he was about to go.



RUSH DROVE, WHILE LETTY WENT ON BEFORE.

"A few changes seem necessary," Mart replied.

"One thing I am bound to have d-d-done," said Lute. "In place of these flash-boards, we are going to have a p-p-permanent gate."

A cloud of slight embarrassment passed over the desert of a face.

"I would n't be in a hurry about that; I advise ye to wait and see how the flash-boards work."

"It is n't much trouble, I know," said Mart, "to go and put in the flash-boards when we want to start up the wheel; but what 's the use even of that? I think Lute is right."

"I 've already got a plan of a gate that will take c-c-care of itself," said Lute. "To be hung by the top, so the tide running up will open it, and shut it r-r-running back."

"I had thought of something like that myself," said the former owner. "But," he added, with the air of one giving disinterested advice, "I think you 'll find it for your advantage to stick to the flash-boards. Anyway, you 'd better wait awhile and see."

The boys laughed at what they called his "old fogy notions" after he was gone; and Lute declared that, as soon as he could get around to it, he would certainly have his g-g-gate.

It was not long, however, before they learned that Mr. Dushee's counsel was good.

That afternoon, a stranger in a narrow-seated buggy drove up to the mill. Rush came out of the upper story to meet him.

"I hear this property has lately changed hands," said the stranger, with an air of official authority.

"Yes, sir," replied Rush.

"Who are the present owners?"

"Well, it belongs to our family — the Tinkham family."

"Where is the Tinkham family? I mean, the head. I suppose there is a head somewhere."

The man spoke rather insolently, Rush thought, so that he was tempted to make a laughing reply.

"Yes, there are several heads; pretty good ones, too, some of us think. The property stands in my mother's name," he added, more soberly. "But my brothers have charge of the mill and the business."

"I want to see your brothers," said the man in the buggy. "Tell 'em I am a fish-officer. I

come with authority from the fish commissioners, to give due notice of the law and its penalties regarding obstructions in the way of migratory fish."

Rush did not feel like making a merry reply to that. His heart sank a little, as he said:

"That is something I don't think they know anything about." He thought of the dam. "They are in the shop. Will you come in and see about the obstructions?"

The man got out of his buggy, followed Rush into the mill, and there delivered his errand to the oldest son.

Mart received it quietly, but Rush could see that he was taken by surprise.

"Is this a new thing?" he asked.

"Not at all; we have to attend to it every year," replied the officer. "The alewives will be running up the river in great numbers soon after the middle of the month, and they must have free passage-way."

Mart was silent a moment, only a reddish suffusion of his eyes betraying to Rush that the deputy's words had struck deep.

"Come out here and see my brother," he said.

It was high water, the ebb was just setting in, and Lute was on the platform over the dam, studying the probable working of his proposed tide-gate in some preliminary experiments with the flash-boards.

He was interrupted by the approach of his brothers with the stranger.

"I guess we 'll give up the idea of a gate for the present," said Mart, with his usual drawl. "This man has an argument against it. Fire it off for my brother's benefit, will you, Mr. Fish-officer?"

The deputy complied with cheerful glibness. Lute listened intently, having set the flash-boards to keep back the water. Then, having glanced at Mart's serious face, he turned his gleaming spectacles up at the officer.

"If this had happened three days ago," he remarked, "I should have said it was an April-f-f-fool!"

"Well, it is no April-fool," replied the deputy. "So *now* what do you say?"

"I say Mr. Dushee is a f-f-fraud!"

"He never said a word to one of us about a fish-way," Rush spoke up in great excitement

"But he knows the need of it well enough, often as he has been warned," said the deputy.

"What has he done to keep within the law?" Mart inquired.

"There was only one thing to do. He has pulled out his flash-boards and let the fish run."

"But that destroys the water-power!"

"Exactly."

"How l-l-long?" stammered Lute.

"The law requires that streams shall be free for fish to run from the middle of April to the middle of June. The alewives go up into the pond to spawn. After that they descend the river again, and return to the sea."

Mart had by this time recovered from the consternation into which he had at first been thrown, and his ingenious mind was already seeing its way out of the difficulty.

"I should greatly enjoy cracking the Dushee cocoa-nut," he drawled, alluding in that irreverent way to the former owner's head-piece, "for not telling us about this fish business. But it is n't such a terrible matter, Lute. The fish go up with the tide, I believe?"

"The great mass of them," replied the deputy. "But a good many stragglers get caught by the ebb, and have to work their way against it."

"These flash-boards float with the flood-tide," said Mart, "and of course they 'll let the alewives run up with it. I guess they wont be seriously hindered, any of 'em. And by the time they have spawned, and are all ready to run down again, we 'll ——"

"We 'll have a f-f-fish-way constructed!" broke in Lute, with a rapid stammer. "I 've got it already p-p-planned."

"That will be the best way," remarked the deputy. "In case of an impassable dam, the law requires the owner to build such a fish-way as the commissioners approve; or it requires them to build it, and charge the cost to him. Dushee thought it unnecessary, and preferred to keep his flash-boards open."

He added that he did not wish to be unduly strict with any man who was willing to comply with the law; having thus performed his duty, he parted on very civil terms with the Tinkham boys, and rode away.

"We can get over this well enough," said Mart. "But, I tell ye, I was in a pouring sweat for about a minute. I believe I lost about a pound of flesh."

"I wonder if there is anything else Dushee has kept back," said Rush, still excited. "I 'm afraid we don't yet know all his reasons for being so anxious to sell."

"I remember, Father used to say, 'A man always has two motives for every action, his real motive and his pretended motive,'" drawled Mart. "I 'm afraid Dushee is the kind of man he meant. What I 'm still more afraid of is, that we shan't be glad when we find all his reasons out."

"Anyhow," said Lute, "I 'm going to have my tide-gate all the same, soon as we 've b-b-built the fish-way."

As the dam was only two feet high, the fish-way—consisting of open water-boxes placed one

above the other, so connected that the alewives could easily work their way up or down through them—seemed to be a simple and inexpensive affair.

So did the tide-gate. But there was a stronger argument against that than any the boys dreamed of yet.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ODD-LOOKING SUMMER-HOUSE.

RUSH had been too busy to go off the place since the day of the moving. But, after supper that evening, he and Letty and the two younger boys took a walk.

They strolled up the river as far as the bridge, where they chanced to meet the elder Dushee returning home from Tammoset.

Rush was inwardly boiling with indignation at the man's extraordinary economy of the truth regarding the alewife business, in all his talks with the purchasers of the mill. But he controlled himself, and said quietly, in reply to Dushee's observation that 't was a pooty evenin' to be takin' a ramble:

"You never mentioned to any of us that there might be some trouble about the alewives passing the dam."

"Trouble? trouble?" said Mr. Dushee, blandly. "Why, no! for I never believed there 'd be any trouble."

"You did n't know the fish commissioners would be after us, I suppose?"

Rush spoke with biting sarcasm. But the large, bland countenance remained undisturbed.

"Oh! there 's been an officer around, has they? I knew 't was about time. Comes every year. It 's his business. But that 's all 't amounts to."

"You have paid no attention to his warning?" said Rush.

"Skurcely," Dushee replied in a confidential way. "I 'd set my youngsters to watch for a few days when the fish was runnin' the thickest, and if they see the fish-officer a-comin', I 'd jest pull up my flash-boards, and mabby leave 'em up till they see him go 'long back down the river. That is, if I happened to be runnin' the wheel. But gener'ly I could git along without it for a part of the time; then I 'd let the fish run. The dam never was no hendrance to the alewives, and the officer knew it," the former owner added, seeing a wrathful light in the boy's eyes. "There never was no trouble, and there never need to be none."

"It seems to me, you might at least have told us of anything of the kind that might turn up," Rush replied, in a rather choked voice; for it was all he could do to keep his anger from breaking forth.

"I s'pose I might," Dushee replied, cheerfully. "But I did n't think it necessary. There 's a good many little things about the mill you 'll have to find out for yourselves. If I can be of service to ye, le' me know."

Then, as Rush was walking silently away, the large-featured man repeated, with friendly persistence, "It 's a re'l pooty kind of an evenin' to be takin' a ramble," and went smiling home.

The snow had vanished from the hill-sides, and the ice from the lake. It was a still evening, and the glassy water reflected the shores, the distant orchards and groves, and the rosy hues of the western sky.

The boys ran on toward the outlet, while Letty sauntered slowly, waiting for Rush.

"Oh, can't we have a boat-ride?" she called to him, looking across the river, and seeing a skiff hauled up on the opposite bank.

"That 's the first boat I 've seen; I did n't know there was one on the river," said Rush. "Wait here, and I 'll try to get it."

He hurried back to the bridge, crossed over to a farm-house on the other shore, and was soon seen running down to the water's edge with a pair of oars.

"Go on up farther," he shouted, "and I 'll come over and take you all aboard."

The current was running out, and he had to keep close by the bank and pull hard until he had succeeded in rowing the skiff up into still water. Then, making a broad circuit above the outlet, leaving behind him lovely ripples which spread far away over the pink-tinted pond, he crossed to a pebbly beach, where Letty was waiting with the boys.

Eager for adventure, they scrambled aboard, and Rush pushed off again.

"This is better than the boat-rides we used to have around the edge of the dirty old harbor," said Rupert.

"Oh, it is heavenly!" said Letty, who sometimes indulged in an almost too enthusiastic way of expressing herself. "Why is n't the water covered with boats? I should think it would be."

"I suppose it is too early in the season for them yet," replied Rush. "Mr. Rumney said he had only just got his into the water. That accounts for its leaking so. Look out for your feet, boys!"

"Let us row awhile, Rush," said Rupert, as they glided out toward the center of the lake, which appeared like a vast gulf of infinite depth illumined by soft and delicate hues, until broken by prow and oars.

Rush indulged them; they took each an oar,

while he assumed the place in the stern and steered, with a shingle for a rudder. Letty leaned over the bow, enjoying the lovely views.

"We 'll take Mother out here, when the weather gets a little warmer," said Rush. "I promised myself that, the first day I saw the lake. Wont she enjoy it!"

"I wish she was with us now!" exclaimed Letty. "It is too much for us alone!"

"We can row back and get her," said Rodman. "Can't we, Rupe?"

"Oh, yes—it will be fine!" said Rupe.

It was not because the young Tinkhams were so much better bred or kinder-hearted than many children, nor yet because their mother's crippled condition had called out their gentlest feelings toward her, but rather, I suppose, because she made herself so sympathetic and delightful a companion to them, that they constantly thought of her in this way.

But now all at once Rush had something else to attract his attention.

"Hello! there 's that odd-looking—summer-house, Dick Dushee called it."

"What! that building on the shore?" said Letty. "Nobody would ever think of making such a summer-house as that!"

"And only an idiot or a knave would call it one!" Rush exclaimed, flushing very red in the evening light. "Hold your oar, Rod! We 'll run over and look at it."

Steering with his shingle, he headed the skiff toward the Tammoset shore and Dick Dushee's astonishing summer-house.

"It 's built on piles over the water," said Rupert. "And what 's that before it?"

"A float," said Rush. "It 's easy enough to see what the building is, and the rogue must have known!"

He was not long in surmising a reason for Dick's seemingly uncalled-for prevarication. What he had learned that afternoon made him suspicious of the Dushees.

"That 's Dick Dushee there, with another boy, on the float," said Rupe.

"Pull away! I want to catch him before he gets off," said Rush, lowering his voice.

"What is the building—if you know?" Letty asked, with excited curiosity.

"Nothing anybody need to lie about," Rush muttered, still with his angry flush on. "I 'll tell you by and by. Dick!" he called, "see here a moment."

Dick was stepping up from the float into a large open door-way in the barn-like end of the building, when, hearing the summons, he reluctantly faced about.

"This is your *summer-house*, is it?" said Rush, sharply.

"I knew 't was some sort of a house to have fun in—in summer," said Dick, with an ignoble grin, visible in the twilight. "I 've found out what it is, now."

"So have I, without any help from you," said Rush. "And, I 'm sorry to say, we 're finding out other things that don't reflect much credit on those who left us to discover them for ourselves."

"I don't know what you mean," said Dick.

Rush was flaming up for a fierce reply, when Letty stopped him.

"Don't have any words with him, Rocket!"

"Well, then, I wont. Not now. Hold on here a minute, boys!"

To satisfy himself with regard to the character and use of the ugly structure, he leaped to the float, mounted the steps, and entered the great door-way. In a little while he came out again, with a troubled but resolute look.

"How long has this been building?" he asked of Dick's companion on the float.

"Ever since last winter," was the reply. "They drove the piles through holes in the ice."

"Did you know then what it was for?"

"I guess so! Everybody knew. Anyhow, it had been talked of enough."

Rush gave Dick Dushee an annihilating look, but said nothing as he stepped back into the boat.

"Why, what is it troubles you so?" Letty asked, as they pushed off. "That boy told us what the house was for, when you were inside; but Rupert had already guessed."

"I should think anybody could guess!" said Rupert.

Rush declined to talk upon the subject, as they returned along the shore to the river. After landing on Mr. Rumney's bank, he told Letty and the boys to walk along to the bridge, while he returned the oars.

Having thanked the farmer for them, he said:

"Are there many boats owned here on the river?"

The farmer, standing in his open shed, filling his pipe, answered, good-naturedly:

"Wall, consider'ble many; more 'n the' use' to be, 'nuff sight."

"And on the lake?" queried Rush.

"Wall, a consider'ble many on the lake. There 's been a kin' of a boom in the boatin' interest lately."

"How so?"

"Wall," replied Mr. Rumney, striking a match on his trousers, "for years there was no boatin' here, to speak on. But the notion on 't has broke out in a crop o' boys growin' up—a perfect epidemic.

'Specially sense the Argue-not Club was started last summer, though why they call it the *Argue-not* beats me, for I never seen anything else there was so much arguin' about."

The smile that broadened the good-natured face betrayed some consciousness of a joke. Rush, however, took the matter with intense seriousness.

"This new building over here, on the shore of the pond, is the Argonaut Club's boat-house?"

Mr. Rumney nodded as he puffed at his pipe.

Rush then said, trying to suppress a tremor in his voice:

"Has there been much trouble — about — boats passing — Mr. Dushee's dam?"

"Wall," said the farmer, smiling again, "since you ask me a candid question, I s'pose I must make a candid reply. There 's been some trouble. I may say perty consider'ble trouble. They say the dam has got to go. Your folks 'll have to know it, and ye may as well know it fust as last."

Rush constrained himself to say calmly:

"Seems to me we ought to have known it a little sooner."

"'T would have been for your interest, no doubt," the farmer replied; adding, with a smile of the broadest humor: "If a man 's going to put on a stockin', and there 's a hornet's nest in it, he 'd nat'rally ruther like to know it 'forehand — leastways, 'fore he puts his foot in too fur!"

"Naturally," said Rush. "It was the hornet's nest, as you call it, that made Dushee so anxious to sell?"

"Should n't wonder!" Mr. Rumney gave a chuckle, which had a disagreeable sound to the boy's ears. "Anyhow, he never said nothin' about sellin 'till the Argue-nots argued him into it."

"My brothers came and talked with you before buying," said Rush. "Why did n't *you* tell them?"

"Wall, 't wan't my business. Dushee he come with 'em. Neighbors so, I did n' like to interfere and spile his trade."

In saying this, the worthy man appeared wholly unconscious of having acted in any but a fair and honorable way.

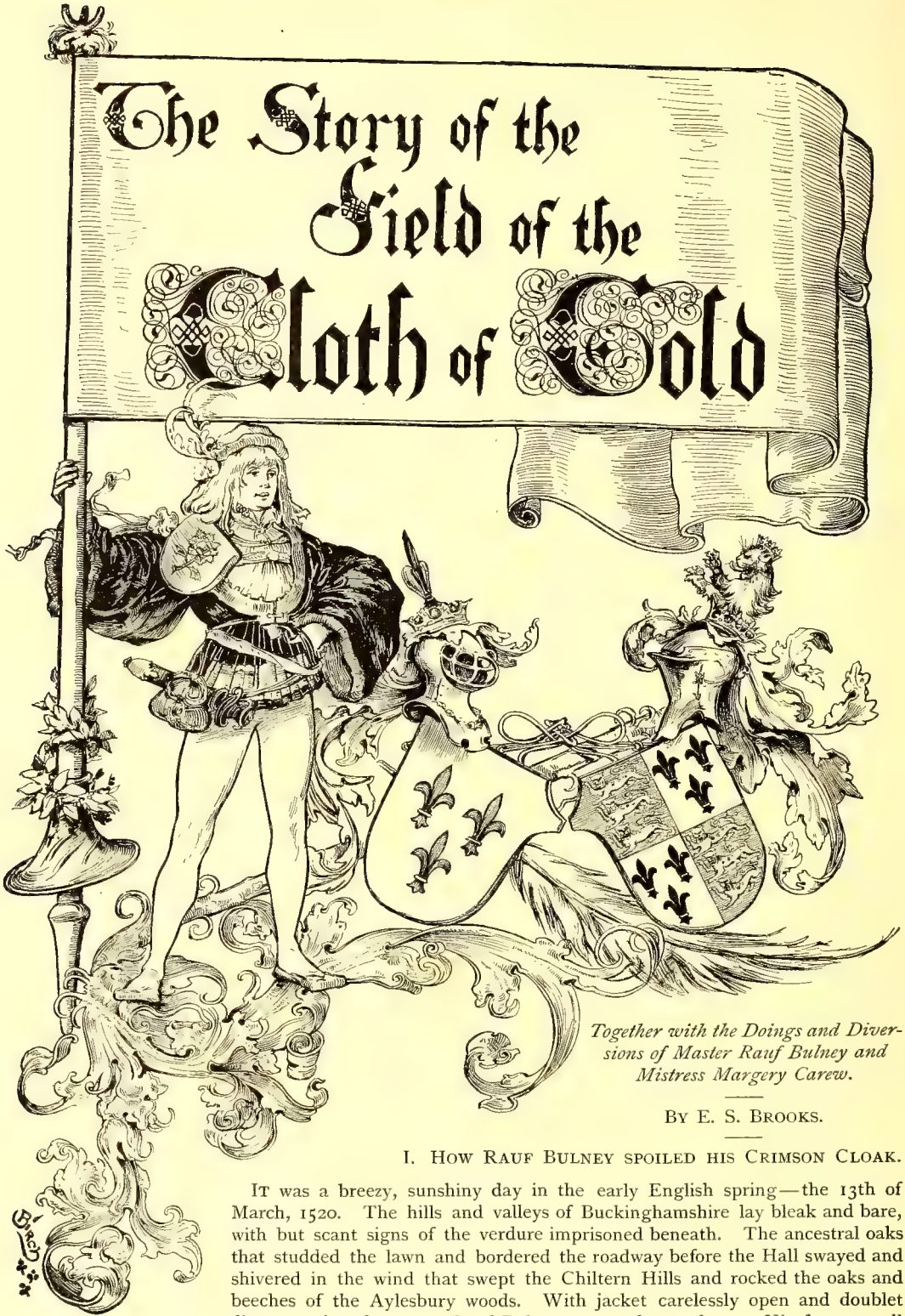
Something swelled alarmingly in Rush's throat, but he swallowed hard at it, and finally managed to say, "Thank you, Mr. Rumney."

He turned to go, paused, turned back, and hesitated a moment, as if struggling against a tumultuous inward pressure, an impulse to free his mind of some volcanic stuff. But he merely added:

"Much obliged to you for the boat," and walked stiffly away.



The Story of the Field of the Cloth of Gold



Together with the Doings and Diversions of Master Rauf Bulney and Mistress Margery Carew.

By E. S. Brooks.

I. How Rauf Bulney spoiled his Crimson Cloak.

It was a breezy, sunshiny day in the early English spring—the 13th of March, 1520. The hills and valleys of Buckinghamshire lay bleak and bare, with but scant signs of the verdure imprisoned beneath. The ancestral oaks that studded the lawn and bordered the roadway before the Hall swayed and shivered in the wind that swept the Chiltern Hills and rocked the oaks and beeches of the Aylesbury woods. With jacket carelessly open and doublet disarranged, rode young Rauf Bulney across the roadway. His face was all

aglow from the exercise that had followed his endeavors to teach his fractious hobby, Roland, to leap the bars, while a reckless enjoyment of the March breezes made him careless alike of a possible throat-distemper and of his customary trim appearance.

Roland had shown so determined a disposition to shirk his duty and refuse the leap, and had arched his shapely neck so repeatedly in protest before the bars, that Rauf had satisfied himself with two or three successes, and now, holding on his wrist the cleanly made little "lanard," or falcon, that his uncle had recently given him, was on his way to test its merits. Just as he dashed across the roadway a rider, booted and spurred, passed him at full speed, his black horse flecked with foam, while on breast and back shone out in crimson and gold the well-known badge of his Grace the Cardinal.

A courier from Hampton Court, though no infrequent visitor at Verney Hall, was still ever an object of interest; and Rauf, weighing in his mind the opposing attractions of courier and falcon, decided for the courier and turned his steps toward the Hall. At the foot of the terrace stood Dick Ricroft, the groom of the stables, holding the courier's impatient steed.

Rauf wavered—the horse for the moment eclipsed the courier.

"You beauty!" he said, admiringly. "Let me try a turn with him, Dick?"

"The saints forbid!" interposed the horrified Dick. "Ride one of the lord legate's horses, Master Rauf! 'T would be as much as all our heads are worth, and I 've no mind to lose mine yet. Besides," he added, "the courserman rides on to Sir John Hampden's on the hill, as soon as he has delivered his message to Sir Rauf."

"What! Hampden Manor, too? Why, this must be some special mission. What 's afoot, Dick?" questioned the boy.

"Ah, you must needs find that out for yourself," replied the cautious Dick. "'T is something touching the King's Grace and a journey to France."

"To France? Oh, glory!" and the impetuous youth, aflame with a new excitement, bounded up the terrace and dashed into the great wainscoted hall, where, at the middle table, sat the Cardinal's courserman—a barley loaf and a dish of "wardens," or baked pears, before him, his face half-buried in the great pot of ale with which he was washing down his hasty lunch.

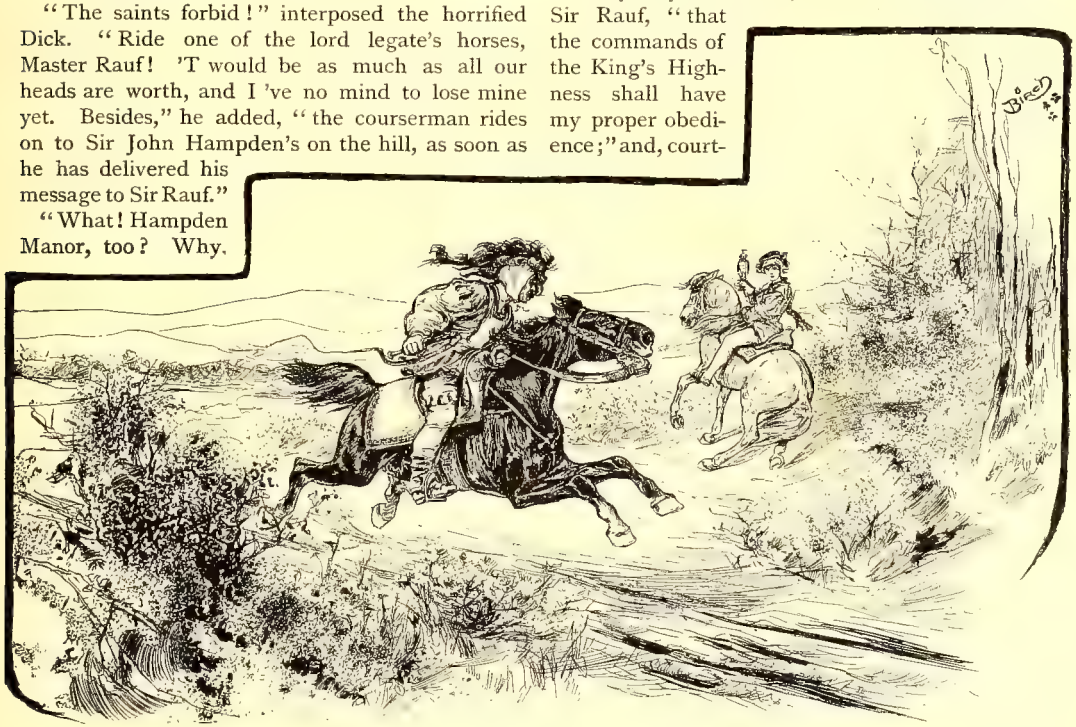
"Well, how now, how now, young hot-head?" came the deep voice of the boy's uncle, and, checking his impatience, Rauf walked slowly up to where, near the dais, stood his uncle, Sir Rauf Verney, papers in hand and a perplexed expression on his face.

"What 's astir, sir?" asked young Rauf, with the privilege of a favorite, as he leaned against the dais and glanced into his uncle's face.

"Bide a bit, Sir Malapert," said his uncle beneath his voice, adding, as the courier rose from the long table and wiped the ale from his heavy mustache: "Art refreshed, good Master Yeoman?"

"Fully, thanks to your worship," was the reply. "I must now hasten on to Hampden Manor."

"Say to your master, the Lord Cardinal," said Sir Rauf, "that the commands of the King's Highness shall have my proper obedience;" and, court-



THE COURIER OF THE CARDINAL.



WATCHING TO SEE KING CHARLES GO BY.

A WINDOW AT DOVER IN 1520.

eously conducted to the door and down the terrace, the courserman sprang to his saddle, doffed his bonnet in adieu, and the black horse sped down the roadway like an arrow.

"Well, Anne?" was all that Sir Rauf said, as he came back and looked to his wife for counsel.

"'T is the King's command and the Cardinal's wish. I suppose it must be done," said Lady Anne Verney, smoothing the folds of her satin kirtle.

"'T will cost a pretty peck of angels," said Sir Rauf, somewhat ruefully, as he stroked his long brown beard.

"But the honor of England and the Verneys, Sir Rauf!" interposed the Lady Anne.

"Yes, yes, I know," said her husband; "needs must when the King wills. But as to my following," he added, musingly; "'ten persons well and conveniently appareled and horsed'"—then, suddenly, "Rauf, would'st like to go to France?"

Respectful silence in the presence of one's elders was enforced by something more than words in those early days, and Rauf, though inwardly chafing at being so long kept in the dark, dared not ask for information. So, when his uncle's quick question came, the boy as quickly answered: "To France? Oh, Uncle! When?"

"That means yes, I suppose. Here, my boy, make test of Master Bolton's teaching on this paper," and he handed Rauf a billet on which ran the address: "*To our trusty and well-beloved Sir Rauf Verney, Knight.*"

Thanks to the careful tuition of Master Bolton, the chaplain at the Hall and a well-furnished scholar from the Oxford schools, Rauf could at least spell out enough of the billet to understand that it was a summons from the Cardinal Wolsey, Lord Chancellor of England, through the hand of Thomas Ruthal, Bishop of Durham, and Secretary of State, commanding "*Sir Rauf Verney to await upon the King's Highness with a following of ten able and seemly persons, well and conveniently appareled and horsed; the same Sir Rauf Verney to appear, as to his degree and honor belongeth, at the camp in the marches of Calais, betwcen Guisnes and Arde, in the month of May, and at the time of meeting between the King's Grace and the French King.*"

All the boyish curiosity, the love of excitement, and the delights of anticipation that lived in the heart of our young English Rauf of three and a half centuries ago, even as in the equally impetuous natures of our English and American boys of to-day, were stirred to their depths as he took in the meaning of the royal summons, and he turned a joyously expectant face to his uncle.

"Yes, yes," responded Sir Rauf Verney, with a smile, to his nephew's unasked question. "'T is a royal command and admits of no refusal. And you, Rauf Bulney, page, shall go 'well and conveniently appareled' as squire to the body in the following of Sir Rauf Verney, Knight."

"But just where are Guisnes and Arde, Uncle?" queried the boy.

"Tut, tut, lad; shall we jog your truant memory or Master Bolton's lagging work?" said the knight. "They lie, both, in the marches of Calais, in the valleys between our English town of Calais and the glorious field of Agincourt. This Guisnes is a town and castle in English territory, and Arde is a town and castle in French territory. They stand scarce two leagues removed from each

other. Though how these castles will serve for convenient and proper lodgings for the Kings' Highnesses passes my fathoming. I mind me that on my last return from Flanders, now nigh two years since, I went with my Lord Fitzwater over the castle of Guisnes, and found it wretched enough — its moat dry and weedy, its battlements dismantled, its keep ruinous and crumbling. And as for the French castle, they made equal poor report — the town long since in ruins, the castle desolate and impaired, its fosse choked and useless, its donjon untopped, its walls torn with breaches."

"A sorry place for a royal interview," said Lady Anne; "but will not due care be taken to make them presentable?"

"Trust the Lord Cardinal for that," replied Sir Rauf. "Where so lavish a hand commands, small doubt is there as to great results. His Grace's courserman tells me that nigh twelve hundred workmen have been dispatched to Sir John Petchie, deputy of Calais, under orders to Lord Worcester, the commissioners, and the chief artificer."

"But what is it all for, Uncle — this interview between our King's Highness and the King of France?" asked young Rauf, who with ready ears had drunk in all his uncle's words. Ignoring Sir Rauf Verney's long explanation, half-politics, half-rumor, and all glorification of his liege and King such as he, born courtier, gallant soldier, and true Englishman, could not help giving, we may condense Rauf's acquired information into a few words.

Three young men, Henry Tudor, of England, aged twenty-eight, Francis d'Angoulême, of France, aged twenty-five, and Charles von Hapsburg, of Spain, aged nineteen, at that day swayed the destinies of the Christian world as monarchs of their respective countries. The imperial throne of Germany, then known as "the holy Roman Empire," becoming vacant in 1519, by the death of the Emperor Maximilian, these three young kings, each with distinct but varying claims, asserted their right of election to the vacant throne. On the 18th of June, 1519, the electors of Germany rendered their final decision, and the younger of the three competitors, himself scarcely more than a boy in years, ascended the imperial throne as the Emperor Charles the Fifth — the mightiest monarch in Christendom. Henry of England, aware of the hopelessness of his claim, had already withdrawn from the contest; but his neighbor, Francis of France, brilliant, chivalric, handsome, and brave, but royally self-willed and impetuous, chafed under his defeat, and sought to weaken the power of his successful rival by an alliance between those two inveterate enemies, France and England. Thomas Wolsey, the son of the honest butcher of Ipswich, was now Cardinal Archbishop of York, legate of the Pope and Lord Chancellor of England, mighty in influence with his master the King, feared and flattered by all the courts of Europe. He received with approval the propositions of Francis looking to an interview between the kings of France and England, and, gaining the consent of Henry, sought to make this interview such an occasion of splendor and ceremonial as should delight their majesties and gratify his own love of display. By it, too, he hoped to increase his power over both courts and thus advance himself toward the prize he coveted — the throne of the Pope, then the highest attainable dignity in the Church and the world.

To make this royal interview, then, imposing in its ceremonial and splendid in the magnificence of its display, all England and all France labored and lavished, struggled and spent, managed and mortgaged until, as one of the old chroniclers expresses it, "many lords bore to the meeting their mills, their forests, and their meadows on their backs."

So much for the political history. To young Rauf Bulney, however, as he watched the preparations that for two months kept the household at Verney Hall in continued bustle and action, the desires of kings and the ambition of cardinals went for but little. For him two realms were excited, two nations disturbed, in order that a fresh and healthy young English boy of fifteen years, Rauf Bulney by name, might go to France in grand style and feast his eyes on glorious sights and royal profusion.

At last the eventful time arrived, and in the early morning hours of Wednesday, the 16th of May, 1520, Sir Rauf Verney, with Master Rauf Bulney, his squire, Master Bolton, his chaplain, with color-man, archers, and bill-men, all picked from the very flower of the Verney tenantry, resplendent in new liveries and displaying the Verney arms, bade good-bye to Lady Anne and the Hall, and, while roadways and forest were sweet with the breath of an English spring, the Verney following passed over the Chiltern Hills and through pleasant English meadows, to London first, and thence on to Dover. Not the least happy in that train was our friend Rauf, with a pardonable pride in the possession of three rich suits, and a happy consciousness that he looked quite as nicely as he felt.

At Dover, the straggling, stuffy little town of three hundred years ago, they found a great crowd of nobles and gentlemen, with their attendant trains; while the valley of the Dour and the slopes of the chalk hills were white with tents and gay with streamers. Here, by the orders of the Lord Chief Marshal, the Earl of Essex, Sir Rauf Verney's following was joined to that of the Earl

of Dorset. Sir Rauf himself was ordered to attend the Cardinal at the immediate reception of "the elect King of the Romans," otherwise the Emperor Charles the Fifth. For that enterprising young monarch, knowing full well the excessive courtesy and winning manners of the French King, sought to gain an advantage over his rival by a prior meeting with Henry of England. And so, hurrying from Barcelona with "only sixty ship and the Queen of Arragon," he met the English King at Dover before he had crossed to France.

"Is our King's Grace, then, so wondrous great that this mighty Emperor fain must sue to him?" Rauf asked his uncle when he heard the summons; even his boyish enthusiasm for his King being unable to grasp this wonder of the "Monarch of Christendom" doffing his bonnet to an island prince.

"Ah, my lad," replied his thoughtful uncle, "the King of the Romans sees far and shrewdly. An alliance between our King's Highness and him of France would threaten a mighty breach in King Charles's great dominions. Besides, our noble King of England, so my Lord Bishop of Worcester writes from Rome, 'is in great reputation in Christendom,' and none know this better than the King Catholic. See now, my boy, what kingship does for a man. This young King Charles is scarce four years your elder; but, ah! it 's an old, old head on green shoulders."

So reasoned the cautious courtier, and so young Rauf accepted it; and, next morning, stood for hours at the door of his lodging to see this boy Emperor ride by with the English King on the way to the shrine of Thomas à Becket at Canterbury— "the more to solempne the feast of Pentecost," says the old chronicle. What Rauf really saw was a spare young man of medium height, with pale face and heavy under-jaw, with hooked nose and small, irregular teeth, plainly dressed, as compared to the magnificence of England's kingly King, by whose side he rode. But what Rauf could not see in that quiet face was the deeper purpose that, even then, told of great possibilities, as fitted the man who, for forty years thereafter, held an imperial scepter in an imperious grasp.

Four days passed, and then, the Emperor's visit over, on the 31st of May the King of England, with his Queen and court,—above five thousand persons and nearly three thousand horses,—crossed from Dover to Calais. Standing in the bow of the stanch little "Maglory," one of Miles Gerard's stoutest hoys,—a small sloop-rigged vessel used for coasting work,—Rauf watched with interest the embarkation. The white chalk cliffs of Dover shone in the morning sun, the foam-capped waters of the Straits glistened and sparkled, while a host of small craft, bright with pennons and colors, scudded before the wind out from the shadow of Dover Castle, dipping and bobbing over the choppy waves toward the opposite port of Calais. In the midst of the fleet, gay with the fluttering decorations of St. George's cross, the Tudor dragon, and the Tudor rose, sailed the royal transport, the "Katherine Pleasance."

Just as the "Maglory" rounded in behind the "Katherine," a sudden puff of wind and a choppy sea drove her hard against the stern of the royal vessel. There was a bump and a loud crash, and Rauf saw a young girl, whom he had already noticed as one of a merry group of ladies, topple over with the shock, and fall from the deck of the "Katherine" into the waters beneath. A shriek from the ladies on the King's vessel, a sudden wearing off on the part of the "Maglory," and then, impetuous as ever, as heedless of the consequences as of his satin doublet and his crimson cloak, his gold-embroidered hose, and his boots of Spanish leather, off from the bow of the "Maglory" jumped Master Rauf in aid of the drowning girl. A strong stroke and a ready eye, which much practice in his home streams had given him, stood him well in need; stout ropes and sturdy arms trailed over the lee of the "Katherine," and the girl and her rescuer were soon on deck, the one limp and faint from her peril, the other well enough in body but sorely damaged as to his gala dress.

"A trim young gallant and a brave! Whom have we here as the savior of our fair but unsteady maiden?" asked a deep, rich voice, and looking up, Rauf found himself in the midst of a gayly dressed group of lords and ladies, the foremost of whom was a man of tall and commanding appearance, well built, and stout almost to heaviness, with pleasant face, a fresh and ruddy countenance, and a short, golden beard and kindly smile, the very picture of health, imperiousness, and royal grace —Henry the Eighth, King of England.

The courtier blood of the Verneys lent grace and homage to the obeisance with which Rauf accompanied his answer to the King's question.

"I am Rauf Bulney, may it please your Grace; nephew and squire of the body to Sir Rauf Verney, Knight, in my Lord of Dorset's train."

"Ha! of our old friend Verney's stock," said the King. "And do you thus incontinently dive with equal speed to rescue the perishing, even be they not so fair to see as is our sweet maiden, Mistress Margery—eh, young sir?"

Again bending low, Rauf replied to the royal banter:

"My sponsors have taught me, my liege, that the true knight showeth due courtesy to all alike."

"A right knightly answer, is it not, my lords?"

said Henry, highly pleased. "And who, pray, after your good uncle and the Lady Anne, may your guiders be, my boy?"

"Master Bolton, an Oxford scholar, is our chaplain, your Grace."

"Ha? himself a pupil of our worthy Dean Colet—rest his soul! One of the new learning, too. We have high hopes of the youth of this present England, whose sponsors and preceptors are such as yours. But, body of me!" said the King, hastily, as his eye caught the little rills that coursed down Rauf's shivering but respectful legs, in crimson and violet tides; "here stand we chattering, and there stand you a-chattering, as well. Good Master Cary, take this young springald to our yeoman of the robes and see him suitably appareled. Thereafter will we request the Lord Cardinal, with due regard to my Lord of Dorset, and Sir Rauf, his uncle, to add him to the file of our special pages. He is a right-mannered and well-favored lad."



YOUNG RAUF RECEIVES THE THANKS OF MARGERY CAREW.

Rauf was shrewd courtier enough to make no reply to this promise of advancement beyond the customary low bow, and he therefore kept quiet as to his extra suits of gay clothing. "He who would rise must know when to hold his tongue," his uncle had taught him; and here seemed the opportunity to put this precept to the test.

On deck once more, dressed in a rich suit of crimson and violet blazoned with the Tudor rose, Rauf received with boyish sheepishness, not unmixed with his native courtesy, the well-spoken thanks of Mistress Margery Carew—a trim and sprightly little lass of near his own age, whose blue velvet gown, with its lining of crimson tinsel, well set off her fair Saxon face. She was the little daughter of Sir Richard Carew, a knight of Surrey, placed by her father among Queen Katherine's gentlewomen under the protection of Lady Gray.

"And let me tell you, Master Page," said Lady Gray, as she warmly thanked Rauf for his aid, "a sorry loss of a sprightly lass would have fallen upon us had you not so quickly taken to the water."

So, in exchange of pleasant words and compliments, of questions and explanations, the crossing to the French shore was quickly made, and all too soon, as it seemed to Rauf, the ramparts and towers of Calais lay abeam.

(To be continued.)



WORDS BY REV. MINOT J. SAVAGE. MUSIC BY HOWARD M. DOW.

Allegretto.

SOLO.

1. In the old time, runs the sto - ry, There was once a won-drous night, When from out the un - seen
2. Since that day the chil-dren's voi - ces Have caught up the glad re - frain; And to - night the heart re -

glo - ry Burst a song of glad de - light; It was when.... the stars were gleam-ing, Shepherds
joic - es That the hour comes round a - gain; And the chil - dren are our an - gels, With one

watched their flocks, and then In their wak-ing, or their dreaming, An - gels sang, "Good-will to men!"
loud.... ac-claim they cry, Answ'ring back the glad e - van - gel's "Glo - ry be to God on high!"

CHORUS.

SOPRANO. *f*

Mer - ry Christ - mas! Mer - ry Christ - mas! Let us make the heav - ens ring! Ech - o

CONTRALTO.

TENOR. *f*

Mer - ry Christ - mas! Mer - ry Christ - mas! Let us make the heav - ens ring! Ech - o

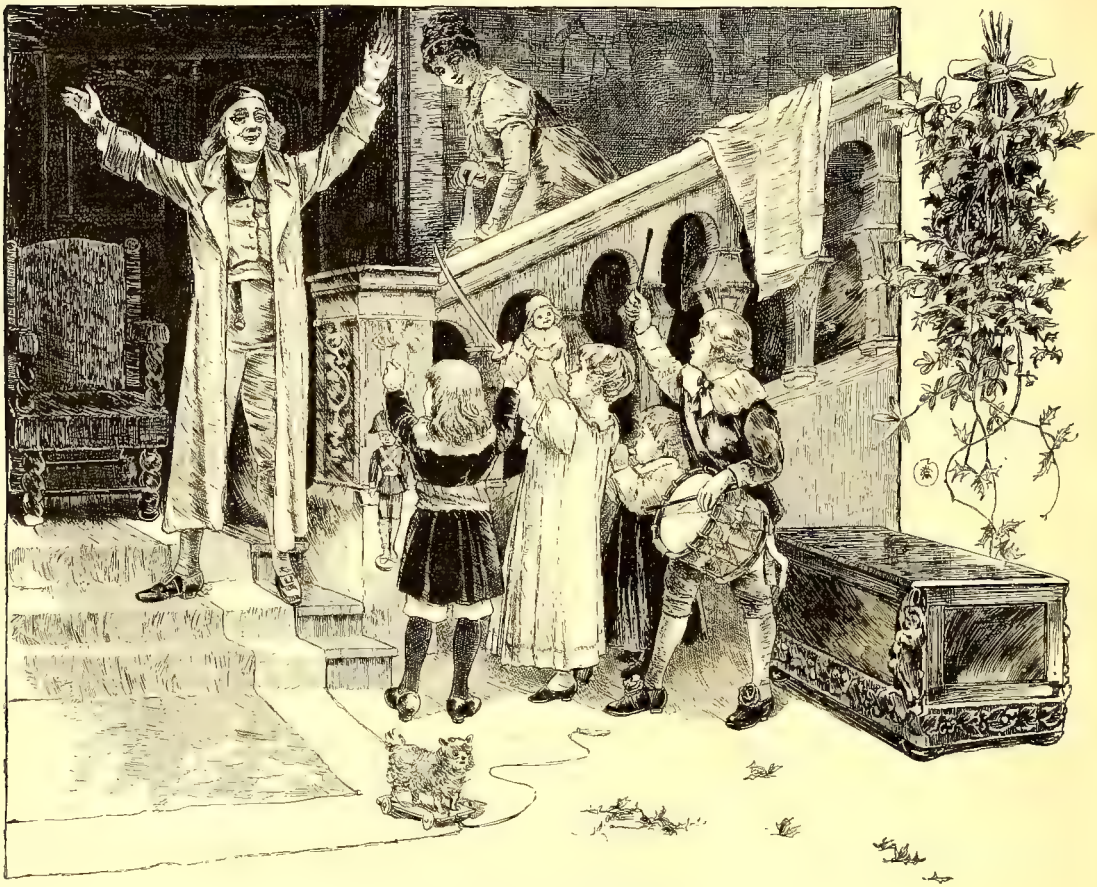
BASS.

f

back the an - gels' mes - sage, With the songs the chil - dren sing!....

back the an - gels' mes - sage, With the songs the chil - dren sing!....





HIS SEVENTIETH CHRISTMAS.

GRANDMAMMA'S PEARLS.

By Louisa M. Alcott.

"My Dear Granddaughters: Before you go to meet the little trials and temptations of the coming week, I want to make a proposition. I am old-fashioned, and I do not like to see young girls in so public a place as the *café* of a great fair. Your mothers differ with me, and I have no right to dissuade you. But I have asked leave to try and keep the young heads from being quite turned, and the young hearts from forgetting the sweet old virtues—modesty, obedience, and self-denial. So I write to say that I intend to give the set of pearls you all so much admire to the one who behaves best during the week. Like the fairy godmother in the story, I shall know what happens, and which of you deserves the reward. Laugh, if you will, but keep our little secret, and try to please Grandmamma."

This was the letter read aloud by one of three young girls, who sat together in the pretty, old-time dresses they were to wear while serving as attendants in the refreshment saloon at the fair. A very select and fashionable fair, you may be sure, or Kitty, Kate, and Catherine St. John would not be

allowed to play waiter-girls in these dainty costumes of muslin, silk, and lace.

"That is just one of Grandma's queer ideas. I don't mind trying, but I know I shan't get the pearls, because I 'm always doing something dreadful," said Kitty, the merry member of the Kit Kat Club, as the three cousins were called.

"I 'd do anything to get them, for they are perfectly lovely, and just what I want," cried Kate, dropping the letter to give the kitten in her lap a joyful squeeze.

"I suppose she will find out how we spend the gold ten-dollar pieces she gave us, if she is going to know everything we do; so we must mind what we buy," added Catherine, with a frown, for she dearly loved to buy nice little things and enjoy them all by herself.

"Let us see—'modesty, obedience, and self-denial.' I think it wont be very hard to behave like angels for one week," said Kate, the oldest and prettiest of the three, looking again at the letter she had read aloud.

"Obedience is always hard to me, and I never expect to be an angel," laughed Kitty, while her black eyes twinkled with mirth and mischief, as she threw down her knitting.

"Self-denial sounds very nice, but I do hate to give up things I want, and that is just what it means," sighed Cathy, who seldom had a chance to try this wholesome virtue in her luxurious home.

"People call me vain sometimes, because I don't pretend to think I 'm a fright, when I know I 'm not; so perhaps Grandma meant the 'modesty' for me," said Kate, glancing at the long mirror before her, which reflected a charming figure, all blue silk, lace ruffles, and coquettish knots of ribbon here and there.

"Of course, you can't help knowing you are a beauty, with your blue eyes, yellow hair, and sweet complexion. I should be as vain as a peacock if I were half as pretty," answered Cathy, who mourned over her auburn locks and the five freckles on her rosy cheeks. But she had never looked better than now, in her pale green-and-white costume, with fan and mitts, and the objectionable hair hidden under a big cap, that added several years to her age—a thing one does not object to at sixteen.

"Now, *I* don't worry about looks, and, as long as I have a good time, it does n't matter if I *am* as brown as a berry and have a turned-up nose," said brunette Kitty, settling the cherry bows on her flounced apron, and surveying with great satisfaction her red silk hose and buckled shoes.

"Wont it be delicious to own a set of real pearls,—necklace, earrings, and cross,—all on black velvet in a red case, with a great gold C on the outside! So glad our fathers were brothers and named us all for Grandma; now the letter suits each of us. Young girls can wear pearls, you know. Wont the necklace look well on me?" asked Kate, glancing again at the mirror, as if she already saw the new ornament on her white throat.

"Lovely!" cried both the others, who heartily admired bonny Kate, and let her rule over them because she was a little older. "Don't tell any one about this trial of ours, nor what we do at the fair, and see if Grandma really does know," said Kitty, whose pranks always were found out in some mysterious manner.

"She will—I know she will! Grandma is a very wise old lady, and I do feel sometimes as if she really was a fairy godmother—she knows so well what we want, and do, and think about, without a word being said," added Cathy, in such an awe-stricken tone that the others laughed, and agreed that they must look well to their ways if they wanted the promised reward.

The fair began next day, and a splendid opening it was, for neither time, taste, nor money had been spared to make the great hall an inviting place. The flower-table in the middle was a lovely bower of green, with singing-birds, little fountains, and the attendant young ladies dressed as roses of different sorts. At the art-table, maidens in mediæval costumes made graceful pictures of themselves, and in the *café* old-fashioned Priscillas and neat-handed Phyllises tripped to and fro, with all the delicacies of the season on their silver salvers. Round the walls were the usual booths, full of gay trifles, and behind them sat the stately matrons who managed the affair, with their corps of smiling assistants, to beguile the money out of the full pockets of the visitors. The admission fee was so high that none but the well-to-do could enter, so no common folk mingled with the elegant crowd that soon filled the hall and went circling around the gay stalls with a soft rustle of silks, much nodding of plumed bonnets, and a lively rattling of coin, as people bought their last Christmas gifts at double the price asked for them in any shop.

"Is n't it splendid?" whispered the Kit Kat Club, as they stood with their trays waiting for the first customers to appear.

"I 'm sure I don't see what harm Grandma could find in this," said Kate, shaking out her skirts and smoothing the golden curls shining on her temples.

"Nor I," cried Kitty, prancing a little to enjoy the glitter of the buckles in her smart shoes.

"Nor I yet," echoed Cathy, as she looked from her cousins to the nine other girls who made up the twelve, and saw in the excited faces of all something which dimly suggested to her more thoughtful mind what Grandma meant.

Just then a party came under the flag-festooned arch, and all the young waiters flew to serve their guests, for now the fun began.

Nothing remarkable happened that first day, and our three were too busy learning their duties and trying to do them well, for any thought of pearls or promises. But at night they confided to one another that they never were so tired in all their lives, for their feet ached, their heads were a jumble of orders, and sundry mistakes and breakages much disturbed their peace of mind.

Kitty walked in her sleep that night, and waked her mother by rattling the candlestick, evidently under the impression that it was her tray.

Kate kept calling out: "Two vanilla ices! Cup of coffee! Chicken salad for three!" And Cathy got up with a headache, which inclined her to think, for a time at least, that Grandma might be right about young girls at fairs.

But the pleasant bustle soon set spirits dancing again, and praises from various quarters reconciled them to the work, which was not half so much like play as they had supposed; so the cousins strolled about arm in arm, enjoying themselves very much, till the hour for opening the *café* arrived.

They all three made a discovery this day, and each in a different way learned the special temptation and trial which this scene of novelty and excitement had for them.

Kate saw many eyes follow her as she came and went, and soon forgot to blush when people turned to look, or whispered, "Is n't that a pretty one?" so audibly that she could not help hearing. She was a little shy at first, but soon learned to like it, to feel disappointed if no notice was taken of her, and often made errands about the hall, when off duty, that she might be seen.

Kitty found it very hard to be at the beck and call of other people, for she loved her liberty and hated to be "ordered round," even by those she was bound to obey. Just now it was particularly hard, for, though the presiding ladies tried to be angelic, the unavoidable delays, disorders, and mishaps at such times worried them, and some were both dictatorial and impatient, forgetting that the little maids were not common Biddies, but young ladies, who resented the least disrespect.

Cathy's trial was a constant desire to eat the good things she carried, for in a dainty way she was something of a glutton, and loved to feast on sweets, though frequent headaches was the penalty she paid. Such tempting bits of cake, half-eaten jellies, and untouched ices as she had to yield up to the colored women who washed the dishes and ate "de leavin's" with aggravating relish before her eyes! These lost tidbits haunted her even when she took her own lunch, and to atone for the disappointment she ate so much that her companions no longer wondered that she was as plump as a partridge.

On the third day the novelty had worn off, and they all felt that they would like to sit down and rest. Kate was tired of tossing her curls and trying to look unconscious; Kitty hated the sound of the little bells, and scowled every time she had to answer one; Cathy had a fit of dyspepsia, which spoilt all her pleasure, and each secretly wished the week was over.

"Three more days of it! Do you think we shall hold out?" asked Kate, as they were preparing to go home after a very hard day, for the fair was a great success, and had been thronged from opening to close.

"I wont give in as long as I have a foot to stand on, and Mrs. Somerset may glare at me as much as she likes when I smash the dishes," said Kitty, exulting in her naughty little soul over one grand avalanche by which she had distinguished herself that evening.

"I shall if I can, but I don't wont to see ice-cream nor smell coffee again for a year. How people can stuff as they do is a wonder to me," sighed Cathy, holding her hot head in her cold hands.

"Do you suppose Grandma knows all we have been doing?" said Kitty, thinking of an impertinent reply she had made to the much-enduring Mrs. Somerset that day.

"I hope not!" ejaculated Cathy, remembering the salad she had gobbled behind a screen, and the macaroons now hidden in her pocket.

"She is n't here, but perhaps some one is watching us for her. Would n't that be dreadful?" suggested Kate, devoutly hoping no one in the secret had seen her when she stood so long at the art-table, where the sun shone on her pretty hair, and Miss Wilde's ugly terra cotta costume set off her own delicate dress so well.

"We 'd better be careful and not do anything very bad, for we don't seem to have a chance to do anything particularly good," said Kitty, resolving to smile when called, and to try and keep six orders in her head at once.

"I don't believe we shall any of us get the pearls, and I dare say Grandma knew it. Fairs are stupid, and I never mean to tease to help with another," said Cathy, dismally, for dyspepsia dimmed even the prospect of unlimited dainties on the morrow, and did Grandmamma a good turn, as I dare say she expected it would.

"I shall keep on trying, for I do want them very much, and I know what I can do to earn them, but I wont tell," and Kate tucked away her curls as if done with vanity forever, for the dread of losing the pearls set her to thinking soberly.

Next morning she appeared with only a glimpse of yellow ripples under the lace of her cap, kept in the *café*, and attended to her work like a well-trained waiter. The others observed it and laughed together, but secretly followed her good example in different ways — Kitty by being very docile, and Cathy by heroically lunching on bread and butter.



READING GRANDMAMMA'S LETTER.

Kate felt better for the little effort, and when she was sent to carry a cup of tea to Miss Dutton, after the hurry was over, she skipped around the back way, and never looked to see if any one's eyes followed her admiringly.

Miss Dutton was a little old maid, whose booth was near the *café*, in a quiet corner, because her useful articles did not make much show, though many were glad to buy them after wasting money on fancy things.

"Here is a young friend of mine who is longing to stir about. You look very tired; don't you want to rest here awhile, and let Alice take your place, my dear?" asked Miss Dutton as she sipped her tea, while Kate affably chatted with a bright little girl, who looked decidedly out of place behind the piles of knit shirts and Shaker socks.

"Yes, indeed, if she likes. Take my cap and apron; your dress is blue, so they match nicely. Our busy time is over, so you will get along without any trouble. I shall be glad to rest."

As she spoke, Kate stepped behind the table, and, when Alice was gone, sat contentedly down under a row of piece-bags, dusters, and bibs, well pleased to be obliging in such a convenient manner. Miss Dutton chatted about the fair in her pleasant way, till she was called off, when she left her money-box and booth in the girl's care till her return.

An old lady came and bought many things, glad to find useful articles, and praised the pretty shop-woman for making change so well, saying to her companion as she went away:

"A nice, well-bred girl, keeping modestly in her place. I do dislike to see young girls flaunting about in public."

Kate smiled to herself, and was glad to be where

she was just then. But a few minutes later she longed to "flaunt about," for there was a sudden stir; some one said eagerly, "The English swells have come," and everybody turned to look at a party of ladies and gentlemen who were going the rounds, escorted by the managers of the fair.

Kate stood up in a chair to watch the fine people, but without thinking of deserting her post till she saw them going into the *café*.

"There! I forgot that they were coming to-day, and now I shall not have the fun of waiting on them. It is too bad! Alice has my place, and does n't know how to wait, and is n't half so ——" She did not finish the sentence aloud, for she was going to say, "pretty as I." "She ought to come back and let me go; I can't leave till she does. I depended on it. How provoking everything is!" and in her vexation Kate pulled down a shower of little flannel petticoats upon her head.

This had a soothing effect, for when she turned to put them up she saw a square hole cut in the cambric which parted this stall from the *café*, and, peeping in, she could see the British lions feed, while a well-dressed crowd looked on with the want of manners for which America is famous.

"Well, this is some comfort," thought Kate, staring with all her eyes at the jolly, red-faced gentleman, who was ordering all sorts of odd things, and the stout lady in the plain dress, who ate with an appetite which did honor to the English aristocracy.

"That is Lord and Lady Clanrobert, and the fine folks only the people in waiting, I suppose. Now, just see Kitty laugh! I wonder what he said to her. And there is Alice, never doing a thing at her table, when it ought to be cleared at once. Cathy takes good care of my lady; *she* knows where the nice things are, and how to set them out. If only I were there, how I would sail about, and show them one pretty girl, at least."

Kate was too much excited to be ashamed of that last speech, though made only to herself, for at that moment she saw Miss Dutton coming back, and hastened to hang up the little petticoats and resume her seat, trying to look as if nothing had happened.

"Now, run if you like, my dear. I 'm sorry to have kept you so long, for I suppose you want to see the grandees. Go, and tell Alice to come back, if you are rested," said the old lady, bustling in, with a sharp glance over her glasses.

Kate never knew what put the idea into her head, but she followed a sudden impulse, and turned a selfish disappointment into a little penance for her besetting sin.

"No, thank you; I will stay till she comes, and not spoil her fun. I 've had my share, and it wont hurt me to keep quiet a little longer," she said, quickly, and began to sort red mittens, to hide the color that suddenly came into her cheeks, as if all the forgotten blushes were returning at once.

"Very well, dear; I am glad to keep such a clever helper," and Miss Dutton began to scribble in a little book, as if putting down her receipts.

Presently the crowd came streaming out again, and, after making a few purchases, the English party left and peace was restored. Then Alice came flying up in great excitement.

"Oh, it was such fun! The fine folks came to our tables and were so nice. My lady said, 'Me dear,' to us, and the lord said he had never been so well served in his life, and he must fee the waiters; and after they went out, one of the young men came back and gave us each one of these delicious bonbon boxes. Was n't it sweet of them?"

Kate bit her lips as she looked at the charming little casket, all blue satin, lace, looking-glass, and gold filigree on the outside, and full of the most delicate French confectionery; for it was just one of the things young girls delight in, and she found it hard not to say, "I ought to have it, for you took my place."

But Alice looked so proud and pleased, and it was such a trifle, after all, she was ashamed to complain; so she called up a smile, and said good-naturedly:

"Yes, it is lovely, and will be just the thing to keep trinkets in when the candy is gone. These elegant boxes are what grown-up young ladies get at Christmas; so you will feel quite grand when you show yours."

She tried to look as usual, but Alice saw that something was amiss, and, suddenly thinking what it might be, exclaimed eagerly: "I truly did n't know they were coming when I took your place, and in the flurry I forgot to run to ask if you wanted to go back. Please take the box; you would have had it but for me. Do — I shall feel so much better if you will, and forgive my carelessness."

Kate was naturally generous, and this apology made it all right, so her smile was genuine as she put the pretty toy away, saying heartily this time:

"No, indeed; you did the work, and shall keep the fee. I don't mind now, though I did want to see the fun, and felt cross for a minute. I don't wonder you forgot."

"If you wont take the box, you must the candy. I don't care for it, and you *shall* go halves. There, please do, you dear, good-natured thing," cried Alice, emptying the bonbons into a

pretty basket she had lately bought, and giving it to Kate with a kiss.

This peace-offering was accepted with a good grace, and, when she had resumed her cap and apron, Kate departed, carrying with her something sweeter than the bonbons in her basket, for two pair of eyes followed her with an expression far more flattering than mere admiration, and she felt happier than if she had waited on a dozen lords and ladies. She said nothing to her cousins, and when they condoled with her on the loss she had sustained, she only smiled, and took a sugar-plum from her store, as if determined that no foolish regret should embitter her small sacrifice.

Next day Cathy, in a most unexpected manner, found an opportunity for self-denial, and did not let it slip. She had lightened many a weary moment by planning what she should buy with her ten dollars. Among various desirable things at the fair was a certain green-and-white afghan, beautifully embroidered with rose-buds. It was just ten dollars, and after much hesitation she had decided to buy it, feeling sure Grandma would consider it a useful purchase. Cathy loved cozy warmth like a cat, and pleased herself by imagining the delightful naps she would take under the pretty blanket, which so nicely matched the roses on her carpet and the chintz on the couch in her charming room at home.

"I 'll have it, for green suits my complexion, as the milkmaid said, and I shall lie and read and rest for a week after all this trotting, so it will be nice to cover my tired feet. I 'll go and get it the minute I am off duty," she thought, as she sat waiting for customers during the dull part of the afternoon. Her chair was near the door of the temporary kitchen, and she could hear the colored women talk as they washed dishes at the table nearest her.

"I told Jinny to come 'fore dark, and git a good warmin' when she fetched the clean towels. Them pore childern is most perished these cold nights, and I aint been able to git no blankets yet. Rent had to be paid, or out we goes, and work is hard to find these times; so I most give up when the childern fell sick," said an anxious-looking woman, glancing from the bright scene before her to the wintry night coming on without.

"'Pears to me things aint give round even-like. Some of these ladies has heaps of blankets, I aint a doubt, laying idle, and it don't occur to 'em we might like a few. I would n't ask for red-and-blue ones, with 'mazin' fine flowers and things worked on 'em; I 'd be mighty thankful for a pair of common ones for three or four dollars, or even a cheap comfortable. My old mammy is with me now, and suffers cruel with her bones, poor creeter, and I can't bear to take my cloak off her bed, so I 'm gittin' my death with this old dud of a shawl."

The other woman coughed as she gave a pull to the poor covering over her thin shoulders, and cast an envious look at the fur cloaks hanging in the ladies' room.

"I hope she wont steal any of them," thought Cathy, adding pitifully to herself, as she heard the cough and saw the tired faces, "I wonder they don't, poor things! It must be dreadful to be cold all night. I'll ask Mamma to give them some blankets, for I know I shall think about the sick children and the old woman, in my own nice bed, if I don't do something."

Here a Topsy-looking girl entered the kitchen, and went straight to the fire, putting up a pair of ragged boots to dry, and shivering till her teeth chattered, as she warmed her hands and rolled her big eyes about what must have seemed to her a paradise of good things.

"Poor child! I don't suppose she ever saw so much cake in her life. She shall have some. The sick ones can eat oranges, I know, and I can buy them all without leaving my work. I 'll surprise her and make her laugh, if I can."

Up got Cathy, and, going to the great refreshment-table, bought six fine oranges and a plateful of good, solid cakes. Armed with these letters of introduction, she appeared before the astonished Jinny, who stared at her as if she were a new sort of angel in cap and apron, instead of wings and crown.

"Will you have these, my dear? I heard your mother say the babies were sick, and I think you would like some of our goodies as well as they," she said, smiling, as she piled her gifts in Jinny's outstretched arms.

"Bless your kind heart, miss, she aint no words to thank you," cried the mother, beaming with gratitude, while Jinny could only show every white tooth, as she laughed and bit into the first thing that came handy. "It 's like manny from the skies to her, pore lamb; she don't git good vittles often, and them babies will jest scream when they sees them splendid oranges."

As Mrs. Johnson gave thanks, the other woman smiled also, and looked so glad at her neighbor's pleasure, that Cathy, having tasted the sweets of charity, felt a desire to do more, and, turning to Mrs. Smith, asked in a friendly tone:

"What can I send to your old mother? It is Christmas time, and she ought not to be forgotten when there is such a plenty here."

"A little mess of tea would be mighty welcome, honey. My old mammy lived in one of the fust families down South, and is used to genteel ways;

so it comes hard on her now, for I can't give her no luxuries, and she 's ninety year old the twenty-fust of next Jenniwary," promptly responded Mrs. Smith, seeing that her hearer had a tender heart and a generous hand.

"She shall have some tea, and anything else you think she would like. I 'll have a little basket made up for her, and tell her I wish her a merry Christmas."

Then, hearing several bells ring impatiently, Cathy hurried away, leaving behind her three grateful hearts, and Jinny speechless still with joy and cake. As she went to and fro, Cathy saw the dark faces always smiling at her, and every order she gave was attended to instantly by the willing hands of the two women, so that her work seemed lightened wonderfully, and the distasteful task grew pleasant.

When the next pause came she found that she wanted to do more, for a little food was not much, and the cloak on old Mammy's bed haunted her. The rosy afghan lost its charm, for it was an unnecessary luxury, and four blankets might be got for less than that one small one cost.

"I wonder what they would do if I should give them each five dollars. Grandma would like it, and I feel as if I should sleep warmer if I covered up those poor old bones and the sick babies," thought Cathy, whose love of creature comforts taught her to sympathize with the want of them. A sudden glow at her heart made her eyes fill, her hand go straight to her pocket, and her feet to the desk where the checks were handed in.

"Please change this for two fives. Gold, if you have it—money looks more in pretty, bright pieces," she said, as the lady obeyed, wondering what the extravagant little girl was going to buy now.

"Shall I?" asked Cathy, as she walked away with two shining coins in her hand. Her eye went to the kitchen-door, out of which Jinny was just going, with a great basket of soiled towels in one hand and the precious bundle in the other, while her mother was saying, as she pulled the old cape closer:

"Run along, chile, and don't forgit to lay the pieces of carpet on the bed, when you tucks up the babies. It 's awful cold, and I can't be home till twelve to see to 'em."

That settled the question in Cathy's mind at once, and, wishing the fives were tens, she went to the door, held out a hand to either woman, saying sweetly: "This is for blankets. It is my own; please take it," and vanished before the astonished creatures could do more than take the welcome money and begin to pour out their thanks.

Half an hour afterward she saw the little afghan going off on the arm of Miss Dutton, and smiled as she thought how deliciously warm her old down coverlet would feel when she remembered her investment in blankets that day.

Kitty's trial came on the last night of the fair, and seemed a very hard one at the time, though afterward she was ashamed to have felt it such an affliction. About nine o'clock her mother came to her, saying anxiously:

"The carriage is here, and I want you to go right home. Freddy's cold is so bad I 'm afraid of croup. Nurse is away, and Mary Ann knows nothing about it. You do, and I can trust you to watch and send for me if he grows worse. I can not leave yet, for all the valuable things on my table must first be taken care of. Now go, like a good girl, and then I shall feel easy."

"Oh, Mamma, how can I? We are to have a supper at eleven, and I know something nice is to happen—bouquets from the managers, because we have held out so well. Mary Ann will take care of Freddy, and we shall be home by twelve," cried Kitty, in dismay at losing all the fun.

"Now, Kitty, don't be disobedient. I 've no time to argue, and you know that dear little boy's life is of more importance than hundreds of suppers. Before midnight is the time to watch, and keep him warm, and give him his pellets regularly, so that he may not have another attack. I will make it up to you, dear, but I shall not have a moment's peace unless you go; Mary Ann is so careless, and Freddy minds you so well. Here are your things. Help me through to-night, and I don't think I will ever undertake another fair, for I am tired to death."

Kitty took off her little cap and put on her hood without a word, let her mother wrap her cloak around her and walk with her to the door of the hall, giving last directions about draughts, spongia, wet bandages, and hot bottles, till she was shut out in the cold with thanks and a kiss of maternal relief. She was so angry that she had not dared to speak, and nothing but her love for her little brother made it possible for her to yield without open rebellion. All the way home she fretted inwardly, and felt much ill-used; but when Freddy held out his arms to her, begging her to "tuddle me, cause my torp is so bad," she put away her anger, and sang the restless child to sleep as patiently as if no disappointment made her choke a bit now and then.

When all was quiet and Mary Ann on guard, Kitty had time to think of her own trials, and kept herself awake imagining the pretty supper, the vote of thanks, and the merry breaking up in which she had no part. A clock striking ten reminded her to see if Freddy had taken his medicine, and, stealing into the nursery, she saw

why her mother sent her home. Careless Mary Ann was sound asleep in the easy-chair, a door had swung open, and a draught blew over the bed where the child lay, with all the clothes kicked off in his restless sleep, and the pellets standing untaken on the table.

"I don't wonder Mamma felt anxious, and it's lucky I know what to do. Mary Ann, go to bed; you are of no use. I have had experience in nursing, and I will take care of Master Freddy."

Kitty vented her vexation in a good shake of the girl's stout shoulders, and sent her off with an air of importance funny to see. Then she threw herself into her task with all her heart, and made the baby so comfortable that he slept quietly, in spite of the cough, with his chubby hand in hers. Something in the touch of the clinging fingers quieted all impatience, the sight of the peaceful face made her love her labor, and the thought that any carelessness might bring pain or danger to the household darling filled her heart with tender fears and a glad willingness to give up any pleasure for his sake. Sitting so, Kitty remembered Grandma's letter, and owned that she was right, for many things in the past week proved it, and Mamma herself felt that she should be at home.

"I shall not get the pearls, for I have n't done anything good, unless I count this," said Kitty, kissing the little hand she held. "Grandma wont know it, and I did n't keep account of the silly things I have left undone. I wonder if Miss Dutton could have been watching us. She was everywhere with her raffle-book, and smiled and nodded at us like a dear old mandarin every time we met."

Kitty's mind would have been set at rest on that point if she could have seen Miss Dutton at that moment, for, after a chat with Mamma, the old lady had trotted off to her own table, and was making the following singular entry in her raffle-book:

"C. No. 3. Ordered home; went without complaint; great disappointment; much improved in docility; evidently tried hard all the week to obey. Good record."

No one else saw that book but Grandmamma, and she read in it three neatly kept records of that week's success, for Miss Dutton had quick eyes, ears, feet, and wits, and did her work well, thanks to her peep-hole, and the careless tongues and artless faces of girls who tell secrets without knowing it.

On Christmas morning, each of the cousins looked anxiously among her many gifts for the red case with the golden C on it. None of them found it, but Kate discovered the necklace in a bonbon box far finer than the one she lost; Cathy found the pretty afghan pinned together with the cross; and on a fresher nosegay than any the managers gave their little maids, Kitty saw the earrings shining like drops of frozen dew. A note went with each gift, all alike, and all read with much contentment by the happy girls, as they owned the justice of the divided reward:

"My Dear: The trial has succeeded better than I thought, for each has done well; each deserves a little prize, and each will, I think, take both pride and pleasure in her share of Grandmamma's love and Grandmamma's pearls."

A SAD DISAPPOINTMENT.

By Kate Kellogg.

Across the blue sky together
Raced three little clouds one day;
The Sun they had passed at noon-time,
The west was a league away.
"Oh, he is so slow," they whispered,
"So slow, and so far behind,
We three can be first at sunset
If only we have a mind."

They laughed to themselves in triumph,
They took hold of hands and flew;
But oh, what a sad disappointment
They afterward found and knew!
For this they had quite forgotten,
As they hurried along through the air:
There never can be a sunset
Till the sun himself is there!

THE SNOW-BIRDS' CHRISTMAS-TREE.

By Mabel Jones.

Yes, the snow-birds had a Christ-mas-tree at our house last year — a real tree, just big e-nough for the dear lit-tle things. I 'll tell you about it.

We were as hap-py as we could be a-round our own beau-ti-ful tree, when all at once Roy gave a shout, and point-ed to the win-dow. (Roy is my lit-tlest broth-er. He has love-ly brown hair, and it 's banged in front and hangs way down be-hind. Mam-ma says he is the pet of the house, or that Lulu and he are the pets of the house. For Lulu looks ver-y much like Roy, and has the same kind of love-ly hair, and it 's banged in front and long be-hind, just like Roy's. Only Lulu is old-er than Roy.)

Well, when Roy point-ed to the win-dow that morn-ing, he called out: "See! See! they want a Kis-mas-tee, too!" And we all looked a-round, and — what do you think? There on the win-dow-sill were four love-ly lit-tle snow-birds, look-ing in at our tree! And they would peck, peck, at the pane, as if they want-ed us to open the win-dow.

"Let 'em in! Let 'em in!" shout-ed Lulu, and she ran to raise the win-dow. But the lit-tle birds were a-fraid of her, and flew a-way.

But they did not fly ver-y far a-way — on-ly to a tree out in the yard. And we o-pened the win-dow and called, "Bird-ie! Bird-ie!" a-gain and a-gain, and tried ev-ery way we knew to get them to come in. But just then it be-gan to snow real hard, and the lit-tle birds flew down to a lit-tle, low ev-er-green, and a-way in-to the cen-ter of it, where the snow could n't fall on them.

But the best thing is to come yet. Lulu thought of it. Just when we said the poor lit-tle birds would have a real dull Christ-mas-day, Lulu shout-ed out: "Oh, I know! We 'll make them a Christ-mas-tree of their own, and take it out and give it to them there in the ev-er-green."

And then Lulu got Mam-ma to cut off a lit-tle bough from our Christ-mas-tree, and she stood it up in a paper box, and packed the box all a-round with pret-ty blue pa-per, so that the bough would stand up straight all by itself. And then she hung the lit-tle tree all o-ver with bread-crumbs, and, the first thing we knew, there it was, a per-fect lit-tle Snow-birds' Christ-mas-tree!

Then Lulu and Roy put on their pret-ty, new red caps, and their warm coats, and they took that lit-tle Christ-mas-tree out in-to the yard, and up to the ev-er-green where the birds were, and they pushed the limbs a-way,

and set the lit-tle box and the lit-tle tree in a cor-ner of the ev-er-green, where it stood up straight. And — if you 'll be-lieve it — those birds nev-er flew a-way at all, but looked just as if they ex-pect-ed it all a-long! And Lulu and Roy went a few steps a-way, and turned a-round, and stood per- fect-ly still, and in a min-ute all four of those lit-tle



birds flew down, and helped them-selves from their pret-ty lit-tle Christ-mas-tree, and were just as hap-py o-ver it as we were o-ver ours. Lulu and Roy stood out there in the snow and watched them ev-er so long. And we could see them from the win-dow, too.

We hope the same lit-tle birds will come back this year, and if they do, we 're go-ing to give them an-oth-er Christ-mas-tree. Would n't you?



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

OH, tell me, children who have seen
The Christmas-tree in bloom,
What is the very brightest thing
That sparkles in the room?

The candles? No. The tinsel? No.
The skates and shining toys?
Not so, indeed; nor yet the eyes
Of happy girls and boys.

It 's Christmas day itself, my dears!
It 's Christmas day alone—
The brightest gift, the gladdest gift
The world has ever known.

It 's coming, my ruddy crowd—it 's coming! It 's sparkling in the air already and stirring in every heart. The dear Little School-ma'am is knitting the loveliest pair of striped mittens for the Deacon, and all the children of the Red Schoolhouse are playing and whispering and working like things possessed. There 'll be crumbs scattered on the snow for my birds soon, depend on it—and maybe Christmas plums and goodies.

Oh! that reminds me of something.

HOW TIMES HAVE CHANGED!

"CHANGED!" exclaimed Deacon Green to the dear Little School-ma'am, a year ago come Christmas, "I should think they had changed. Why, many 's the time I 've heard my dear old father tell how, years ago, when he and Aunt Mary were children living on their father's farm in old England, the least little present used to delight them.

"They were well-to-do people, too, the Greens were; but to find one book or a ball or a shepherd's pipe in his Christmas stocking would make Father perfectly happy when he was a boy; and his sister thought a box of sugar-plums, or a new doll, or any one pretty gimcrack, was a joy indeed. Changed!—well, I 'd like to know! Why, I 'm told that a boy of this day, a real boy of the period, would consider himself a much-abused fellow if he did n't find on his Christmas-tree a ball, a six-bladed knife, a scientific top, a box of carpenter's tools, a printing-press, a jig-saw, a sled, a bicycle, ice-skates, roller-skates, a Punch-and-Judy show, a telephone, a steam-engine, a microscope, a steam-boat, a working train of cars, a box of parlor magic, a pistol, a performing acrobat, a real watch, a gold scarf-pin, gold cuff-buttons, a bound volume of ST. NICHOLAS, and twenty or thirty other books, more or less, besides a pocket-book with gold money in it, and a pair of kid gloves.

"I may have forgotten something," added the Deacon, wiping his brow, "but, so far as I can make out, that 's the proper thing for an average boy's Christmas, nowadays.

"As for the girls," the good man went on, raising his voice, "as for the girls—as for ——"

How she did it, I do not know; but that wonderful Little School-ma'am actually stopped the proceedings then and there. So, to this day your Jack does n't know what an average girl of the present day does, might, could, would, or should find on a Christmas-tree.



MORE ABOUT THE DURION.*

HERE are two of the most interesting letters that have come in answer to your Jack's question about the durion. The returned Burmese missionary and little Paul (who is only eleven years old) differ just enough to show that their accounts are drawn from actual knowledge—and they agree more than enough to make us all long for a taste

*See ST. NICHOLAS for September, page 900.

of the queer thing that is so pleasant in itself, and yet, as I 'm told, takes its name from "thorn," which in Malayan is called *dury*.

AN EATER OF THE DURION.

DEAR JACK: I can tell you about the durion, or, as it is sometimes called, the dorean, for I have eaten many of them, and oh, how I wish I could get one now! I was a missionary for six years in Burmah, where two of your readers, Edith and Agnes, were born.

Well, about the durion. It is a fruit of oval shape, from ten to twelve inches in length, and from six to eight inches in diameter. It is of a light green color, and, when fully grown, the outer shell is covered with spines or thorns half an inch in length. These thorns are very tough and strong.

If any of your little readers will look at the seed-pod of the "Jamestown weed," or, as the boys call it, the "jimson-weed," they will have a good representation, in miniature, of the durion.

The interior is divided into five sections or compartments, in which lie rows of seeds about an inch long, surrounded by the delicious pulp, which is what we eat. Oh, the luxury of this pulp! Its delicate yet pungent flavor is almost indescribable.

The nearest approach to an imitation which I can imagine would be to take the sweetest bananas, the richest pine-apples, the most juicy of oranges, some peaches and cream, flavor the mixture with some rare spice, and you would have something which might resemble a very poor durion. It is twelve years since I bought my last durion in the bazar in Rangoon, Burmah, but its remembrance makes my mouth water as I write. How I wish I could get another!

I asked the natives why the outer shell was so thorny. They said that it was to keep the monkeys from eating the fruit. Poor monkeys! how I pity them. The only durions they can eat are the overripe ones, which fall from the trees and burst open.

One strange thing about the durion is its *odor*. This, to many, is offensive in the last degree; yet, strange to say, others can not detect in it anything disagreeable. As for me, I could never smell anything but a pine-apple flavor, very strong, but very appetizing; yet a dear brother-missionary declared that a durion smelled exactly like "a very dead rat, and a musk-rat at that."

It is needless to say that this brother did not like durions. I have often tried to detect the disagreeable odor, but in vain; yet I once saw a party of new residents put to flight from the dinner-table by the solemn entry of a native servant, bearing what the host regarded as the chief feature of the dessert—a magnificent durion. You say "the durion is a native of Borneo." This is true, but it grows to perfection in Southern Burmah and the Malay peninsula.

The King of Burmah sends every year special steamers to Maulmain, Burmah, to procure the most royal specimens of this right royal fruit.

The tree is a hardy one, and I think the only difficulty in raising it under glass would be to get a large enough house, as it grows about sixty feet in height.

There is, as the children say, "ever so much more" about the durion, which I will leave unsaid; but, *how* I wish I could get one! —

R. M. LUTHER, Philadelphia, Pa.

A BOY'S STORY OF THE DURION.

BROOKLINE, MASS., Sept. 5, 1882.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I read in the September ST. NICHOLAS that you wanted to know about an East Indian fruit called the durion. My father, who has lived out in the East Indies, told me about it, and I am writing what he told me.

He says he has seen the durion in British Burmah, and he believes it is found throughout the Malay peninsula. The Burmese are wonderfully fond of it. As the season approaches, the natives in Rangoon and Maulmain talk about the durion so much that foreigners who hear of it for the first time think the natives have gone crazy over the fruit. The love for the durion is not confined to the natives alone, for Europeans living in Burmah become mastered by the appetite, and are as eager as the natives for the first durion. The durion, as seen in Burmah, is from nine to fifteen inches long, and from seven to nine inches in diameter, and has an oval shape. It is very heavy, and is covered outside with long, sharp thorns, about as close together as those on a horse-chestnut. There are not very many durions in Burmah, and they are wanted so much that two or three rupees ($1.00 or $1.50) are often paid for one. Durions are usually sold before they are ripe, and the buyer carries the fruit home with a delight that one who has not seen it can not understand. Then it is hung up to ripen, generally on the veranda, out of reach of the children, who are wild for it. Now comes one of the strangest things about the fruit: as it becomes nearly ripe, it emits a horrible odor, which is so nauseating that, when my father was there, passengers on steamers in those waters were absolutely forbidden to bring a durion aboard. In a few days the fruit is ready to eat, and the outer husk comes off in regular sections, lengthwise of the fruit. When the hull, which is about half an inch thick, is taken off, the eatable parts of the fruit are seen inclosed in a sort of pocket, formed by thin, white partitions that run the length of the fruit. The eatable part is a rich, golden yellow. It completely fills the compartment, but is itself divided into sections about two inches long, each section containing a smooth, hard stone. The fruit is eaten by taking out a section with the fingers. The taste, as my father describes it, is like the very richest custard, flavored with coffee and garlic, and smelling with the traces of the smell that it had when ripening. It is reported that some years ago the King of Burmah sent a steamer from Ava to Maulmain for a load of durions, and on her return so many had spoiled that those that were left cost him about a thousand dollars apiece. But the King and the court were satisfied to gratify their longing for durions, even at that price. — Your constant reader,

PAUL C. WEST.

DO ANSWER THIS FELLOW!



"YES, I KNOW I 'M A RABBIT. BUT WHAT KIND OF A RABBIT? THAT 'S THE QUESTION I RISE TO PROPOUND."

THE JABBERWOCKY.

CHICAGO, Oct. 2, 1882.

DEAR JACK: Please tell me if "Jabberwocky," mentioned in that poem in the ST. NICHOLAS, is a book, and who wrote it, and what it means, and if English-speaking children can understand it?

I will look in your pages for your answer. I know other children all over the country will be glad to know, unless they are better informed than

ROSE BARROWS.

Well, well! Jack thought everybody knew about the Jabberwocky! Now, my dear little snarks—I mean chicks—who 'll tell Alice—I mean Rose—about the Looking-Gl—I mean Jabberwocky?

THE LETTER-BOX.

"OH, THAT COMPOSITION!"—ST. NICHOLAS SUBJECTS.

IF, at first, we had any doubts that teachers and school-boys and school-girls all over the land would welcome our plan of suggesting to our readers four subjects for school compositions each month, we certainly have none now. From all parts of the country the response of the young folk and their instructors has been so hearty that we feel ourselves fairly enlisted in a common cause. A great many compositions have been received at the ST. NICHOLAS editorial rooms, some of them admirable, and almost all showing painstaking and a careful study of the picture offered as a theme

Next month we shall print the composition that seems to us to be the best, and, on the whole, the most likely to interest the majority of our readers. Meantime, we thank the young writers heartily, and congratulate them upon their zeal and voluntary industry. We do not propose to criticise these scores of compositions. If our suggestion has been carried out, nearly all of them, by this time, have been presented in school to the respective teachers of the writers, who are better able than we to note the excellences, point out the defects, and give needed advice and instruction. In future, we do not ask even to see the manuscripts, excepting when we offer a picture in connection with a subject. Then we shall be glad to see the compositions, with the view of selecting one for publication. And we should like very much if, in writing compositions, all who choose the ST. NICHOLAS subjects will let us know of the fact. It will be a pleasure to know that hundreds of boys and girls in this wide country and elsewhere are taking new interest in what is often a trying part of their school labors, from the fact that they are writing in concert, and "wrestling" with similar points and difficulties.

This month, the subjects offered to you, with the compliments of ST. NICHOLAS, are:

IF I HAD $1,000, WHAT WOULD I DO WITH IT?
COASTING.
TWO KINDS OF COURAGE.
MY FAVORITE BOOK.

THE report of the Agassiz Association is unavoidably crowded out of "The Letter-box" this month, but a partial report will be found upon page 12 of the advertising department, just before the frontispiece. We are very sorry to have to omit some of the most interesting letters, but they will be included in the report printed in the January number.

TO THE CHILDREN OF AMERICA

THE Longfellow Memorial Association has been organized in Cambridge, Mass., to provide a suitable memorial to the poet near his old home. There is a piece of land opposite the house in which he lived, which was kept open during Mr. Longfellow's life-time, that he might have a free view of the Charles River and the hills beyond. It was in a room looking out upon this favorite scene that he wrote "Excelsior," "The Children's Hour," "Maidenhood," and other poems which have made his name dear to the young, and the Association aims to buy the land, lay it out as a garden, build there a memorial to the poet, and keep the place, so endeared by association, forever open to the public.

The contribution of one dollar or more makes one an honorary member of the Association; but, in order to give the children throughout America a share in this memorial, the Association invites contributions of ten cents. In order that it may be made easier to collect and forward these gifts, teachers and superintendents are requested to act as agents. For every ten such subscriptions a package of ten memorial cards will be mailed to the address of the sender, to be distributed to the several contributors. The card contains an excellent portrait of Mr. Longfellow, a view of the house in which he lived, and one of his poems in a fac-simile of his handwriting. It is also thought that a package of these cards may sometimes be found an acceptable and appropriate present from teachers to scholars.

Contributions should be sent to John Bartlett, Treasurer, P. O Box 1590, Boston, Mass Single cards will not be sent.

NEW ORLEANS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me if the picture of Dorothy Reed in the October number was taken from a photograph. If it was, does she live in New York? All the boys that I know, who have seen the engraving, have fallen dead in love with her, including myself, and all the girls think she looks "just too awfully sweet." I think that it is the loveliest portrait of a girl I have ever seen anywhere.—Yours truly. E. F. P.

E. F. P.—Dorothy's picture came to us all the way from England. It is an excellent likeness, however, and the original is living in ———. But no; eighty thousand boys would be too many admirers, and if they all should try to call on New Year's Day, what would poor Dorothy do! Besides, E. T. might object to our giving the lady's address to so many boys.

ABOUT A GOSSAMER-LIKE VEIL.

BEAVER FALLS, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Seeing an article in the September "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" about woven wind reminds me of an article I read about a fabric of the same kind which was made in Greece. A lady once had a wedding-veil of such length that it would trail upon the ground for several yards. Yet a case representing an English walnut would contain it; but it would not unless folded in the same manner as the workman had folded it. A. H.

WE printed in "The Letter-box" of last month a copy of a page from the new edition of ST. NICHOLAS in Arabic, and a brief item telling how the translation came to be made. But the Rev. H. H. Jessup, in a letter written since the issue of the November number, gives so many interesting facts in connection with the Arabic edition that we must present to our readers the following extracts from his letter:

* * "Concerning the Arabic ST. NICHOLAS, we have published several illustrated books in Arabic during the past ten years, but none of exactly this style, and no illustrated book has ever been printed in Arabic equal to this in the character of its cuts, its superior paper, and execution. It was designed, as was the 'Baby Days' in English, for the Arab *babies*. The learned among the Arabs look with horror upon the attempt to bring down the stately Arabic to the comprehension of children, but we believe in Syria that it can be done; and Moallim Hourani, one of the best Arabic scholars of our time, thinks that the Arabic can be correctly written and yet be made simple enough for the youngest readers.

"The printing of this, as well as the binding, was done at the American Mission Press, in Beirut. The paper came from the establishment of Messrs. Smith & Meynier, at Fiume, on the Adriatic. The type is all cast at our Beirut American Type Foundry, by native Arab workmen.

"I took the liberty to add to the original articles translated from ST. NICHOLAS several of the Mother Goose rhymes, such as 'Old Mother Hubbard,' 'The House that Jack Built,' and others, besides introducing several of the ancient original Arab nursery rhymes, which are not inferior in beauty to anything in the English language.

"The edition was printed just before I left Beirut, and the copy sent to you was the first one bound. I showed a copy to the American missionaries in Egypt on board the steamer in the harbor of Alexandria, June 19th, and they expressed their approbation of this juvenile literary undertaking. There are now about 15,000 boys and girls in Christian schools in Syria and Palestine; and now that the Egyptian war has ceased, and order is being restored, I doubt not that there will be an increasing demand for a children's literature in the Arabic language."

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS: ST. NICHOLAS will be as happy as any of you this Christmas. In fact, every day in the year is a small Christmas to him, since every day brings a score or more of your eager, affectionate letters. If you could see them all, you would own that only a very solemn and preoccupied saint could help being made happy by them. And we can not resist the temptation to print a few of these letters here, though it is almost like trying to show you the sea in a water-pail. However, the pail of water would *represent* the sea, and so, if you 'll just remember that each of these charming letters counts for a hundred more very like it, you 'll understand what a great big flock of little joys it is that comes flying in to ST. NICHOLAS from the post-boxes day after day.

We are only sorry that we can not print all the letters, but that would require a whole number of ST. NICHOLAS. And we must see that the young friends who write from far away are not slighted in the few here given. So, we 'll begin with two letters from the other side of the world:

ST. GERMAIN EN LAYE,
26 RUE DE PONTOISE.
June 9, 1882.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last Christmas Papa subscribed for your magazine, and I think it is so interesting that I hope he will get it for me next year. In December I crossed the ocean, and came over here. I have been traveling, and have visited the Littoral of France, Northern Italy, and Madrid. And when I was fatigued I would read ST. NICHOLAS.

My sister Minnie will soon commence to read it, too, I hope. I always wait with great impatience for the next number. I was so happy this morning, when I received the June number! I have already read half of it to-day.

From your constant reader, NETTIE M. T.

VENTNOR, ISLE OF WIGHT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I write to tell you that we got a copy of the ST. NICHOLAS in London, and, although it has a different cover, inside it is the same old friend that we have known so many years in America and hope soon to see again.

Your friend, NETTIE F. LITTLE.

And here is a letter which comes from a place almost as far away, but in the opposite direction. It was written at Fort Apache, Arizona.

FORT APACHE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My father is an army officer. We see lots of Indians every day. At first we were a little frightened to have the squaws come in the houses, but we are used to it now. There was an Indian battle here last year. I guess you read about it in the papers. General Carr was in command. My papa was wounded; he is well now. I take the ST. NICHOLAS, and watch for it every month. We have no schools out here. I think "Donald and Dorothy" is an elegant story. This fort is up in the mountains, with still higher ranges above it. It often rains down here and snows up in the mountains. I must stop now

Your constant reader, MAE G.



"I DON'T GET VERY LONESOME."

Next, from the "piny woods" of Florida, comes this lovely message of C. D. R's.:

FORT MASON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write you a letter and tell you that I think all the pieces in ST. NICHOLAS are just splendid. ST. NICHOLAS could not be any better, I don't believe. It is the best magazine for young people I have ever seen, I think.

ST. NICHOLAS is sent to me as a Christmas present from a very kind auntie of mine. I don't know what I should do without it. I live in the piny woods of Florida. The nearest little girl that I have to play with lives nearly two miles away, but I don't get very lonesome. I look forward with a great deal of pleasure to the day that brings ST. NICHOLAS to me.—Yours truly, C. D. R.



"THERE IS N'T A DRY PAGE IN IT."

And here is another letter from the sunny South, this time from a mother:

RIPON, W. VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a little girl nine years old who is, as are all the "brothers and sisters" (and her "cousins and her aunts"), a devoted friend and admirer of ST. NICHOLAS. The magazine has been a valued member of the household for eight years. I wonder sometimes if he fills as important a position in any other Here he is physician as well as instructor and playfellow; for, when Elsie's earache gets very bad she begs, "Please, Mamma, get ST. NICHOLAS and read a story, then I wont mind the pain"; and last summer, when Nannine, another daughter, had to lie for weeks in a darkened room, with bandaged eyes, her chief comfort was to have me ask her the hard questions in the Riddle-box, or read over and over Miss Alcott's charming stories. Even black Frank, our boy-of-all-work, thinks he can polish the shoes better if I let him bring his box and brush to the parlor door (you know the Southern custom of sitting with open doors) while I read aloud from ST. NICHOLAS. And I, myself, am most grateful to this children's friend for its help in the nursery. P. V. B.

Blanche B. knows some other grown people who like to read ST. NICHOLAS:

BALTIMORE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been taking ST. NICHOLAS for six years, and can hardly tell you how much we have enjoyed it.

When Papa brings it home we all make a rush for it, to see which can get it first, and its contents are enjoyed both by the grown people and the little folks.

I think it only justice to say that the ST. NICHOLAS is the most perfect magazine in existence.

With many kind wishes for the future prosperity of the ST. NICHOLAS, I remain, yours sincerely, BLANCHE B.

From the host of letters from Illinois we can give only this one:

ENGLEWOOD, ILLINOIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken your dear magazine from the very first number; and really now, it does n't seem as if we could possibly get along without you.

There are four of us — two boys and two girls. I am the oldest and my little brother Allie is the youngest. We have enjoyed the stories

all the time, especially those by Miss Alcott, "Under the Lilacs," and "Eight Cousins." We have had all our numbers for each year bound, and they make quite a library.

There are very many of the stories that we read again and again. There was a picture published in the Letter-box, in one of the numbers a year or two ago, of a little negro boy with a brick lying at his feet. This legend was at the foot of the picture:

"This figure is a nigure
Made sick by a brick."

Little Allie used to get the book with that in it, and hunt till he found that picture. Almost before he could talk plain, he would sit on the floor and point first to the "nigure," and then to the "brick," until he actually soiled the picture, and you could see the print of a finger on the brick, and on the little darkey boy's face.

Each number seems as good as can be, and yet, the *next* is sure to be better. In the Letter-box for June, 1881, there were two letters telling how two people succeeded in the magic dance, spoken of in the March number of the same year. We tried it and made it a success. It was quite amusing. We had to try two or three times before we got the glass the right distance from the table; but when we *did* the figures danced merrily.

About the time we expect the ST. NICHOLAS, the first thing that Papa hears when he comes from up-town is, "Has n't the ST. NICHOLAS come yet?" And when it does come, we are all eager for the first look at it.

Your constant and affectionate reader, JENNIE.



"JOLLY YARN, THAT!"

May K.'s letter comes from Pennsylvania, and is too good to lose:

SCRANTON, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like your magazine very much, and so does my teacher — at least I think she does, because she lets us use it to read in school instead of a Reader, which is ever so nice. I attend a lovely little school which is held up in the tower of a house. We four little girls in the tower call it "Bellevue Tower," because there is a beautiful view from it. But there are some things around Scranton that spoil the scenery very much, I think: they are black mountains. Perhaps some of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS have never seen them. They are made of immense piles of culm, that look very impudent as if trying to make themselves seem as high as mountains.

We have taken the ST. NICHOLAS ever since it was started. My sister, who is now a young lady, was the first one in the family who took it; and now, it has been handed down to us younger members. Did you ever hear of the little girl in England who, when her mother told her that American children were whipped when they were naughty, replied: "I am sorry for them if they have to be whipped, but then I don't think they can have so bad a time, after all, because they have the ST. NICHOLAS there."

Three cheers for the ST. NICHOLAS! Your little friend, MAY K.

An enterprising boy of Western New York has this to say:

ELLINGTON, CHAUTAUQUA CO., N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you ever since I was six years old, and the longer I take you the better I like you. I take several magazines and papers, but ST. NICHOLAS is the best of all. Of all the continued stories that ever appeared in ST. NICHOLAS, I like "Jack and Jill" the best. I can sympathize with Jack in his passion for stamp collecting, but I like to collect coins and minerals better than that. Minerals and fossils are very numerous about here, and I have a good collection. We have a Chapter of the A. A., of which I am the secretary.

Your faithful reader, WILLIE H. VAN A.

New York City sends us a multitude of letters, and we are very sorry that room can not be made for more than one. But that one is from a girl of nineteen years, who, we are glad to see, belongs to the host of older readers who say they will never get too old to read ST. NICHOLAS.

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been meaning to write you for a long time, to say how much I have always enjoyed you. The talks with the dear Little School-ma'am and Jack-in-the-Pulpit are especially interesting to me; please be sure and give them my love. Though I am nineteen years old, still I don't feel a bit "grown-up," and love the stories as much as ever. I wish Miss Alcott would write another story. I like hers so much. All her characters are so natural. A favorite amusement of mine is looking for people from the "book world" when I am out, and often I meet Jo, Laurie, and Amy from "Little Women" (one of the loveliest books in the world), and Rose, Mac, and Uncle Alec from "Eight Cousins." I have taken you, dear ST. NICHOLAS, since the commencement, and I think if you could see all my bound copies in the book-case, you would know, by the mutilated covers, they had been read and re-read by us all. I have written a long letter now, so will say good-bye, you dear old ST. NICHOLAS.

Your loving and constant reader, JULIE B.

And next — But no! We have hardly dipped into the mass of welcome and cheering missives, and should like to follow with scores in addition to those given above. But already our allotted space is filled. "Jennie," "Julie B.," and all the hundreds of boys and girls who have spoken of Miss Alcott's stories will be glad to see that a short story from her pen appears in this number of ST. NICHOLAS, and to know that she will contribute others during the year.

For your hearty and encouraging messages, dear young friends, we can only thank you warmly, one and all, far and near, while we rejoice in every fresh delight, inspiration, and aid that you find in the pages of ST. NICHOLAS.

WE must make room, even in an overcrowded "Letter-box," for these clever verses from a friendly correspondent in New York:

ARE GILBERT AND SULLIVAN RESPONSIBLE?

Once I loved a little maiden,
Frolicsome and gay was she;
Said I, "Prithee, pretty maiden,
Will you, will you marry me?"
All her laughter then she silenced,
And with looks and tones polite
Said, "My stock of 'Patience,' kind sir,
You have now exhausted quite."

Then I tried her heart to soften.
Said I, sighing deep and long,
"You'll responsible be ever,
For a noble man gone wrong."
But she answered, gayly laughing,
Giving me a wicked glance,
"Much I fear your woes are due, sir,
To the 'Pirates of Penzance.'"

Then I tried the cool and lofty,
Said I'd leave her then and there,
Said I'd *never* so been treated
By a maiden, howe'er fair.
But I heard in tones derisive,
As I turned me from the door,
"'Hardly ever' you should say, sir,
If you quote from 'Pinafore'!"

I. B. C.



ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE IN THE HEAD-PIECE.

SOME COLORS FOR CHRISTMAS. In each of the twelve monograms here given, find the letters necessary to spell a color.

A GREETING. These letters contain a greeting, and the puzzle consists in combining the letters of the two lines in such a way as to form the desired sentence. G. F.

TWO WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. THE name of a general in a very recent war. 2. Estimates. 3. A coral island. 4. A courted beauty. 5. A small island.

II. 1. A Turkish governor. 2. A book of maps. 3. To come in collision. 4. Hurry. 5. Pallid.

The first words of the two squares, when read in connection, name a well-known military commander. FANCY.

DOUBLE CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

EACH of the words described contains six letters; when these words are placed one below another, in the order here given, the fourth line of letters will name a personage who is very important at the season named by the third line of letters.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. An alarm-bell. 2. To draw into the lungs. 3. To mock. 4. An old-fashioned musical instrument, resembling a piano. 5. A heavy quality of broadcloth. 6. A plant somewhat like mint. 7. Neglectful. 8. Marked out. 9. Vessels in which food is served. 10. Staffs used by conductors of musical performances. 11. Wound in circles. 12. To call for in a peremptory manner. 13. Decorations worn on helmets. G. F.

DIAMOND.

1. IN stirrup. 2. A tattered fragment. 3. A knave. 4. A splendid exhibition. 5. To protect from danger. 6. Termination. 7. In stirrup. ISOLA.

HOUR-GLASS.

CENTRALS (reading downward): A festival.

ACROSS: 1. Wooden plates. 2. A mode of engraving. 3. A fabulous monster. 4. A transgression. 5. In Santa Claus. 6. Consumed. 7. A tropical fruit. 8. To respire. 9. To metamorphose. PHIL. I. PINE.

GREEK CROSS.

I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. An American general. 2. Severity of climate. 3. Past. 4. Nine days after the ides in the Roman calendar. 5. A lock of hair.

II. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A river of England. 2. More uncivilized. 3. To draw out. 4. Parts which connect heads with bodies. 5. A lock of hair.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. A lock of hair. 2. Proportion. 3. A girl's name. 4. A continued attempt to gain possession. 5. Five-eighths of a word meaning an impropriety of language or speech.

IV. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Five-eighths of a word meaning an impropriety of language or speech. 2. The rudimentary state of a seed. 3 Part of the name of a famous opera by Donizetti. 4. An eminent prophet of Israel. 5. To come to an end.

V. LOWER SQUARE: 1. Five-eighths of a word meaning an impropriety of language or speech. 2. A musical composition. 3. A tropical fruit. 4. To eat into or away. 5. Walking-sticks.

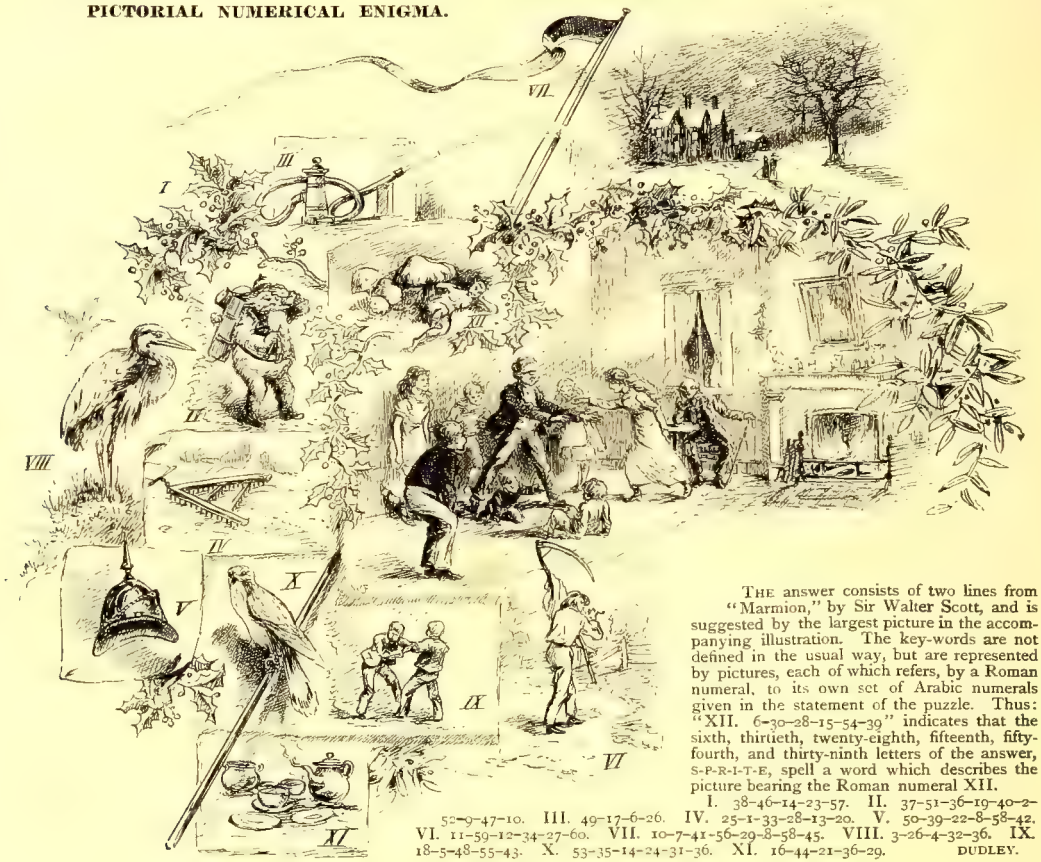
CHARLES ROGERS.

EASY NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of thirty-three letters, and am a Spanish proverb.

My 3-23-11-17 is a river of Africa. My 27-8-25-9 is conversation. My 5-15-30-31-7 is a contrivance for heating. My 6-13-2-33 is indigent. My 14-20-26-21-18 is an elf. My 4-28-12-19 is a piece of baked clay. My 24-32-22 is to permit. My 1-10-29-16 is a broad, open vessel. PAUL OAKFORD.

PICTORIAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA.



THE answer consists of two lines from "Marmion," by Sir Walter Scott, and is suggested by the largest picture in the accompanying illustration. The key-words are not defined in the usual way, but are represented by pictures, each of which refers, by a Roman numeral, to its own set of Arabic numerals given in the statement of the puzzle. Thus: "XII. 6-30-28-15-54-39" indicates that the sixth, thirtieth, twenty-eighth, fifteenth, fifty-fourth, and thirty-ninth letters of the answer, S-P-R-I-T-E, spell a word which describes the picture bearing the Roman numeral XII.

I. 38-46-14-23-57. II. 37-51-36-19-40-2-52-9-47-10. III. 49-17-6-26. IV. 25-1-33-28-13-20. V. 50-39-22-8-58-42. VI. 11-59-12-34-27-60. VII. 10-7-41-56-29-8-58-45. VIII. 3-26-4-32-36. IX. 18-5-48-55-43. X. 53-35-14-24-31-36. XI. 16-44-21-36-29. DUDLEY.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NOVEMBER NUMBER.

SPIRAL.— Among the guests our country hostess passes,
And from the heavy gallon jug
With courtly style and pleasant smile
Drops cider in the glasses.

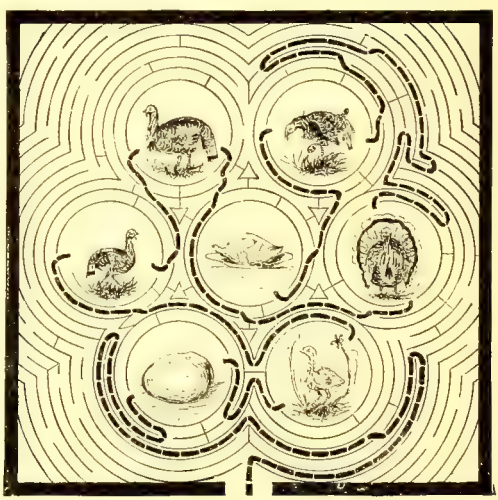
DIAMOND: 1. G. 2. Set. 3. Sinew. 4. General. 5. Terms. 6. Was. 7 L. —— NOVEL CROSS-WORD ENIGMA: Bryant.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA: To receive honestly is the best thanks for a good thing. —— CROSS-WORD ENIGMA: Thanksgiving.

RHOMBOID. ACROSS: 1. Scat. 2. Oral. 3 Trim. 4. Eden.

HALF-SQUARE: 1. Domino. 2 Opens. 3. Mend. 4. Ind. 5. N. S. 6. O.

THANKSGIVING MAZE: See accompanying illustration.



ANSWERS TO ALL OF THE PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 20, from Minnie B. Murray — F. L. Atbush — Marna and Bae.

ANSWERS TO SEPTEMBER PUZZLES were received, too late for acknowledgment in the November number, from Bella and Cora Wehl, Frankfort, Germany, 5 — Potrero, 12.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 20, from Melissa and Theodore, 1 — J. W. Parker, 3 — Ehrick R. and Florence P. Jones, 1 — Sara M. and Edith Gallaudet, 6 — Philip Embury, Jr., 5 — John Burnet Nash, 1 — "Two Æsthetic Maidens," 5 — B. C. R., 13 — Effie K. Talboys, 6 — Professor and Co., 12 — Theo. Richards, 1 — "Alcibiades," 11 — Nellie J. Parker, 3 — Clara J. Child, 13 — A. G. and E. W., 7 — D. S. Crosby, Jr., and H. W. Chandler, 8 — Maggie Tolderlund, 1 — "Two Subscribers," 12 — "Thick and Thin," 13 — S. and E., 2 — "Shumway," 9 — Phil. I. Pine, 2 — Lavinien d'Amaulis, 13 — Etta M. Taylor, 1 — Gertrude Lansing and Julia Wallace, 8 — Génie J. Callmeyer, 8 — Warren, 5 — Snip and Snap, 7 — Katie L. Robertson, 9 — Clara and her Aunt, 10 — Vin and Henry, 8 — C. L. Slattery, 12 — Florence P. Jones, 1 — Appleton H., 12 — Florence Leslie Kyte, — "Johnston and Co.," 6 — Alice Robinson, 3 — David H. Dodge, 1.



HIS LORDSHIP'S BED-TIME.

DRAWN BY E. H. BLASHFIELD

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. X. JANUARY, 1883. NO. 3.

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HOW THE DOCTOR WAS PAID.

BY KATHARINE R. MCDOWELL.

"TWO dollars a visit!" cried Dot in dismay, forgetting entirely that she had come to look for a spool of No. 40 in Mamma's drawer, and opening her brown eyes wider and wider as she read the heading of an old bill of Dr. Cogswell's.

"Two dollars a visit!" she repeated. "Oh, why does n't Donnie get well? And where is all the money to come from?" she asked herself, sadly. "We will get very poor," continued Dot, shaking her little brown head slowly over the bill. After thinking awhile, she slipped the paper in her pocket and went down-stairs.

Mamma and Sister Margie were sewing. Dot went quietly to Mrs. Ledyard and whispered:

"We 'll feel very poor afterward, wont we, Mamma?"

Mamma smiled. A sad smile, Dot thought, as she replied: "You 're better at guessing than we supposed. Now, why don't you take your trimming, little daughter, and go into the library? There 's a nice fire on the hearth, and you can work away like a bee. We 'll need it soon, you know," added Mamma, for Dot was rather inclined to dream when she was alone.

"We 'll need it soon," repeated Dot, as she climbed up in the big library chair. "We 'll need it soon. Oh, why did n't they tell me! Why did they leave me to find it out for myself? I might have worked yards and yards by this time, and sold them for ever so much, but I supposed it was just to give me something to do, and I 've sometimes not done more than one scallop in a whole afternoon," confessed Dot, as she made her little ivory needle fly in and out of her work, as if any one could ever make up for time wasted.

"And to think I never once thought that Mamma and Sister Margie were making those things to sell, nor how much 't was costing to have the doctor coming every day, and sometimes twice a day. Poor Donnie! Perhaps he 's worse than they tell me. Perhaps," and there was a great lump in her throat, "he 's going to die, and they are leaving me to find that out." Two great tears rolled slowly down the pretty, round cheeks. "But why, then, do they keep a-tellin' me he 's better?" The tears had dropped on the crochet trimming, and two more were following in their train.

Tom went into the barn to clean his gun. Dot saw him.

"I 'll ask him," she decided, as she put her work hurriedly in a little silk handkerchief, and started with it for the barn. "He wont tease me when he knows how badly I feel."

It was a very sad little face that peered in at the barn-door.

"Halloo!" was Tom's greeting. "Been crying?"

"Yes," admitted Dot, in a voice that could leave no doubt of it in any one's mind.

"What 's up?" continued Tom, as he rubbed away at his gun. "Want any help?"

"Oh, yes, Tom; that 's just what I 've come for. Wont you talk real sober with me?"

"Nary a smile from me," said Tom. Then,

glancing sidelong at the little face in the doorway, he added, "Come in and state your case. Here 's a seat on the hay," as he lifted her gently upon a pile he had just brought down for the horses. "There! are you cold?"

"Not a bit," said Dot, smiling thankfully. "I have brought my cloak."

"All right, then; go ahead," said Tom, cheerfully.

"Well, you know, Tom," began Dot, in her sweet, timid voice; "there 's a secret in there," pointing toward the house, "and I never found it out till this morning."

"So you found it out, did you? Well, I told 'em you would."

"I would n't, but for the bill."

"You would n't what?" asked Tom, who was rubbing away again.

"I 'll tell you about that afterward. When I went into the sitting-room, Mamma and Margie were sewing."

"*That* certainly did n't surprise you!" laughed Tom.

"O Tom! how can you make fun of it all? Mamma looked just ready to cry, and—oh, oh, oh, what can we ever do about it!" as she threw herself face downward on the hay, and sobbed as though her little heart would break, while Tom stood by in speechless astonishment, wondering why the words "Two dollars a visit" seemed mingled with her sobs.

"*Does* she know, after all?" he asked himself. "I must n't forget my promise to Mother, but I must give the child some comfort," he thought, as he went over toward the little blue cloak on the hay.

"Come, Dot," said he, tenderly. "Don't cry. You have n't told me yet what the matter is. Now we 'll sit right up here, while you tell Tom all about it."

After a while, Dot managed to say:

"Does n't Dr. Cogswell charge people who are ill two dollars every time he goes to see them?"

"Something like that, I believe," answered Tom, wonderingly.

"It 's exactly that," said Dot, feeling for the bill. "O Tom, we must owe him hundreds of dollars!"

There was a queer look in Tom's eyes.

"I suppose we do," he said.

"But have we got the money to pay him?" questioned Dot, the brown eyes swimming again.

"No, I don't believe we have."

"Then, what are we going to do?" said Dot, with another sob.

"There, Dot," said Tom, soothingly. "Don't be so foolish as to cry. It 's all coming out right. I can't tell you now just how, but take my word for it."

"Tom," called Mrs. Ledyard, "they 're all waiting for you."

"The boys have come, Dot," said Tom, giving her a hasty kiss. "Now, remember not to worry. It 's coming out all right."

Dot sat a long time on the hay.

"Tom always thinks everything 's going to come out all right," she said, determined to be miserable. "He does n't know anything about money. Margie says so, and I know myself he does n't, 'cause I once owed him five cents for weeks, and, when I went to pay him, he 'd forgotten all about it, and said I must have dreamed it. He 's gone off now to sleigh-ride and does n't care how hard we 're all workin'," and the little needle flew faster than ever. "I just know he thinks Dr. Cogswell is n't going to charge, but he is, for here 's one bill and he 's probably got another all ready.

"He could just as well not charge," she went on, "for Edith Olcott told me he was ever 'n' ever so rich, and that he 's got a house in the city even prettier than this. But how could one be?" she wondered. "How could any room be lovelier than the one Mrs. Crane took Edith and me into the other day? the little one with the window looking on the lake, and the little bed with curtains and everything blue, carpet and all. Dr. Cogswell calls it his little sister's room, and she 's coming in the spring."

The little fingers never did better work than that day, for "Mamma would n't have told me they needed it if they did n't," Dot kept assuring herself. "Tom just wanted to comfort me. He does n't know how hard they 're workin' and cryin'."

That night, Dot added to her prayer the words, "O God, please don't let it be more than we can pay."

"Let what?" asked Mamma, as she tucked her in bed.

"The doctor's bill," whispered Dot, her arms very tight about Mrs. Ledyard's neck.

Mrs. Ledyard smiled. She thought Dot was half-asleep, so she tiptoed quietly down-stairs to the library, and there found Tom telling Margie about Dot's trouble.

The young doctor must have been there, too, or heard of it in some way, for he happened in the next morning right after breakfast, and the first thing he said was:

"I 'm going to have my bill settled to-day, little Miss Dot," as with quite a grave face he took out his memoranda.

"Let me see," he mused, "I began coming in May. Two visits a day, till—why it 's nearly

Christmas, is n't it? Now, how much should you think it would come to?"

"Hundreds!" said poor little Dot, faintly.

"We want to be business-like," said Dr. Cogswell; "suppose you get your slate and figure it."

Dot ran. "He is n't going to let us off a penny," she moaned.

"Now, let 's do a little sum in arithmetic," said the doctor. "What does M. stand for?"

"One thousand," said staggered little Dot, pushing the crochet-work way down in her pocket.

"Very good," said the doctor. "Now, what does C. stand for?"

"One hundred," said Dot, trying to be brave.

"And altogether?" was the next question.

"Eleven hundred," said Dot, tearfully.

"H'm," coughed Dr. Cogswell. "Now, can you think of anything else they might stand for?"

"No, sir," said Dot.

"Why yes, you can, Dot," cried Donald, who had just been wheeled into the room. "M. C.!" clapping his hands. "Why, *Merry Christmas*, don't you see?"

Dot smiled.

"Then there is n't any bill?" she asked Tom.

"Nary a bill," said Tom; "but can't you think of anything else the letters might stand for?"

"No," said happy, stupid little Dot.

"I can," cried Don, catching sight of some glances being exchanged, and Margie's pretty cheeks aglow. "Margie Cogswell!"

Then they all laughed, and the doctor caught Dot up and set her on his shoulder, and pranced with her into the cozy sitting-room. Pretty soon Don was wheeled into the sunny bay-window, and there they all sat the rest of the morning.

Dot had to submit to a good deal of teasing, but she was very happy notwithstanding, and wrote in her diary that night, in such big letters that she went right over two or three of the following days:

"*The doctor was n't coming to see Donnie, after all, and there was n't any bill. I am going to be bridesmaid and wear white. There is n't any little sister but me, and I 'm agoing to have the little blue-room, whenever I want to go there to visit.*"



SANTA CLAUS MUST HAVE MADE A MISTAKE.

FAIRY WISHES, NOWADAYS.

By S. A. Sheilds.



"'GOOD-MORNING, MA'AM,' HE STAMMERED; 'I HOPE YOU ARE WELL.'"

TINKEY lay under a wide-spreading apple tree, upon a bed of half-dried grass, that was not yet hay, but sending out the most delicious perfume of clover blossoms. Overhead, a clear blue sky, with soft white clouds dotting it here and there, and a blazing July sun, were only half visible through the thick leaves of the apple tree that made a cool shade where Tinkey was lying.

It was holiday time, and all the long, hot days were free from Latin grammar or arithmetic; free to make fishing-parties, to play cricket, to toss hay, or to do as Tinkey was doing—lie about out-doors and find pleasure in pure idleness. It is not to be denied that Tinkey was lazy. He dearly loved a morning nap after the getting-up bell had sounded; he liked to drop into soft chairs or upon the sofa, and dream of wonderful things he was going to do. All the activity and energy of great deeds lay in the future for Tinkey, who fully intended to become in some way famous when a man. In the meantime, he liked to lie under the apple tree, thinking. First, he counted all the green apples in sight, and wondered how soon they would be ripe; then he watched the clouds and leaves waving softly in the gentlest of summer breezes, and then he speculated as to whether Mrs. Davidson would have ice-cream at the party to which Tinkey and his brothers and sisters were invited that afternoon. It was to be a gathering of all the boys and girls for miles around—a sort of picnic on the beautiful grounds that surrounded Mrs. Davidson's large house, and a garden tea-party.

"It must be lovely to be as rich as Mrs. Davidson," thought Tinkey, lazily, "and I might have had as much money once, if I had only wished for it. If I had another such a chance——"

"Well, what would you do with it if you had?"

Tinkey sat bolt upright and stared. That sharp, clear voice was certainly one he had heard before, and right in front of him, daintily balanced upon the tiniest of hay-cocks, was the little old-woman fairy, in her red cloak and pointed cap, who came in a butterfly-drawn car through the air. Tinkey did not see the car, but he was sure it was not far away.

"Good-morning, ma'am," he stammered, when he could find voice enough to speak. "I hope you are well?"

"Now," said the fairy, "did you ever hear of a sick fairy? Of course I am well, and never had a pain in my life. It is great, clumsy people like you who are ill half the time. But I can't stand

chattering here. I've an engagement in Japan in half an hour, but as I was passing I heard you sighing for another chance to make a goose of yourself——"

"It was a calf," corrected Tinkey, "and I do *not* want to make a goose of myself. Oh!" and his eyes grew so round, and stuck out so far, it was really wonderful that they did not drop out. "Oh! Are you going to let me have another wish?"

"H'm!" said the fairy, rubbing her sharp little nose with a handkerchief that looked like the leaf of a tiny jessamine, "you don't seem to make much out of one wish. Suppose I give you a dozen or twenty."

"Oh!" cried Tinkey.

"Yes," said the little old woman. "I am going to see to-day how much you are to be trusted with having your own way. So, between now and sunset, I am going to let you have everything you wish for. Only, remember this: you can have but one wish for one thing. No 'takings back,' you understand. So if you wish yourself a goose, a goose you will have to remain."

"Everything I wish for!" cried Tinkey. "I do not believe fairy-land holds all I want!"

"You can try. But you had better think over the matter before you begin! Good-bye."

Then the fairy-car floated down from the apple tree, and a moment later Tinkey saw it float up again, higher and higher, till it was quite lost in a soft, fleecy cloud.

Lazily wondering if that was an air-line to Japan, Tinkey tried to decide upon the treasures he should collect between that hour and sunset. Wealth, a fine house, a pony, a thousand boyish desires floated through his brain, but he resolved to do nothing hastily. Still it was a temptation to test his power, and he said, with an air of command:

"I wish for a plate of ice-cream."

There it was, right in his hand, cold, white, delicious, and, to Tinkey's amazement, no matter how fast he ate, the white heap upon the plate did not grow any smaller. He might sit all day and eat ice-cream, if he wished; but when he had had enough, and put down the plate on the hay, it melted in a second—spoon, plate, and cream vanishing like a dew-drop in the sun.

Tinkey wondered if all fairy dishes were "cleared up" in this way, and laughed to think what a saving of house-work it would be if dishes dropped down upon the table filled with food, and quietly melted away when the meals were over. But, while he was still thinking of that, the dinner-horn sounded faint and far away.

"Oh dear!" sighed lazy Tinkey. "I wish I was at the table."

The wish was scarcely formed before he felt himself lifted up and shot across the meadow, in at the kitchen door, and plump into his chair, with a whizzing rapidity that took his breath away, and raised a serious doubt in his mind whether walking was not preferable to this sort of fairy locomotion.

There was a great confusion of voices all through dinner, the children hurrying through the meal to dress for Mrs. Davidson's, and fidgeting until the dishes were cleared away and their mother took the younger ones to the nursery.

"Your clothes are all on your bed, Tinkey," she said, as she went upstairs, "and remember your new suit must be your best one all summer."

Excited by the prospect of meeting all his young friends and school-fellows, Tinkey rushed to his room, entirely forgetting the fairy and her promise. He had quite resolved to make no more foolish wishes, but to steal a quiet hour before sunset and wish for the very best fortune that could come to a boy.

The new suit, a pretty light gray, lay upon the bed, with the clean shirt, collar, and cuffs, a blue silk neck-tie and a snowy pocket-handkerchief, while on a chair were new shoes, shining like a mirror.



"'I WISH FOR A PLATE OF ICE-CREAM.'"

Scrubbed to the perfection of cleanliness, clean linen nicely adjusted, Tinkey took up the pretty gray pants, and turned them around admiringly. It was the very first city-made suit he had ever

possessed, his usual dress being the outgrown clothing of his older brother. But this one suit was all his own, made for him, fitting him, and he handled it carefully. It was still buttoned up, as it had come home, and, taking his seat upon the side of the bed, Tinkey unbuttoned one button, a second, but the third seemed to be too large for the button-hole, and would not come through.



"'I WISH I WAS AT THE TABLE.'"

He twisted it and pushed it, coaxed it and jerked it, pushed it to the right, pulled it to the left, till he got red in the face, lost his temper, and cried aloud:

"Bother the old trousers! I wish they were in Jericho."

One jerk freed them from Tinkey's hold, and they soared into the air, as if with wings, escaping his outstretched hands, and flying through the open window like some huge, awkward bird, the new blue suspenders dangling provokingly out of reach.

Tinkey was ready to cry, but, instead, said:

"I wish for another pair of trousers."

But the wish was unheard or unheeded in fairy-land, and he sadly remembered that he could not have two wishes for any one thing. "Why can't I remember to think before I speak?" thought Tinkey, ruefully taking up his every-day trousers, cast aside with such contempt. They seemed to have grown shabbier in the few moments they had been on the floor. The knees had never looked so white and thin, the edges so frayed, the spots so big.

"Perhaps they wont show much with a new coat and vest," thought Tinkey; but they were drawn on very slowly, and it required all the boy's manliness to keep back the tears.

A call from down-stairs hurried him.

"We're all ready, Tinkey! Come!"

All ready! There was no time then to lose, for if his father had the carryall harnessed up, he would not like to wait. Tinkey caught up his new shoes and thrust in one foot. A new shoe is not the very best thing to try to put on in a hurry, and so he found it. Voices from down-stairs were impatiently shouting: "Tinkey! Tinkey," as he tugged violently, but without avail, at the shoe his mother had thought had better be "one size larger."

"Oh, come on!" said Tinkey. "I wish the shoes were twice as big!"

On slipped the shoe as easily as if it had been greased, Tinkey's foot lost in its suddenly in-

creased size. Twice as big! To the round eyes gazing at them they looked as big as the barn, and if any little reader doubts it, let him measure twice the length and breadth of his boot, and put his foot upon the measure.

Tears could no longer be kept back. Tinkey kicked the shoe into the corner of the room with a passionate sob.

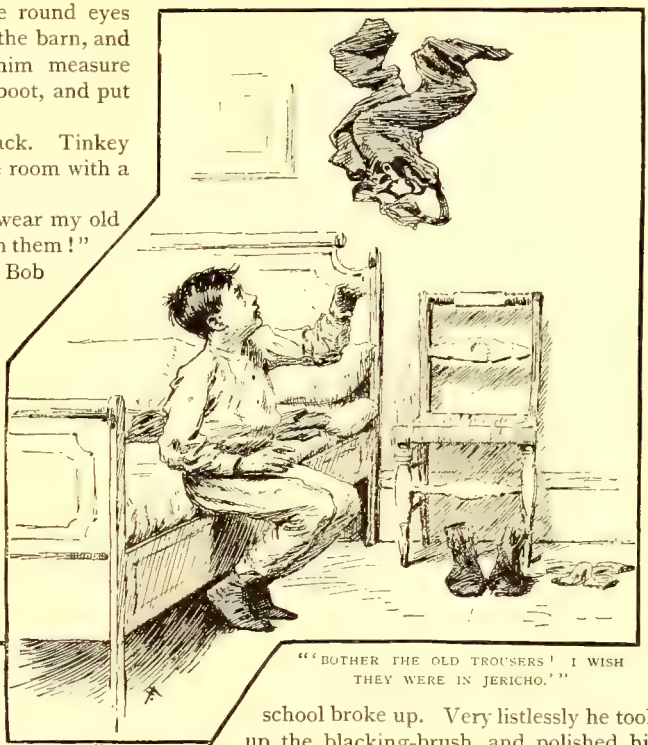
"I wont go!" he cried. "I wont wear my old trousers and shoes with a great patch on them!"

"Are you never coming?" shouted Bob from down-stairs.

"I 'll walk over! Don't wait for me!" Tinkey answered, and could hear them all laugh as Fannie said:

"Tinkey 's prinking! Wont he be fine!"

Should he go? Mrs. Davidson's annual party was not to be lightly set aside, and was one of the great pleasures in Tinkey's quiet country life. Perhaps among so many his dress would not be noticed, and he had not seen some of the boys since



"'BOTHER THE OLD TROUSERS! I WISH THEY WERE IN JERICHO.'"

school broke up. Very listlessly he took up the blacking-brush, and polished his



"'I WISH THE SHOES WERE TWICE AS BIG.'"

old shoes to such perfection that, after all, the patches were scarcely seen, and once on, and neatly laced, they looked so well that, with a lighter heart, Tinkey sprang to his feet to complete his dressing. The mirror by the aid of which he arranged his collar and neck-tie did not reflect his pants, and the pretty silk tie was very becoming. Actually,



"'I WISH I HAD N'T ANY HAIR.'" [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

Tinkey was whistling when he took up the comb to part his hair.

Now, Tinkey's hair was what old nurses call "stubborn," and its decided inclination was to stick straight out from his head. It could be coaxed to remain in good order about one hour, but after that was apt to rebel and fly off in every direction; and to look neat, even for an hour, required coaxing, delicate little touches here and there, nice brushing of feathery plumes on the crown, and careful arrangement in front of locks that inclined to fall forward. Certainly it was not hair to appear at its best in a hurried arrangement, and the more Tinkey brushed, the more persistently it stuck out. He parted it on the left; he tried a parting on the right; he made a lovely white line down the middle; he "banged" it over his forehead, and each way looked worse than the last.

"Oh, I wish I had n't any hair!" cried impatient Tinkey.

Was there a rain of feathers? What was that flying into his eyes, up his nostrils, tickling his ears, down his throat, through a mouth opened wide in amazement? Hair! hair! hair! The whole room seemed to be full of it, flying here and there, as if every hair was a fairy laughing at Tinkey's dismay. And when at last it had all swept itself with one grand rush out at the open window, Tinkey's head was as bald as a china door-knob.

He gave one despairing glance at the mirror, caught up his old coat, crammed his polo cap tightly over his bald pate, and rushed out of the house. Nobody noticed him as he ran, not to Mrs. Davidson's, but into the woods, into the deepest shadow he could find under the tall trees, where he threw himself down and cried like a baby.

No wonder the fairy called him a goose! No boy in his senses was ever so foolish! It was bad enough to waste one fairy wish in being shot through the air like a cannon-ball, but to miss the party by such stupid folly was dreadful.

"No wonder Father says, 'Think first, speak afterward,'" sobbed Tinkey. "A pretty looking object I have made of myself, and I can not imagine what Mother will say about my shoes and pants. And they must be having such a nice time now, playing all sorts of games. I 've half a mind to wish it would pour rain. No, I wont! I am not quite such a beast as *that*, anyhow! Oh dear, how hot it is! I wish — no! no! I don't wish anything. Dear me! I was just going to wish I was in a snow-bank! Now, I wont make another foolish wish; not one! And as I can't go to the party such a guy, I 'll just think, as hard as ever I can, of real sensible things. What a lot of things I can have between now and sunset! I 'll begin with a bicycle. I always wanted one. I wish for the best bicycle in the world!" he cried aloud, adding, in another moment, "Oh! oh! the beauty! the perfect beauty! Oh, it looks like fairy-land!"

And it did. The wheels were a net-work of glistening bars like silver threads, the seat shone like a mirror, the handle and delicate wood-work were picked out in golden ornaments. Tinkey forgot the party, forgot his bald head, his big shoes, and vanished pants in the delight of this new treasure. He was sure he could ride it, for he had watched others, and knew exactly how it was done. Hop! hop! hop! and up! One leg thrown over the seat, and down came Tinkey, bicycle and all, with a crash that made him sure every bone in his body was broken. Vigorous rubbing convinced him that he was only bruised, and the bicycle was found to be uninjured. Up again! Alas! down again, as well! But a boy will work to conquer a bicycle as he never would to solve a problem in algebra, and at last Tinkey was actually up, balanced, and moved forward about ten inches. Then a new difficulty arose, and he proved that a thick grove of trees is the worst of all places in which to ride a bicycle. Every other turn of the wheels he upset; he banged his head on the tree-trunks; he skinned his legs against the rough bark, until, weary of the fun, he pushed his treasure to one side, to be dragged home at leisure. But time had not waited for Tinkey's movements, and he suddenly discovered by the lengthening shadows that sunset was not far away.

Sunset! He would lose his fairy gift when the sun was gone.

"Oh, what shall I wish for first?" he thought, sitting down upon a fallen tree-trunk. "I wonder if it is n't best to wish for a million dollars, and then I can buy everything I want. I don't believe I would get it. I wish for a dollar!" he cried aloud, and felt in the palm of his hand a pressure of something round. There it lay, a bright silver dollar, shining as if it had just left the mint.

"I do believe I can have them!" thought Tinkey, who had been rather scared at the magnitude of his proposed wish, "but I must hurry up; the sun is certainly going down." He stood up and waved his arm aloft like an officer leading his soldiers.

"I wish for a million dollars!" he cried. In a second the great silver dollars rained down upon him, as if every leaf in the trees above his head had been turned into coin. They flew into his face, striking him with their sharp, metallic edges, bruising his cheeks, his nose, his eyes; they piled up around him, each one hitting a blow as it fell. His feet were prisoned fast, his legs, his knees; he



"'I WISH FOR A MILLION DOLLARS!'"

was being banked up in a silver prison, and yet the air was full of this novel hail-storm.

"Oh, I shall be smothered, buried alive!" cried poor, frightened Tinkey, trying vainly to run away, and thrashing out his arms in every direction, as he tried to beat back the stinging, bruising pieces of coin, that were threatening to cover him entirely.

"Oh, what shall I do? Stop! I wish you to stop! I shall be killed!"

Then he heard a mocking little laugh, and on one silver dollar that balanced itself in the air, just before his eyes, he saw the fairy herself, laughing at his dismay.

"Stop!" she cried, moving her crutch, and the dollars settled down upon the trees, the bushes, the grass; on Tinkey's shoulders, on his cap, and on the pile in which he already stood waist-deep.

"So you don't want a million dollars?" she said. "I can't find out what you *do* want! I give you everything you wish for and still you are not satisfied!"

She sat down on the dollar that rocked gently in the air.

"There is nothing like a million dollars here yet," she said, "but you can have what is wanting to complete that sum in one minute."

"No! no!" cried Tinkey, seeing the crutch lifted. "What is the use of a million dollars if you are buried alive in them? I wish you would go away, and let me alone!" he burst out, in an angry sob. The fairy leaned forward and gave him one smart blow with her crutch, right on the tip of the nose. It was such a dreadful blow—for she was very angry—that Tinkey, for a moment, lost all consciousness.

When he recovered his senses he was lying under the apple tree, but the sun was hidden behind thick clouds, the wind was blowing a gale, scattering the half-ripe apples upon the ground, and threatening rain so decidedly that even lazy Tinkey was roused to running quickly until he was safely in-doors again.



"'SO YOU DON'T WANT A MILLION DOLLARS?' SHE SAID."

JANUARY AND JUNE.

By Margaret Johnson.



Said January to June:
"Pray, let us walk together.
The birds are all in tune,
And sunny is the weather.

"And look you: I will show,
Before the long day closes,
A pretty sight I know,
Worth all your summer roses."

Then, as they went, the air
Grew thick with snow-flakes flying;
But all the roses fair
Hung down their heads, a-dying.

Cried June, in sorrow: "Nay,
We may not walk together.
You 've turned my skies to gray,
And spoiled my golden weather.

"Go now, I pray you, go,
Before my last bud closes.
Take you your cold white snow,
And give me back my roses!"

THE STORY OF THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD.

By E. S. Brooks.

II.

HOW THE KINGS MET IN THE GOLDEN VALLEY.

By high noon all were disembarked, and for the four days following Calais blazed with all the semi-splendors of a dress rehearsal. Every available foot of ground around the old city was taken up for lodgings. Tents and huts and temporary booths encircled the walls until, as Rauf said, "it might almost be the time of great King Edward over again."

"And how?" queried Margery.

"Why, so Master Bolton tells me," explained Rauf, "when good King Edward besieged Calais, now nigh two hundred years ago, he built all around its walls, much as we have done, houses and dwelling-places, and encompassed it round about with a new town, in the which he vowed to live until Calais should be starved out."

"Our Lady grant that we may not be starved out, though," protested Margery, whom the breezes of the Surrey hills had blessed with a healthy appetite.

"Nay, before we shall starve," said valorous Rauf, "I will, as did King Edward, single out six notable burghers of this town, and hold them as hostages for your tortured appetite."

"And I," said gay young Margery, "like the good Queen Philippa, will down on my knees before my lord and beg him to spare the honest burghers' lives."

"Which I will gladly do," retorted Rauf, "provided my lady will ask their lives of me, as also did the good Queen Philippa, for the sake of the Son of the Blessed Mary and for your love of me!" and then they both looked a little sheepish and quickly turned to watch the brilliant passing of Sir Henry Marney and the King's guard.

"A rare and gallant sight, are they not, Margery?" said enthusiastic Rauf.

And a rare and gallant sight, in truth, were these archers of the King's guard: "two hundred of the tallest and most elect persons, with doublets, hosen, and caps," as the old record states, their red coats rich with "goldsmiths' work and the King's cognizance," the Tudor rose in broidered gold shining on breast and back, their long-bows of finest English yew slung at the shoulder, and their velvet quivers filled with cloth-yard shafts tipped with brightest feathers.

For four days Rauf and Margery enjoyed the restless life at Calais, frequently meeting as the Queen's household and the King's retinue mingled in the work of preparation; and then, on Monday, the 4th of June, all being ready for the ceremony of the interview, the whole court moved to the appointed ground before the Castle of Guisnes.

A long train of moving color, the royal *côrtege* wound across the low, flat plain known as the marches of Calais — the border-land between English and French territory. Everywhere brilliant costumes and gorgeous trappings met the eye: the glitter of gold, the flash of silver or of burnished steel, the dazzle of jewels, and the wave of countless plumes. With lords and ladies superbly mounted; with high officials and their trains, gay in suits of velvet and gold; with priests and prelates richly gowned; with grooms and yeomen, guards and litter-men, henchmen and footmen in liveries of scarlet and russet velvet, white and yellow satin, Milan bonnets, and cloth of gold; with Flemish horses, adorned with velvet liveries; with coursers and palfreys gayly caparisoned; with hooded falcons and hounds in leash, the flower of England's nobility, following their King and Queen, swept on toward the grand lodgings that had been prepared for them on the barren fields of Guisnes.

"Prepare yourself for a wondrous sight, Rauf," said his uncle, riding up to the boy as he cantered by the side of the litter in which rode Lady Gray and Margery. "Lord Dorset tells me that so mighty a work has been done by the artificers and pioneers, that there is nothing in Rome or Venice to equal the sight."

Just then they gained the crest of an unwooded ridge, and an exclamation of delighted surprise sprang to the lips of young and old as they looked upon the scene spread out before them. To their right lay the once shabby little town of Guisnes, now royally resplendent with banners and pennons, colored hangings and cloth of gold, its castle so repaired and refitted as to make it almost habitable, and certainly picturesque. But, most marvelous of all, there rose, upon the castle green, the triumph of the architect and the decorator, the wonder of an age which brought to the decorative art the enthusiasm of religion and the luxuriance of an uncurbed fancy.

Imagine a grand palace of stone and brick and wood, its outer walls covered with gayly painted cloth — a palace larger than the New York Post-

office, more nearly the size, perhaps, of Memorial Hall, in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia—its roof bright with gilding, painted in antique pattern. On every side projected oriel (or bay) windows and curious glazed towers, called clerestories, their posts and mullions thickly overlaid with gold. Great castled gates guarded the entrance, their niches filled with gilded statues of warriors and heroes, and, flanking these, rose an embattled tower, pierced with loop-holes and flying the royal arms. From this warlike entrance there rose, in gradual ascent to the embowered portals of the palace, a wide walk, or "hall-pace," lined with "images of sore and terrible countenances," gleaming in silvered armor. Over all streamed the royal flags—the red dragon of Cadwallon, the collared greyhound, the white swan, and the crimson cross of St. George mingling with the golden blazonings of the Tudor badge of the rose, "large and stately," in every conceivable device. Grouped around and beyond this royal lodging the sun gleamed on the white canvas of near two thousand eight hundred tents, gay with the flags, the decorations, arms, and "cognizance" of their lordly occupants. On the palace lawn a great gilt fountain, running three ceaseless streams of claret, spiced wine, and water, freely quenched the thirst of all comers, while, facing it, four golden lions upheld, on a pillar wreathed with gold, a blind Cupid armed with bow and arrows.

The royal *côrtege* swept down the grassy slope, the embattled gates swung open wide, and, amid the blare of trumpets and the boom of welcoming artillery, Henry the Eighth and his court entered into fairy-land.

And fairy-land indeed did Rauf and Margery find it as, day after day, they wandered through the marvelous structure, finding ever some new magnificence of decoration, some gilded mystery of rebus or device. They strolled through passages ceiled with white silk and hung with silks and tapestries and braided cloths, "which showed like bullions of fine burnished gold"; they lingered in chambers and state apartments decorated with panels rich in gold and carving, their ceilings studded with roses frescoed on a field of fine gold; they tested the luxuriance of the chairs and divans of rare Turkish work covered with golden tissue and rich embroidery, and looked with admiring eyes upon the hangings of silken tapestries and cloth of gold, "of great and marvelous splendor." The children's eyes, indeed, often wearied of the display, and they were not sorry to rest, now and then, from all this magnificence, in the dim corridors of the "winding alley covered with verdure" that connected the palace with the old Castle of Guisnes.

"It is more wondrous even than the golden palaces of Morgan le Fay and Queen Cinderella, of which my nurse tells," said Margery, during one of these resting spells.

"Never was fairy-palace grander. Never was such magnificence," replied the sight-tired Rauf. "Why, even the poorest quarter of it is a habitation fit for a prince."

On the afternoon of their first day at Guisnes, they stood, as part of a courtly company, while through the embattled gate-way passed, surrounded by a gallant retinue of guards and gentlemen superbly dressed, the one man who was the originator and the director of all this magnificence—Thomas Wolsey the Cardinal, Lord Chancellor of England and Legate of the Pope. Mounted upon a barbed mule, whose trappings were of crimson velvet, whose headstall and studs, buckles and stirrups, were of pure gold, rode the Lord Cardinal—a heavily built man, now nearly fifty years of age, impressive in appearance, handsome in face, eloquent in speech, whose years of power had brought with them an imperious and autocratic manner that displeased his equals, but held the people in awe. He was magnificently dressed in a robe of crimson velvet heavily figured, over which was drawn a loose vest or "rochet" of the finest lace, and on his head he wore the red cap of a cardinal, with large hanging tassels. As his brilliant retinue, in their rich costumes of scarlet or crimson velvet and cloth of gold, passed down between the fluttering tents, escorting the Cardinal to the French camp to announce the arrival of England's royalty, Rauf, gazing in admiration at the splendid and imposing scene, said to Margery:

"It looks like a great field of gold, does it not, Margery?"

"Say rather of cloth of gold," said delighted Margery, as, with her girlish love of finery and perception of detail, she watched the glittering throng.

The quick ear of the King caught the comments of the children.

"Well said, well said, little ones," he broke in, enthusiastically. "What say you, my lords," he continued, turning to his retinue, "shall we not take advisement from the words of these younglings? Let us know this ground hereafter as the Field of the Cloth of Gold!"

And the "Field of the Cloth of Gold" it has remained in history to this day.

"Well, what about the French camp, Roger?" asked Rauf that evening, as he met Roger Adamson, formerly falconer at Verney Hall, but now an archer of the King's guard.

Roger put down the silver cup of spiced wine with which he was refreshing himself at the golden fountain.

"Ah," he said, "a rare sight it was, Master Rauf; though, truth to say, I was feasted so plenteously that I fear I shall never know an appetite again. Two bow-shots from the French camp, which stands across a beggarly little stream, there met us a gallant company of lords and gentlemen and men-at-arms, bravely arrayed. We marched through their files until, after the Lord Cardinal had passed, they too joined their ranks to ours, and so on to the French camp."

"Are the French lodged as royally as we, Roger?" asked Rauf.

"Ay, fully so, though in different guise. Their camp takes in both the town and castle of Arde, royally fitted, and between the castle and the little stream I spoke of there are nigh five hundred tents, very rich, and covered with bright stuffs, and flags, and devices, and cloth of gold."

"And the King's house?"

"The French King's mightiness is lodged both in the castle and in a great pavilion, which is one central tent with three lesser ones joined to it. They are hung with cloth of gold from crown to base, and on the peak of the center pavilion is a statue of St. Michael, of great height and magnificence, and all of gold, saving a rich blue mantle powdered with golden fleur-de-lis. In his right hand the image holds a dart, and in his left a mighty shield bearing the arms of France, and all so glistering with gold that one may scarcely look on it."

"Well—go on, go on!" said impatient Rauf, as the archer paused a moment.

"Give me breath, give me breath, Master Rauf," pleaded the good-natured archer. "Well, when we reached the gates of the King's lodging, we passed through long files of princes and gentlemen, archers and Swiss halberdiers, all brave in splendid liveries, and then, lo, there comes out to us the French King, bonnet in hand, to greet my Lord Cardinal."

"Bonnet in hand?" queried Rauf, incredulously.

"Ay, bonnet in hand, said I," protested the archer; "bonnet in hand comes the French King to welcome our King's Chancellor. And the trumpets and the hautboys and the clarions sounded out melodiously, while the artillery boomed such a welcome you could scarce hear aught else. Then, when my Lord Cardinal's Grace had dismounted, the French King embraced him joyfully, and they went with the lords and princes into the King's pavilion, while, as for me—well, Master Rauf, I was laid hold upon one side by a French archer, and on the other by a Swiss halberd-man, and though we could fathom naught of each other's lingo, why, we could feast together, and that we did so well and royally that here am I back again in camp, with but little stomach, I can tell you, for salted meat and strong beer again."

"And I am to go with the King's train, in two days' space, so I too can make test of this hospitality," said Rauf, with glowing anticipations.

The next day witnessed the return visit of the "harbingers," or envoys of the French King, many lords and princes "dressed in cloth of gold and well accoutered." Among them rode the Archbishop of Sens, Bonnivet, Admiral of France, and the Lord Chamberlain, the Sieur Tremouille. They were received with great display, with music and artillery and feasting, and then, on Thursday, the 7th of June, came the great event so long looked forward to—the formal meeting between the Kings.

"Oh, if I could but go!" sighed Margery, as she watched the elaborate preparations for the interview.

"Would that you might go, Margery," said Rauf, pondering. "If, now, I could but strangle one of my brother pages and put you in his place! There 's young Sir Hubert Darrell, for instance. He 's an uncomfortable little comrade, and, if I could only buy him off with a meal of pippins and wine as big as his appetite, and smuggle you into his suit of silver brocade and crimson velvet—why, off we would go together to the interview. You would look charming in crimson and silver."

"St. Frideswide forbid!" exclaimed the scandalized Margery. "When I go to a maskalyne, Master Rauf Bulney, I will go honestly and not in boy's apparel. Suppose they should surprise me in Sir Hubert's brocade and velvet! Then would I be burned like that La Pucelle or Joan of Arc they tell us of, who essayed the same. My faith, I have no liking for so hot a fire! No, no, Rauf, my day will come when the Queen's Ladyship meets the French Queen."

"Yes, I suppose it is not to be thought of," said the boy, ruefully, loath to give up his brilliant plan. "But what a pity you are not a boy, Margery—why, no, it 's not, though," he changed suddenly. "I 'd far rather have you as you are—what old Ralegh, our minstrel, sings:

> 'A mayden fayre,
> With sonnie hair,
> All garmented with light';

and never mind—I shall tell you all about it when I return, and that will be just as jolly."

Later in the afternoon, some two hours before the time of vespers, a gallant train awaited before the palace gates the signal for the interview.

Boom! went the English culverin from the Castle of Guisnes.

Boom! responded the great French falcon* from the Castle of Arde; and before the echoes died away from the intervening hills, Rauf had taken his place in the royal train, and, the English footmen, step for step, solidly leading the way, the glittering company moved on toward the pavilion in the Val Doré. Preceded by his archers of the guard, in doublets of crimson and scarlet cloaks blazoned with the Tudor rose, with nobles and prelates, knights and gentlemen, pages and guards, in richest attire of velvets and damasks and cloth of gold, rode King Henry of England, imposing in appearance and royal in mien. He was dressed in a magnificent suit of silver damask, thickly ribbed with cloth of gold, his bonnet studded with jewels and topped with waving plumes. The trappings of his horse were of velvet and cloth of gold, thickly overlaid with fine gold and mosaic work. Before him rode the old Marquis of Dorset, bearing the sword of state, and behind him came nine henchmen in cloth of tissue, their horses bright with gold-scaled harness. On the crest of a small hill, overlooking the valley where stood the pavilion, the English retinue halted and saluted, with the blare of trumpets and the dip of banners, the French resting on the opposite hill.

Tarra-tarra-tarra-ta! sounded the trumpet-blast, and down the hills on either side swept the French and English provost-marshals to clear the ground, crowding the great masses of people back upon the surrounding hills. Rauf, close in attendance on the King, saw the looks of anxiety and distrust on the faces of some of the English lords as they noted the superior numbers of the French retinue.

"Sire," hastily broke in the impetuous Lord Abergavenny, pressing close to the King, "you be my king and sovereign, wherefore, above all, I am bound to show you the truth and to stay for no one. Look ye to the French party! I know them — I have been among them. They are more in number — ay, double so many as be your Grace's train."

"Sire," counseled the more discerning Earl of Shrewsbury, "whatever my lord of Abergavenny sayeth, I myself have been there too, and, mark me, the Frenchmen be more in fear of you and your subjects than your subjects be of them. Wherefore, if I were worthy to give counsel, your Grace should march forward."

"So we intend, my lord," said the intrepid Henry. "Trumpeter, sound the advance!" and following the trumpet-call came the old-time "Forward, march!" the "On afore, my masters!" from the officers of arms, while, in close array, the whole company passed on to the position assigned them, midway down the slope.

There was a brief silence — the stillness of expectation — while two nations, long divided, watched and waited. From the pavilion in the valley below, gleaming with its rich covering of cloth of gold, streamed the companion flags of France and England. There was a stir, a parting of ranks, and forth from the array of dazzling color, of waving plumes and banners, of scarlet and cloth of gold, down either hill-slope, amid the shouts of spectators and the burst of martial music, "so that there never was such joy," rode the English Henry and the French Francis. Suddenly each monarch gave his horse the spur and galloped toward the other, "like two combatants about to engage, but instead of putting their hands to their swords, each put his hand to his bonnet." With uncovered heads and courteous salutations, still on horseback, they closed in an embrace of welcome; dismounting, they embraced again, and threw their jeweled bridles to their masters of the horse. Then, arm in arm, the two sovereigns entered the gilded pavilion; the people cheered, "the trumpets and other instruments sounded on each side, so that it seemed a paradise," the Lord Cardinal and Bonnivet, Admiral of France, followed their lieges through the portals of the pavilion; with hearty and repeated salutations of "Bons amys, Francoys et Angloys!"† the two companies intermingled, and the great event, so long anticipated, was an accomplished fact.

Our friend Rauf, enthusiastic in his delight at being really a part of all this grand and gracious display, walked gayly among the mingled ranks and aired his broken French with an impartial and reckless sincerity.

"And what think you they talk of in the pavilion, Uncle?" he asked, as with boyish curiosity he glanced toward the curtained entrance of the tent, now closely guarded by archers and halberd-men.

"Of more than you can fathom, my boy," answered Sir Rauf. "Of treaties and alliances, of possible wars and possible marriages; for there is some talk afloat of a betrothal between our little Princess Mary and the Dauphin of France."

"A marriage?" echoed incredulous Rauf. "Why, Uncle"—thinking tenderly of Margery—"they are but children; the Princess Mary is but a baby, and the Dauphin surely not much older."

"The bethrothal of two nations, my boy, is, as you will learn in time, of more moment than the ages of two children. But trust our King's highness," continued his uncle. "He whom the King of the Romans seeks and the King of France sues, will not pledge faith and friendship without careful thought."

And Sir Rauf was right. For after nigh twenty

* Falcon — an ancient form of cannon.

† "Good friends, French and English."



THE MEETING OF THE KINGS IN THE GOLDEN VALLEY.*

days of comradeship, of feasting and of pageantry, the King of France knew no more of the real intentions of Henry of England than he did before the meeting of the Kings in the pavilion of the golden valley.

As, a half-hour later, Rauf waited in ready attendance upon King Henry, his sturdy boyhood seemed to have taken the fancy of the French King, for, turning to his brother prince, Francis said, with that easy grace and pleasant manner that

* This picture is copied by permission from the stained-glass window designed by M. Oudinot, of Paris, for the house of Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, in New York City.

won so many to him: "My dear brother and cousin, lend me, I pray you, yon courtly young squire, that I may show our demoiselles of France a worthy sample of your English lads. I will return him, well and suitably accompanied, before noon to-morrow."

"Why, take him thus, fair cousin," responded



THE ARMOR OF KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.*

Henry, heartily, "and may his manners prove more to your liking than can his halting French. Comport yourself as though you were hostage for England's youth, Sir Page," he said to Rauf, "and shame not the teaching of your English tutor, nor your English home."

So Rauf went to the Castle of Arde in the train of the French King, and, on the following day, after his return from his visit, he regaled Margery with the story of what he had seen, and piqued her curiosity with certain sly references to the beauty and graciousness of the French maidens.

"But what manner of man is the great King of France, Rauf?" she asked.

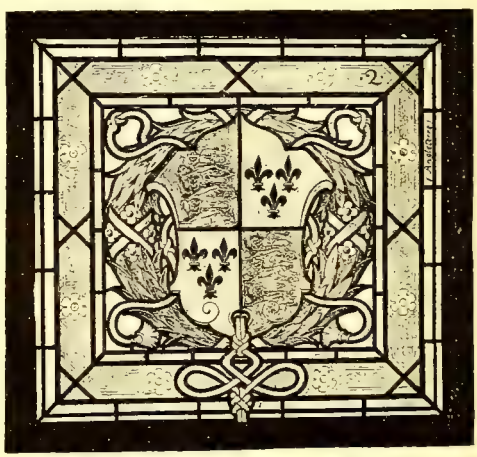
"Oh, a right royal prince," responded the boy, enthusiastically. "As page of honor, I rode close to his stirrup on the way to Arde, and he oft questioned me about my home, and my duties, and my pets, and — O Margery, he told me how to snare a rabbit after the French fashion, and how to hood a lanard, wild to fly!"

"Well, never mind that, Rauf — how did he look, what did he do, what did he wear?" asked Margery, more interested in fashions than falcons.

"Oh, I studied him well, believe me, for I knew you would question me. He is tall and well-built, but not so stout as our gracious King; broad in the shoulders and large in the feet, with a brown face and short, dark beard, long nose and bright blue eyes; haughty, but pleasant; gay and gracious, and, withal, a smile and a voice that make you feel as if you must do as he desires, willy-nilly. And then — O Margery — his dress!"

"Finer than our King's, Rauf?" asked the girl.

"Well," said cautious Rauf, halting between loyalty and admiration, "not less glorious, believe me. Over a cassock of gold frieze he wore a splendid mantle of cloth of gold, wonderfully fine in texture and sprinkled with jewels. The front



THE ARMS OF ENGLAND.

and sleeves were studded with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and large hanging pearls, while his velvet bonnet was set with precious stones and capped with gallant plumes. Before him marched

* Another stained-glass window, designed by M. Oudinot for the house of Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, is made up of the four decorations copied in the drawings on these two pages.

the Constable of Bourbon, bearing a naked sword, and, also, his master of the horse with the state sword of France, powdered with gold fleur-de-lis;



THE ARMS OF FRANCE.

and at rear and van marched a great company of princes and lords and gentlemen, with archers and men-at-arms, more grandly dressed than I can say."

"And what did you at the camp, Rauf?"

"Oh, I was most graciously received and royally lodged. The great pavilion of the King is more goodly to see than I can describe. It is as high as a tower, of wonderful breadth; outside, all cloth of gold, and, inside, cloth of gold frieze. The hangings, too, and the furnishings are most marvelous, and the ceiling is like to the blue sky, full of golden stars and all the signs and devices of the heavens."

"Well—what more?" as Rauf paused for breath.

"Oh, but give me time to think, Margery. Well, after the feast came a wonderful maskalyne, with the French lords in all manner of curious and mirthful costumes, and the dames and demoiselles—the last in especial—beautiful beyond compare."

"Oh, Rauf!"

"Ah—ah! for *French* maidens, I mean. There was not one, of course, in all the French camp to go before the fair maid of Surrey—sweeter than the sweet whitethorn blossom on her banks of Thames," said the gallant Rauf.

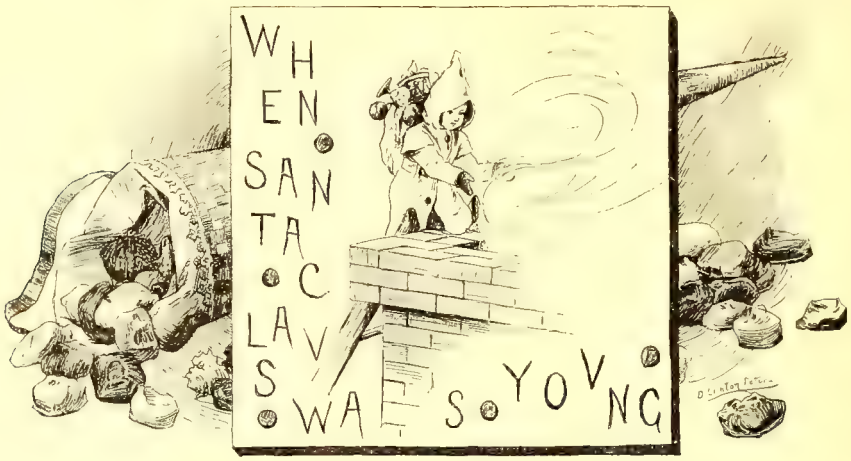
"The blessed St. Valentine spare us," cried Margery, lifting her pretty arms in mock protest. "If this comes of your French visiting, Master Page, the more you stay at home the better for quiet English maids."

"But she seemed to like it, nevertheless," thought Rauf; for compliments have been just as sweet to hear, and maids have been just as protestingly pleased to listen, through all the six thousand years of this gray old world's pilgrimage.



THE ARMOR OF KING FRANCIS THE FIRST.

(To be continued.)



HETTY'S LETTER.

BY KATHARINE KAMERON.

MISS THANKFUL WHITE'S "keeping-room" was as prim and proper as herself. Hetty Williams glanced about her, as she knitted briskly. Long practice had made this easy to her. The chairs stood stiff and straight against the wall in rows. The ancient sofa held itself severely erect, while its long lines of shining nail-heads made her arms ache to look at them. She had polished their bright brass every day of her life, as long back as she could remember. The square-figured carpet was speckless, even the feathery asparagus that filled the fire-place never dropped a grain. The great pink-lined shells on the high chimney-shelf, and the scraggy coral branch, had stood in the same places always, and the tall bunch of peacock's feathers, with their gorgeous colors and round eyes, nodding over the whole, were worst of all—"They stare so," she said softly under her breath. The dismal green curtains were down, to keep the sun from fading the carpet, but the summer wind fanned them in and out, and brought to Hetty bright flashes of golden-rod along the road-side, and the sweet scent of the buckwheat and the drone of the bees above its white blossoms. The door to the kitchen was closed. Miss Thankful had a visitor, and was enjoying a good gossip.

"Take your knittin', Hetty, and run into the keepin'-room, and shut the door after you," were Miss Thankful's instructions, when Widow Basset had seated herself comfortably in the flag-bottomed rocker. The session was longer than usual, and Hetty grew desperate.

"Miss Thankful," said she, clicking the latch, and putting her small head into the kitchen, "may I take my knittin' out under the big tree in the orchard?"

"I 'd jest as lief 's not," was the answer, "if only you don't get to witchin' and forget your work. The mittens must be done afore Sat'day night, you know."

For a while the needles flashed in and out, the mitten grew longer, and the work went on steadily and quietly, as if Hetty had been one of the newly patented knitting-machines. The sunshine made shadow pictures on the grass, the leaves over her head rustled pleasantly, and the leaves at her feet waved silently in a tangle of light and shade. The bees went humming by, and the butterflies brushed her face, but still the little maid worked faithfully at her task. The last mitten was nearly finished.

Presently the sudden sound of chattering voices and merry laughing caused her to look up in surprise. Three little girls were coming toward her, and one of them said, quite politely:

"We saw you here, and thought it looked such a nice shady place for our dolls' picnic. Should you mind if we staid with you to play?"

"I should be very glad, indeed," answered Hetty,

heartily; but she scarcely looked at her little visitors—her eyes were fixed on the dolls which two of them carried. Hetty had a rag-doll of her own make, hidden away in a box under her bed, and it was one of her most precious possessions. She had seen prettier ones at the store, and had long dreamed of saving pennies to buy one—but these dolls! these were so unlike anything she had ever seen or imagined, that they "took away her breath," she said. They had dainty waxen faces, with cheeks like rose-leaves, and great blue eyes with dark, silky lashes, and real golden hair, wavy and long. "They must be meant for dolls' angels," she thought, but said not a word. Hetty was not given to speaking her mind, Miss Thankful White's motto being: "Little girls must be seen, but not heard."

While she stood lost in admiring wonder, the little strangers, with a busy chatter, set about preparing their picnic. Before long, Hetty knew that they lived in Boston, and that they, with their mamma, were boarding at the Maplewood Farm, near by, for the summer; that two of them were sisters, and one a cousin. All this, and much more, was told to their new neighbor.

Presently Hetty said, thoughtfully: "I guess little girls are heard in Boston."

They looked at her a minute in surprise, and then one answered:

"Why, yes, of course; are n't they in Patchook?"

"Miss Thankful says they should only be seen," was the reply.

"Who is Miss Thankful?"

"Why, she 's Miss Thankful White; and I live with her."

"Is she your aunt?"

"No; she 's the one who took me to bring up, when Mother died—to help 'round, and save her steps, and do the house chores." Hetty made this long speech quite rapidly, as if she had heard it, or said it, so often that she knew it by heart, and then she fell to knitting busily.

Her little playmates looked at her and at one another, but did not answer. This was a kind of life they knew nothing about. They could not imagine a little girl without a papa and mamma, auntie and cousins, plenty of toys and playtime, and lots of laughing and talking.

Soon one of them, with a bright thought, said



"SHOULD YOU MIND IF WE STAID WITH YOU TO PLAY?" THEY ASKED.

quickly: "Would you like to hold my dolly, while I help set the table?"

This was delightful. Hetty dropped her mitten, and taking the dainty creature gently in her arms,



"SHE TOOK ONE LOOK AT HER DEAR OLD RAG DOLL."

she lightly smoothed the long, soft dress of finest frills and laces. What a wonder of beauty! Hetty sat silent and happy, stroking the golden hair and touching the little hands and pretty kid shoes.

"Where did it come from?" she asked at length.

"Uncle Charley bought it for me at one of the Boston shops," answered the little owner, carelessly. A wax doll was nothing strange to her.

Then Hetty took up the other doll and compared them—"a brown-eyed beauty and a blue-eyed angel," she thought.

Suddenly she heard Miss Thankful's voice calling: "Hetty, Hetty Williams! Can't you see it 's near sundown? How are the cows to get home if you don't spry up and start after 'em?"

Sure enough, the day was nearly done, and when the little strangers started for Maplewood Farm, long, spindling shadows, with long, spindling dolls in their arms, ran alongside of them. Hetty saw this, as she stopped to look back after them on her way to the house.

Then off she trudged after Sukey and Jenny, but she passed by the flaming golden-rod, the purple asters, and the creamy buck-wheat without ever once seeing them. It was like walking in her sleep. Her eyes were open, but she saw nothing except the pretty doll-faces she was dreaming about.

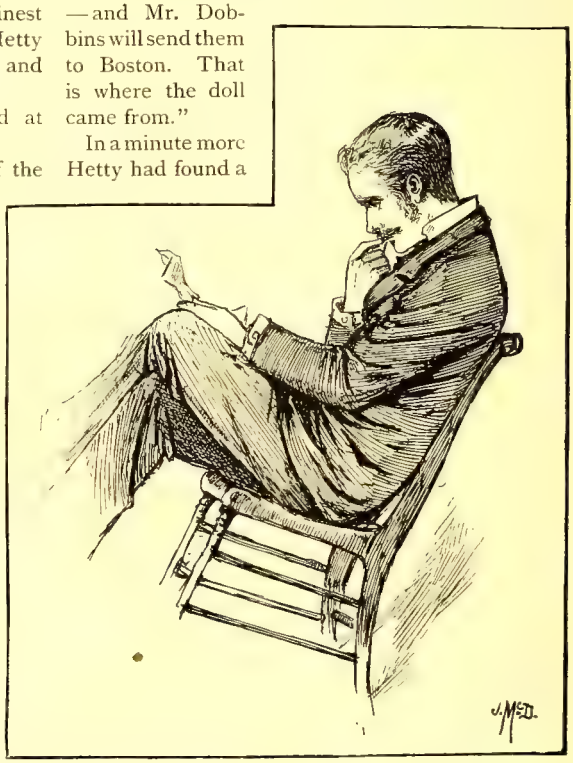
After the cows were home, and the milk in the bright pans, she finished the last mitten and bound it off in the fading light. Before she slipped into her little bed, she took her dear old rag doll from the box for one look.

It was dreadful. She shut her eyes tight and put it back quickly out of sight. Those lovely doll angels! She could not quite keep them out of her prayers, even. It took a long, long time for Hetty to go to sleep that night. Her restless head tossed from side to side. When, at last, it lay quite still, and she was fast asleep, it was still full of rosy dreams. Blue-eyed dollies, with pink faces and wavy hair, crowded about her pillow.

The first beams of the morning sunshine found Hetty standing in the middle of the floor, with a brand-new idea caught tight and fast in her tangle of hair. Miss Thankful had not called her. She was not even stirring yet, and Hetty spoke aloud:

"Miss Thankful will take the mittens to the store to-day—that makes six pair—and Mr. Dobbins will send them to Boston. That is where the doll came from."

In a minute more Hetty had found a pencil and some scraps of paper, and was seated by the low window, busily writing. It was clearly something very important. She wrote one note and



TOM READS THE LETTER. [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

tore it up; and then another and did the same; the third time it seemed to suit her. Next, she folded it very small and flat; then she took the new mittens from the drawer, and tucked the folded paper close up into the tip of the right hand.

"Good mornin', Miss Thankful," said Mr. Dobbins; "want to trade fur mittens agin, do ye? Well, that little girl o' yourn makes 'em 'mazin' spruce. None o' the knittin'-machines beat Hetty much. We kin get rid o' all ye kin fetch. A Boston man was in here yist'day and spoke fur a dozen pair. So help yerself, Miss Thankful; got some extra fine cotton cloth, very cheap, and some hansum caliker as ever you see."

Hetty was at the south door as the old chaise drove up, and took the parcels from Miss Thankful. She saw the mittens had not come back. "Gone to Boston," she whispered joyfully, as she turned into the house again.

So they had—started that very day. They did not stay long in Boston, however. The city was full of western merchants, buying for the fall and winter. Among the rest, stacks of woolen gloves and mittens went off over the iron tracks, up into the great, cold north-western country, where Jack Frost has jolly times playing his Russian pranks, and nipping noses, ears, and fingers.

Time went by, and winter came in dead earnest. Jack Frost enjoyed his rough jokes and found his way through all kinds of gloves. The clerks of a great store up in Minnesota were tired of saying to customers, "We are out of woolen mittens, sir—all gone long ago—not a woolen glove left in the house, sir."

"Hello, Mike, what is this?" said a pleasant-faced young fellow to one of the porters, as he drew out a packing-box from a dark corner in the cellar.

"Shure an' I dun' no, sir. I 'm thinkin' it 's sumthin' that 's hid itself away, unbeknownst loike."

"We 'll find out quickly," said the young man. Mike's hatchet went splintering and cracking through the dry wood till the cover flew off.

"Wullun gloves! Misther Tom, and it 's the lucky foind, sir. Shure the paaple 'll be twice gladder to have thim now, sir, than in the warrum wayther whin they cum, sir."

Tom laughed at Mike's sharp way of dodging the blame, and ordered them brought upstairs to be put on the counter at once. As he turned away, he took up the top pair. "First come, first served," he said; "these are my share. My old ones leak the cold everywhere." Sitting down by the glowing stove, he examined his prize at his leisure. "Good, thick, warm wool," said he. "No thin places; honest work, first quality."

By this time, two or three others had gathered around him, each with a pair of the new "find." When Tom tried the fit of his new gloves, his fingers touched something in the very tip of the right hand. Turning it wrong-side out, he found a carefully folded paper, like a note. Smoothing it out on his knee, he read it aloud:

"My name is Hetty Williams. I am eight years old. I live in Patchook, Mass. I knit these mittens for Mr. Dobbins's store. I wish the gentleman who buys them would send me a wax doll. I have only a rag doll, and I want one with a wax face and blue eyes, and pink cheeks and real hair. I want her very much indeed."

"Hurrah for little Hetty!" said Mr. Tom; "she shall have her wax baby for Christmas-day." And then he fell into a brown study. The fact was, Tom had been born "away down East," and he had worked a while in a country store there. He knew in a minute just what Mr. Dobbins's store was like. He fairly smelt the soap, and fish, and coffee, and could see the calicoes, and dishes, and woolen socks, and gray mittens. It did not take long to think all this, and then he cried:



"HETTY SAT LIKE A STATUE, LOOKING AT HER TREASURE." [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

"Who wants to help get a stunning doll for little Hetty? I'm glad Mr. Dobbins sent her gloves along this way."

The boys who did not get notes in their mittens tried to think that Hetty had knitted them all the same, and when Tom passed around his hat, the halves and quarters rattled in, then a trade-dollar thumped down, and a greenback or two fluttered in silently. Tom took the proceeds and went to the gayest toy-shop in town, and found a famous wax dolly. It was as big and as plump as a live baby, and much prettier, he thought. It had a long white frock, and shut its eyes properly when Tom laid it down to count out the money to pay for it. It did not take long to pack it snugly in a smooth box. Then Tom pasted Hetty's open letter on the cover. He went down himself with it to the express, and told the boys it must go free, and that every one might send a Merry Christmas to little Hetty till the lid was full of good wishes. I doubt if there ever was so much writing outside of one box. Every man who handled it seemed to think at once of some little sister or daughter or niece, and for her sake sent a greeting to the little girl in Patchook.

The day before Christmas, Miss Thankful White's old chaise stopped at Mr. Dobbins's store and post-office, and that lady, with Hetty to carry the parcels, came up to the counter.

"Good mornin', Miss Thankful—wish ye Merry Christmas—fine frosty weather, this. Le' me see: I think there 's a letter for your little gal, Hetty there—came this mornin'. Get it out, Dan."

Hetty's eyes opened wider than ever before in her life. A letter for her! What could it mean? Mr. Dobbins must have made a mistake. But no, the red-haired boy, Dan, read the address, and handed it straight to her.

"*Miss Hetty Williams, Patchook, Mass.*"

Her first letter! She never thought of opening it—she was too much astonished and too well pleased.

"Sakes alive! Hetty Williams, what be you standin' there for, like as if you was struck dumb? Why don't ye hev sense enough left to open that letter and find out su'thin' about it?"

But as Hetty did not stir, Miss Thankful took it from her hand, removed her glasses, wiped them and put them on again, then carefully opened it and slowly read aloud:

"There is a box for Hetty Williams, in the express office at Fitchtown. Will be kept till called for. This express does not deliver in Patchook."

"Wall, to be sure! Who kin it be from? how kin we git it?" queried that lady, helplessly.

"Why, bless ye, Miss Thankful, that 's as easy as rollin' off a log. My boy Dan is jest hitchin' up to go to Fitchtown express for some store goods. He 'll bring Hetty's box along with him, and glad tew."

Just after early nightfall that day, Mr. Dobbins's wagon rattled up to the south door. Miss Thankful and Hetty both rushed out to meet Dan, and it would be hard to say which was the spryer of the two.

Miss Thankful took the box from Dan with many thanks, and carried it into the house, saying:

"It 's rather big and hefty for you, Hetty;" and then the good woman carefully pried off the cover with a claw-hammer and stove-lifter. The Christmas softness had, somehow, found its way to her heart, and so she quietly moved away to put up the "tools," and left Hetty to unfold the wrappings by herself and first see the sight, whatever it might be.

Hetty, when Miss Thankful came back, sat as still as a statue, with folded hands, looking only at her treasure. Miss Thankful settled her spectacles, took one good look, and then exclaimed: "Wall, I never! This does beat all natur'. Where upon airth did it ever rain down from?"

Just then, her "specs" grew dim, and the old lady took them off and wiped them well; then she continued: "Deary me, deary me! Well, I am right down glad that the Lord 's put it into some-un's heart to clap to and send that child a doll baby. I 'm sure I never should 'a' thought o' such a thing, if I 'd lived a thousand year, and yet how powerful happy the little creetur is over it, to be sure! She looks like a pictur', kneelin' there by the box, with her eyes shinin' so bright and so still, just as if the doll baby was an angel, come down in its long white frock."

I only wish Tom could have seen Hetty then, or afterward, when she sat by the bright wood-fire, looking with childish delight into the soft blue eyes of her waxen darling. Or if he could have taken one look at the two heads on the pillow of the little attic bed, that night—both pair of eyes fast shut, and Hetty's small arm hugging her treasure tight and fast in her soundest sleep—he would then have known to a certainty that little Hetty Williams was to have at least one happy Christmas.

ELIZABETH BUTLER.

By Alice Meynell.

[Many of the older boys and girls among our readers, who have seen in the print-shops beautiful engravings known as "The Roll-call," "Quatre Bras," "Balaclava," etc., and have heard of the fame of Elizabeth Thompson, the brilliant English girl who painted the original pictures, will be glad to read the following interesting sketch, written by her sister, Mrs. Meynell. For several of the illustrations to this article (the drawings on pages 190, 191, 192, and 193, showing single-figure studies from some of the prominent English regiments) we are indebted to the artist herself, who drew them expressly for St. Nicholas.]



Elizth Thompson

It is not altogether unusual for an artist's or an author's work to be the subject of a brother's comment in criticism or biography. Sons have written of their fathers; many a wife has chronicled the labors of her husband; and, if one sister is asked, as I have been, to record the happy and successful early career of another, she will be ready, for the sake of a task so pleasant, to set aside the feelings of family diffidence, which might make her as modest in respect of her sister's fame as if it were her own.

Short biographies of Mrs. Butler have been plentiful enough, and have vied with one another in incorrectness. Elizabeth Thompson (Mrs. Butler) was positively unknown to the great public when her "Roll-call" took the world by storm, and it was scarcely to be wondered at that the surprise at her success, joined to the common love of wonders, gave rise to many mistakes in regard to her past. One delusion it is well to put an end to at the outset — the opinion that her sudden success was not preceded by long and careful study. In fact, Mrs. Butler has been a worker at art from the age of five.

Her father's system of instruction consisted of reading aloud the things which he wished to instill into her mind, while she practiced drawing and sketching. He believed that this kind of occupation on her part was no hinderance to mental attention, but that, on the contrary, the after-sight of the drawing produced during the reading of some passage of history would recall the events to which the little artist was listening while her pencil was at work. A little questioning at the end of each lesson was, of course, necessary to test whether the pursuit of art had or had not been too absorbing. Undoubtedly the success of this plan was mainly due to his own gentleness and patience. Upon the

whole, the system was found to work well, and it was no doubt persevered in because it enabled her father to give his two children more advanced instruction than would have been possible without the constant comment and explanation which a reader is able to supply, better than any other teacher, to his hearers. He undertook the whole education of his daughters, giving up his time, and of course denying himself much that otherwise his cultivated nature would have enjoyed, for the sake of conscientiously fulfilling his self-imposed task. A few words in commemoration may be permitted in this unavoidably personal little record, especially now that he is no longer here to forbid the acknowledgment of all that his celebrated daughter owes to him.

Born in 1811, in the West Indies, Elizabeth Thompson's father was early left an orphan, and was brought up in the care of his grandfather; he was educated under private tuition and at Trinity College, Cambridge, which his delicate health, however, caused him to leave before he had taken his degree. He married, for the first time, very early; lost his young wife after the birth of a son and daughter, and adopted a life of travel and of literary and artistic interests, collecting pictures, studying by way of pleasure, and enjoying the society of which the late Lord Lytton, Charles Dickens, and D'Orsay were the principal stars. During this period he made a trip to America — rather an uncommon thing in those days; and it was a source of keen pleasure to him, not only at the time, but in the memories of his later life.

Of my father's friendship with Charles Dickens little need be recorded here, except that it was close and unusually affectionate; that he joined some of the amateur theatricals which the novelist so enthusiastically loved, and that it was Charles Dickens who introduced him to the lady who became his second wife and the mother of the battle-painter. Meeting, in Liverpool, a young girl who inspired him with an admiration attested by some of the most enthusiastic letters he ever wrote, Charles Dickens could not help coveting the prize on behalf of his friend. What he hoped for happened, in effect, more quickly than he had anticipated. He was the confidant of the engagement, the life of the wedding, and, with Mrs. Dickens, the companion of the closing month of a long wedding journey. His note of congratulation on the birth of the eldest daughter, Elizabeth, which event took place at Lausanne immediately after he had left the young couple in Switzerland, has been published in the third volume of "Dickens's Collected Letters."

About seven or eight years later he met my parents again; this time they were living, with their two little girls, within sight of the snow-capped peaks of the Appenines, in an old palace, the Villa de Franchi, immediately overlooking the Mediterranean, with olive-clad hills at the back; on the left, the great promontory of Porto Fino; on the right, the Bay of Genoa, some twelve miles away, and the long line of the Apennines sloping down into the sea. The palace garden descended, terrace by terrace, to the rocks, being, indeed, less a garden than what is called a *villa* in the Liguria, and a *podere* in Tuscany — a fascinating mixture of vine, olive, maize, flowers, and corn. A fountain in marble, lined with maiden-hair, played at the junction of each terraced flight of steps. A great billiard-room on the first floor, hung with Chinese designs, was Elizabeth Thompson's first school-room; and there Charles Dickens, upon one of his Italian visits, burst in upon a lesson in multiplication. It was the first and almost the only time I ever saw him. In dim remembrance, he abides as a noisy, very rosy, very energetic, and emphatically English personality, though his person itself is quite forgotten; and the fact that nine times nine are eighty-one has remained in the girls' minds as one of the most unmistakable items of arithmetic, accompanied by the clap of hands and the cordial shout with which he proclaimed it.

The two children never went to school, and had no other teacher than their father — except their mother for music, and the usual professors for "accomplishments" in later years. And whether living happily in their beautiful Genoese home, or farther north among the picturesque Italian lakes, or in Switzerland, or among the Kentish hop-gardens and the parks of Surrey (the family having a more than Bedaween fondness for liberty of movement), Elizabeth's one central occupation of drawing was never abandoned — literally not for a day. With it went a peculiar faculty of observation which her father fostered continually. On the family *vetturino* journeys to Florence, to Switzerland, and elsewhere the small artist's head was always out of the window, watching with a perfectly inexhaustible interest the changing of horses and the ever-varying humors of the road-side. In England, the subjects of study — and of very profitable study undoubtedly — were the action of the cricket-field and the labors of cart-horses in the hay-harvest. Assuredly the child was never idle, for her eyes were hard at work. The promise of her sketches had declared itself very early to eyes able to discriminate between what is significant and living in such elementary attempts, and what is only the common work of baby fingers. Both her parents were, in fact, artists; her father having an altogether exceptional, though untaught, power in

drawing heads, and her mother being a landscape-painter whose capacity Mr. Ruskin and the late Mr. Tom Taylor, among other critics, recognized with marked interest and admiration. Nor were the child's wise guides alarmed at what might have been considered as unfeminine in the subjects she chose—stampedes of wild horses, battles, and soldiers in various combinations. So strong a tendency, it was felt, had a meaning; the love of horses especially seemed to point to a following of Rosa Bonheur; but happily Elizabeth Thompson, when in her early teens, abandoned the intention of being exclusively an animal painter.

When the child was fifteen, it was resolved (the family being at that time in England) that the routine of art-training might begin without interfering unduly with other studies; and my sister joined the South Kensington School of Design, but only for a session, the work proving too mechanical to profit her much. A teacher of art-painting was therefore engaged, a Mr. Standish, and the young aspirant handled the brush for the first time.

After a winter of hard work came a three-years' sojourn at Bonchurch, in the Isle of Wight, where Elizabeth Thompson received instruction in water-color and landscape from a Mr. Gray, continuing her own sketches from imagination and nature with ceaseless pleasure. Bonchurch is a pretty place, but Bonchurch life is hardly picturesque; fortunately, horses are everywhere, and are always good subjects, even though nothing rougher or more characteristic be at hand than carriage-horses, or the well-groomed mare of the family butcher.

After still another visit abroad came a prolonged stay in London and another application, this time under new circumstances, for the national art-instruction at South Kensington. The head-master there at the time was Mr. Richard Burchett, whose discrimination as a teacher and whose enlightened encouragement of the lady students (always under a disadvantage in Government schools) were of signal assistance to many a beginner. He knew how to dispense with routine in a place of which routine was, apparently, the very life; and to him



AN OUTLINE SKETCH OF ELIZABETH THOMPSON'S FAMOUS PICTURE "THE ROLL-CALL."*

* It is impossible to present within the limits of one page an adequate copy of "The Roll-call," as the required reduction would make the faces so small that their expression would be lost. We give a reduced outline of the entire picture, and on pages 188 and 189 show copies of some of its most interesting groups.

All the reproductions here given from the picture of "The Roll-call" are made with the kind permission of the Fine Art Society, 148 New Bond street, London, owners of the copyright. The painting belongs to Her Majesty the Queen, and is now at Windsor Castle, but was in the possession of the Fine Art Society for some time, and was seen by nearly a quarter of a million people. The steel-plate engraving (from which our engravings are copied) was prepared by Mr. F. Stackpoole, A. R. A., at a cost of nearly £2000 ($10,000); and after thirty-five hundred impressions had been taken off, the plate was destroyed, although in good condition, in order that the value of the engravings might not be lessened by the issue of inferior impressions.

the new pupil's sketches were submitted, with the bold request that, if he saw fit, he would allow her to skip the room in which drawings of scroll-work were to be copied for a certain number of months, the room in which outlined flowers were to be reproduced, the room in which an egg was to be shaded, and that in which a chair was to be studied in perspective, and all the other preliminaries to the "antique" and the "life." The permission was readily granted, and Elizabeth Thompson became a pupil in figure-drawing. She never considered, however, that her course of study at South Kensington had done for her what it ought to have done in the time which she spent there, or that the system in force was personal or careful enough to develop individual power. And it was between two long courses of study there that she enjoyed the summer in Florence and the winter in Rome to which she thought she owed almost all the solid success of after years.



GROUP FROM "THE ROLL-CALL."

In 1868, she was painting in private at Genoa, the city which had been her early home, and in which her half-sister had married and remained. The following spring saw the family in a Florentine villa upon the road to Fiesole, within walking distance of the heart of Florence. Elizabeth Thompson at once entered the studio of Professor Bellucci.



GROUP FROM "THE ROLL-CALL."

the most eminent historical painter of his time in Italy, and made the utmost use of six months of his excellent instruction. What she gathered from him she never lost, and she was wont to say that his method of correcting a touch or an outline, and then asking her whether she had understood the motive of the correction, was worth more than a lecture on painting. Everything was personal, well-directed, and insistent — the very antithesis, in fact, of class teaching, where generalities are unavoidable. The steadfast young student used to rise betimes, to breakfast alone before the rest of the family, and to walk down with a maid into the town, to the old paved street of Santa Reparata, where Signor Bellucci had his studio. On the days when she did not work with him, she copied passages from the frescoes in the cloisters of the Annunziata, masterpieces of Andrea del Sarto and Franciabigio, making a special study of the drapery of the last-named painter. The sacristans of the old church — the most popular church in Florence — knew and welcomed the young English girl, who sat for hours so intently at her work in the cloister, unheeding the coming and going of the long procession of congregations passing through the gates.

Her studies in the galleries were also full of delight and profit, though she made no other copies, and she was wont to say that of all the influences of the Florentine school which stood her in good stead in her after work, that of Andrea del Sarto was the most valuable and

the most important. The intense heat of a midsummer which, day after day, showed a hundred degrees Fahrenheit in the shade could not make her relax work, and her master, Florentine as he was, was obliged to beg her to spare him, at least for a week, if she would not spare herself. It was toward the end of October that artist and pupil parted, his confidence in her future being as unbounded as her gratitude for his admirable skill and minute carefulness. During the following seven months, spent in Rome, no other teaching was sought besides the silent instruction of the great galleries. Under the influences of the city, military subjects were put aside for the time, and



GROUPS FROM "THE ROLL-CALL."

Elizabeth Thompson sketched the Romans of to-day, drew from the usual models, and achieved a religious picture — the "Visitation of the Blessed Virgin to St. Elizabeth" — which gained honorable mention at an ecclesiastical art exhibition opened by Pope Pius the Ninth in the cloisters of the Carthusian monastery. In Rome, too, was studied from the life a scene of a Roman Sunday-school which the artist had been much interested in watching — the priests and children at catechism, the groups gathered together in different parts of the churches or cloisters, the demonstrative interest and emphasis with which the monks pressed their theological dogmas into the boyish mind, and the evident good-will that inspired the little learners. Nor, fortunately for our artist and the public, was there any lack of other sketchable matter in Rome that season, the Vatican Council having assembled in December, and the churches and streets being thronged with "types" — Oriental and Occidental, Tartar and African and Mongolian; while languages, habits, and vestments were as various as the faces. The Council was still in session when the artist, with her family, went to London in the early summer.

At this time Elizabeth Thompson, again a student at South Kensington, became a regular exhibitor at the Dudley Gallery and other water-color exhibitions. Military subjects had resumed their strong hold on her fancy; and her drawings of cavalry in action, of recruits at drill, and kindred scenes gained so much appreciation that a leading critic adjudged her, to her own surprise, to be, in her higher studies of character, a rival to Fortuny. During her sojourn in Florence she had entered upon her profession in the formal manner which is marked by a first sale, and a few years previously she had been an occasional contributor to the Society of Lady Artists in London, but her regular exhibition career may be considered as dating from the season of 1870. While, however, her military work was meeting with what promised to be a success, the Roman religious picture of which mention has been made underwent a more than usually rigorous fate at the hands of the Royal Academy, being not only re-

jected, but displaying, when eventually recovered from the cellars of that institution, a ragged hole in the carefully painted evening sky large enough to give a glimpse of the sky of London through the canvas. The next picture, sent to the Academy from the Isle of Wight, was rejected also, but came home without a hole; the next year the young artist tried again—this time with a subject from the Franco-Prussian war, then of comparatively recent interest. "Missing" was the title, and the picture commemorated one of those side-incidents of a campaign in which she believed that art might find a truer and more human interest than in the masses and generalities of a battle. Two French officers, old and young, both



A LANCER, 17TH REGIMENT. [DRAWN BY ELIZABETH BUTLER FOR ST. NICHOLAS.]

wounded and with one wounded horse between them, have lost their way after a disastrous defeat; their names will appear in the sad roll as missing, and the manner of their death will never be known. The picture gained admittance to the Academy, to the artist's great pleasure, but was hung too high up, or, as it is technically termed, "skyed." During the same year she received her first commission, which came from one of the wealthy art-patrons of the great metropolis, and was accepted as a welcome encouragement and proof of appreciation. The subject was to be military; and the artist resolved upon "The Roll-call." In sticking so resolutely to the painting of soldiers she abandoned several other branches of art in which she would probably have won distinction: sacred history, romantic history, portrait, landscape, or, as has been said, animal-painting, all lay well within her power, and had been practiced by her; but she was aware not only that her own taste pointed decisively in another direction, but that there was a movement in her time which it would be wise to join. Military painting in France was, in this treatment of individual soldiers and of incidents of the battle-field rather than of battles and of masses of men, a new art, followed by brilliant votaries; but in England the beginning had not been made. All artists in these days of numbers feel the great desirableness of some fresh field—if only such should be open to them. To Elizabeth Thompson this freshest of fields was manifestly open; she was, by her long preparation, ready for the time, and the time was ready for her. The almost overwhelming success of "The Roll-call" owed something of its completeness to this fortunate combination. A studio was taken in London for the production of the picture, and there the artist worked on several canvases in years to come.

In the spring of 1874, "The Roll-call" was duly sent in to the Royal Academy, and was received with a cheer by the committee. By degrees tidings of its success were carried to the painter and her family; there were unmistakable signs of a sensation in the town; the clubs were full of rumors of a great picture by a woman; scraps of talk about it were overheard in railway trains. And yet this preparation hardly broke the shock of surprise when, on the morning after the Academy banquet, the speeches of both the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge were found to refer in terms of generous praise to the work of the unknown girl. Such a compliment had seldom or never been paid to a new name, and it was the prelude to a popular furore which can only be described as unexampled. The Private View had out one topic of talk, and the picture was preserved from destruction at the hands of a mob of friendly sight-seers only by the efforts of a policeman; not since the days of Wilkie's first great success had such a guard been necessary. But

"The Roll-call" officer had unquestionably a busy time of it; from morning till night the throng never loosened, or relaxed from its hard knot in front of the picture, except, indeed, on one occasion, when a gap, as memorable as the crowd, occurred on the day when the Queen, who did not visit the Academy at that time, had the picture removed to Buckingham Palace for a few hours, that she might see a work of such special interest to a sovereign who has always loved her army. "The Roll-call" was, as has been said, the result of a commission; but, when Her Majesty expressed a wish to possess it herself, the owner loyally ceded his claim, on condition that the next year's picture should be his. The copyright was purchased for fifteen times the amount of the original commission, and during the ensuing four years was either in the hands of the engraver (Mr. Stackpoole, who produced an admirable plate) or on view in the provincial towns, where it became even a greater lion than it had been in London. And if the picture was a lion, the painter was the heroine of the season, and so pursued with her celebrity that the preservation of serenity of mind was no slight achievement. The whisper of her name drew crowds about her in ball-rooms, at exhibitions, in the public ways; but she never relaxed work for a day. The next year's picture was her constant preoccupation, and neither the pleasure of celebrity nor the distraction of notoriety ever discomposed her. "Quatre Bras" was exhibited in 1875, and drew a crowd equal to that which thronged round its predecessor; it had also the honor of Mr. Ruskin's praise. "I never approached a picture," he wrote, "with more iniquitous prejudice against it than I did Miss Thompson's—partly because I have always said that no woman could paint; and secondly, because I thought what the public made such a fuss about *must* be good for nothing. But it is Amazon's work, this, no doubt of it, and the first fine preraphaelite picture of battle we have had, profoundly interesting, and showing all manner of illustrative and realistic faculty. The sky is most tenderly painted, and with the truest outline of cloud of all in the exhibition; and the terrific piece of gallant wrath and ruin on the extreme left, where the cuirassier is catching round the neck of his horse as he falls, and the convulsed fallen horse, seen through the smoke below, is wrought through all the truth of its frantic passion with gradations of color and shade which I have not seen the like of since Turner's death." "The Return from Balaclava" followed in 1876, and "Inkerman"—a return of infantry in this case—in 1877.



A TRUMPETER OF THE ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY. [DRAWN BY ELIZABETH BUTLER FOR ST. NICHOLAS.]

This was the year of Elizabeth Thompson's marriage with Major (now Colonel) Butler, C. B. (who as the author of "The Great Lone Land" needs no introduction), an alliance which has strengthened her love of military art by inspiring her with a personal interest in the army, and which has also given her a new country—Ireland—henceforth to be in its landscapes and its people the subject of her enthusiastic study. The deep coloring of the climate, its strong effects of light and cloud, have delighted her eye and her imagination. Whereas her former recreation con-



AN ENGLISH SOLDIER OF THE 17TH LANCERS. [DRAWN BY ELIZABETH BUTLER FOR ST. NICHOLAS.]

sisted generally of a trip to Italy, to the familiar Mediterranean or to the Tuscan vineyards in time of vintage, it now usually takes the form of a stay in some Irish glen; but wherever Mrs. Butler travels it is with the enjoyment of one to whom all things are always new, whose sketch-book is constantly in her hand, who has that artist's gift felicitously called by some one "collodion on the retina," and whose intelligent appreciation of the realities of character and incident in the world has done so much to inform and strengthen her dramatic imagination. Of her two pictures exhibited in 1879, one ("'Listed for the Connaught Rangers") dealt with Irish life, and the other ("The Remnant of an Army") with one of the most tragic events in the Indian history of England—the solitary arrival of Dr. Brydon under the walls of Jellalabad in 1842, after the destruction of General Elphinstone's force of 16,000 by the Afghans. A commission from the Queen produced "The Defense of Rorke's Drift," an incident of the Zulu war, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1881; and in the same year was



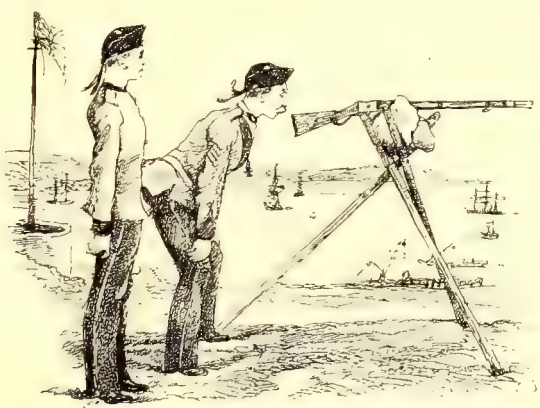
A MEMBER OF THE "SCOTS GREYS." [DRAWN BY ELIZABETH BUTLER FOR ST. NICHOLAS.]

completed the picture called "Scotland Forever"! which, in the opinion of many critics, showed an increased development of power in movement, in the expression of energy, and in the drawing of the horse.

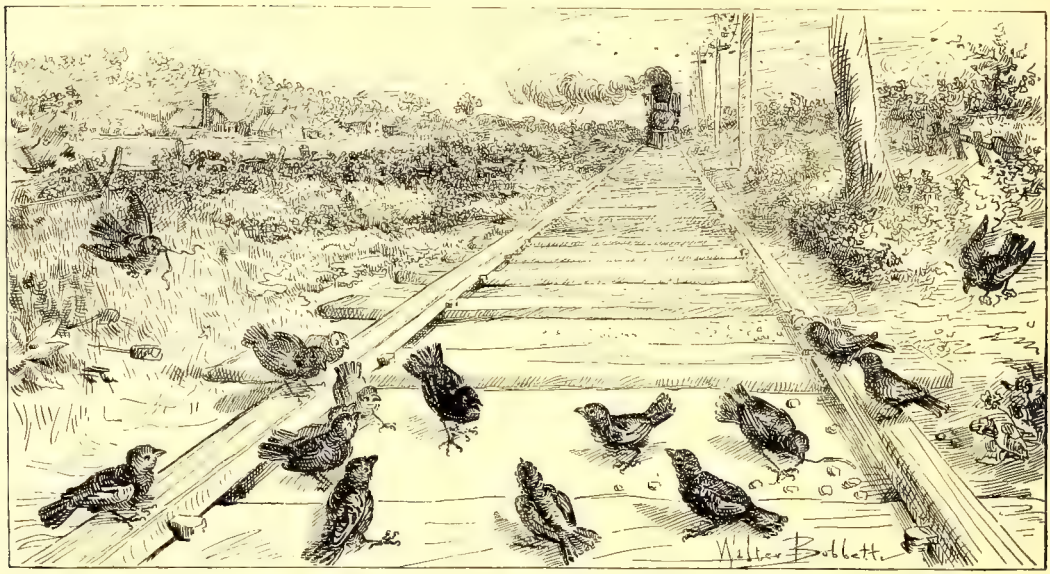
Mrs. Butler in her studio is surrounded by the signs of work rather than by those signs of play which make many an artist's *atelier* an apartment for the display of luxury. No bric-à-brac and no bits of subtle drapery are there, no stuffed peacocks and no orange-trees in flower: her art deals with other matters. The walls are hung with old uniforms—the tall shako, the little coatee, and the stiff stock—which the visitor's imagination may stuff out with the form of the British soldier as he fought in the days of Waterloo. These are objects of use, not ornament; so are the relics from the fields of France in 1871, and the assegais and spears and little sharp wooden maces from Zulu-land. These accessories of her art are peculiarly dear to Mrs. Butler. And, indeed, uniforms and arms have a meaning, a spirit and significance, which no other kind of garment possesses. Her models are not the usual professionals—pretty women in elaborate historical costumes, or men who have achieved a triumph in the development of muscle. Mrs. Butler draws directly from her subjects—the soldier and the horse; and as Wordsworth's proverbial servant-girl, on being asked to show her master's study, said that his library was in the house but that he studied in the fields, so it may be said that Mrs. Butler studies in the fields, in the streets, making notes from horses as they rest at pasture or labor at draught. The walls of her studio are hung with sketches as well as with "properties"—Genoese studies and Florentine studies, drawings of Tuscan oxen in the vineyards, impressions of landscape, light, and color. That she spends her time in learning is a fact which should exist in the life of any artist; and that the altered conditions and duties entailed upon her by matrimony have not interfered with her old industry should encourage those young women who fear marriage as an obstacle to success in art.



A HUSSAR SCOUT. [DRAWN BY ELIZABETH BUTLER, FOR ST. NICHOLAS.]



MUSKETRY INSTRUCTION. [DRAWN BY ELIZABETH BUTLER.]



IS N'T IT ABOUT TIME TO GET OUT OF THE WAY?

THE TINKHAM BROTHERS' TIDE-MILL.*

By J. T. Trowbridge.

Chapter VII.

THE BOYS IN COUNCIL.

Rupe and Rod ran on merrily down the bank, while Letty waited alone on the bridge, in the pleasant evening light, until Rush came out of Mr. Rumney's yard and joined her.

The innocent girl was thinking gratefully of the happy days which awaited them in that charming spot, with the lake so near and the river running by their door, delighting their eyes while it turned the mill, when a glance at Rush's perturbed face startled her from that bright dream.

"Rupe!" he cried, "go and find the boys, and tell them I want to see 'em. About something very particular."

Then, after the youngsters were gone: "I 'll tell you all about it now," he said in answer to an eager inquiry from his sister. "I did n't want the boys to know, for we must keep it from Mother."

He was in a fever of excitement. He took off his hat, to cool his brow in the dewy evening air, and continued, while she listened with breathless interest, leaning by the rail of the bridge:

"There 's a good reason why I did n't like the looks of that new building over on the pond! It 's the boat-house of a newly formed club — the Argonauts."

"We knew it was a boat-house," said Letty. "But I don't see why it should trouble you."

"No, you don't take in the meaning of it," replied Rush. "But I did, as soon as I found out that Dick Dushee had thought it necessary to make up a fib about it. There 's a rage for boating, just now, here in Tammoset and Dempford."

"All the better," said Letty. "It will make things lively. We are to have a boat, too, you said yourself; and Lute has promised to make one."

"It would all be very well, but for one thing," said Rush. "Many of the boats will be kept in the new boat-house, and about the pond. Some belong down the river. And all will want to be passing up and down."

"I should think so," replied Letty, still failing to see the evil which cast so dark a shadow. "Why not?"

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"There 's our mill-dam!" said Rush, in a low, intense whisper; and, as they walked on, he told her all he had heard. "This was what made Dushee so rabid to sell."

"Oh, I see!" exclaimed Letty. "But the dam has a right to be there?"

"So Uncle Dave's lawyer told us; he looked into that matter when he examined the title to the property."

"He ought to know."

"Of course he knows. But he merely went to his law-books for his knowledge, probably. It 's a pity he did n't talk with the Dempford and Tammoset Argonauts!"

"Did n't any of you talk with anybody else?" poor, distressed Letty inquired.

"Why, yes; the boys, when they came up here with Uncle Dave, went and talked with Mr. Rumney. He owns the land on the other side of the mill and up above here. He told them that keeping back the water did more good than harm to the land-owners, and he had never heard a complaint against it from one of 'em, during the dozen years and more the dam has been there. But he never said a word about the boats. Neither did Dushee."

"Oh dear! What can you do?"

"I have n't talked with Lute and Mart," replied Rush. "But since the law is on our side, and the dam has a right to be there, and it is necessary to our business,—why, it would ruin us to take it away,—I know just what they will think."

"They will stand up for their rights," said Letty, pride in her strong, resolute brothers rising above her fears. "They are not cowards. Neither are you, Rush!"

"I should hope not," said Rush, with a nervous laugh. "We have Mother to think of, you know. We have got all her money in this property, and we are bound to protect it, for her sake even more than our own."

"Can't you see some of the Argonauts,—if that 's what you call them,—and come to some agreement with them? I do so dread the thought of any trouble!" exclaimed Letty.

"So do I; and, of course, we shall get along peaceably with them if we can. But, by their driving Dushee to sell out, I judge that they 're pretty rough fellows. It wont do for them to be rough with us!" Rush added, with another excited laugh. "There come the boys."

Near the house they met the two oldest, sauntering along the walk. They had had a good day in the shop, notwithstanding the fish-officer's visit; and they were hopefully and tranquilly talking over their plans in their mother's room, when they received Rush's message.

"How little they suspect!" whispered Letty.

"What 's up, Rocket?" Mart inquired, carelessly, resting one hand on his hip.

"Send back the boys," said Rush, in a low voice; for the two youngest were following. "I don't know, though; I suppose they may as well be told; but the whole thing must be kept from Mother. Go in, Letty, and if she asks any questions, just say I wanted to talk about boats. She knows we think of building one."

"What have you f-f-found out?" said Lute. "Anything more about f-f-fish-officers?"

"Worse than that!" Rush replied. And there, on the high bank above the river, in the fading twilight, with his four brothers grouped about him for an audience, he told briefly his story.

After a few of their eager questions had been answered, Lute turned to the oldest and said:

"It looks as if Dushee had let the knife into us middling d-d-deep. Do you remember how the d-d-deed reads?"

"I 'm afraid there 's not over-much comfort for us in that," Mart replied. "It guarantees the title to the real estate, but merely assigns to us the right he bought of Rumney to maintain a dam against his shore for ninety-nine years."

"That is, the right to maintain it if we c-c-can," said Lute.

"And we can," exclaimed Rush, "with the law on our side. And we will!"

"The law is a good thing to have on a man's side," Mart said. "But with a boat-club against us, made up of fellows from two towns, maintaining our right is n't going to be the smoothest job."

Rush had expected to see his brothers take a more determined attitude at the start; and this sort of talk disheartened him.

"Dushee is a villain!" he exclaimed, with burning resentment.

"Why don't you go right over and punch his head for him?" cried Rupert. "I would! I 'll take that Dick; and you see if I don't give him the worst pounding ever the mean son of a mean man had."

"Don't talk nonsense," said Lute. "P-p-punching and p-p-pounding wont do any good."

"No," said Mart. "And remember, you boys: We 've the right on our side, to begin with, and we 've got to move carefully, so as not to put ourselves in the wrong. So, just let Dick Dushee alone, and take care what you say to other people."

"That 's the p-p-point," said Lute. "We are going to stand up for our rights, even if we have to fight for 'em. But we don't want to f-f-fight, unless we 're f-f-forced to. Is n't that the ground, Mart?"

"Precisely," said Mart. "We 've everything

at stake here, and we 're not to be scared. If the principal Argonauts are reasonable, right-minded fellows, it 's likely we can make some amicable arrangement with them. If not ——"

"I 'd fight 'em!" said Rupe. "I think there 'd be fun in it."

"There might be, if it was n't for Mother," said Mart. "She must n't be troubled about this affair at all. Come, Lute."

"Where are you going?" Rush asked.

"To have a quiet and agreeable little chat with Dushee."

"Yes, let 's w-wash our hands of him the f-f-first thing," Lute assented.

They started off, the younger boys following, intent on witnessing the sport.

"See here!" said Mart. "We 're not going to battle. We don't need an army. Go back! But Rush can come along as far as Rumney's, where we shall stop to have a little talk first."

CHAPTER VIII.

A CALL ON DUSHEE.

THE elder Dushee was not pleasantly surprised when, that evening, there came a decided ring at the door of his new house on the Dempford side of the river; and, on opening it, lamp in hand, he looked out on the serious faces of the big Tinkham brothers.

It was hard to manufacture, at once, and on the spot, smile enough to cover that enormous blank countenance of his; but he struggled manfully at it, and invited them to "step in."

They stepped in accordingly, and remained quietly standing, while he placed the lamp on a table and offered them chairs.

"Re'l spring-like weather, now," he observed, hospitably. "Any news?"

"Y-y-yes, r-r-rather," said Lute, with gleaming spectacles. "Seems to be p-p-pretty good weather for news."

"You told our brother Rush this evening," said Mart, "that there were some little things about the mill we should have to find out for ourselves."

"Yes, certainly."

There was hardly smile enough to go around among the Dushee features; but the mouth made the most of its share, and grinned persistently.

"And we 're f-finding 'em out," said Lute.

"But we thought," Mart added, in his driest manner, "that it might simplify matters if you would be a little more liberal with your information."

"Truth is a p-p-precious thing, we know," struck in the other's rapid stammer. "But a man should n't be too s-s-saving of it. And if you 'll waste a little on us, now that it can't hurt your trade, we 'll be ob-b-liged to you."

If there was any humor in their way of introducing the business that brought them, not the least consciousness of it was betrayed by either of the boys; and surely Mr. Dushee was in no mood to appreciate it. There was a rather grim earnestness in their manner which to him foreboded unpleasant things.

"Better set down," he said, as they remained standing. "Truth about what?"

"About the trouble you 've had with the boat-club, and the probable amount in pickle for us," said Mart. "You 've played a sharp game on us, Mr. Dushee; but we have n't come to make any unnecessary comments on that. The important thing now is, to know what we 're to expect from the Argonauts."

"Wall, I d'n' know. Better set down," said Dushee, with a stammer that rivaled Lute's. "I guess you 'll get along with 'em. You 're new men. There wont be the prejudice agin' you there has been agin' me."

"Mr. Rumney says you 've had your flash-boards broken and parts of the dam torn out more than once. How is it?" Mart inquired.

"*He* told you that?" said Dushee, quickly.

"Yes; but not till after you had made your trade. He was careful about that. Now fork out the facts," Mart added, with his most deliberate drawl, "and oblige."

"I *have* had a little trouble with some of 'em," Dushee admitted, after urging his visitors again to "set down." "There was skurce a boat on the river, 'cept now and then one goin' up into the pond, fishin', not for years. I could always 'commodate 'em, and nobody never questioned my right to have a dam there."

"N-n-nobody?" said Lute.

"Nobody!" Dushee repeated, with emphasis. —"Better set down—Not for a dozen years at least. Then a passel of boys, that was in baby-frocks when I built it, they 'd growed up to feel smart and think they owned all creation. They must have their boats; and, if I was n't on hand to pull up my flash-boards for 'em, they had no more sense than to go to smashin' things. Come! wont ye set down?"

"Guess not," said Mart. "We 're like the boy that went visiting with his mother, and when she kept asking him at the table: 'Can't ye eat a little more, sonny? can't ye eat a little more?' 'Mabby I could,' says he, 'if I stood up.' We can take in your facts best standing. And as we don't mean to intrude on your hospitality again, we want a full meal this time."

This was said with such solemn deliberation that, when Mr. Dushee tried to receive it as a joke, his forced laugh sounded strangely out of place.

"Why did n't you tell us this when we first asked about the d-d-dam?" Lute inquired.

"I d'n' know; I wa'n't bound to. Every man in business has his enemies and his little troubles,



MART CARRIED HIS MOTHER ACROSS THE PLANK. [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

and you don't s'pose he 's goin' to make out a list of 'em when he comes to sell out, do ye?"

"Little troubles is g-g-good," said Lute.

"Of course," said Dushee. "This boatin' fever 'll die down about as sudden as it come up; storm 'll blow over in a little while, and you 'll be all right."

"Did n't you have to keep your flash-boards open half the time last summer?" Mart demanded.

"Wall, I did keep 'em open a little more 'n I wanted to, I allow."

"And did n't you keep your dam from being destroyed at last by promising, if the Argonauts would leave it for you to use after the boating season was over, you would make some different arrangements before spring?"

"Wall, I *have* made different arrangements," said Dushee.

"Yes, you 've sold the property to us," Mart replied, with his usual drawl, but with a dangerous light in his eyes. "*Without incumbrance*, you said, but I call a fight like this with two towns the biggest sort of an incumbrance."

"We 've got about as much satisfaction as I expected," said Lute. "When a man deliberately swindles a widow and her boys in this way, it 's like exp-p-postulating with a hyena to call him to an account for it. But there 's another thing we came to say."

"Yes," Mart added "I told you to-day that we would take the horse and wagons and things at your price. But now, we think differently."

"You back down?" cried Dushee.

"We b-b-back down," said Lute. "A man may overreach us once. But we 're fools if we let him overreach us tw-twice."

"But he 's a good, sound horse!" Dushee protested.

"He may be," Lute answered. "But it will take more than your word to convince us there is n't some inc-c-cumbrance on him."

"We don't want anything more to do with you, or any more of your property," said Mart. "Come and take it away."

"And another thing," Lute added, as they were about to go. "Come and get your property, as my b-b-brother says. But after that, if I catch you on our place again, I 'll p-p-pick you up and throw you into the w-w-water."

As Dushee was about twice as big as the boy of nineteen who made this threat, it would have sounded laughable enough, if anybody there present had been in a laughing humor.

As for Dushee, he was in a blustering rage by

this time. He threatened, at first, to sue the widow for the price of the horse and wagons; then he taunted the boys with their smartness in putting into the market dolls' carriages that crowded his out.

"You 're welcome to make 'em now, at any price," he roared after them as they walked out of the door. "But you 've somebody else besides me to compete with. You 've got the Argynots to compete with! Compete with them!"

They kept their temper pretty well, considering the circumstances, and went slowly away, without deigning any further reply.

It had been, on the whole, an unfortunate visit, and they had the poor satisfaction of feeling that they had gained nothing by it but an enemy, against the day when they were to have enemies enough and to spare.

They had gained two enemies, in fact; young Dick Dushee, who had stood in the background during the interview, counting henceforth for one.

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE WILLOW TREE.

THE next morning the boys went quietly about their work, wisely resolved not to borrow trouble, but to await developments, and make the best of things.

They started up the mill, and the rush of the water-wheel, the clank and whir of the machinery, and the noise of the jig-saw and lathe, made the music their hearts loved.

Early in the forenoon, Mr. Dushee came over with Dick, hitched the horse to the wagon, loaded up the extra pieces of harness, the blankets and robes, with other articles, and took the buggy in tow. They said nothing to anybody; but Dick glared insolently at Rupe and Rod, who were digging in the garden, and snatched from their hands the rake and fork they were using, these being among the effects which the Tinkhams had finally declined to purchase.

"Don't say a word to him!" Rupe charged his brother, who was inclined to resent this rudeness. "They 're welcome to their old traps; we don't want 'em."

This was said loud enough for the Dushees to hear, while Rupe bestowed on Dick a look of defiant scorn.

The Dushees drove away with their miscellaneous possessions, and a few minutes later Rupe and Rod were on their way to the village, with money Mart had given them to buy the garden tools they needed.

The next day was Sunday; and in the afternoon Mrs. Tinkham made her first visit to the seats in the willow tree over the river.

Mart carried her across the plank in his strong and tender arms, and placed her where the best views were to be had, while Letty followed with a shawl to wrap around the delicate shoulders. The sun was shining, but there was a chill in the air.

There was room on the benches for the whole family, though Mart remained leaning against one of the great branches, and Rod chose to perch himself on a limb.

Lute had a newspaper, and Letty had brought a book from which to read aloud to her mother. But book and newspaper were forgotten in the charm of the situation and the pleasant communion which united the hearts of mother and children.

"Mr. Dushee must be a man of some taste," said the widow, looking delightedly around, "or he never would have put these seats here in this old tree."

"I fancy he has about as much taste as his old roan horse has," replied Mart. "He used to have a partner in the business, who lived in the house here with him; and it 's to him and his young wife that we owe these and some other pleasant things."

"Speaking of the horse," said his mother, "I can't understand why you concluded so suddenly not to buy him, after I had given my consent."

"We have n't much c-c-confidence in Dushee," remarked Lute, who had pulled off his spectacles to read his newspaper, but now put them on again to look about him. "He would never let on, if the horse's legs were c-c-covered with spavins and ringbones."

"Besides, we shall probably want to use all our spare cash in establishing ourselves here," said Mart, thinking of their rights to be maintained and perhaps fought for. "Then there will be a satisfaction in buying a better horse, and new wagons and things, when we can afford them."

"A wise conclusion, I 've no doubt," said his mother. "Rocket, I do think it was a happy inspiration that made you hunt up this place and insist on our buying it! Does n't it seem, children, as if it had been made and kept for us, just as Rocket said?"

The older boys did not respond to this sentiment so promptly as might have been expected, the consciousness of an important secret kept from her, and of troubles in store of which she did not dream, tying their tongues.

But Rush spoke up earnestly: "I hope you will always think so, Mother." And Letty, to the relief of her brothers, began to expatiate on the beauties of the place, in her extravagant, girlish way.

"I was sorry to take you children out of school,"

the widow said. "But I am told the schools here are as good as those in town, and you, Letty, shall begin to go at the commencement of the next term, along with Rupe and Rod."

"I want to stay at home and work in the garden," said Rod. "We are going to raise flowers, and corn, and potatoes, and peas, and beans, and strawberries, and everything."

"You shall have work enough in the garden," said Mart; "all you hanker for, I 'll warrant."

"What a blessed day of rest this is!" said the mother, "after the turmoil of moving and getting settled! It seems as if there was nothing now to mar our perfect enjoyment."

"N-n-nothing!" stammered Lute, taking off his glasses again to look at the newspaper, but thinking all the while of the menaced dam.

"I 'm only afraid you 'll work too hard, boys," she went on. "You 've been looking rather careworn for a day or two; and I don't like to see it."

"We 've had a good many things to think of," drawled Mart, glancing from under his contracted brows at some object down the river.

"Too many!" exclaimed the mother. "I think some are unnecessary. The boat, for instance, which you talk of making. Don't think of that at present."

"We shall want a boat," said Lute, carelessly. "There 's a new boat-club here in town, and we may wish to j-j-join it."

"Why, yes," returned the mother; "it will be pleasant to be on good social terms with the young men."

"V-v-very," said Lute. "We hope to be."

"There comes a boat, now!" cried Letty, her eye having followed Mart's down the river. "Two of them!"

"Three!" called Rod from his perch on the limb, as a third boat hove in sight around the bend below the mill.

"How charming they look!" exclaimed the mother.

"L-l-lovely!" said Lute, peering anxiously through his glasses.

"They are the first of the season," said Rush. "They are coming up with the tide."

The flash-boards were up, yielding a free passage to the boats, the foremost of which, impelled by sturdy oars, came gliding through.

"If it was a week-day, and the mill was going, I don't see how they would pass the dam," Mrs. Tinkham observed, looking down on the boatmen, who, in their turn, looked up at the group in the tree.

"Sunday is the time for them," said Mart. "And they 'll naturally come at flood-tide, when the flash-boards are always open, whatever the day."

Then, without giving her time to reflect that the boats would probably be returning with the ebb, and that on working days they would find the passage in the dam closed, he added:

"I 'm afraid it 's a little cool for you, Mother. I don't want you to take cold the first time; for I expect you will pass whole days here when the weather is warm and the trees are in foliage."

"But you are not going to take me in so soon!" she said, entreatingly, as if she had been the child and he the parent.

"I think I 'd better." And he put his arms about her.

"Oh, yes; we 'll all go," said Letty, at a hint from Rush.

There was something in the appearance of one of the boats which the boys did not like; and if their mother was to be spared all knowledge of the threatened troubles, it was high time that she should be got out of the way.

CHAPTER X.

THE ENCOUNTER AT THE DAM.

THE first boat, having passed the dam, staid its oars. The second likewise slackened speed, and drifted with the current abreast of the mill, while the third boat came up.

In the bow of this boat was a burly fellow, whom we may as well introduce to the reader.

He was a Dempford boy, named Buzrow — son of a Buzrow whom nobody we can hear of ever knew, but who was popularly supposed to have possessed prodigious strength. Tradition declared him to have been double-jointed, or "double-j'inted," as the boys had it; and there was a story that he had once knocked down a cow with his fist.

Milton Buzrow — for that was the son's name; though why a Buzrow who could knock down cows with his fist should honor a poet by calling a child after him, admits of some speculation — Milton, I say (commonly called Milt), was hardly yet twenty years old; but, in addition to the honor of being the son of the cow-smiter, he also enjoyed a reputation for tremendous physical prowess. He made no claim to being, like the mythical Buzrow, double-j'inted, but his style of conversation clearly showed that he regarded the knocking down of cows as an act of heroic manhood to which he, too, might, in due time, aspire.

Such a Buzrow was naturally a leader among a certain class of boys; and that he did not often lead them into ways of peace and quietness need hardly be said. He was one of the Dempford Argonauts, and, we must add, not one of the mildest-mannered and most modest of those young gentlemen, by any means.

It was Milt Buzrow who had made a braggart vow, at a meeting of the club in November, that if Dushee's mill-dam remained to obstruct their navigation of the river until after he had got his boat into the water in the spring, he, for one, would proceed, in open daylight, to do it some dreadful damage.

Spring was now here, and here was the mill-dam. Here also, this Sunday afternoon, when he might have been better employed, was Milt Buzrow in his boat. Would he dare to execute his threat?

That became an exciting question to his mates, seeing that he had no longer a timid and crafty Dushee to deal with, but three stalwart-looking lads watching him from the tree.

He had committed himself, however, to an act of aggression, and it would never do to have it said that a Buzrow had backed out of anything because he was afraid.

The dam was a simple structure: strong stakes driven into the river-bed, with closely fitting horizontal planks nailed to them, over a mud-sill across the bottom of the river.

Buzrow had two of his trusty followers with him, and as they kept the boat in place with their oars, he hauled up a crow-bar from the bow, where he braced himself, and began to strike the point of it against the planks.

He was striking and wrenching, and a plank was beginning to splinter, when somebody in the other boat whispered: "Look out! there comes one of 'em!" and Buzrow, glancing up from his work, saw Lute.

At the first movement of the iron bar, the second son had slipped from the tree down the bank, and sprung to the platform over the Tammoset end of the dam.

"See here, young man!" he called out, "you are a stranger to me, and I am not aware that I ever d-d-did you any harm."

His manner was not at all menacing, and Buzrow inferred that he could treat his stammer, and his spectacles, and his wise-looking old-young face with contempt — all the more safely because he himself was on the opposite side of the flash-board opening, about ten feet off.

"No, you n-n-never have," the son of the cow-smiter replied, with a mock stutter which greatly delighted his associates. "But this dam has, and I promised Dushee that if it staid here till spring it would get smashed."

"But Dushee has nothing more to do with it," struck in another voice; and there were two Tinkhams on the platform.

The second was Rush, who had stopped to snatch up a bean-pole, and now stood grasping it, while he joined his remonstrance to Lute's.

As there was nothing at all comical about his determined manner and blazing eyes, Buzrow deemed it worth while to treat him with rather more respect, especially as the pole was a dozen feet long.

"I don't know anything about that," he deigned to respond; then with a whisper to his oarsmen, "Get a little further out of his reach."

"But you *ought* to know about it, before you go to destroying our property!" said Rush. "We did n't suppose this dam injured any one, when we bought it. We have come here to get an honest living, in peace with our neighbors, if we can."

"That you can't, as long as you keep a dam here," said a man in one of the other boats. "We have no quarrel with you, and don't want to have. But if you think you are going to step into Dushee's place and do what he found to his cost that he could n't, you 're mightily mistaken."

"All we want to do," said Lute, "is to carry on our lawful b-b-business; and that we 've a p-p-perfect right to do."

"We don't want to interfere with your business, or injure you in any way," said Buzrow. "But you have no more right to keep a dam here than you have to put a gate across the highway. That 's all there is about that."

Having got well beyond sweep of the bean-pole, he gave startling emphasis to these words by striking another blow with his bar.

"Break that dam," cried Rush, lifting the pole, and standing ready to leap from the platform into the river, "and I 'll break your head!"

By that time there was a third Tinkham on the spot, namely, Mart, with two more younger ones hastening to bring clubs and brick-bats from the shed.

"Give me room, boys," said Mart. "No, Rocket, I don't want your pole. Don't fling any of those missiles, boys!"

He stepped to the end of the platform, and stood there weaponless, his right hand clenched and resting on his hip, in a favorite attitude, the other hanging loosely by his side; rather thin of face and lank of form, but of goodly height, long-limbed and athletic, and with an eye like a hawk's as he looked over at Buzrow and his iron bar.

(To be continued.)

A CHINESE NEW YEAR'S DAY IN SANTA BARBARA.

By H. H.



FIRE-CRACKERS BY THE MILLION — CELEBRATING THE CHINESE NEW YEAR.

THE Chinese New Year's day in 1882 fell on the seventeenth of February. They have a week of holidays at their New Year, just as we do between the twenty-fifth of December and the first of January.

On Thursday, the sixteenth, the Chinese laundry-men and shop-keepers in Santa Barbara printed in the newspapers of the town an invitation to all their friends and patrons to call and see them the next day. This invitation said that there would be fire-works in the morning, from half-past twelve o'clock to one, and from eight to ten, and from nine to ten in the evening.

In the cities they make a fine display of fire-works, but none of the Chinese people in Santa Barbara are rich, so there were no fire-works, except crackers; but there were barrels and barrels full of these, and the Chinese boys do not fire off crackers on their New Year's day as American boys do, a cracker at a time, or one package at a time: they bring out a large box full, or a barrel full, and fire them off, package after package, as fast as they can, till the air is as full of smoke as if there were a fire, and the ground is covered with red, half-burned ends.

Long before we reached the part of the town where most of the Chinese live, we heard the noise of the crackers going off; and when we came to the street where the Joss-house is I was almost afraid to drive in, there was such a racket and such a smell of smoke. The Chinese did not seem to mind it at all. They were hopping about in the smoke, pouring the crackers out on the ground, box after box, barrel after barrel. You could not see their faces clearly for the smoke. Groups of American boys stood as near as they dared, looking on. Now and then one would dart in and snatch up one cracker, or a string of them, which had not gone off.

I thought the American boys had almost as much fun out of it as the Chinese.

This firing of crackers did not last long, luckily. If it had, the air would have been so bad that nobody could have breathed. After the fire-works stopped, we went into the houses. Every Chinese family keeps open house on New Year's day, all day long. They set up a picture or an image of their god in some prominent place, and on a table in front of this they put a little feast of good things to eat. Some are for an offering to the god, and some are for their friends who call. Every one is expected to take something; and they are so courteous that they always provide one dish of sweetmeats for Americans, who may not like the Chinese cooking.

There was no family so poor that it did not have something set out, and some sort of a shrine made for its idol; in some houses it was only a coarse wooden box turned up on one end like a cupboard, with two or three little tea-cups full of rice or tea, and one poor candle burning before a cheap paper picture of the god pasted or tacked at the back of the box.

In some of the best stores were groups of Chinese men playing cards and smoking; each man had, sitting on the table before him, a tiny little tea-cup, no bigger than a doll's tea-cup; it would not hold more than one small mouthful. As fast as these were emptied, they were filled again from a pretty china tea-pot, which stood inside a round bamboo basket on the table — the last place you would have looked for the tea-pot if you had been asked to find it; but this is the way the Chinese keep their tea hot. The baskets are lined with many thicknesses of wadding, covered with soft satin or silk, and are very much prettier than the "cozies" which English people make out of quilted silk, in the shape of helmets, to be shut down over the tea-pot to keep it warm.

In one of the stores two men were playing a game which has been played, under different names, all over the world. It consists simply in one man holding out his hand, with part of the fingers closed and part open, and his antagonist calling out, instantly, how many of his fingers are open. One would think nothing could be easier than this. But when the movements are made rapidly it is next to impossible to call out the number quickly without making a mistake. For every mistake a fine of some sort, according to the agreement of the players, is to be paid. These Chinese men played it with such vehemence that the perspiration stood on their foreheads, and their shrill crying out of the numbers sounded like unbroken sentences; there did not seem a breath between them. They rested their elbows on the table, and, with every opening and closing of the fingers, thrust the fore-arm forward to its full length, so there was violent exercise in it.

The Italian peasants whom I used to see playing it in Rome took it in an easier fashion. They rested their wrists on a table, or the door-sill, or the ground, wherever they happened to be playing, and simply opened and closed their fingers. In the Etruscan Museum in Rome, on one of the vases which were buried in tombs many hundred years before Christ's day, there is a picture of two men playing this very game. So it seems probable that it is as old as the human race itself.

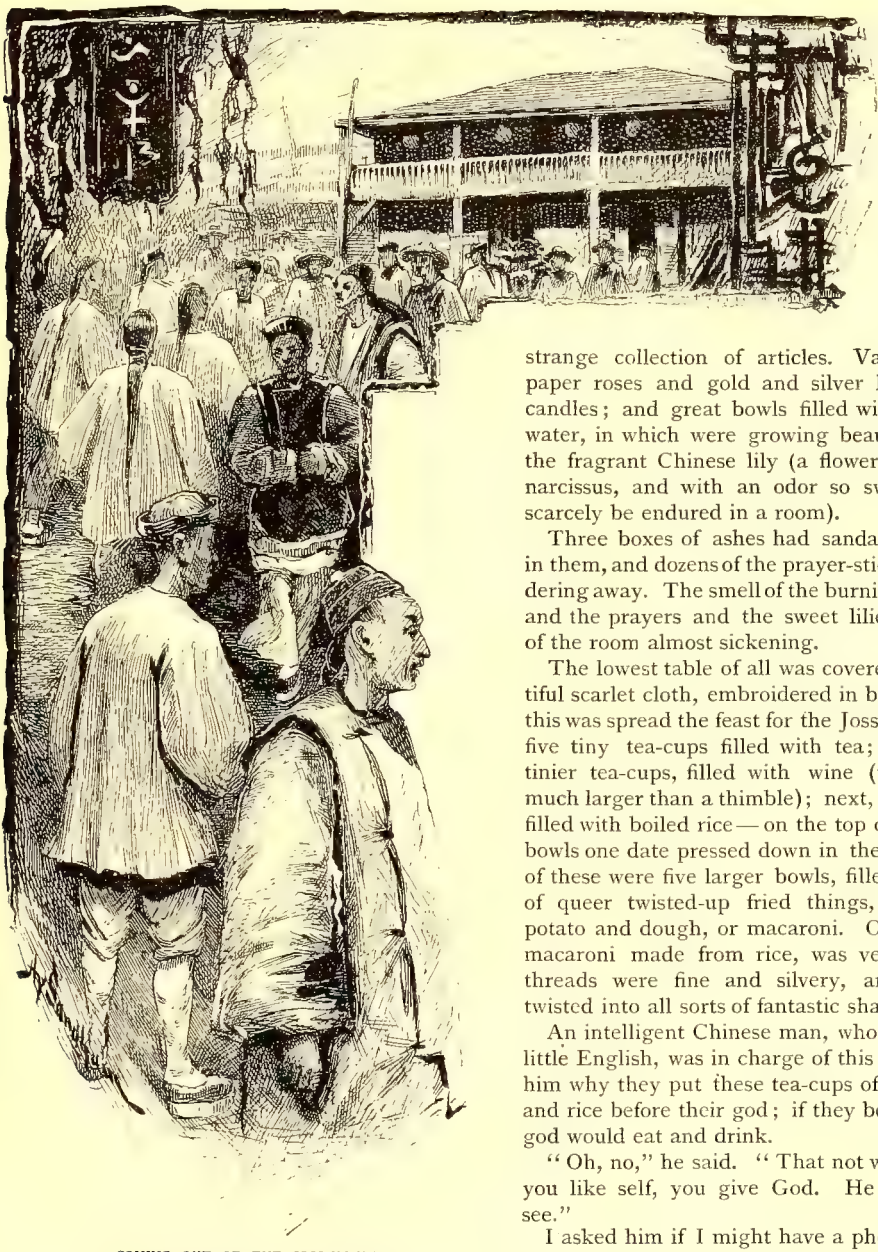
It was amusing to watch the American boys darting about from shop to shop and house to house, coming out with their hands full of queer Chinese things to eat, showing them to each other, and comparing notes.

"Oh, let me taste that!" one boy would exclaim, on seeing some new thing; and, "Where did you get it? Which house gives that?" Then the whole party would race off to make a descent on that house, and get some more. I thought it wonderfully hospitable on the part of the Chinese people to let all these American boys run in and out of their houses in that way, and help themselves from the New Year's feast.

Some of the boys were very rude and ill-mannered — little better than street beggars; but the Chinese were polite and generous to them all.

The Joss-house, where they had their religious services, was a chamber in one of their best houses. A door from an upper balcony opened into it. This balcony was hung with lanterns and decorated with mottoes printed in large letters on bright red paper. The door at the foot of the stairs which led up to this room stood open all day, and any one who wished could go up and say his prayers in the Chinese fashion, which is a curious fashion indeed. They have slender reeds, with tight rolls of brown paper fastened at one end. In front of the image or picture

of their god they set a box or vase of ashes, on which a little sandal-wood is kept burning. When they wish to make a prayer, they stick one of the



COMING OUT OF THE JOSS-HOUSE.

reeds down in these ashes, and set the paper on fire. They think the smoke of the burning paper will carry the prayer up to heaven.

There was no image of their god in this little Joss-house — they were too poor to have one; they had only a gay colored picture of it put up on the wall. In front of this was a frame-work of wood, decorated with gay colored papers, tinsel, artificial flowers, and peacock feathers. Narrow tables of different heights, like shelves, were arranged in front of this, and on them were placed a strange collection of articles. Vases filled with paper roses and gold and silver leaves; lighted candles; and great bowls filled with pebbles and water, in which were growing beautiful plants of the fragrant Chinese lily (a flower like our white narcissus, and with an odor so sweet that it can scarcely be endured in a room).

Three boxes of ashes had sandal-wood burning in them, and dozens of the prayer-sticks slowly smoldering away. The smell of the burning sandal-wood and the prayers and the sweet lilies made the air of the room almost sickening.

The lowest table of all was covered with a beautiful scarlet cloth, embroidered in bright silks. On this was spread the feast for the Joss himself. First, five tiny tea-cups filled with tea; next, five still tinier tea-cups, filled with wine (these were not much larger than a thimble); next, five little bowls filled with boiled rice — on the top of each of these bowls one date pressed down in the rice. In front of these were five larger bowls, filled with all sorts of queer twisted-up fried things, made out of potato and dough, or macaroni. One of them, a macaroni made from rice, was very pretty: the threads were fine and silvery, and curled and twisted into all sorts of fantastic shapes.

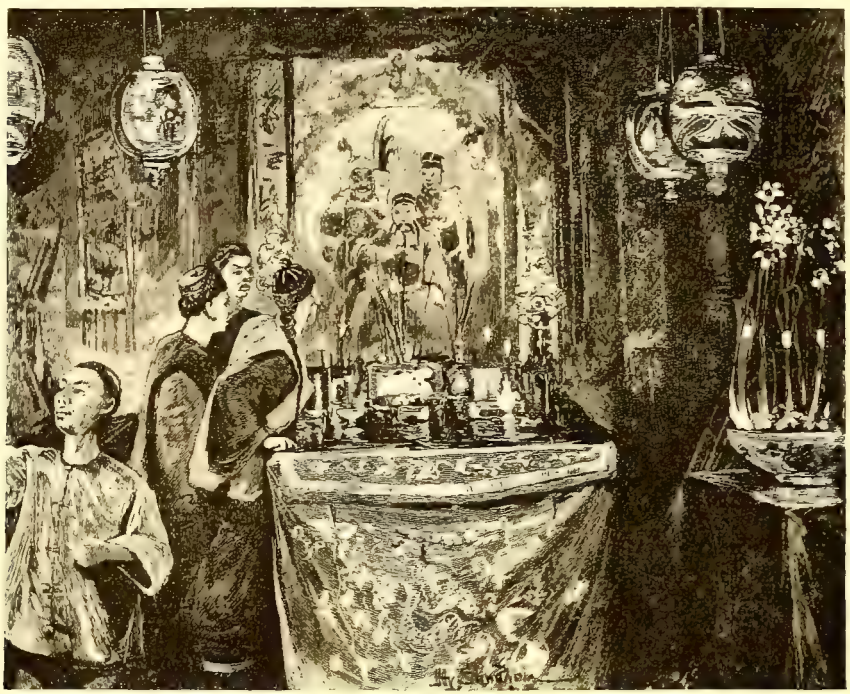
An intelligent Chinese man, who could speak a little English, was in charge of this room. I asked him why they put these tea-cups of wine and tea and rice before their god; if they believed that the god would eat and drink.

"Oh, no," he said. "That not what for. What you like self, you give God. He see. He like see."

I asked him if I might have a photograph taken of the Joss shrine and house, to be printed in a magazine, to show American boys and girls how the Chinese boys and girls kept New Year's day. At first he hesitated; but finally he said yes, if I would come very early in the morning, before the

Chinese people wanted to come in. So, very early the next morning, I went with a photographer, and he took the picture. As soon as the Chinese people in the street saw us coming, they began to gather in a crowd to look on. But Ah Linn would not let one of them come into the room till the picture was done. Then we took a picture of the

"They will never let them have their pictures taken," said the photographer. "It is the hardest thing in the world to get the Chinese to sit for their pictures. They have a superstition that, if a man has his picture taken, he will fall ill and die before the year is out.* I expect that is what they are telling these children now."



INTERIOR OF THE JOSS-HOUSE, SHOWING THE SHRINE.

outside of the house. There were gay lanterns and bright red and yellow mottoes on each side of the door, which I thought would show in the picture, but they did not. The light was not strong enough to bring them out.

As we were arranging the instrument, I caught sight of three Chinese children in the door of one of the houses, the youngest not more than two years old, and the oldest not over six. They were dressed exactly like the grown-up ones, and looked so droll, toddling along in their baggy trousers and big-sleeved shirts, that I wanted to have them in the picture. Their father said they might go with me, and be taken; they looked a little afraid, but I coaxed them along, and was just placing them in good positions by the posts of the piazza, when, from the crowd of Chinese men and boys who were looking on, there suddenly went up shouts, exclamations, and outcries,—angry voices calling to the children.

I do not know whether this was the case or not; but at any rate they frightened the children away, and I could not coax them back. The oldest one dragged the other two away with him as fast as he could, and when I overtook them on the threshold of their house, and began to ask their father if he would not come with them, and make them stand still, he shut the door hastily in my face, saying in Chinese something which sounded as if it might be very unpleasant indeed.

Afterward I tried to get one of the big boys from the Chinese Mission, a boy who called himself a "Christian Chinese boy," to stand in the doorway and be photographed; but even he was afraid to do it.

"It is no use," said the photographer. "You have n't the least idea how afraid they are of it. They 've got to be pretty thoroughly enlightened before they will have their photographs taken; and even then they wont let their queue be seen

* The same curious belief exists among the Mic Mac Indians living along the St. Lawrence River, in New Brunswick.

in the picture. If it shows the least bit, they 'll make me print it out. I used to have great fun with some of them who had a laundry near my rooms. They 'd be out, hanging their clothes on the line, right under our windows; and all I had to do was to open the window and point a stereoscope at them, and they 'd drop everything, clothes and all, right on the ground, and run into their house, and never show their heads till we had gone away from the window."

I wondered very much that the Chinese boy from the Mission was afraid to have his picture taken. Perhaps if he had been by himself he would not have refused; it would certainly have taken some courage to do it under the eyes of twenty or thirty of his countrymen, all believing that he was doing something very like committing suicide. Afterward, he translated for me some of the mottoes which were on the bright papers hung up at the sides of the door of the Joss-house.

The first one on the right hand, he said, was:

"Man no tell lie,
Tell everything true;
Be good-hearted to everything;
Not cheat."

The second one was:

"The good-hearted are
Good-hearted all round;
Round like sun and moon."

On the left side was this:

"Good people believe in good,
Mind what is good;
He don't care what other people had,
He try to make good."

Just below this was a picture of the Joss, fastened to the wall of the house; in front of it a small table decorated with peacocks' feathers and gilt ornaments, and holding rows of tea-cups of wine and tea and food, like those in the inner room. Above it was a great red banner, with large letters printed on it, which the interpreter said meant:

"God in Heaven,
We pray to thee;
Come down from Heaven to teach us."

In front of this was a box of smoking, fragrant sandal-wood ashes, stuck full of the little prayer-reeds.

On my way home, I stopped at the Chinese Mission. This was a small room in a low *adobe* building, and here the Christian Chinese were keeping their New Year's day, with open house to all their friends, just as the Joss worshipers were doing in the other street. But, instead of the incense and prayer-sticks and heathen pictures, they had only bouquets of beautiful flowers, and bowls of Chinese lilies, and plates of cake and candies on a table. On the wall they had hymns in English and Chinese, printed on large cards. There was a small organ in the room, and, whenever any lady came in who could play the organ, the Chinese teacher asked her to play a tune for the boys to sing one of these hymns; they sang very well, and I sat for half an hour listening to them. Later in the afternoon, as I was driving in a carriage past the building, I heard their voices again, rising full and clear above all the noise of the street. They were singing "The Sweet By and By"; and I thought that those words must mean a great deal to poor Chinese boys, who only a few years ago were burning paper prayers and bowing down before a painted idol. Now they are held by their countrymen in scorn and detestation, because they have adopted the Christian way of worshiping God, but in the good "by and by" will come a day when they will all worship together.

TO-DAY my doll is one year old,
And she shall have a purse of gold
If she will speak, and tell me where
I 'm sure to find a gift so rare.

THE CHRISTMAS MOON.

BY S. H. S.

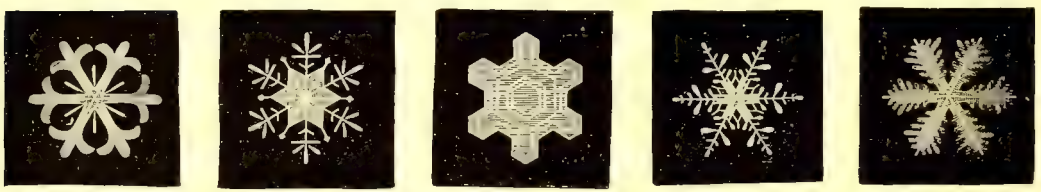
I THINK that the silver moon must know
That 't is holy Christmas night,
When first she looks from the twilight sky
On the earth so cold and white;
She smiles, as if musing on blessed things,
And touches the snow-drifts like sleeping wings.

She 's old, you know—so old that she shone
When our Baby King was born,
'Mid the far-off hills of Bethlehem,
In a manger rude and lorn,
And beamed in his beautiful blue eyes
When they oped to those soft Eastern skies.

And he smiled at her, too, it may be,
In his wondering baby way,
And stretched out his fair little hands
To catch at some fleeting ray;
And watched her, softly, till sleep's still showers
Folded his eyelids like fringed flowers.

Oh, I know she remembers his look,
As he lay in that lonely place,
And the angels that hovered near
His mother's radiant face,
The new star that throbbed in the solitude
And the lifted eyes of the shepherds rude!

And if we could hear, she would tell
Stories more strange and sweet
Than even the bells and the choirs
In passionate tones repeat;
And that one blessed star we should know,
Which led to His cradle ages ago.

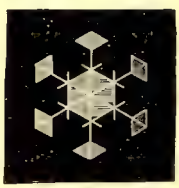


SNOW-FLAKE CHINA.

BY MRS. JULIA P. BALLARD.

ONE of the chief pleasures in china-painting is to be able to produce something specially appropriate in design to the article decorated. A spray of leaves and blossoms of the tea on a tea-cup, or coffee berries and leaves on coffee-cups (which was done on the famous set painted for the White House, except that in this set the stem of the plant was made the actual handle of the cup), are good examples.

The idea of decorating ice-cream dishes with the pattern of snow-crystals having seemed to me a pleasantly appropriate one, I send the method, which by experiment I have proved practicable, to the readers of ST. NICHOLAS.



Should you have or be able to procure a book published by Appleton in 1865, "Cloud Crystals: A Snow-flake Album," you will have a sufficient variety of patterns to answer all practical purposes. ST. NICHOLAS has also given a number of reproductions in the issue for March, 1882.* The crystals themselves can best be obtained by letting them fall upon a cloth of black velvet, during a light snow-storm. These need a magnifying glass to reveal their beauty and enable you to

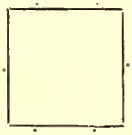
* We here republish a few of these designs.

enlarge the details correctly. The crystals shown on the preceding page may be used on plates of the size of the pattern given.

They can be varied on each plate. Four smaller ones, of *one* kind, alternating with four a little larger, of the same size as the center one, form a pretty



combination. If unable to tint the china, they look well if done merely in sepia on the plain white; but those who can tint will find upon trial that white crystals on a blue ground are most effective. They may easily be prepared in the following manner: Select china as perfect as possible, that no flaw may appear in the delicate blue. Tint the plate with Indian-blue. The process of tinting is simple and readily acquired. Mix the Indian-blue thoroughly, by using the palette-knife, with a few drops of oil of lavender, thinned with a little turpentine. Cover the plate quickly with sweeping lines from a broad brush, and beat the surface with even strokes (a buffer, made by a bunch of cotton covered with smooth old linen, is preferable) until it is of an even shade throughout.



This part of the work can be learned from a teacher in a few minutes. When the plate is dry, you will not need to draw the figure upon it. It mars the tinting and is unnecessary. Take a square of paper, just the size to embrace the hexagonal figure,—as they are all formed on the six-sided plan, one paper answers for all of one size,—and make six points upon it, where the outer end of each line is to be, as shown in the diagram below.

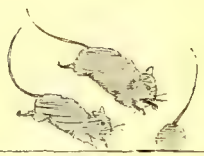
Lay this upon the plate (it is well to do the center one first) and with a sharp pencil make a point upon the china to correspond with each point on the paper. You can then go from point to point with a sharp needle or pen-knife, etching by aid of the eye only. After the six lines are etched, the details of each separate figure can be made in the same way. A little practice will make it entirely easy. The etching must be thoroughly done, so as clearly to expose the white china in distinct narrow lines.

The plates are then ready to be sent to the firer, and may have an ornamental gilt edge given them at the trifling additional cost of ten cents per plate.

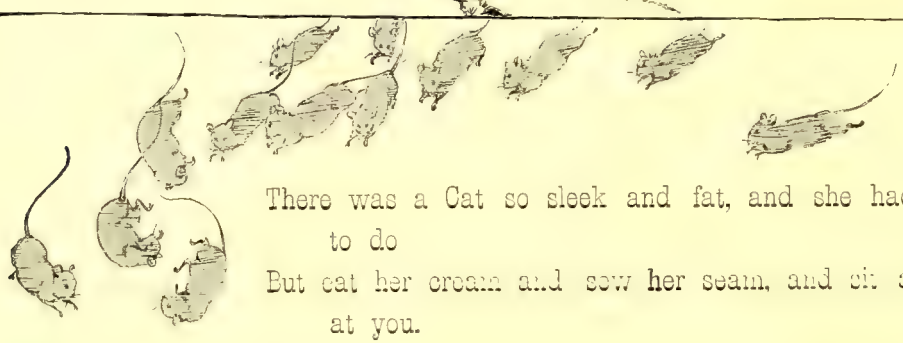
THE JINGLING RHYME OF THE BOLD ROWER.

By Emily S. Oakey.

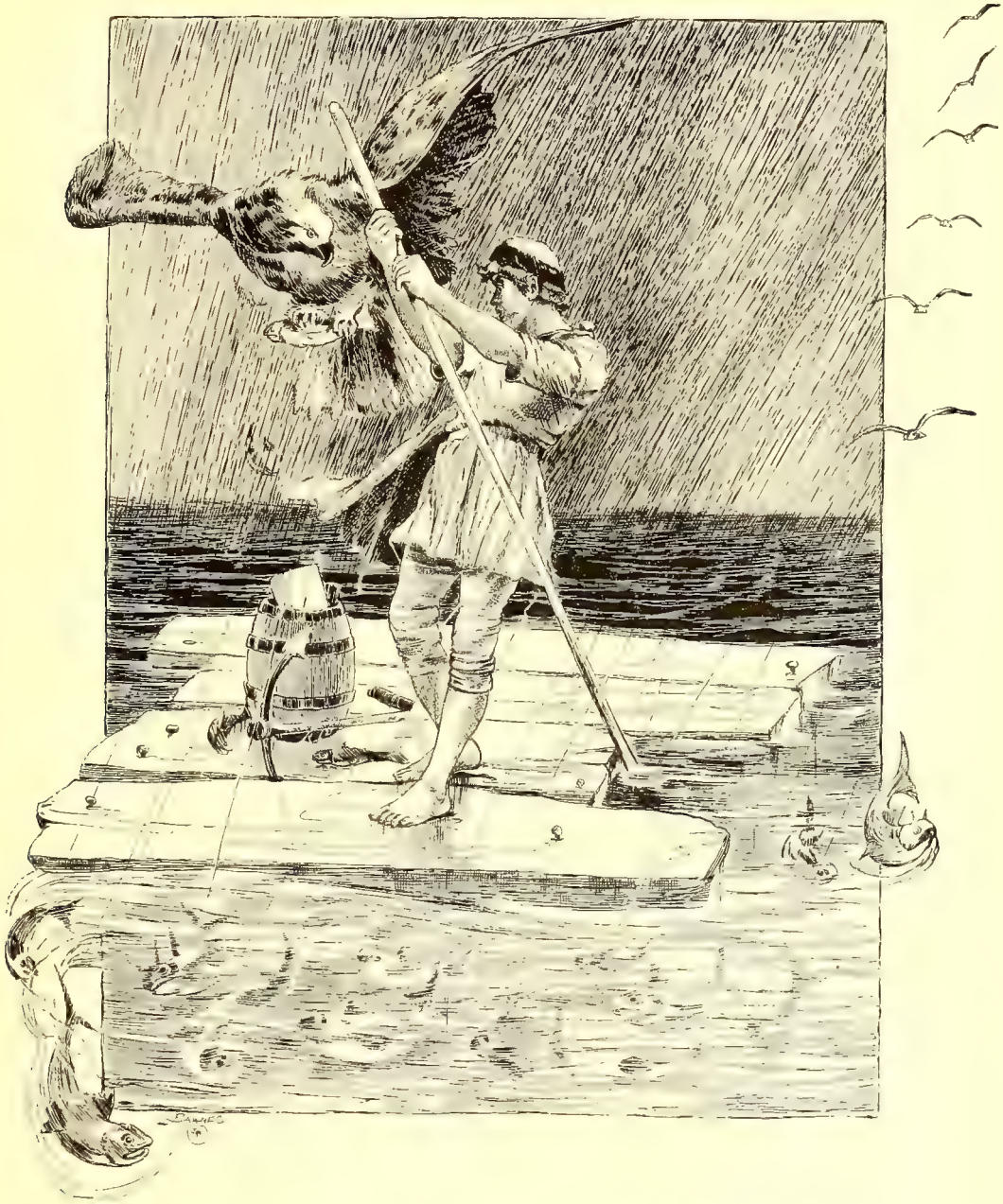
There was a Dog, and he barked and barked and barked
so loud, they say.
That he frightened all the rats and mice a hundred miles
away.







There was a Cat so sleek and fat, and she had naught
to do
But eat her cream and sew her seam, and sit and look
at you.



There was an Eagle, and he flew and flew out in the rain,
And flew and flew up in the sky, and then flew down again.

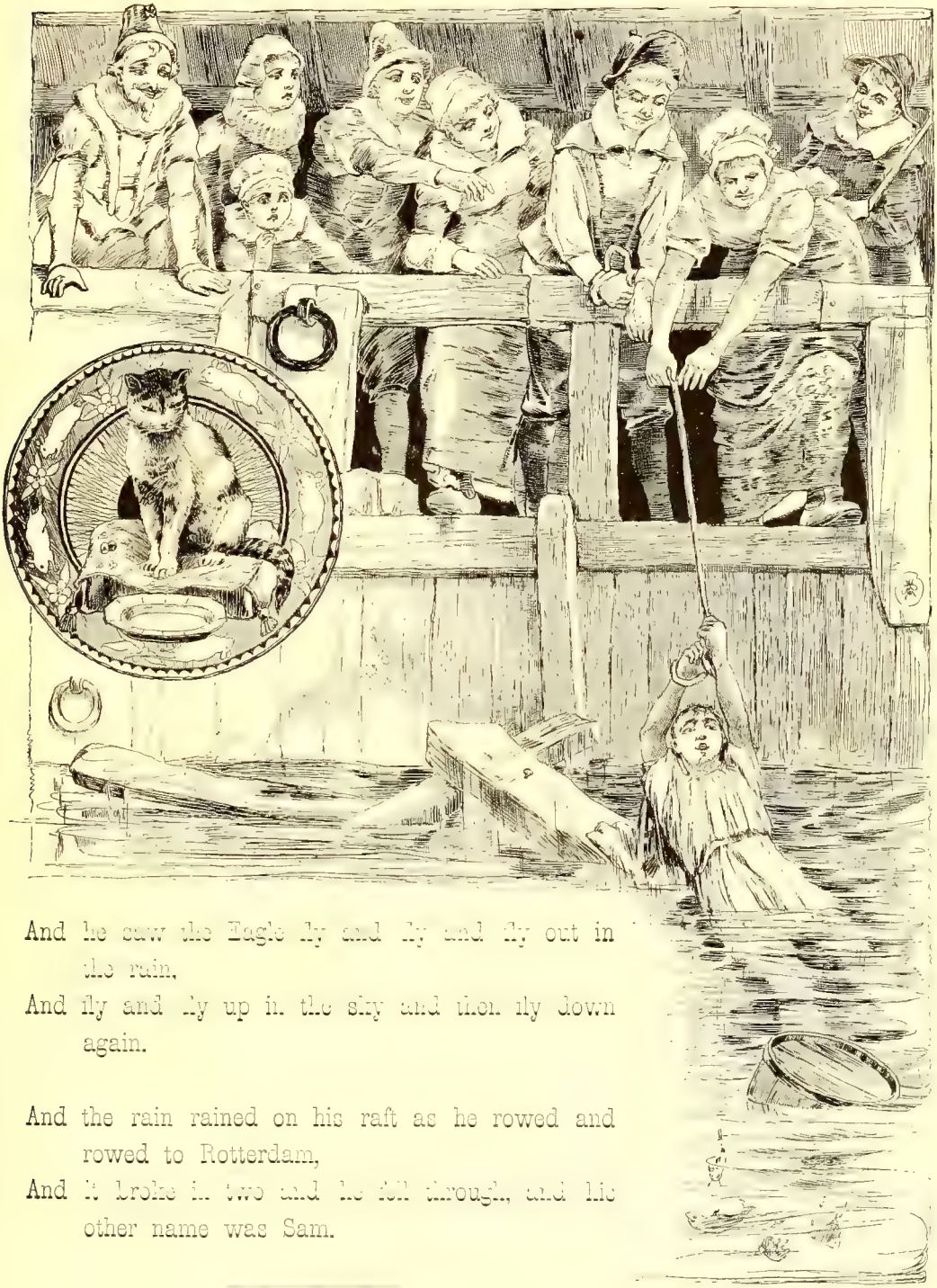
There was a Boy, and he built a raft, and his other name was Sam,
And on his raft he rowed and rowed and rowed to Rotterdam.

The Bells did ring as he came in, and the rain it rained that day,



And he saw the Dog that barked and barked and scared the rats away.

And he saw the Cat that always sat upon her cushion trim,
And she ate her cream and sewed her seam, and sat and looked at him.



And he saw the Eagle fly and fly and fly out in the rain,
And fly and fly up in the sky and then fly down again.

And the rain rained on his raft as he rowed and rowed to Rotterdam,
And it broke in two and he fell through, and his other name was Sam.



MAMMA'S LITTLE HOUSEMAID.

THE STORY OF VITEAU.*

By FRANK R. STOCKTON.

CHAPTER VI.†

FOR some days after the departure of Louis for his mother's château, none of his friends had the least idea of his unfortunate situation. At the castle it was supposed that he was overstaying his time with his family, and at Viteau no one knew that he had left the castle. At last, Barran, somewhat provoked that the boy should so deliberately disobey his orders,—for he had told him to return promptly,—and knowing that his mother could always furnish him an escort, sent messengers to Viteau, demanding that Louis should immediately come back with them.

This, of course, caused great consternation at the château, and the messengers went hurriedly home, accompanied by Raymond, to tell the news that Louis had not yet been seen at his mother's house.

The Countess wished Bernard to go with the messengers, but this he refused to do, urging that his place could be nowhere else than at Viteau, and that Raymond could confer as well as any one else with Barran, regarding the immediate steps which should be taken to find out what had become of Louis, and to rescue him from any danger he might have fallen into.

The Countess spent the time, during Raymond's absence, in tears and prayers. When he returned, there came with him a small troop of well-armed men, which Barran had sent to press on, as rapidly as possible, to the estates of the knight from the South, for it had been thought very likely that this knight had been prevented in some way from stopping at Viteau, and that he had taken Louis on with him, intending to send him back at some convenient opportunity. That the boy should have been lost, in any way, from the company of the southern knight, Barran did not consider possible.

This belief of a man so sensible as Barran partially comforted the Countess; but when the troop

*Copyright, 1882, by F. R. Stockton.

† This story was begun in the November number.

returned, and told how Louis had left the knight's company to ride on by himself, as none could doubt, to his mother's house, the poor lady was completely overwhelmed with grief, and thus she remained until Barran arrived at Viteau, for which place he started as soon as he heard the news.

Vigorous measures were now taken for a search after Louis. It was generally agreed that he must have been captured by robbers, for there was no other danger which was likely to befall him on the road; but what robbers had taken him, and to what place they had conveyed him, were questions not easy to answer. That a band of *cotereaux* might then be in the forest, within ten or fifteen miles of Viteau, was not at all improbable; but to find out their hiding-place, and, also, to find them in it, would certainly be difficult tasks. The forests of that time spread over such a vast extent of country, and were so dense, and in many places so apparently pathless, that to find anything so carefully hidden as a robber's camp would be a matter almost as much of chance as of skill and design.

Barran privately declared that, if it were not for the Countess, who seemed almost overcome with grief, he would quietly wait a few days before attempting to penetrate the forest with any force; for he was sure that, if the boy had been captured by *cotereaux*, their only object was to get a ransom for him, and that they would soon be heard from. Under the circumstances, however, Count De Barran saw that it would be necessary to take immediate action, and Bernard was very active in pushing forward the most warlike preparations.

Some of these appeared almost ridiculous to the Count.

"How now, Squire?" he said. "One might think that we expected the rascals to attack this château, and carry off the other boy. By the plans you lay, there will be more cross-bows and lances left at Viteau than we shall carry with us into the forest."

"I should not leave the Countess defenseless, good Sir Count," replied the squire.

"I know you are a good man and a brave soldier, Bernard," said Barran, "and as much to be trusted, in peace or war, as many a knight of good renown; but this is something too prudent. In these times the *cotereaux* do not come out of their holes to our châteaux and castles to carry us away."

Bernard hesitated before making answer to this speech. He had intended informing Barran of his recent discoveries in regard to the visits of the Dominican monk, but he had not thought it well to speak of the matter now, when the minds of every one were so occupied with the present great trouble. However, he knew that it would be necessary to give the reasons for the peculiar measures he advocated, and so he said, in a low but impressive tone:

"No, good Sir Count, the *cotereaux* do not come to our houses to carry us away, but the officers of the Holy Inquisition do."

"What means that?" cried Barran, turning pale; and then, on a warning signal from the squire, he lowered his voice and continued: "Has the Countess brought upon herself the censure of the priests, by her strange ideas about the saints? I have heard of them. Tell me quickly, is that what you mean?"

The squire bowed his head.

"This is, indeed, grievous," said Barran; "but, surely, we need have no great fears. Tell me, quickly, what has happened?"

Then Bernard told all that he feared and all that he had heard.

Barran was not easily frightened. Indeed, he was too apt to sneer at things which other people considered dangerous; but this was such a very serious matter that it caused him great anxiety and even fear, when he heard of the peril to which the wife of his dear old friend was likely to be exposed.

"This must not be allowed," he said. "We can not suffer that gentle lady to be taken from us by the Inquisition. Even if she should be found entirely innocent, which is not likely, the trial itself is something I can not think of for a moment. And yet what is to be done? We can not fight the Church."

"No, Sir Count," said Bernard, "but I shall be here, with all the force of men and arms that I can bring together, to defend my lady, and if the Church fights me, I shall do my best battle."

"And you shall not do battle alone, my good Bernard," said Barran; "but it may be that we shall find some better way to avert the evil than by force of arms, which, indeed, would amount to very little, I fear me, in the end. But now we must give our hearts and hands to the finding of this poor, foolish boy."

Bernard was perfectly willing to give his heart to the finding of Louis, but he would not give his hand. Nothing could induce him to leave the château, where he insisted upon being left with a moderate force of well-armed men.

Barran, with several knights from his castle, for whom he had sent when he found that there would, probably, be more work to be done than he had at first anticipated, set out as soon as possible, at the head of a large body of followers, some of whom were expert in all kinds of wood-craft, and as capable as any men could be of finding out the paths of beasts or human beings in the depths of the woods.

The party quickly made its way along the road down which Louis must have ridden; and, a few miles below the place where the road forked, turned into the woods, to the west, and made careful search for paths, or any traces of the passage of men, through the undergrowth. Several well-marked paths were soon discovered, and along the most promising of these Barran and his men pushed their way, sometimes separating, in various directions, and then coming together again, until they had penetrated far into the forest.

Unfortunately for the success of their search, the camp of the *cotereaux* was in the woods to the east of the road. To be sure, the forest, in every direction, would be searched in time, but if the Count's party should keep on in the way it was going, it would be long before it could find the huts of Captain Michol.

Raymond stayed at the château with his mother. He much wished to join the Count's party in the search for his brother, but Barran told him that it was his duty to try to comfort and console the Countess until Louis should be brought back, and, therefore, Raymond reluctantly remained at Viteau. He loved his mother, and was always willing to do anything that would please or benefit her, but, in this case, he thought that she, being safe at home, did not need him nearly so much as his poor brother, who probably was suffering in captivity, no one knew where.

On the evening of the second day after the departure of the searching party, Raymond came down into the grounds of the château. His mother was asleep, and he came out for a little exercise.

Not far from the house he met the squire.

"Bernard," said Raymond, "I think it is a foolish thing for you and me and all these men to be idling here. We might leave my mother with her ladies, and a man or two, and go, the rest of us, to help scour the woods to find dear Louis."

Just at this moment, and before Bernard could answer him, Raymond saw, coming up from the lower part of the grounds, the Dominican monk, Brother Anselmo.

"What does that man want, Bernard?" he exclaimed. "There have been two priests here to-day, to console my mother in her affliction, and I do not think another one is needed now, especially not this man, who does not belong to our monastery and who keeps himself a stranger to me. My mother is asleep, and should not be disturbed."

"If she is asleep," said the squire, "she shall not be disturbed."

He then walked back to the house, closely followed by Raymond, and stood in the entrance door. In a few moments the monk appeared, and with a slight motion of the head, but not a word, stepped forward to pass in. But the squire stood stoutly before him, and stopped him.

"My lady, the Countess," he said, "is weary and sick at heart on account of the loss of her young son. She is sleeping now and can not be disturbed."

"If she is sick at heart," said Brother Anselmo, "that is the greater reason why I should see her."

"It can not be," said Bernard. "She needs rest, and no one must disquiet her."

"What right have you, Squire Bernard," said the monk, "to forbid my entrance? Are you the master of this house?"

"No," said Raymond, stepping forward, "but I am, when my mother can not act as its mistress, and I say that no one shall disturb her this night. Two priests have been here to-day, and I know she expects no others."

"Boy," said Brother Anselmo, "stand aside! You should be chastised for such presumptuous words; and as for you, Squire, I command you, in the name of the Church, to let me pass."

"I honor the Church as much as any man," said Bernard, "but I do not believe that she grants to her priests the right to ask what they please, in her name. I might come to be asked for my purse, in the name of the Church; and that I would not give up, any more than I shall give up my right to protect my mistress, the Countess, in this, her first hour of sleep and rest for many days."

Brother Anselmo was very angry. Shaking his fist at the sturdy squire, he cried:

"Stupid blunderer! You shall see, and that right soon, what power the Church gives me." And then, without another word, he turned and walked rapidly away.

"What does he mean?" asked Raymond. "I greatly dislike that monk. He is always asking my mother questions which trouble her much to answer."

Bernard made no reply, but stood for a moment in deep thought. Then he said to himself: "An hour to the monastery, and an hour back. There is yet time, and the plan I think of will be the better one. I can not trust the men to stand against the priests. Raymond! Run now, and have your horse saddled and bridled, and ride out of the upper gate, and wait for me in the road."

"Why so?" cried Raymond, in surprise. "It is too late for exercises."

"I can not answer now," said Bernard, hurrying away. "Be speedy and I will tell you on the road."

Raymond, much amazed, but feeling quite sure that the squire had some good reason for this

strange proceeding, ran to get his horse, while Bernard ordered the men-at-arms to hastily equip themselves for an expedition, and to gather together, mounted, inside the north gate. Then he went upstairs to the apartments of the Countess, and asked to speak with one of her ladies. The Countess, who was only lightly dozing on a couch, heard the squire's voice, and, instantly rising, called to him to know what news he brought.

Bernard advanced within the door-way, and in a hurried voice told his lady that the news he brought was of great import, but that he must tell it to her alone. The Countess then desired the ladies who were with her to retire to another room, and the squire, in as few words as possible, but very earnestly and forcibly, told her of her great danger, of the threats of the Dominican monk, and of the fact that he had heard, that day, of the arrival of a body of men, well-armed, at the neighboring monastery.

"In an hour or so," he said, "these men will be here, I greatly fear me. Raymond is already on the road, for I wished to spare him this wretched story, and, if we do not start quickly for Barran's castle, where you will find present safety, it may happen that weeks and months may pass before you will have news of Louis, even if he should be found to-morrow."

"You mean that I may not be here to meet the news?" the lady said.

Bernard bowed his head. The Countess did not hesitate, but came to a decision at once.

"I shall be ready," she said, "in a very short time. Have horses prepared for myself and my three ladies. We must hasten to Raymond, if he be alone on the road."

She then called her ladies, and began to make rapid preparations for the journey.

The horses were scarcely ready when the ladies made their appearance in the court, and, in a few minutes, accompanied by Bernard and the men-at-arms, they rode out of the north gate. An elderly man, who acted as seneschal, or keeper of the establishment, was left, with the ordinary servants and vassals, in charge of the château.

Raymond, riding slowly up and down the road, was soon overtaken, and then the squire, without entering into explanations, urged his party onward as swiftly as possible.

"What is the meaning of all this?" cried Raymond, in great perplexity, riding up to his mother. "It is stranger than any of the old tales the women used to tell me."

The Countess was a lady of strong mind and body, and although the unknown fate of her younger son had overwhelmed her with grief, this new peril to her whole family had thoroughly aroused her, and she was riding steadily and swiftly onward.

"It is a strange tale," she said—"stranger far than any I thought would ever be told in this fair land; but I can not tell it to you, my boy, until our journey's end. Then you shall hear it all."

So Raymond, with the rest, rode on, and he, with all the others, excepting the squire and his mother, supposed that this long night-ride had something to do with the rescue of Louis.

Chapter VII.

Louis sat for a long time, in the bit of shade by the tree, before Jasto returned; but, when that learned man at last made his appearance, he merely remarked that the Captain had kept him longer than he had supposed he would, and, after that, he had to look for a quill, of which to make a pen.

"It is not an easy thing to get the right kind of quill for a pen, you must know," he said, as he took his seat by Louis, and began to scrape the lower end of a long quill with a broad, sharp knife which he took from his belt. "A crow-quill will do very well, or even a quill from a hawk; but I like a long one, like this, which came from a heron's wing, nailed up in one of our houses. And he who nailed it up never dreamed of the benefit that a quill from that wing would bring to our good company."

"What benefit?" asked Louis.

"The benefit that comes from the money your mother will send us when she reads your letter."

"Oh!" said Louis.

"And while I make this pen," continued his companion, "I shall tell you the story of my letter."

"Yes, indeed," cried Louis; "I should rather have that than the pen—at least, just now."

"That is a bad choice, for the pen is to give you liberty, and the story will not do that. However, there is a lesson in the story, and you shall have it. It was just before one of the battles between Queen Blanche and the Duke of Burgundy. I was a soldier then, in the service of a good knight; and although I was not his squire, but a simple man-at-arms, ready to fight on horse or on foot, or not to fight at all, just as the case might be, still I was a better man than the squire—for he could not write, any more than his master could. So, just before the battle, the knight sent for me, and, said he, 'Jasto, I have heard that you are a wise fellow and can write, and I want you to write me a letter.' He knew I could write, because I had told him so, and had told all my companions so, for this I found I must do, otherwise they would never be aware of it; for, not knowing how to write themselves, how

could they comprehend that I knew? 'I want to send a messenger back to my castle,' said my good knight 'and I want him to carry a straight and fair message, which he can not do if I send it by word of mouth. So you must write what I wish to say in a letter to my seneschal, and the messenger shall carry it.' With that, he showed me a little piece of parchment that he had with him, and a phial of ink and a pen, and he bade me sit down and write what he told me to say. I liked not this haste, which gave me no time for study and preparation, and I told him, with due respect, that I could not write unless I had a table on which to lay my parchment. Whereupon he made a man with a cuirass get down on all-fours before me, so that on this man's steel back I could write as on a table. My master then told me to write how that, knowing the enemy would soon reach the spot where we then lay, and feeling the want of a stronger force, he desired his seneschal to send him five more men, and five horses, with arms and all things needful, and also to send therewith a new casque which he expected from the armorer, and a long-sword which hung up in the great hall, and divers other things, of which I wot not now. When I came to write down all this, I found myself sorely troubled, for you must know that to write a letter requires a knowledge of many things. One must know what letters are needed for a word, what order to put them in, and how to make them.

"Some words need a good many letters, and if the letters in a word are not the right letters, and are not set in a befitting order, it will be



BROTHER ANSELMO THREATENS BERNARD AND RAYMOND. [SEE PAGE 214.]

of no use for any man, even the most learned scholar, to try to tell what that word is. So I soon found that for many of the words I could not remember the letters, and of those letters I did remember there were some that I could not make, for I had forgotten their shape. But I would not tell my master that, for it would have been a sorrowful thing to have fallen from my high place as the most learned person in our company, not to speak of the punishment I might have expected. So I wrote on, making the best words

I could devise with the letters at my command, and urging my master to repeat every sentence, so that I should be sure to get it straight and fair; and in that way I learned the whole letter by heart, and read it to him, when I had finished it, so that he was greatly gratified. 'Let me see the letter, my good Jasto,' said he; and when he looked at it, he said, 'The words seem very much like each other'—which was the truth, indeed, for most of them had the same letters in them, measured out in very much the same measurement. 'But it all looks simple enough,' he went on to say, 'and I greatly desire that I could read it, but that is beyond my powers.' And then he made his mark, which his seneschal well knew, and the letter was done.

"Thereupon he called for a messenger to take it in all haste to his castle, but I told him that he could have no better messenger than I should be, because, having writ the letter, I could read it to the person to whom it was sent, if it should so be that he could not read it himself. 'But old Hubert can read, else I would not send him a letter,' said my lord. But I answered that, if he had never seen my writing, it might be so strange to him that it would take much time for him to understand the proper slope and indication of the letters, and so the reënforcements might be sorely hindered in their coming. Therefore it was that I was sent, and I so saved my life; for, shortly after, the battle came off, and, if I had been there, I know I should have been killed, as most of my knight's men were. But I was safe in the castle, and when I went back with the men and the horses and the armor, I met my lord coming to his castle, and right glad was he to see me with my company, for he was in such sore plight that he was even afraid of thieves, although there were but few of them to be met with then, being mostly in the wars. And therefore, I, being fresh and unwounded, took the lead among the men-at-arms, and felt high in my lord's favor, and this was far better than being able to scratch off a poor letter that could be read."

"But what said the seneschal to your letter?" asked Louis.

"Oh, nought at all," answered Jasto. "I read it to him out of my head, and showed him his master's mark."

"But did you not feel, all the time, that you were a great trickster and cheat?" said the free-spoken Louis.

"No more than I do now," answered Jasto, "coming here to help you with your letter to your mother, and telling you a story with a moral to it, showing how arduous a thing it is to write a letter, so that you may be ready for your difficulties when they come upon you. And now this pen is done, and it ought to be, for I have put a score of nibs to it, and there is not enough quill left for another one. It may be blunt, but it will make a mark."

"And what am I to write on?" asked Louis.

"I 'll find that and the ink this afternoon," said Jasto, "but now I smell dinner."

In the afternoon, Jasto mixed up a black compound with some water, so as to make an ink,—rather thick and gritty, to be sure, but good enough for its purpose,—and he produced a piece of parchment, completely written over on one side. This writing he proceeded to obliterate, as far as possible, by rubbing it with a piece of pumice-stone.

Louis was impatient, and suggested that he might mark out the words on one side and go on writing on the other; but Jasto would not hear to this, for it would argue too great poverty on the part of the *cotereaux* to send a letter on the back of another, and so he rubbed and rubbed, and talked, and came and went, until it was nearly dark, and so the letter was postponed until the next day.

On the morrow, however, Jasto refused to produce the writing materials, because there was to be a grand expedition of the band, which would require nearly all the men; and Michol had said that Louis must be taken along, as he did not wish to leave him behind, guarded only by the few men who would stay at the camp.

"That 's a pretty way to do!" exclaimed Louis. "Suppose I should be killed in this expedition, what will your captain say to my mother then? I am not afraid to go, but I do not want to be taken for a robber, and be shot with an arrow, or have my head cut off."

"Be not afraid," said Jasto, laughing. "The enemy will not hurt you, if you keep out of the way. You are to be under my special keeping, and I will warrant that the foe shall not kill you."

Early in the morning, nearly the whole of Captain Michol's force, some armed with lances, some with bows and arrows, and others with long knives, or swords of various descriptions, set out, on foot, for a march through the forests. Louis went with them, closely accompanied by Jasto, who never lost sight of him.

On the way, the good-humored robber, who seemed to be of a better class than most of his companions, using more correct language, and behaving himself better in every way, informed Louis of the object of the expedition. About eight or ten miles to the east of the camp of the *cotereaux* there was a château, almost as strongly

fortified as a castle, the owner of which possessed a great number of hogs. These animals, until within a few days previous, had been confined within close bounds, for fear that they should be stolen. But as no evil-disposed persons had been seen for a long time in the neighborhood, the whole herd had been let out into the adjacent woods, where they would thrive much better, during the hot weather, than in their former quarters. Michol had been informed that these hogs were ranging through the woods, under the charge of two or three men, and he was now going to try to capture as many of them as possible. He took his large force, not because he expected any opposition from the keepers of the hogs, but because a great many men would be needed to surround and capture the animals, many of which would be lost if the herd should be allowed to scatter itself through the forest.

As they walked along, Louis thought that it was a great pity that the first foray he ever set out upon should be an expedition, in time of peace, to steal pigs; but he considered it wise not to say what was in his mind, for it was the business of these men to steal pigs, or anything else they could lay their hands on,—even boys and borrowed jennets,—and they might not fancy his finding fault with them. He was not afraid of Jasto, with whom he had become very friendly and communicative; but many of the other men looked like fellows whom it would not be at all pleasant to offend. So he went along with the company, and made no objections until he had walked five or six miles through the forest, when he informed Jasto that he was getting very tired, and that he hoped they would soon come to the end of their journey, so that he could sit down and rest.

"As for that," said Jasto, "the end of your journey will soon come, if the signs ahead of us mean anything. Some of our foremost fellows have come back, and I think they are telling the Captain that the herd is not far ahead of us. And if that be so, it will make our work easier, for the herdsmen will be far from home and can not call for help. You and I will not go up to the field of battle, but will be posted outside, with here and there another brave fellow, to arrest any of the enemy who may take to flight in our direction. So keep up a brave pair of legs for a little while longer, and then you shall have your rest."

Sure enough, in less than a quarter of an hour Jasto received orders to wait with Louis, at the end of a small path through the underbrush, while the rest of the force spread themselves out widely through the forest. Before long a great noise of squealing and shouting was heard in the distance.

"We have come upon them," said Jasto, "and many a good meal of pork shall we have this year."

"I hope the poor herdsmen are not getting killed," said Louis.

"Have no fear for them," replied Jasto; "they will run away the moment they see one of us. And as they can not bring help, there will be no Christian blood shed. Look out there! Stand close behind me! Hear you that?"

Louis plainly heard something rushing through the bushes, and in a moment a pig, about half-grown, dashed along the path toward them. When he saw Jasto, he stopped for an instant, and then made a rush, endeavoring to pass him. But the robber was too quick to allow that, and he stooped and seized the scampering porker by the hind leg. In an instant, Jasto was jerked upon his back, still, however, holding fast to the struggling pig.

Louis shouted in laughter, and he enjoyed the fun so much that it was some moments before he considered that the shouting and wriggling Jasto probably wanted his assistance. He then ran up, and, taking hold of the other hind leg of the prisoner, enabled Jasto to get up, and to tie the pig's legs together with a strong cord which he had in his pocket.

"There, now," cried Jasto, with a very red face, "the rest of the pork will be ready to cook or salt down, but this fellow I shall take home to fatten. He is too lean and lively for good eating now."

In less than half an hour the rest of the company appeared, walking in a long line, some of the men bearing each a slaughtered pig, while here and there two fellows carried a larger animal between them. Jasto threw his prize across his shoulders, and, although there was a good deal of struggling on the part of the pig, his captor held him firmly, and carried him thus throughout the whole long tramp back to the camp.

When he reached the huts, Jasto immediately set to work to make a rude pen of stakes and poles, in which he shut up his pig, which was to be thoroughly fattened before sharing the fate of his brethren who had been slain in the forest.

Louis was a very tired boy when he found himself again in the camp, and he slept until a late hour the next morning; but, as soon as he had had his breakfast and felt fully awake, he went to hunt up Jasto, so that he could begin his letter.

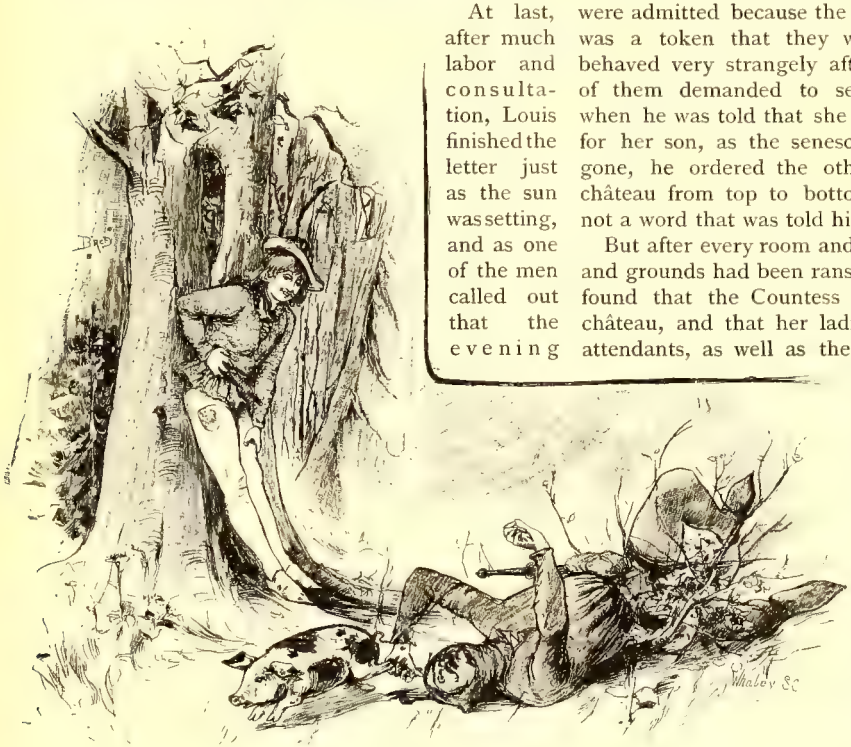
But he found that individual, his well-mended and red-lined clothes exchanged for an indescribably wretched suit, busily engaged, with a large portion of his comrades, in cutting up and curing, in

various ways, the pork which had been brought in the day before. The band had so much hog-flesh on hand that they hardly knew what to do with all of it, and they were so busy for several days that Jasto had no time to give to Louis and his literary labors.

But, as soon as the pork business was finished and Jasto was at liberty, Louis set to work in earnest to write his letter to his mother.

Jasto prepared the parchment, nearly obliterating the writing on one side of it, and, the ink and pen being ready, the work began, and a very important work it seemed to be. Louis, of course, was anxious that his first letter to his mother should be a good one, well spelled and well expressed; Jasto continually suggested forcible and high-sounding sentences, containing words which neither Louis nor he could spell; the Captain came several times to the place where the writing was going on, to insist on certain terms of ransom being clearly stated; and nearly all the men in the band straggled up, one or two at a time, to know how the letter was coming on, and to hear Louis read what he had already written. It was a document of great interest to every one of the robbers, for, if it should succeed in its purpose, it would bring a large sum of money to the band.

At last, after much labor and consultation, Louis finished the letter just as the sun was setting, and as one of the men called out that the evening meal — which that day consisted principally of fresh pork — was ready.



JASTO'S ADVENTURE WITH THE PIG.

Louis laid his letter, the last words of which were scarcely dry, upon the ground, putting a stone upon it to keep it from blowing away, and ran to get his supper. While he and the rest of the company were busily eating, Jasto's pig broke out of the pen, and, seeing the parchment letter under the tree, devoured it without the slightest hesitation.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN Barran had searched the forest on the western side of the highway for nearly three days, and had found no traces of the *cote-reaux*, he was obliged to return to Viteau, before entering the woods to the east, to obtain a fresh supply of provisions. He was utterly astounded, of course, when he heard of the flight of the Countess, with nearly all her household; but he was still more surprised, and very much alarmed, when the seneschal told him that, in an hour or so after the departure of the Countess and her party, the château had been visited by a large body of armed men, accompanied by several priests, among whom was Brother Anselmo. These men were admitted because the presence of the priests was a token that they were friends, but they behaved very strangely after they entered. One of them demanded to see the Countess, and when he was told that she had gone away to look for her son, as the seneschal supposed she had gone, he ordered the other men to search the château from top to bottom, evidently believing not a word that was told him.

But after every room and every part of the house and grounds had been ransacked, and when it was found that the Countess was really not in the château, and that her ladies, and almost all her attendants, as well as the horses in her stables, had gone away, the search was given up, and, after a great deal of talking among themselves, and a great deal of severe questioning of the seneschal and the other servants of the house who had been left behind, the unpleasant visitors departed.

What they wanted, and why they came, the seneschal did not know, any more than

he knew why the Countess had left. But Barran was not long in divining the truth. He felt certain that the men with the priests were officers of the Inquisition, and that the Countess had heard of their intended visit, and had escaped from the château. Whether or not she was then really out of their power, he did not know; but, as he hoped that her destination was his own castle, the Count determined to hasten home as fast as he could.

After a brief halt for rest and food, Barran, with all his men, hastened back to his castle, where, to his great delight, he found the Countess safe from her pursuers.

But the relief and satisfaction of the poor lady at her present security was entirely overbalanced by the news that her son had not been found. She was in such grief that Barran had not the heart to tell her of the visit of the Inquisitors. He assured her that he would immediately begin the search of the forests on the other side of the road; but, before he started the next day, he held an earnest consultation with Bernard and with Count De Lanne, who was taken into confidence in this most important matter, in regard to the measures to be adopted should the officers of the Inquisition follow the Countess to the castle.

Nothing was agreed upon, excepting that Bernard declared that she should never be given up, so long as life remained in his body; but Barran considered it necessary that he himself should be at home, in case the Inquisitors should come to the castle; and so, after conducting his men to the forest, and instructing them as to the manner in which they should proceed, he returned to the castle, where he remained quietly, without informing the Countess of his presence.

He would have been glad to assist in the search for Louis, for whose safety he was very anxious, but he regarded the mother's position as one which required his personal attention much more than did that of the son. He would have told her everything, and have urged her to leave France, if possible; but he knew she could not be induced to take a step of the kind until she had seen her son, or had had definite news of him, and so he deemed it unwise to say anything about the Inquisitors as long as he felt sure that she would go no farther to escape from them. She asked no questions, for her mind seemed entirely occupied by the loss of her boy.

She would not allow Raymond to go with the searching party, for fear she should in some way lose him also; and this troubled her eldest son greatly until she told him, as she had promised, of the danger with which she was threatened, and which had caused her to leave her home.

This information had a powerful effect upon Raymond. It seemed to make him several years older. At first he scarcely could believe that there were people in the world who could wish to punish his dear mother for believing what she thought right about religious matters; but when he heard how so many persons had been cruelly tried and punished by the Inquisition for saying and thinking no more than his mother had said and thought, he saw what peril she was in; and he determined, like Bernard, that he would never leave her until she should be safe from all her dangers.

CHAPTER IX.

WHEN Captain Michol heard of the fate of the letter,—and there could be no doubt as to what that fate was, for the pig was found rooting around the spot where the parchment had been left, evidently searching for something else good to eat,—he was very angry. He knew that there was no more parchment in the camp, nor anything else on which a proper letter could be written, and he did not know when or where he could procure any material of the kind. He had made all his arrangements to send the letter, which had now been too long delayed, to Viteau the next day; and this disappointment enraged him very much. He ordered Jasto's pig to be instantly slaughtered, and he told Louis that he would cut off one of his ears and send that to his mother, and then, if a handsome ransom did not soon arrive, he would cut off the other one and send it also.

Whether or not the Captain was in earnest in making this threat is not to be known; but it frightened Louis greatly, and he determined that the morning should not find him in the power of a man who would do such terrible things, and he made up his mind to escape that night, no matter what might afterward happen to him.

Accordingly, when Jasto was fast asleep, poor little Louis slipped quietly past him and made his way into the forest. He pushed blindly through the thickets and undergrowth, not knowing in what direction he was going—only anxious to get away as far as possible from the cruel Captain. It was very dark, and he frequently came violently against a tree, or stumbled over tangled vines and bushes, scratching his hands and face and bruising his body; but he still pressed on, wherever he could push himself through the bushes. When daylight should appear he hoped to be able to make his way to the high-road, and, once there, he felt sure he could walk to Viteau.

But, after hours of toilsome and painful struggling through the pathless underbrush, he found that, even by the increasing light, he could not

discover, although he searched diligently, any sign or indication of a passage through the thicket. He even climbed a tree, but could see nothing except trees and bushes — the latter extending, in what seemed like impenetrable masses, in every direction.

Almost tired to death, he sat down at the foot of the tree he had climbed, and in a few minutes was fast asleep. He slept for hours, and it was after noon when he was awakened by some one laughing very close to him.

Louis opened his eyes with a start, and there was Jasto, who at that moment laughed again. The boy sprang up with a cry, and was about to plunge into the bushes, but the robber seized him by the arm.



"THE COUNTESS SENT FOR JASTO, AND THANKED HIM WARMLY." [SEE PAGE 223]

"No, no, my good Sir Page," said Jasto. "Don't lead me over any more such wretched ways as you have led me this morning. I 've had enough of them."

"Oh, Jasto!" cried Louis, "you are not going to take me back?"

"I don't know," said the robber, "what I shall do with you, but I certainly shall not take you back the way you came. Where you crept under the bushes, I had to break through them. I never saw such a fellow for hiding. How do you suppose I found you?"

"I don't know," said Louis.

"I found you," said Jasto, "by not looking for you. The rest of our men — and nearly all of them turned out to search for you, when we found you had run away — scattered themselves about in all directions, to see if they could catch a glimpse of *you*. I did nothing of that kind. I knew that if a boy like you were to crouch under a thick bush, I could not see him. So I looked for little bits of blue silk from a pair of trunk hose, and little shreds of purple cloth from a tunic that I knew of. I saw a bit of the silk on some briers when I started out, and I knew I should find more. I lost your track many times, but every now and then a bit of rag on a thorn

would encourage me; and so, at last, I came up to the gallant young page who was marking his way with pieces of silk and costly cloth. It made me laugh to think how truly these rags had led me to him."

"I am glad, Jasto," said Louis, "that you found me, and not one of the other men. I don't believe you will make me go back to the Captain to have one of my ears cut off. You will show me the way to go home, and I promise you, if you will do that, that my mother will send you a good sum of money, quite as much as she would have sent to the Captain if she had got my letter and had ransomed me."

"I am not sure about that," said Jasto, "but I have been thinking over the matter, and it may be that I shall not take you back to our camp. I have a kindly feeling for you, Sir Page. First, because I think you are a lad of spirit, as I used to be; and second, because my pig ate your letter, and so brought your trouble on you. Therefore, I feel bounden to help you out of it. But, if I send you to your mother, she may forget my sole share in your rescue and return, and may send the ransom-money to our company, when it will be so divided and shared, and measured into parts, that I shall get very little of it. So I think I shall take you to your mother, and then I shall get all the ransom myself, and not be obliged to share it with any one. And I am sure the good lady, your mother, will give more to him who brings you back than to him who has merely carried you away."

"Indeed would she!" cried Louis, more than delighted at the prospect of being taken directly to his home.

"Well, then," said Jasto, "take you this piece of bread, which I put in my pocket before I set out this morning, and when you have eaten it, you will be strong enough, mayhap, to go on to your mother's château, though it is still a good distance from here; and I promise you that I shall not lead you through such rough ways as you led me. But we must be careful, for, if we meet any of my good comrades, there will be an end of our plan."

When Louis had finished eating,—and, coarse and hard as the bread was, he devoured every morsel, for it was his breakfast and his dinner,—the two started off for Viteau. Louis supposed that they would try to reach the main road as soon as possible; but Jasto assured him that he had no idea of doing that, for the woods would be occupied, at various points along the road, by the *cotereaux*, who would expect the fugitive boy to take the highway as soon as he could find it. Instead of that, Jasto intended to slyly make his way, through the woods, to the nearest point to Viteau, and then to strike across the country to the château.

Jasto was an expert and experienced woodsman, and he found paths where Louis would never have imagined they could exist; and with great care and caution, and frequent halts for outlook and listening, he led the boy through the devious mazes of the forest, without meeting one of his comrades. About dark they reached the edge of the forest, and then they cautiously made their way to the château, where they arrived late in the night.

It would be hard to express the consternation of Louis—and that of Jasto was almost as great—at finding that the Countess had gone away; that Barran had been there that day, returning from a search for his lost page, but had almost immediately set out for his castle, and that a body of strange men, accompanied by priests, had been searching the house for his mother only the night before.

Poor Louis, who could not imagine what all this meant, and who was bewildered and astounded at seeing the happy home he had always known deserted by every one excepting the seneschal and a few servants, desired nothing so much as to go immediately to his mother. But this Jasto would not have allowed, had it been possible, for the boy was nearly exhausted by fatigue and want of food. After some supper had been prepared for the two travelers, and Louis had eaten as much as Jasto thought good for him, the robber accompanied his young companion to the room he had been used to occupy with his brother Raymond, and, after seeing him safely in bed, lay down on the floor across the door-way, and went to sleep himself. It was evident that he intended to take good care that Louis should not leave him this time until he had conducted him into his mother's presence.

The seneschal was rather surprised at the actions of this man, who announced himself as a friend to the boy, and one who had saved him from the robbers who had captured him; but, as he and Louis seemed on very friendly terms, the old man made no objection to anything that Jasto said or did.

In the morning, Louis insisted upon an early start for Barran's castle; but, although Jasto was now perfectly willing to go, he was afraid to do so, for there was no other road but the one which led through the woods, and on that he certainly would be seen by some of the *cotereaux*, who would keep the road under constant watch. To make his way with the boy through the woods on the west of the road would be almost impossible,

for he was not familiar with that part of the forest, and did not know the paths; and Louis would of a certainty be tired out long before he could reach the castle, which was distant almost a day's journey for a horse.

But fortune favored him, for, after he had spent most of the day in endeavoring to impress these things on the mind of the impatient Louis, and in making efforts to find some one who would be willing to go to the castle and inform the Countess of her son's arrival at Viteau, there came to the château a party of horsemen who had been sent by Barran to see if anything had been heard from the boy at his home, the party in the eastern woods having, so far, met no traces of his captors.

The course was now easy enough, and the next day Barran's men set out for the castle, taking with them the happy Louis and Jasto, who felt no fear of capture by his former comrades now that he was escorted by a body of well-armed men.

The scene at the castle, when Louis arrived, was a joyous one. The Countess forgot all her troubles and fears about herself, in her great happiness for the return of her son; and even Raymond ceased to think, for a time, of his mother's danger, so glad was he to see his dear brother again. Every one at the castle, indeed, was in a state of great delight, for Louis was a general favorite, and few persons had expected to see him again.

Among the most joyful of his welcomers was Agnes. She listened to his story with the greatest eagerness, and, when he began to lament that he had lost her horse, she exclaimed:

"We don't think much about horses, my father and I, when we are afraid that we have lost boys. It is easy enough to get another jennet, and, before many years, this one would have been too small for me. Do you think he is in a comfortable place?"

"I don't know," answered Louis. "I did not see where they took him."

"At any rate," said the girl, promptly, "the thieves can not ride him in the forest, and so he will not be worn out by hard work. But we wont talk about him any more. And your brother's new falcon is gone, too, I suppose."

"Oh, yes," said Louis, ruefully. "But he will not grieve about that, for he did not know he was going to have one. I thought of that a good many times, when I was among the robbers. If he had been expecting it, things would have been a great deal worse than they are now."

"Of course he did not expect the bird," said the girl, "but he knows you have lost it, for everybody was told that it was to carry him a new falcon that you left the castle. But he never will scold you for not bringing it, and so we need not say anything more about it. But he must wonder that you were bringing him a falcon; for how could you know he had none, when you left your mother's house before anything was said about his bird having been lost? He must suspect you had something to do with it."

"Of course he does," said poor Louis. "I intended to tell him all about it when I should give him the new falcon; but it will be harder to do it now."

"Don't you say a word about it," said Agnes, who was really a kind-hearted girl, although she liked to talk about everything that was on her mind. "I 'll tell him myself. It will be easy enough for me to do it, and I can tell him better than you can, anyway."

She did tell Raymond all about it, dwelling with much earnestness on Louis's sorrow for his fault, and his great desire to make amends for it; but she found that Raymond cared very little about falcons. His mind was occupied with weightier matters.

"Louis is a good fellow, and a true one," he said, "although he often plays wild pranks, and the only reason I am sorry that he lost my bird is that it caused him such danger, and all of us such grief."

"I like Louis better than Raymond," said Agnes to herself. "Raymond talks so much like a man, and he is n't half so glad as he ought to be, now that his brother is saved from those dreadful robbers. If I were in his place, I 'd be singing and dancing all the time."

The Countess sent for Jasto, and thanked him warmly and earnestly for bringing her son to her, instead of taking him back to the *cotereaux*.

"If I could do it now," she said, "I should reward you handsomely for what you have done for me; but, as I left my château for this place very suddenly, I have no money with me. However, as soon as I shall have opportunity to send for some, I shall more than pay you for the trouble you have taken. Meantime, as your conduct shows that you wish to leave your companions and give up your evil ways, you can remain here, and I shall see that you receive fair treatment and are well employed." And then, with a few more gracious words, she dismissed him.

This was all very pleasant, for the Countess spoke so sweetly and looked so good that it greatly gratified Jasto to have her talk to him so kindly, and thank him for what he had done; but still he was not satisfied. He had expected to make a regular bargain about a ransom, and hoped that Louis would have told his mother how much Michol was going to charge for his return; but he

found the boy had never mentioned the matter, and he did not feel bold enough, in his first interview with the Countess, to do it himself. He knew that he would be rewarded, but he felt sure that a lady would have no idea of the proper sum to pay for a page's ransom. If the pig had not eaten the letter her son had written, she would have been astonished indeed. He would wait, and, when the proper time came, he would let it be known that he expected ransom-money just as much as if he had kept the boy in some secret spot, and had made his mother send the sum required before her son was restored to her. Meanwhile, he was perfectly willing to remain in the service of the good Countess, and the first thing he asked for was a suit of clothes not composed of patches sewn together with bright red silk. And that he received without delay.

Now that Louis was safe at the castle, the minds of the Countess and her friends were occupied with the great question of her safety. It was not to be expected that the officers of the Inquisition would give up their attempts to arrest the lady; and although Barran's castle and Barran's forces might be strong enough to hold her securely and to drive back her persecutors, a contest of this kind with the Church was something not to be desired by the Count nor by his friends. Barran and Lanne were both of opinion that the safest refuge for the Countess would be England; but a secret journey there would be full of hardships, and might compel her to give up all her property, and to be separated from her sons.

It was hard to decide what to do, and at any day the officers of the Inquisition might appear at the gates of the castle.

(To be continued.)



WORK AND PLAY FOR YOUNG FOLK.

UNDER this general heading we propose to give, from month to month, some articles of especial interest to boys and girls, introducing them to various useful employments or ways of self-improvement, and also to novel sports, games, and entertainments. The papers for this department have been obtained from different sources: some of them are written by well-known writers, some by experts in special fields, and some by wise boys and girls who, in solving their own difficulties or devising new pleasures for themselves, have hit upon expedients and diversions that are of value to young folk everywhere.

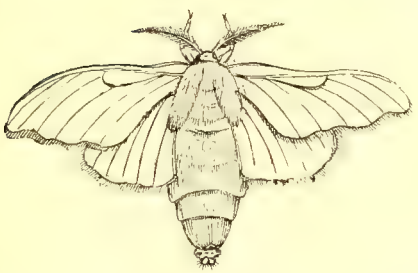
We begin, this month, with a paper that will be welcome in many quarters, and upon a subject concerning which we have received many inquiries, viz.: "Silk-culture." The achievements of Miss Nellie Rossiter in this home employment have gained honorable mention in the newspaper press, and have familiarized many of our readers with the fact that silk-culture offers a simple and easy method for boys and girls to make money. A great many young folk have had their curiosity aroused on this subject, but have had no means of learning how to begin and to conduct the work. This information, therefore, the accompanying article aims to supply, and we believe that it gives all the directions needed by earnest, active boys and girls for successful work in the line of silk-culture.

We shall have more to say upon the subject in other numbers, having already in stock an account of the "Boys' Silk-culture Club," of Philadelphia, and the results achieved by a girls' organization in the same city. And if the industry prove a popular one with our readers, we may organize a ST. NICHOLAS Silk-culture Club. We are prepared to make free distribution (under suitable guaranties) of as many as 200,000 silk-worm eggs among boys and girls who are subscribers to ST. NICHOLAS, and who are ready to undertake silk-culture in good faith, and to render us reports in due time of the progress of their work. The present paper, which is written by an experienced silk-culturist, will show how much can be done by young folk in this new field.

As indicated by the title, the new department shall vary work with play. So, next month, it will contain an illustrated article by Prof. H. H. Boyesen, on "A New Winter Sport for Boys"—a stirring paper, introducing American lads to the use of the Norwegian "skees."

SILK-CULTURE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY L. CAPSADELI, SEC. N. Y. SILK EXCHANGE.



THERE is nothing remarkable in the appearance of this moth or butterfly, as you might call it. It is no larger than the white or yellow butterfly that flits over the mud in a country road, and not nearly so pretty, being of a grayish white, with small, black, bead-like eyes.

It lives only twelve or fifteen days, eats nothing, can not fly or protect itself from enemies, and you may wonder what such a moth is good for; but if you lived in China, Japan, Italy, or France, you would find it for the first three days of its life guarded with zealous care. In fact, in some countries it is called the golden moth, for it is the means of putting gold into the pocket.

It is said that, two thousand six hundred years before our Christian era, Si-ling-Shi, the wife of the Emperor Hoang-ti, finding that the skins of animals, with which the people clothed themselves, were growing scarce, looked about for some material to take their place. Her search was unsuccessful until one morning, while taking her walk in the palace garden, she discovered some large worms spinning spider-like webs on the mulberry trees. She immediately conceived the idea of weaving these webs into a fabric. The wise men of the Orient were consulted, and finally a fabric was produced which has since been called "silk."

From that day, the wives and children of the poor and middle classes of many nations have derived a livelihood from the product of this little gray silk-moth, which hatches the worm that spins the silk.

The rapid changes these silk-worms go through in six weeks are as amusing and wonderful as the tricks of a sleight-of-hand man, and if you want to get some fun and money out of your next summer holidays, you have only to obtain some silk-worm eggs and let them hatch.

You must keep these eggs in a cool place till hatching time, or they will spoil. A cellar where the temperature does not rise above 40 degrees is a good place.

The hatching season commences when the leaves come out on the mulberry and osage-orange trees, for you must know that the leaves of these are the proper food of the silk-worms. If your studies will not allow you to hatch the eggs at that time, put them in a perforated tin box, and ask the butcher to hang them in his refrigerator. They will keep in this way for quite a time. You can freeze them without harm, provided they are

brought very gradually to higher temperatures for hatching.

No, you do not put the eggs to hatch on the mulberry trees. You bring them into a room in the house, or into a shed or stable where it is clean and well ventilated, and spread them out on a newspaper, or on the bottom of a wooden tray made for the purpose. This wooden tray is much like the bottom of a square bird-cage, and you can easily make one.

After you have placed the eggs as directed, heat the room to a temperature of 70 degrees, and in a few hours you will see a change taking place. The eggs grow gray, then blue, then white, with the exception of a small, moon-shaped black spot.

Now look at this spot with your magnifying-glass, and you will see it is the head of a worm.

In a few minutes some of these worms will surprise you by the rapidity with which they make their exit from the shell. And when they are out, you will observe, if your magnifying-glass is strong enough, that they are covered with short hairs like a caterpillar, and that they are fastening a little silky web to every object within their reach.

The second day after you put your eggs to hatch, you will find the paper or tray swarming with little, black, wriggling worms. You may judge how small they are when I tell you that the egg is not much larger than a mustard-seed.

They are hungry now, and should be fed, but before doing so, make a frame, similar to a slate-frame with a strip through the middle, to fit into the tray. This frame should be covered with mosquito-netting, and placed over the worms. Now gather a few mulberry or osage-orange leaves, chop them fine, like smoking-tobacco, and sprinkle them over the netting.

The worms will quickly crawl through the meshes to eat the leaves.

Being so small they will eat very little, but they should be given fresh leaves as soon as the old leaves become hard or dry. When giving them fresh leaves, put over the old frame another frame covered with netting. When the worms have crawled through, remove the first frame with the dried leaves. In this way you can easily change them from old to fresh food. They should be given four meals a day during the "first age."

The trays must be changed and cleaned at least once a day.

In three days all the strong worms will have hatched; those born after this are apt to be weakly, and had better be thrown away.

Each day those hatched should be removed and placed by themselves, with the date of their birth marked on the tray that contains them. Those first hatched should be placed in the coolest part of the room, and those latest hatched in the warmest. This will tend to equalize their growth and prevent the worms being of different sizes when their molting period comes, which occurs four times.

Five or six days after the worms have hatched, they will prepare to shed their skins.

This is called a molt.

FIRST AGE.



BEFORE MOLTING.



AFTER MOLTING.

You will know when this period comes by their loss of appetite. They will become torpid, and look like small bits of rusty iron wire. If now you observe the worms carefully with a glass, you will see a black spot coming in front of the first joint. This is the growth of a new head, and the commencement of the shedding, which process is completed so gradually that a whole discarded skin is rarely found.

In twelve hours this period is over. The worms have passed their "first age," and enter with renewed appetites into their "second age."

This differs but little from the "first age." In it, however, they eat more and grow much larger.

SECOND AGE.



BEFORE MOLTING.



AFTER MOLTING.

Before they enter the "third age," the netting must be removed from the frames and replaced with perforated paper. Each perforation should be large enough to admit a lead-pencil.

You need not chop the leaves any more now, as the worms are able to eat them whole.

THIRD AGE.



BEFORE MOLTING



AFTER MOLTING.

During the "fourth age" they consume an enormous quantity of food, and when their fourth and last molt comes they suffer acutely. Their sickness sometimes resembles death, and many of the soft, fat worms actually do die.

They require at this time much care as to ventilation and cleanliness. It is very important that the trays be changed daily, and the worms not handled with the fingers. If there is occasion, for lack of

room or any other cause, to remove some of them to other trays, lift them with small, flat camel's-hair brushes or large leaves.

When the molt of this "fourth age" is past, the critical period of the silk-worm's existence is over.

FOURTH AGE.



BEFORE MOLTING.



AFTER MOLTING.

In the fifth and last age, how much they will eat! If you have many worms they will keep you pretty busy getting food for them, for not only leaves, but whole mulberry boughs must be given them now. They are as greedy as pigs, and seem to live for nothing but to eat, eat, eat! At this age you can even hear their jaws munching the leaves. But you must not mind this, for they are converting the leaves into a precious fluid, that soon will be poured from their mouths to make the beautiful silken cocoon, and the more they are fed, the firmer and finer will be their cocoons and the more abundant the silk.

In about eight days after the beginning of the "fifth age" the worms, which never before showed the least desire to wander from their trays, become exceedingly restless, and wander aimlessly about, moving their heads in all directions.

They are now looking for a convenient place to spin their cocoons, and if a place is not arranged for them, so that they may disgorge this silk fluid, they will die.

The worm is now as large as your finger, and of an ashy gray color.

I have not yet told you that black ants are the silk-worms' mortal enemies, and that you will be sure to find them in your cocoonery. I think they are first brought in on the leaves, and you must keep a sharp lookout for them. They pinch and bite the worms until they kill them. If they get to the worms during the "first age," they may kill them all, for they are then so tender that one pinch or bite will prove fatal.

Now that your worms are ready to spin, you must get ready the spinning-branches. These are bundles of dry twigs from which the leaves have been taken, or bunches of straw. The bunches should be as thick as your wrist, and about a foot long. Stand these bunches all about the trays, and bend their tops together in the shape of an arch.

The worms, as soon as they see the branches, will know what they are intended for, and will lose no time in mounting them. There may be found some who are too lazy to mount. Place some branches in the way of these, and when they have taken hold, stand the branch up.

After the worm has mounted the branch, he commences throwing little silky webs from branch to branch. This is a sort of hammock in which he means to hang his cocoon. By and by he really begins work, moving his head quickly from side to side, and throwing the silken thread in the shape of the figure 8.

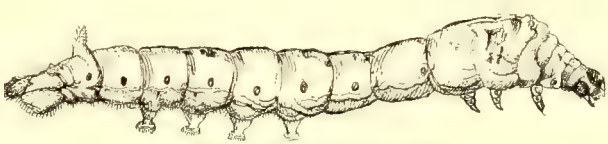


SPINNING-BRANCHES.

If you could properly dissect a silk-worm, you would find in it a reservoir which contains the silk matter. From this reservoir proceed two glands that unite in the mouth. From them a fluid is poured forth which, hardening as it reaches the air, becomes a tiny silken thread, to be conducted and directed by the worm to the points it has selected.

The worm moves its head more than sixty times a minute, or three hundred thousand times in making its cocoon.

For some time after it has been spinning and has wound itself in the threads that have taken the shape of a cocoon, you can see it, doubled up like a horseshoe, hard at work on the inside.



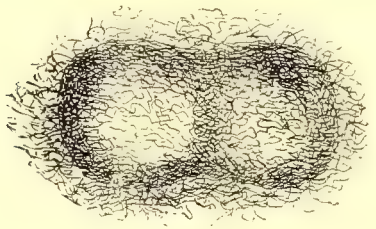
FULL-SIZED WORM READY TO SPIN.

Finally the threads grow so thick that the worm is shut out from your view forever, and I am sure by this time you will feel a little tinge of sadness in

saying good-bye, for it has been with you so much, and has been so intelligent, that it seems almost human.

In four days it has expended all its silk fluid, and the cocoon is done. It will contain a thread of silk from six hundred to eight hundred yards long.

You must let these cocoons remain on the spinning-branches for about eight days. At the end



A COCOON.

of that time, take them down and carefully strip them of their loose floss. Select the largest and finest, and string them on a thread about a yard long. This is done by passing the needle lightly through the outside of the cocoon floss that still remains on it. Never pass the needle through the cocoon, as it would pierce the chrysalis and kill it. Then hang these threads in a cool, dark room, away from rats or mice.

In about seven days more, you will awake some morning to find holes in your cocoons and a number of butterflies or moths, like those I first told you about, clinging to the walls and cocoons.

Some of these will be males and some females. The males are smaller than the females and keep beating their wings.

After about six hours, place the females on cells.

A cell is a little piece of muslin three by three inches, with a string run through the top. A number of these should be prepared beforehand, and then stretched across the room.

As fast as you separate the moths, place a female on each cell, darken the room and let them alone. In a few hours they will commence to lay. Each moth carefully deposits the eggs (which are covered with a sticky fluid that causes them to adhere to the cloth) side by side, and so on for about three days. The usual number of eggs each moth lays is four hundred, but they often lay as many as seven hundred.

It will be well to occasionally pin a moth in the corner of a cell, so that the buyer of eggs can reduce it to powder and examine it for disease. Silk-worms have so far been subject to no disease in this country, but occasionally the precaution should be taken of examining a moth. The breaking out of a disease among the silk-worms is a great affliction on the other side of the ocean.

If you have had one thousand eggs to begin with, and these have produced five hundred females that have laid the average amount of eggs, you will find yourself the possessor of five ounces of eggs, worth at the lowest wholesale price two dollars per ounce, or twenty-five cents a thousand at retail, and about four pounds of pierced cocoons, which, sold as waste, will bring fifty to eighty cents a pound.

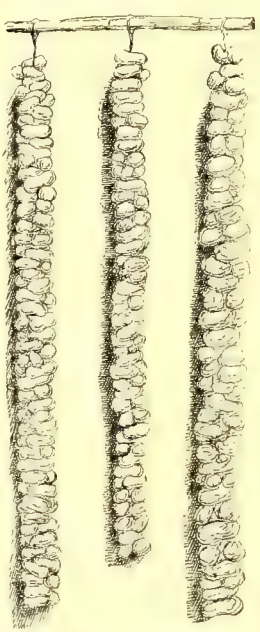
If you should want your cocoons for reeling, instead of reproduction, you should take them from the spinning-branches a few days after they are spun, and stifle them.

Stifling is killing the chrysalis inside, so that it can not pierce the cocoon. The pierced cocoon can be carded, but not reeled.

There are many ways of stifling, but solar rays, charcoal fumes, hot air, or steam are the most used.

To stifle them by solar rays, they must be put in glass-covered boxes in the sun for several days, care being taken to stir them often.

To stifle them by charcoal, they must be put in a bag, hung in a tight box from which the bottom has been removed, and then placed over a pot of burning charcoal. Bank earth about the box, and in twelve hours the work will have been accomplished.



A STRING OF COCOONS.

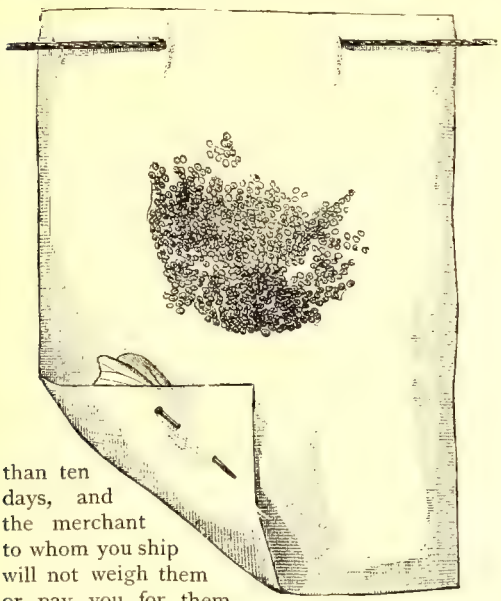
To stifle by hot air, you place them in an oven for half an hour. This is dangerous, for the cocoons are likely to scorch.

To stifle by steam, you put them in a common steamer and steam as you would potatoes or a pudding. Thirty minutes is long enough for them to remain in the steamer.

This last mode is said to be the best of all, as the steaming softens the gum and improves the luster of the silk.

In all cases, after the cocoons have been stifled, they must be placed on a clean cloth, in a cool, airy room, and allowed to dry for at least ten days. They will mold and discolor if you do not dry them.

You should never ship them in a green state, before or after stifling, unless you are specially requested to do so, for they lose in weight for more than ten days, and the merchant to whom you ship will not weigh them or pay you for them till they are perfectly dry.



A CELL, WITH EGGS.

Four pounds or less can be sent in paper boxes by mail. Larger quantities should be sent by express or freight. Pack them lightly in thin pine boxes, so that they will not be mashed or dented, for this prevents their reeling properly.

If the cocoons are pierced, you may pack them as tight as you please.

It will not be profitable for you to reel your cocoons yourself, for no matter how nice and smooth it looks to you, the manufacturer would find it very uneven. But you may want to do it for your own amusement, and so I will tell you how it is done.

Of course, you must provide yourself with a reel, or invent one. I heard of a boy who put a wide band of leather over the upper wheel of a sewing-machine, which worked well. I believe this would do, for there you have the revolving wheel, and all you need is a flat, broad surface on the wheel to catch and wind the silk as it unwinds from the cocoons.

Before reeling, you must throw the cocoons into hot water. Then take a portion of a whisk-broom and stir the cocoons, drawing the broom out of the water occasionally. The hot water softens the gum by which the thread adheres to the shell of the cocoon, and the rough broom catches the ends as they loosen. Then turn the wheel slowly, and with the thumb and forefinger start the ends around the wheel. If the threads break, twist them together and start them around again. When all the silk is unwound from the cocoons, slip it off the wheel and give it a twist and a knot, like a skein of sewing-silk. Should the silk snarl as it unwinds, you may know the water is too hot.

This ends all that you can do with the reeling.

As the pierced cocoons can be carded and spun in the same manner as cotton and wool, your grandmothers, or other old people in your vicinity, can tell you how to do it, and even how to weave it into silk.

Next year I hope to learn that many specimens of cocoons, reeled and spun silk have been on exhibition at the State and county fairs all over the United States—the work of the girls and boys who have read this article.

A BALLAD OF BRAVERY.

By Malcolm Douglas.

To spread his fame, I 'll sing about
  A little lad of ten,
Who, with no weapon, put to rout
  An army of brave men!
The glittering troops attacked one day
  A quiet, sleepy town,
And filled the people with dismay
  As swiftly they came down.
They all prepared to hide or run,
  With faces ashen pale.
All, did I say? No, all save one—
  The hero of my tale.

"Cowards!" he cried, with flashing eye,
  "They pillage and destroy,
And yet you men stand idly by!
  I 'll lead you, though a boy!"
He charged alone; the troops stood still;
  He bravely knocked them down!
And thus, by his heroic will,
  He saved the little town.
Lest this you think be hardly true,
  It should be understood
That, though the boy was *real* like you,
  The rest were made of wood!

KARSING AND THE TIGER.—A PRIZE COMPOSITION.

By Hollis C. Clark (Aged Fifteen).



The tiger is called the scourge of India. With many other wild animals, including deer, fowl, cattle, and wolves, he frequents the immense jungles of that country. Commonly, the tiger is shy and will run at sight of a man, but once in a while, having tasted human blood, he becomes *doo loo shadwee,* as the natives say, when nothing but human flesh will satisfy him.

When a tiger is known to be a man-eater, the natives in his neighborhood are in constant dread and terror. They either retire into their bamboo huts at sundown, and crouch trembling until daybreak, or they light great bonfires and keep up a continual commotion during the night; for when a tiger captures a person, he generally stays in the same vicinity until killed or entrapped, becoming bolder and bolder every day. A tiger has even been known to bound into a village in daylight, and, like a flash, dash away with his doomed prey.

The news of a man-eater, however, is not an every-day occurrence, as the brute is supposed to obtain his first taste of human blood accidentally.

The task of killing these blood-thirsty beasts is sometimes performed by Europeans, for the mere sake of the hunt and the subsequent glory of exhibiting the furry hide; more often, however, by the *shekarrys*, or professional tiger-killers.

The modes of operation of the latter are often very strange. Sometimes a stout bamboo cage, containing the tiger-killer (who will kill a *doo-loo-shadwee* tiger for thirty dollars) is placed in one of the well-trodden paths of the animal. The statue-like figure of the hunter sits motionless until the tiger, having scented him, springs on the cage and is dispatched by the spears of his antagonist. A brave native has also been known to let a tiger spring at him, and then, lightly bounding aside, dash a knife into his tawny body.

The indolent natives, however, seldom hunt, except for a livelihood, or when accompanying Englishmen, of whom there are large numbers in India.

A few years ago, an English missionary, a friend of mine, was stationed at a small village in the midst of an almost impassable jungle, extending for leagues inward. With one or two neighboring towns the village was connected by foot-paths, and from it a narrow road led to the railway station, distant three miles or more.

One hot evening, as my friend was sitting before his two-story bamboo cottage (which was a source

of admiration and wonder to the simple natives), enjoying some letters from home, which he had just received from a native guide and mail-carrier, he was startled by cries of fear, and a crowd of Hindus from a neighboring village rushed up and threw themselves at his feet, bewailing loudly and alternately imploring his aid and that of their heathen gods. Moreover, his own villagers became very much alarmed, and added to the tumult, while the guide, though excited, remained outwardly calm.

As soon as Mr. Dawson could make himself heard, he inquired the cause of their trouble, to which the guide replied that a tiger had carried off a child from the new-comers' village, adding also, that as the town was now entirely deserted by the terrified inhabitants, part of whom were before him, some other village might now expect the tiger's attentions.

Mr. Dawson was alarmed. This was the first time during his residence there that the peace of the little town had been disturbed. To add to this, his was the nearest village to the one recently attacked, and there was more than an even chance that it would be the next to suffer. It was with a feeling of dread, therefore, that he went to bed that night. He could not sleep, and was momentarily expecting the advent of the tiger. But nothing happened to break the night's stillness.

In the morning, feeling somewhat relieved, he said to the guide (who was off duty for a week), "Well, Karsing, I guess the man-eater has missed us." This was said with an attempt to smile, but Karsing shook his head, and said shortly, "He may come yet." And come he did.

In the evening, when one of the less timorous natives had gone a little distance from the huts to obtain some water, all were paralyzed by shriek upon shriek from the unfortunate man, upon whom the tiger had sprung. His pitiful cries grew fainter and fainter, as the blood-thirsty animal bounded away with him. Pursuit was useless, and another gloomy night was sleeplessly passed.

The next morning the missionary sent one of the villagers to the station to send for a certain *shekarry*, who lived about twenty miles away, and who replied by telegraph that he would come and hunt for the tiger that afternoon.

Meanwhile, Karsing (who was quite intimate with Mr. Dawson), to occupy his time, began overhauling some of that gentleman's "traps," which he brought with him from England, and had stored away. While rummaging in this manner, he came across an old, rusty musket. This he seized upon, and after cleaning and oiling it, took some powder and balls, and about noon went into the jungle, telling the servants about the house—as Mr. Dawson, at that time, was absent—that he would try to shoot something for dinner. They laughed at him, for he had never used either gun or pistol, and told him that the man-eater would catch him.

But Karsing was confident, for he had often seen others shoot, and as to being afraid of the tiger, he said that such beasts usually slept at that hour.

When dinner-time came, the "hunter," as the natives derisively called him, did not appear. Mr. Dawson, who well knew that the guide was fully able to take care of himself, was in nowise alarmed, but was somewhat vexed because Karsing had not asked permission to use the gun. However, in the consideration of other matters he forgot about the affair altogether until later in the day.

At two o'clock, the *shekarry*, with a companion, arrived, armed with rifle and knife.

They immediately set out on the tiger's trail, starting from the point where the animal's latest victim had been seized the night before. As the tracks became plainer, they hurried on cautiously and quietly, when, all of a sudden, the loud report of a gun startled them. It could not have come from a point more than a quarter of a mile away, and in the deathly stillness of the tangled jungle it seemed still nearer. Immediately after it, a loud roar awoke the echoes, and the *shekarrys*, advancing a few rods and parting the bushes, came upon the tiger, then in his death-struggles. He was roaring and lashing the ground with his tail, while in his open, frothy mouth the hideous teeth gleamed; finally, with a huge bound, he leaped into the air and fell dead.

The tiger-killers were exceedingly surprised. Why had they been sent for to kill the tiger if it was probable that another would do it?

They approached the body and came face to face with Karsing, who appeared from the opposite side. The *shekarry*, very naturally, felt vexed and angry, and sullenly demanded, "Did *you* kill that tiger?" "Yes," replied the guide.

"With that gun?" continued the questioner, espying the old musket. "Yes," replied Karsing.

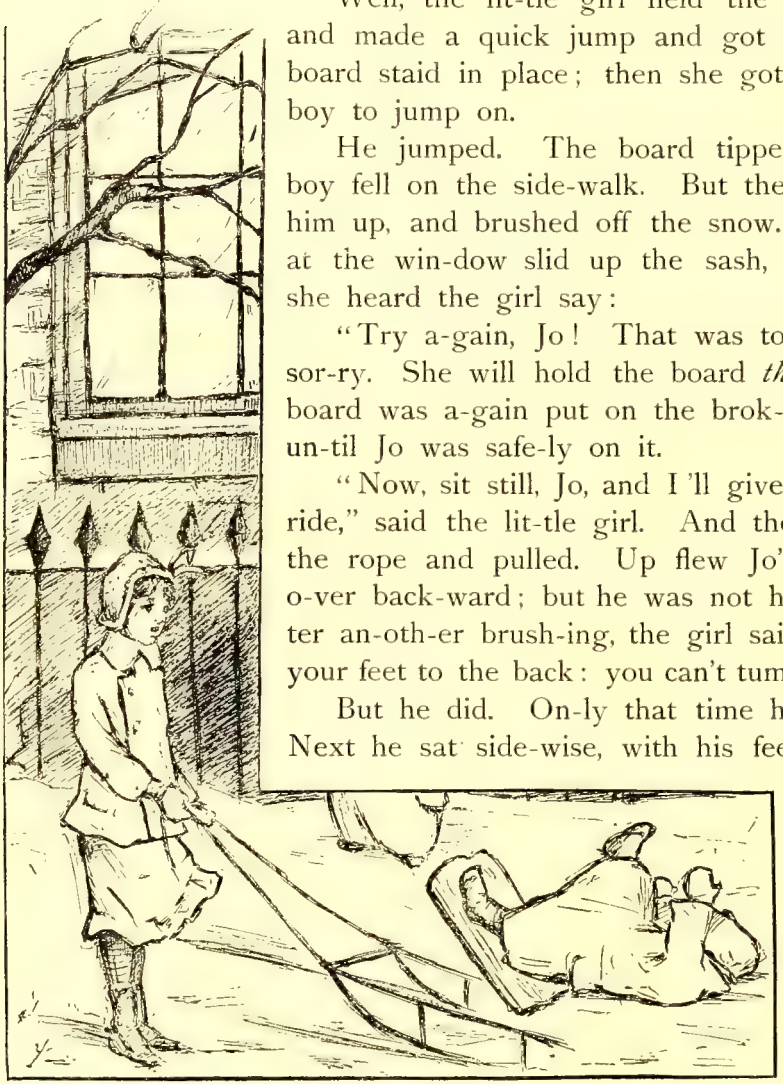
The two tiger-killers turned away with disgust and went back to the village, where they told the story to the wondering missionary and natives. Mr. Dawson paid them their expenses, and they went home.

As for Karsing, he skinned the tiger and brought the hide home, where, after curing it for a month or more, he presented it to Mr. Dawson, who returned the favor by buying him a fine rifle.

The missionary afterward found out that the sly fellow had set out that morning with the express purpose of killing the tiger, which he had accomplished by a lucky chance shot.

THE SLED THAT WON THE GOLDEN ARROW.

ONE cold day, a la-dy looked from a win-dow down to the side-walk, and she saw there a lit-tle girl and a lit-tle boy. The girl had a brok-en sled, and on the sled there was a board that fell off if any-bod-y touched it and would n't stay on un-less it was held.



Well, the lit-tle girl held the board just right, and made a quick jump and got on it, so that the board staid in place; then she got off, and told the boy to jump on.

He jumped. The board tipped, and the lit-tle boy fell on the side-walk. But the lit-tle girl picked him up, and brushed off the snow. Then the la-dy at the win-dow slid up the sash, and this is what she heard the girl say:

"Try a-gain, Jo! That was too bad. Sis-ter is sor-ry. She will hold the board *this* time." So the board was a-gain put on the brok-en sled, and held un-til Jo was safe-ly on it.

"Now, sit still, Jo, and I 'll give you a nice slide-ride," said the lit-tle girl. And then she picked up the rope and pulled. Up flew Jo's feet and he fell o-ver back-ward; but he was not hurt much, and, af-ter an-oth-er brush-ing, the girl said, "Now, sit with your feet to the back: you can't tum-ble off that way."

But he did. On-ly that time he fell on his face. Next he sat side-wise, with his feet hang-ing o-ver part of a run-ner. In this way he went safe-ly as far as a-cross a lit-tle room, but then board and boy once more up-set.

The good sis-ter tried a doz-en times to give Jo a ride, but ev-ery time the old, brok-en sled threw him off. Still the lit-tle girl was pa-tient and kind, and spoke gent-ly, and took good care of her lit-tle broth-er. And that was bet-ter for

both of them that day than a fine sled-ride would have been. For when they went a-way the la-dy o-pened the win-dow wide, and sent a big boy to fol-low them, and told him to come back and tell her the house they lived in.

And then, that same day, she went out and bought a strong and pret-ty sled. Its name was "Gold-en Ar-row."

Then, she went her-self to the house where the lit-tle girl lived, and asked for the lit-tle girl who had been try-ing to give her lit-tle broth-er a sleigh-ride that morn-ing.

"Julia! Julia!" called her moth-er. "Here is a la-dy, ask-ing for you."

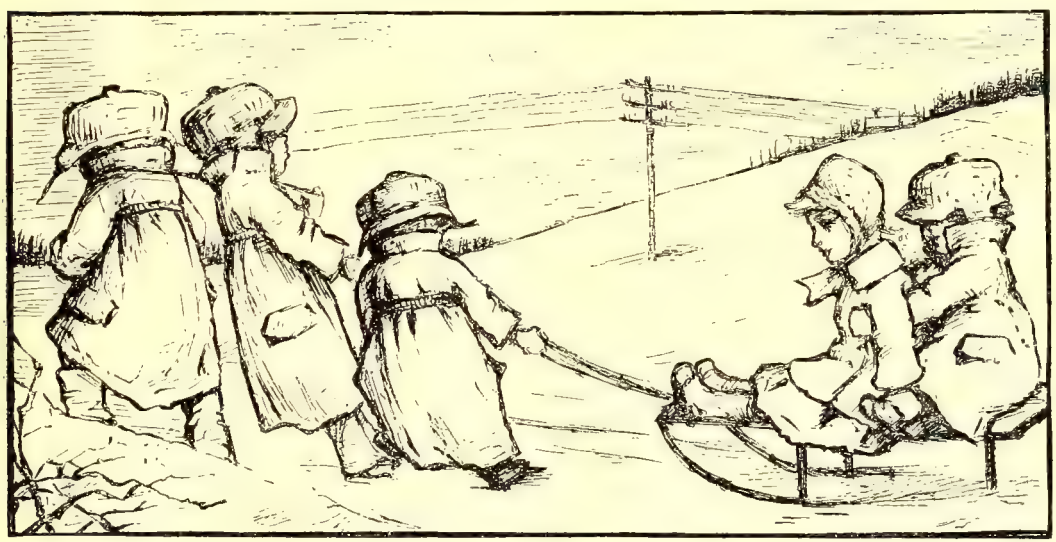
Julia ran to the gate.

"You were try-ing to draw a lit-tle boy on the side-walk in front of my house this morn-ing"—be-gan the la-dy, but she could not say an-oth-er word then, for Julia was fright-ened and said: "Oh, ma'am, I did n't, I *did n't* mean to do any-thing naugh-ty." Then she be-gan to cry ver-y hard, and ran a-way.

"What is it, ma'am, that my child has been do-ing?" asked Julia's moth-er.

"She is a dood sis-ter," said lit-tle Jo.

The la-dy smiled. "I watched her this morn-ing," she said, "and she



was so sweet and pa-tient that I wished to make her a pres-ent. And at my house there is a new sled for her, if she will come and get it."

Pret-ty soon, Julia was at the la-dy's house, with Jo and three oth-er lit-tle broth-ers, and the "Gold-en Ar-row" made five chil-dren hap-py man-y days—for these chil-dren were real chil-dren, and it all hap-pened just like this sto-ry.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

ANOTHER Year! Welcome it, my people, and treat it as handsomely as you can. In twelve months it will slip aside, to take its place in the long line of years that have "passed away," as we say. But it will not pass away. It will stand there in line with the rest that you have known, and will greet you familiarly whenever you look back upon it—whether with smiles or frowns, or with too much of one and too little of the other, depends very much upon yourselves.

Well, here we are, good 1883! Glad to see you, and ready to do our best. Your bright, fresh face is full of promise, and, in the name of big folk, little folk, snow-time, bloom-time, and harvest, JACK thanks you for coming!

"DOWN IN THE DOLDRUMS."

DEAR JACK: I am puzzled, and perhaps you, or some of those remarkably bright young people known as your "chicks," can help me. I was sitting on the fence of the school-house yard, one morning last week, watching the children as they passed in, when I heard the following scraps of conversation. Said one little boy to another: "It 's the splendidest book; the sailors were becalmed in the Doldrums for three weeks, and when they got out of them their water ran short." Well, I lost the rest of it; but "doldrums" was a new word to me, but I thought that if I listened I would hear it again soon; and, if you will believe me, I really did hear it again from the very next who passed. It was two large girls, this time, who are in the high-class. Said one of them: "We had the dolefulest evening; that poky old professor kept talking all the time, so that we could n't have a bit of fun, and we young folks were down in the doldrums all the evening."

Now, dear Jack, I do not repeat these scraps of conversation to suggest that some adjectives are compared by more and most, though you might think so, but to inquire respectfully, Is there, really, such a place as the Doldrums, and did those speakers mean the same thing in using the expression?

Your ever faithful friend, SNOW BUNTING.

Here is your answer, dear Snow Bunting. The Little School-ma'am says: "'The Doldrums' is a name given by sailors to places in the ocean near the equator, in which calms, storms, and contrary winds abound. The boy used the expression in its literal sense; the girl, figuratively."

WHICH WAS RIGHT?

THE children of the Red School-house had propped up the thing, as a great curiosity, on a mound, by my pulpit. Yes, there it was, as plain as day, a beautiful twig or spray, with the dear Little School-ma'am's label upon it—but I could n't do anything with my birds. They insisted that the things that *I* called flowers would soon shake their pretty wings and fly away. Yes, they were sure of it. In vain I protested, and even hit my pulpit hard with an imaginary fist.

"Did you never hear of an orchid?" said I.

"*What* kind of a kid?" said they.

"An orchid?" I repeated.

"Not we," said they; "but we know bees when we see them, and if this plant does n't bear bees instead of flowers, we 'll give up."



BEES OR FLOWERS?

"That 's just what I want," said I. "When folk who are mistaken give up, the battle is ended." And off they flew, quite sure that old Jack-in-the-Pulpit had made a mistake for once.

Bless their bright little eyes and quick voices! What should I do without them?

You see, the little darlings have no dear Little School-ma'am to go to, as I have; and good Mother Nature is *so* fond of playing funny tricks!

Now, would n't it be very queer if some of my little human chicks should look at the picture and see only bees? Ah, but then they can find out about orchids! Very likely they 'll be writing to me about them before January has time to roll our moon once around the earth.

THE EMU AT HOME.

My Dear Mr. Jack: I thought I would write you a letter about the Emu, as it is a native of Australia, where I live. The Emu is a large bird, stands about five feet high, and is of a brown color; its feathers are small and double,— that is, two feathers grow from the same place. It runs like the ostrich, and, when frightened, makes off at a great pace. It takes a very fast dog to run it down, as the Emu can keep up for a very long time: the dog generally gets tired and slinks away. It is a very inquisitive bird, and even in a wild state, if a man were to hide behind a bush and tie a piece of rag to a stick, and hold it out, the Emu would come running up to see what it was. Emus are generally seen here on the plains, walking in pairs, followed by their young family. The mother-bird does not make a proper nest, but just makes a hole in the ground, and lays fourteen or fifteen eggs, on which the birds, male and female, sit in turn. The eggs are large, — not so large as those of an ostrich,— and of a dark green color. Like the ostrich, the Emu has a hardy stomach, and will swallow nails, buttons, and all sorts of queer things, without hurting itself, though in its wild state it lives chiefly on berries. They are easily tamed, as soon as they get acquainted. We are now living on the Darling Downs, Queensland, but in Riverina,—part of New South Wales,—where my papa used to have a sheep station, he says there are a great many more Emu than here in Queensland. Papa says the Emu are very injurious to young lambs. They want to play with them; they chase them, jump over them, knock them down, and roll them about. This rough play often kills the poor little things.

Your constant reader, Wynnie Prudence Brodribb.

"OH, THAT COMPOSITION!"*—The Committee's Report.

In announcing our choice of a composition out of all that have been sent in response to our offer on page 982 of the October St. Nicholas, we are happy to acknowledge the surprising cordiality with which our plan to assist the young "compositioners" has been met. Parents and teachers everywhere have approved highly of the plan of offering St. Nicholas subjects; whole schools have been represented in the present competition; and the letters accompanying the MSS. sufficiently attest its popularity with the boys and girls themselves. One friendly correspondent writes: "You have found a very interesting way of making difficult lessons seem like play"; a candid young author says: "I hope you *will* give four subjects each month, for composition work is a very dull and horrid task to me, and I am very glad of anything to make it easier"; and very many of the young writers insist that, whether their Tiger compositions be printed or not, the work has been its own reward. Indeed, the Committee rely upon the very general expression of this sentiment to aid them in making their report. It can be no easy task for any committee to decide easily and promptly upon the one very best out of hundreds of clever stories by clever young folk. In the case of these Tiger stories, it was quite impossible to choose one that was preëminent in *all* good qualities, for, however excellent in some points one of them might be, there were others quite as good — if not better — in other respects. But, on the whole, and after due deliberation, the Committee united in according the highest place to the composition by Hollis C. Clark, aged fifteen, as best fitting the picture and combining information concerning the tiger with a vivid story of a hunt. This composition, therefore, appears on page 230 of the present number, in company with the original picture; and a check in payment, at the rates promised, has been forwarded to the young author. In his letter accompanying the manuscript he says: "I interpret the picture as I do, for the reason that the tiger is not in the attitude for pouncing upon the hunters, nor are the hunters in position for shooting the tiger."

It must be remembered, as before stated, that among the compositions were others quite as good in many respects as the one we have chosen to print. At least twenty of the compositions crowded closely upon us in making a selection, and many others are so admirable, considering the ages of their authors, that we gladly extend the Roll of Honor to take them in.

Heartily thanking our young friends, one and all, for their interest and enthusiasm, we submit the above report to their attention, and offer four subjects for this month.

The Year 1882 —— The Year 1883 —— What I Saw on a Country Road —— What Makes Me Grow?

As stated in the December number, we do not ask to see the compositions hereafter, excepting when we offer a picture in connection with a subject; but we shall be glad if, in writing compositions, all who choose the St. Nicholas subjects will kindly let us know of the fact.

ROLL OF HONOR.

Dollie Darrach — Mamie A. Collins — Mattie W. Baxter — Chas. Lee Faries — Evy Robinson — Margt. W. Lighton — Isa F. Owens — Dora Young — Carrie F. Lyman — Maude Linda Gilbert — Edie M. Arnold — Neddie Freeman — C. Herbert Swan, Jr. — Wyatt W. Randall — M. Josephine Collins — Kate H. Gillicuddy — S. Bessie Saunders — Mary E. Armstrong — H. C. Mather — Ursula Norman — George Weildon — Mary Paxson Rogers — Harry Milnes — Sarah T. Dalsheimer — Hilda E. Ingalls — Albert T. Ryan — Otto R. Barnett — Alice May Schoff — Charles Waddle — Carrie C. Coe — Blanche Walsh — Rannie C. Scott — David G. Wilson — Wm. R. McIver — Madge L. Wendell — Florence Bradshaw — W. T. Stevenson — Katie Lloyd — Ralph Browning Fiske — Sallie E. Buck — "Sand-piper" — Marcellus L. Holt — Daisy O'Brien — Fannie G. Davenport — John Peck, Jr. — Mamie H. Wilcox — Mary May Winsor — Mary Josephine Shannon — Jessie Garfield — Frank D. Thomson — Harry Robertson — Lulu Thomson — C. M. Frazer — Helen L. Towne — Helen M. Brown — Sallie H. Williamson — E. Georgina Jackson — Charles Ellis — Maria W. Edgerton — Susie I. Harwood — Katie Jacobs — Emma Cole — J. H. Gorrell — Karl H. Machold — Jessie McGregor — Maye C. Boorman — Fannie Bogert — Annie W. Johnson — Wm. J. Dante — Sam Blythe, Jr. — W. H. Laurence — Walter E. Borden — Claude N. Comstock — Susie D. Huntington — Carl K. Friedman — Hattie P. Perkins — Louie F. Pitts — Mary K. Goodwin — Eva W. Eastman — Israel Joseph — Jessie Goodrich — Alice Robertson — H. E. Northup — Fannie Fauntleroy — Wm. Vance Martin — May Winston — Pace Winston — Alice C. Hegan — Hattie Venable — Emma Martin — Josephine Meeker — Hugo Diemer — Winnie Marsh — Etty Reeks — Olivia Kurtz — Lillian W. Hart — David W. Brant — Olive H. Causey — Gracie E. Southworth — Mary Hutton — "Honor Bright" — Eliza M. Grace — W. C. Burkhalder — Chas. B. Gulick — Gracie Avery — James F. Berry — J. Buchanan — Powell Evans — Albert L. Taylor — Caryl D. Haskins — Fred. T. Sewall — Carleton W. Ginn — Daisy Carville — Harry Leonard — Evarts R. Greene — Lizzie Dye — Frank T. Brown — Isabel A. Beaumont — K. L. Terry — H. Kenner — B. W. — Edward B. Reed — Frank Munroe — Frances H. Catlin — E. L. Hunt — Susie Clark — Mame L. Wheeler — N. H. — Carrie A. McCreary — Grace Gallaher — Lulu Cumbach — Lulu M. Hutchins — Anna L. Roe — John Fred. Kennedy — Charlotte W. Hare — Stuart M. Beard — Mabel Guion — Aurelia Key — Mary Thompson — Sallie D. Rogers — Harriette R. Horsfall — Harry B. Sparks — Clara Burr — "Phyllis" — Gertrude M. Doughty — Asa B. Priest — Mary M. Ehlers — Horace Wylie — Lessie MacGregor — Elsie M. Kittredge — Rowland G. Treat — Dudley Ganst — Kitty Williamson — Jos. H. Sutton — James R. Danforth, Jr. — Robt. I. Brown — Anna May Bristol — Anna B. Cordo — E. W. Mumford — Maggie L. Bawgan — Julia Abbey — Gertrude Hascall — Jeannette B. Gillespie — Katie R. Elliott — Gracie L. Thayer — Lillian Byrne — B. C. P. — Helen Stapleton — A. Klouber.

* See St. Nicholas for October, page 982, and for December, page 156.

THE LETTER-BOX.

THE CHILDREN'S GARFIELD FUND.

IT is pleasant to know that, up to the present date, nearly five hundred dollars have been contributed through this magazine to the Children's Garfield Fund for the benefit of the poor and sick children of New York. The amounts received since our report in ST. NICHOLAS for June, 1882, aggregate $63.77. $16.28 of this sum was sent by a club of young girls,—"a little society of six members,"—with the following letter:

"DANSVILLE, N. Y., Nov. 11, 1882.

"DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have had a little society of six members, and have worked for six months for the 'Garfield Home.' November 10th we had a little fair; sold the things we had made, and ice-cream and cake. We invited our friends, and made the sum of $16.28, which we inclose.

"Please acknowledge the receipt of it, either through the ST. NICHOLAS or in any way convenient.

"Yours truly, THE GARFIELD HOME SOCIETY.

"FANNY GRANT, Pres. FANNY PRATT, Sec.

HELEN EDWARDS, Treas.

"Members: Dora Voorhees, Alice Grant, Carrie Pratt"

Now, girls and boys, who will start another club to raise the twenty dollars and twenty-one cents that are needed to swell the Children's Garfield Fund to $500?

For full particulars, see ST. NICHOLAS for November, 1881, and July, 1882.

READERS of this number who also have read "The Story of Tinkey," printed in ST. NICHOLAS for July, 1882, will find an increased pleasure in the capital tale "Fairy Wishes Nowadays," on page 166, as the same "Tinkey" is the hero of the two stories, although each is complete in itself.

FORT WORTH, TEXAS, Nov. 3, 1882.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think that the piece called "A Happy Thought; or, Olive's Game," is a very good one. My sister and I tried it, with success. Mamma wrote the names on some slips of paper, and my sister and I think of playing it every day. I hope all the readers of ST. NICHOLAS will try it.

Your interested reader, CARRIE STEWART.

Thanks, Carrie. The game *is* a good one, and we join in your wish that it may become very popular with ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls.

BY an oversight, the two jingles, "The Iron-clad Pie" (in the August number) and "Oh, What Are You at, Little Woman?" (in the October number) were credited solely to Mr. L. Hopkins, in our Tables of Contents for those months, when in reality they were *drawn* by Mr. Hopkins, at our request, from *suggestions* by Mr. A. W. Harrington, who furnished the text of the verses and hints in outline for the pictures. We gladly make this correction, in justice to Mr. Harrington, and extend to him our apologies for the mistake.

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT'S "Cloudy-Saturday" question continues to agitate several of our readers, as the following interesting letter shows. J. R. S., Jr., evidently intends to settle the matter beyond a doubt—if he can. Well, we shall be glad to hear from him again, and from all the others who are keeping a close eye on the Saturday styles of weather. But hear what J. R. S., Jr., has to say already:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the Jack-in-the-Pulpit pages of your magazine, I read some time ago a statement that there is but one Saturday in the year on which the sun does not shine. Since reading, I have carefully dotted all the Saturdays on the almanac, and have been watching to see if you really meant what you printed for us.

I have been very much afraid lest you were joking with us, just to see how many of us would watch for a year, and at the expiration of that time give way to disappointment.

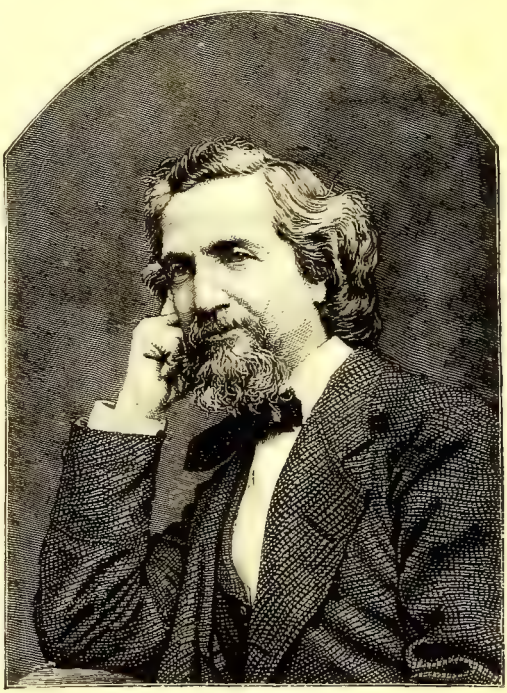
At first, I thought that, if such an event should transpire, the Saturday would be the one on which I wished to do something that particularly required clear sunshine all day. It seemed, at school, that there never was a Saturday upon which it did not rain; but not having heard that there was but one Saturday in the year on which the sun does not shine, I took no special note of the sunshine.

Upon several Saturdays during the past summer, I have seen only about five minutes' sunshine, and that just as the sun was setting.

But, at last, I have found the one Saturday. That one was the 21st of October, 1882. Our faithful watchman failed that day to give us a ray of sunlight in this city. I watched, particularly, all day, and saw no ray whatever.

It is a good thing you did not offer a reward to the one first noticing that fact, because others before me would have likewise been noticing, and, in all probability, would have secured the prize. At any rate, I feel amply repaid for my trouble in learning this one fact, that the sun failed to shine on one Saturday in the year 1882, but whether the maxim holds true or not remains to be proven; and as there has been so little trouble thus far, I will continue to watch the balance of the year, with the hope that I will find one more Saturday like the one just passed. Let others of your readers do likewise.

Your constant reader, J. R. S., JR.



J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

WE are glad to present to our readers this month the accompanying excellent portrait of Mr. J. T. Trowbridge, author of many popular books for boys, and of the fine story, "The Tinkham Brothers' Tide-Mill," now appearing as a serial in this magazine. It is the fourth continued story which Mr. Trowbridge has contributed to ST. NICHOLAS, and we are sure it will prove quite as stirring and entertaining as "Fast Friends," "The Young Surveyor," or "His Own Master." We congratulate our readers, therefore, on the treat that is in store for them during the year, and, also, on being made familiar at the outset with the genial face of their old-time friend.

THE following letter, from two San Francisco girls, came to us before the issue of the December number, which contained Mr. Holder's article on "The Discovery of the Mammoth." Now that they have seen Mr. Beard's interesting picture of "The Mammoth of St. Petersburg," which accompanied that article, perhaps Maud and Ethel will tell us how nearly the big fellow in the drawing resembles the mammoth of San Francisco. If, as they say, the latter was found in the ice in the River Lena, Siberia, there ought to be a family likeness between the two huge creatures, as the Shumarhoff mammoth also was discovered in the ice near the same river.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

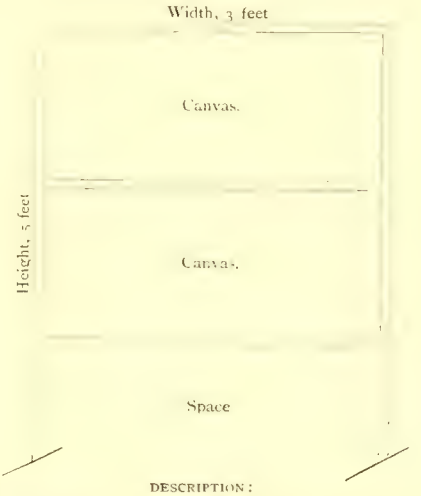
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We thought you would like to hear of a mammoth elephant we have here under the Mercantile Library. It is twenty-six feet high, and twelve feet from its tail to the end of its tusks. It is said that it resembles a larger one in the British Museum. It was found frozen in the ice in the River Lena, in Siberia. There are other large animals there, under the Library, but none so great as this one. The people of San Francisco are very much interested in it. From your constant readers,

MAUD AND ETHEL (aged ten and twelve).

A GOOD SUGGESTION.

HERE is an excellent and timely suggestion from F. H. P., concerning a good after-use for Christmas-cards. Used in the manner described, these pretty cards would no doubt form a very decorative screen, and would, at the same time, retain their value as souvenirs, and be kept in sight through a great part of the year as reminders of the joyous Christmas time, and of the friends from whom they came:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As there probably are a great many boys and girls who would like to put their Christmas-cards to a permanent use, I give below a description of a fire-screen that I have just completed, which is very pretty:



DESCRIPTION:

Take two sticks, 5 ft. x 3 in. x 1½ in., three sticks, 3 ft. x 3 in. x 1 in.; make a frame like diagram, cover the frame with strong but light canvas, paste the cards on the canvas, taking care to arrange them in good taste, and your frame is complete. F. H. P.

THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—TWENTY-SECOND REPORT.

THE latest number on our register is 4460, showing a gain of 300 during the month of October. To me, the most surprising and gratifying thing about the growth of our "A. A."—for which, by the way, its members are coming to feel a strong affection—is the steadiness of its development. We should have anticipated that, upon the first proposition for such a Society two years ago, hundreds of letters would instantly have deluged our desk, and that thereafter few, if any, new drops would have fallen. Instead of that, the number at first was very small—discouragingly small; but each week continued to bring its quota of new recruits, and, during the whole time, volunteers have sent in their names with such regularity that our mail has rarely exceeded twenty letters per day, and rarely fallen short of six. We can now predict, with some confidence, that three new Chapters will be formed each week. The latest pleasant "turn" is the growing interest taken in our Association by teachers and superintendents of schools, who see in the "A. A." a practical and practicable solution of the question, "How can Natural History be Introduced into the Public School?"

The prospects of the Society were never so favorable, and with renewed thanks to the many friends who have given us valuable assistance in answering the questions of our four thousand little questioners, we hopefully begin 1883 with the addition of the following new Chapters:

No.	*Name.*	*Members.*	*Secretary's Address.*
366.	Webster Groves, Mo. (A)	39.	Mary E. Reavis, Box 113.
367.	Boston, Mass. (C)	6.	Annie Darling, 47 Concord Sq.
368.	Baltimore, Md. (D)	6.	Fannie Wyatt, 223 Md. Ave.
369.	St. Paul, Minn. (D)	6.	Fred. Spaulding, Box V.
370.	Georgetown, D. C. (C)	5.	M. A. McPherson, 1623 28th St., N. W.
371.	Granville, O. (A)	5.	Mabel S. Owen.
372.	Beverly, N. J. (A)	12.	Alice T. Carpenter, Box 88.
373.	Beverly, N. J. (B)	5	Wm. A. Ker.
374.	Brooklyn, N. Y. (D)	6.	Frank E. Cocks, 176 7th St.
375.	Little Rock, Ark. (B)	16.	R. H. Taylor, Room 6, Benj. Bl'k.
376.	Little Rock, Ark. (C)	40.	Clara E. Davis, cor. 20th and Center Sts.
377.	Washington, D. C. (F)	14	May Sypher, 1509 R. I. Ave.
378.	Ambler, Pa. (A)	26.	Jessie P. Smith, Upper Dublin P. O.
379.	Andover, Mass. (B)	5.	Albert J. Shaw.
380.	Cedar Rapids, Ia. (C)	10.	Eddie Boynton.
381.	Anderson, Ind. (A)	6	Frank Sharp.
382.	Brooklyn, N. Y. (F)	8.	Jeannie Van Ingen, 122 Remsen Street
383.	Chicago, Ill. (L)	6	Wm. B. Jansen, 1236 Wabash Ave.

REPORTS FROM MEMBERS, CHAPTERS, AND FRIENDS.

We have five hundred specimens in our cabinet.

ANNIE B. BOARDMAN, Sec., Augusta, Maine.

Shells from the Azores, agates from Lake Superior, for shells, cotton in the pod, or red coral.

ISABELLA KELLOGG, 56 Davenport St., Detroit, Mich.

I have collected this summer more than two hundred species of insects, besides several salamanders, snakes, and frogs.

W. B. OLNEY.

One evening, I accidentally looked through a pigeon's feather at a gas-flame, and saw the prismatic colors reflected in several smaller flames. In light colored or white feathers the flames were very plainly seen, but in dark or black feathers they were very dim.

MARY RIDGWAY.

Magnetic iron, barytes, iron pyrites, buhr-stone, for crystals, talc, tourmaline, fossils, calc-spar.

L. E. TUTTLE, 5 Kimberly Ave., New Haven, Conn.

HOW TO DESCRIBE AN INSECT

A. If a moth, note: 1st. The *form of the antennæ*, whether pectinated or simply hairy or spindle-shaped. 2d. The form and size of palpi and length of tongue. 3d. Wings: 1st pair, form, shape of costal, apex, outer edge veins. 2d pair same. 4th. Markings on wings. 5th. Feet, spurs.

B. If a caterpillar, note: 1st. Form of head, wider or narrower than segment next. 2d. Dorsal, subdorsal, and lateral stripes. 3d. Position of tubercles, warts, or spines, and spots. 4th. Spiracular

line. 5th. Supra-anal plate; its form and markings. 6th. Number of abdominal legs and form of last pair

These are the kind of questions that should be answered.

A. S. PACKARD, JR

[This kind note from Prof. Packard should be attentively considered by the entomologists of the "A. A" They will see that the color and markings of moths are by no means the chief characteristics to be noted.]

MADISON, WISCONSIN.

We have had two field-meetings: one of them on the shores of Lake Monona. This was in charge of Prof. E. A. Birge, who found for us fresh-water sponges. We found leeches, water-fleas, caterpillars, minnows, snails, and frogs. Then we all went into the woods, and on a stump he began to show us a water-flea and a little leech. We could see its heart beating and its blood circulating.

Very respectfully, ANDREW ALLEN.

But the best of all, and that for which I want sincerely to thank the "A. A." and its projector, is the result of the work in one particular case. As a teacher, you know how difficult it is to do just the best thing with a roguish, careless boy, smart, but caring little for study and with little or no will to work. Geology last year and chemistry this, prepared him for an elementary course in determinative mineralogy. This he has undertaken, under the guise of association work, and to this we largely attribute a most wonderful improvement in the boy. Spare moments are spent in the laboratory instead of in mischief; he has begged to return to Latin, which he had dropped, and bids fair to stand at or near the head of his class in that and other studies. Instead of lawless lounging at recess, he is quiet and gentlemanly.

A FRIEND.

GREENWICH, CONN., Nov 8, 1882.

One day, as I was taking a walk, I saw something traveling along, and looking more closely I saw it was an ant carrying a heavy load, which proved to be a worm. The worm was very large and the ant very small, so that it could hardly drag the worm. Pretty soon it dropped it and hurried away into a large hole. It came back pretty soon, and following it was a body of ants in a square about an inch wide and long. The first ant was yellow and the rest black. The yellow ant took them to the worm, and they quickly tore it to pieces and carried it to their hole. I am twelve years old.

BESSIE YOUNG.

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

One cabinet is full and we could fill another. We have 8 kinds of coral, 10 kinds of minerals, 141 kinds of shells, 7 nests, and an eagle's foot, 9 sea-urchins, 2 Aristotle's lanterns, 2 starfish, 35 petrifactions, 5 kinds of crystal, mica, salt from Salt Lake, teeth of a cow and shark, sea-beans, and a sand-dollar, and are soon to have a stuffed bittern on top of our cabinet. SIDNEY FARWELL, Chap. 139.

WESTTOWN, N. Y.

We have had only one meeting in six weeks, and why? Because those who are not willing to do anything for the good of the Chapter wont let us do anything. They talk and laugh boisterously, and that, too, about things altogether out of place. Don't you think the best thing to do is to break up the Chapter and then re-organize?

[It is not so easy to advise you from so great a distance, and having heard but one side. If you can not induce members to preserve order in your meetings by gentle means, you might try the effect of a fine of five or ten cents. If this fails, try suspension; if that wont do, resort to expulsion. If you who love order are in a minority, quietly withdraw from the Chapter and organize another.]

WARREN, MAINE, Nov. 14, 1882.

We have taken up geology, and have had discussions on "The formation of the earth," "Rocks," "Habits and uses of angle worms." There was a lively discussion on the theories of the interior of the earth, whether it is solid or liquid. Will some one tell us how to distinguish stratified from unstratified rock?

H. V. STARRETT.

BELPRE, OHIO.

We are all the time collecting and reading everything of interest.

FANNIE RATHBONE.

BEAUCLERC, FLA., Nov., 1882.

I have collected some very fine specimens of Indian pottery. [The "A. A." does not take note of other than natural objects.] I observed a mosquito fighting its shadow. It would jump up, and bite at it, and then rest awhile, and go at it again. [Please describe the operation of "biting" more fully!] In last ST. NICHOLAS, some one says mistletoe grows chiefly on apple trees. That is *wrong*. For here you can see it on any water oak, and often on the wild plum and prickly ash. F. C. SAWYER.

CHICAGO, Oct. 29th.

We have made an excursion to a place called Stony Island, and have brought back any quantity of iron pyrites, calcite, and a few orthoceras; also a kind of fossil shell like the common "scallop," only not having that "hinge." Our president, Graham Davis, 3044 Lake Park Ave., will exchange iron pyrites, copper ore, calcite, and fossils, for rare fossils.

North Brookfield, Mass. (Sec. H. A. Cooke), finds "a pool of water one of the best places for exploration," and wishes to know: 1. What is a "hair- snake"? and 2. What is a goby? Providence, R. I. (Sec. Miss M. W. Packard), means to learn as much as possible. Each member writes compositions on natural objects They have found the names of all their moths themselves, "without Papa telling us"; and all were acquainted with Prof. Agassiz at Penikese Island. [That is the kind of work the "A. A." delights in —*original observation of natural objects.*]

OXFORD, N. C., Sept. 24, 1882.

Can any of your young naturalists inform me what this strange, worm-like animal is? The inclosed drawing is just the size of the animal from which it was copied, though I have frequently seen them as long as eight inches. It is bluish-green, with orange-



colored head and tail. There are several jet black spots on its head and a black spot on each segment of the body, with an underlying white one. They fall from the hickory trees in our yard, and I have heard them strike the ground fifty yards away.

I corresponded with the Professor of Natural History in one of our universities concerning it, but he insisted that I was trying to palm off a snake story upon him, and would have nothing to do with it, thinking I was tampering with his credulity. If it is a larva, I am ignorant of the moth it forms. Very truly yours, J. W. HAYS, JR.

[The drawing reproduced above is a picture of the larva of the regal emperor moth (*Citheronia regalis*), figured in Harris, p. 401, also in the first volume of the *American Entomologist*. Dr. A. S. Packard, who takes a very kindly interest in the "A. A.," and to whom I referred this question, writes that this caterpillar is very rare in New England, but that he found a small one in Maine this summer on the pitch-pine.]

Geneva, N. Y. (Sec. Miss N. A. Wilson), *challenges* the "A. A." to show a larger hornet's nest than one which graces its cabinet. Length, from crown to tip, twenty-six inches; circumference, forty-one and one-half inches. "The children are very anxious to know if there is a larger one." Mr. Fred. F. Richardson writes: "Please tell Mr. Hammond, Sec. 224, that his caterpillar is one of the basket-carriers or sack-bearers, described in Harris, pp. 413–18. Prof. Riley also tells of them in the first of his Missouri reports, and in No. 138 of the *Supplement to the Scientific American*, Mr. W. H. Gibson gives a very interesting account of these curious insects, which he calls a 'fatherless and motherless race.'" The Sec. of Denver, Col., is Mr. Ernest L. (not M.) Roberts. St. Louis (Sec. C. F. Haanel, 1131 N. 20) wishes to exchange minerals, fossils, and coral. One or two Chapters write of raffles, of which we totally disapprove, and which are quite opposed to the spirit of a true naturalist. Miss Jeannie Cowgill, Spearfish, Black Hills, Dakota Ty., will exchange ores, iron pyrites, velvet rock, and petrifactions, for sea-shells, crabs, and sea-weed. Henry L. Mitchell, 115 W. Thirteenth, N. Y. City, will exchange minerals for eggs. Georgetown, D. C. (F. P. Stockbridge), will exchange petrified wood for insects. E. H. Schram finds "on the oak an insect, one-quarter-inch long, slate, with rows of small black dots; some winged, some not. The insects covered the branch for about a yard, and appeared to be depositing eggs. The eggs are cylindrical, one-eighth inch long, brown, shiny, and covered with a sticky substance. The insect is a prey to a little gray worm, with head tapering to a point, which it thrusts into the body of the insect and sucks it dry. Please give us any information." [The insects are probably *Aphides*, and the "little gray worms" the larvæ of certain flies — perhaps of the genus *Coccinella* or *Syrphus*. Any more definite information will be welcome.] Flint, Mich., A. (Sec. Miss Hattie A. Lovell), is having very interesting meetings. "Even Harry, who is only eight, brings in reports, and tells them like a sage. When I asked him where he had learned so much about spiders, he said: 'Oh! Hatt, there are lots of spiders' webs between the leaves, on the way to pasture.'" [No copying unintelligible words from an encyclopedia for *that* boy's reports!]

Right glad are we to hear again from Mr. Daniel E. Moran:

"I am just back from a trip to the North Woods — a wilderness of spruce, hemlock, beech, and birch, with an occasional pine towering up into the air. My trip was partly on business, but as I carried my gun on my shoulder for eight days, tramping through the woods, now following an old 'trail' by half obliterated blazes, now running solely by the needle, scrambling through the underbrush, or following the deer trails, you can imagine I managed to sandwich in a good deal of fun.

"I shot my first deer — the only one I saw; I heard a bear crashing through the brush, and as for tracks and traces, they were everywhere.

"Birds were scarce in the deep woods. A ruffed grouse now and then thundered up ahead, making my fingers ache to fire. The red-eyed vireo was, perhaps, the most common song-bird. I did not see a single robin, but heard two: one, as we were floating for deer, made such a racket in the woods that I do not doubt some owl was committing a bloody deed of murder.

"I shot a young pileated woodpecker (*Hylotomus pileatus*), a bird new to me and found only in deep forests. Shot, also, an olive-backed thrush; but there is just now such confusion and contention about this and allied forms, that I feel very doubtful what it is. I could not keep either skin, but kept the skull and bill of the woodpecker."

In closing this paper, I will make a suggestion with reference to Reports from Chapters. Those Chapters please us best which do not merely say, "We are doing well — we have so many specimens. We have gained three members. Yours truly": nor yet those others, happily few, which send us weary sheets, copied or remembered from previous reading; but those which, after a concise statement of their progress, proceed to tell something of interest which their eyes have seen and their hands handled. They tell us what methods of work they find most profitable. They ask intelligent questions. You will find their reports in ST. NICHOLAS.

In sending reports, kindly write requests for exchange on a separate slip of paper, marked "Exchange," and in giving your address, add always the *number* and *letter* of your Chapter. The geode question has proved too difficult, and as Agassiz, whose name we bear, used to find his highest delight in tracing in Nature the hand of a Heavenly Father, I propose for our next subject, "Evidences of Design in Nature."

Let each Chapter have competitive papers written on this subject. From these, let each President and Secretary, as a committee, select the one which, in their judgment, is best, and send it to me. A good microscope in a case shall be sent to the Chapter which furnishes the best paper, and the paper, with writer's name, shall be printed in ST. NICHOLAS. This Chapter will then be considered the "Banner Chapter" of the "A. A." until the next competition. Every paper must be strictly original, and not exceed six hundred words.

All communications regarding the "A. A.," including all reports heretofore sent to W. P. Ballard or M. J. Taylor, must be addressed to

HARLAN H. BALLARD,
Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

RIDDLE.

ARABI BEY, the wily rebel,
Tried hard to win his fell designs;
But brave Sir Garnet stopped him shortly,
And thus the rebel fain resigns.

Come, bright young friends, I 've given a word
Sir Garnet Wolseley well might name;
If read first backward, then read forward,
It forms a motto none will blame. F. J. M.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of sixty-two letters, and am a quotation from Shakespeare's play of Henry IV.

My 24–51–5–32 is part of a sword. My 40–12–27–36–18–8 is a bird similar to the thrush. My 46–59–25–62–14 is aroused. My 43–29–50–33 is an ornament for the lower part of a wall. My 13 1–54 7 is to desire. My 17–55–37–31–58–22 is a clergyman. My 34–60–26–16 is part of the foot. My 56–6–19–23 is a fleet animal. My 35–49–45–4 is to take the rind from. My 47–38–41–28–20 is to examine closely. My 3–42–10–61–48 is watchful. My 9–21–57 is suitable. My 11–39–15–30 is twisted toward one side. My 44–53–52–9 is a float. CARRIE E. ANDREWS.

CHARADE.

Do you visit my *first* to-night?
Then awhile at my *second* tarry;
That no thought may oppress
In regard to your dress,
And my *whole* please remember to carry.

M. C. D.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

WHEN the following transpositions have been rightly made, place the words one below another in the order here given, and the diagonals (beginning at the first letter of the first word, and ending with the first letter of the last word) will spell what every one is pleased to receive. Each word contains four letters.

1. Transpose gone, and make a small lizard. 2. Transpose an aquatic fowl, and make to lease. 3. Transpose small tumors, and make information. 4. Transpose a city in the State of New York, and make one of the party which opposed the Whigs. 5. Transpose part of a boat, and make a vegetable. 6. Transpose a tropical tree, and make a contrivance for illuminating. 7. Transpose a very small opening, and make a heavy cord. 8. Transpose prosecuted by legal process, and make utilized. 9. Transpose epochs, and make a learned man. 10. Transpose bad, and make the third son of Jacob and Leah. 11. Transpose adapts, and make to separate by a sieve. 12. Transpose labels, and make a hart. 13. Transpose certain trees, and make to drench. S. F.

DIAGONALS.

. .
. .
. .
. .

THE diagonals, beginning from the top, spell the name of a famous writer.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Always. 2. Part of a prayer. 3. A vegetable growth. 4. At hand. 5. Repose. 6. A military building. 7. A refuge for songsters. HIGHWOOD.

FRACTIONS.

TAKE two-fifths of the letters in one of the New England States; one-ninth of a State in which a great river rises; two-elevenths of a State bearing the same name as a river; one-sixth of a mountainous New England State; one-ninth of a State bordering on Lake Superior; and one-seventh of a State that was admitted into the Union in 1819. The letters represented by these fractions, when rightly selected and arranged, spell a name in which all the readers of ST. NICHOLAS are interested. B. L. T.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My firsts are in just, but not in right;
My seconds in dark, but not in light;
My thirds are in Naples, but not in Rome;
My fourths are in country, but not in home;
My fifths are in rapid, but not in fleet;
My sixths are in corn, but not in wheat;
My sevenths in young, but not in old;
My wholes, they come when the air is cold;
For a month is my first; my second the boys
Enjoy with much merriment, frolic, and noise.

DYCH

PICTORIAL PUZZLE.



How many people are represented in this picture? A. B.

DOUBLE DIAMOND IN A RHOMBOID.

. .
. . .
. . . .
. . .
. .

RHOMBOID. ACROSS: 1. A woman who is bereaved of a husband. 2. One of a wandering tribe. 3. Having a tide. 4. The higher of the two kinds of male voices. 5. Heavy vapor.

DOWNWARD: 1. In winter. 2. Two-thirds of a tavern. 3. A very small spot. 4. To leave out. 5. Walks through water. 6. A depression caused by a blow. 7. A kind of deer. 8. Two-thirds of a troublesome rodent. 9. One thousand.

INCLUDED DOUBLE DIAMOND. ACROSS: 1. In swords. 2. Enraged 3. Having a tide. 4. A number. 5. In swords.

DOWNWARD: 1. In debtor. 2. Three-fourths of a minute object. 3. Walks through water. 4 A cave. 5. In debtor. H. H. D.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE primals name a day of amusement; the finals, a gift.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A fibrous plant whose bark is used for cordage. 2. An eloquent public speaker. 3. A narrow way or passage. 4. A bird highly venerated by the ancient Egyptians. 5. A sluggard. 6. A mechanic. 7. A sea-going vessel used only for pleasure trips.

"ALCIBIADES."

STAR PUZZLE.

1

5 . 2

4 3

I. FROM 1 to 3, to foment; from 2 to 4, is inanimate; from 3 to 5, to twist out of shape; from 4 to 1, a dull color; from 5 to 2, a name by which the leopard is sometimes called; from 1 to 4, a minstrel; from 2 to 5, a French word meaning cloth.

II. From 1 to 3, walked; from 2 to 4, rended; from 3 to 5, portrayed; from 4 to 1, tidy; from 5 to 2, something often seen on a boy's hand. C. A. M.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLES IN THE HEAD-PIECE. Some colors for Christmas: 1. Olive. 2. Yellow. 3. Blue 4. Gray. 5 Crimson 6. Pink. 7. Cobalt. 8 Brown. 9. Orange. 10. White. 11. Green. 12. Purple. A Greeting: By taking the first letter of the first line, the first letter of the second line, the second letter of the first line, the second letter of the second line, and so on to the end, the following sentence is formed: "To all our young puzzlers we extend a hearty Christmas greeting.

Your friend, ST. NICHOLAS."

EASY NUMERICAL ENIGMA Don't speak ill of the year till it is over.

GREEK CROSS: I. 1 Grant 2 Rigor 3 Agone 4. Nones. 5. Tress. II. 1 Trent 2 Ruder. 3. Educe. 4. Necks. 5 Tress. III. 1 Tress. 2. Ratio. 3 Ethel. 4 Siege. 5 Solecism. IV. 1. Solec 2 Ovule 3 Lucia. 4 Elias. 5. Cease. V 1 Solec. Opera. 3. Lemon. 4. Erode 5 Canes.

DOUBLE CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Third line, Christmas time: fourth line, Saint Nicholas. —— CROSS-WORDS: 1. ToCSin. 2. InHAle. 3. DeRIde. 4. SpINet. 5. CaSTor. 6. CaTNip. 7. ReMIss. 8. TrACed. 9. DiSHes. 10. BaTOn. 11. CoILed. 12. DeMAnd. 13. CrESts

DIAMOND: 1. P. 2 RAg 3. RoGue. 4. PagEant. 5. GuArd. 6. ENd. 7. T.

HOUR-GLASS. Centrals, Christmas Cross-words: 1. TrenChers. 2. EtcHing. 3. HaRpy. 4. SIn 5. S. 6 ATe. 7. LeMon. 8. BreAthe. 9. TranSform.

TWO WORD SQUARES: I. 1. Arabi. 2. Rates. 3. Atoll. 4. Belle. 5. Islet. II. 1. Pacha. 2. Atlas. 3. Clash. 4. Haste. 5. Ashen.

PICTORIAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

A Christmas frolic oft will cheer
A poor man's heart through half the year.

THE NAMES of those who send solutions are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 20, from R. T. Losee — Bertha L. Townsend — Lizzie C. Fowler — John Pyne — Genie J. Callmeyer — Harry W. Chandler, Jr., and Dexter S. Crosby, Jr. — Lizzie M. Thacher — Helen F Turner — "Lode Star" — Partners — C. Bruell Sellers — Jeanie Minot Rowell — Anna and Alice — Effie K. Talboys — Wilbur V. Knapp — Marna and Bae — Vin and Henry — Harry L Reed — Professor and Co.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 20, from John Flohr, 1 — "Cæsar," 4 — Frank Knapp, 1 — C. W. Dobler, 2 — Will N. and Geo. F. Dudley, 1 — Etta M. Taylor, 3 — Laura Lilienthal, 2 — W. N. S Hoffman, 2 — Florence Pauline Jones, 2 — Charley A. Walton, 4 — A. M. Nicholas, 1 — Sallie Seaman, 2 — S. M., 7 — Gertrude Lansing and Julia Wallace, 7 — Mamie E. Dyer, 1 — Dorothy Leigh, 2 — B. C. R., 7 — Sarah, 2 — V. P. J S. M. C., 6 — Warren, 5 — Sidney Vankeuren, 2 — Clara L Northway, 6 — John K. Miles, 7 — L. M W. P., 1 — Jennie M. McClain, 1 — Harry S. Noble, 1 — Eric Doolittle, 2 — John Cameron, 1 — Marion Wing, 4 — "Aspasia," 2 — Carrie J. Work, 1 — Daisy Vail, 4 — Lewis E. Carr, Jr., 1 — Mary McMath and Biddie Bunkam, 1 — Jack Lawrence, 2 — Burt McConn, 3 — Gracie and Fannie, 2 — Minnie Ingelow Harrison, 5 — Flore Baker, 4 — "The Triplets," 1 — "Alcibiades," 7 — M. W. T., 2 — J Webb Parker, 2 — Edward F Caldwell, 1 — George V Curtin, 7 — Sunflower, 1 — Arabella Ward, 5 — Mamie Baker, 1 — Charlotte Breakey, 1 — "Woodpeckers," 4 — Jos. A Maggini, 1 — "Aunt Hopkins," 4 — "Jersey Lilies," 3 — William F. Haines, Jr., 1 — Edward Dana Sabine, 5 — "North Star," 2 — Emilie and Rosa, 5 — T. S. Palmer, 4 — Kittie Knowland, 5 — Sydney, 1 — Alice Maud Kyte, 7 — Edward Goodrich, 7 — D. B. Shumway, 7 — Clara and her Aunt, 7 — Bertha M. Trask, 4 — Myrick Rheem, 5 — R P. C., 7 — Philip Embury, Jr., 4 — Julius W. Hansen, 1 — Grif, 2 — Bessie W. Walcott, 1 — Maggie Tolderlund, 2 — Mary W Nall, 4 — Amateur, 7 — Maud Pretty, 3 — Florence G Lane, 3 — Nicoll Ludlow, Jr., 7 — Clara J. Child, 7 — Immo, 4 — Nellie Caldwell, 6 — Alice D Close, 6 — Ellie and Ella, 3 — Minnie Woodbury, 4 — C. A Smallwood, 7 — Mae B. Creighton, 5.



[See "The Story of the Field of the Cloth of Gold."—Page 255.]

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. X. FEBRUARY, 1883. NO. 4.

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A QUEER VALENTINE.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

IT did n't seem as if anybody in the world would be less likely to receive a valentine than Mrs. Bridget O'Flanigan. It was no wonder that she laughed when 'Nezer asked her if she expected to have one —laughed until her chair threatened to give way under her, and her stand shook so that the apples and oranges began to roll off, and the pea-nuts and chestnuts hopped almost out of their baskets; for Mrs. Bridget O'Flanigan's laughter had the effect of a small earthquake.

"Is it til the loikes av me that annybody would be afther sindin' a foine bit av paper, wid flowers on it and shmall little b'ys widout a stitch til their backs barrin' wings? Sure, is it a swateheart ye think I have, an' me a dacent widdy tin years agin May? Go 'long wid ye now, ye spalpeen!"

And the "widdy" was again overcome by mirth at the thought, and 'Nezer had to go to work again at picking up the apples and oranges. 'Nezer was sitting at what Ben Mudgett called the "leeward side" of Mrs. O'Flanigan's apple-stand, eating a turnover and drinking a cup of hot coffee.

A thrifty and hard-working woman was Mrs. O'Flanigan, with a trading-bump equal to any Yankee's; but for all that she tolerated some unprofitable customers. "If it was n't for the softhairtedness in her she 'd be rowllin' in gowld be this time," her neighbors said.

It was in vain for her to try to harden her heart against a cold and hungry child, who looked wistfully at her tempting stores; and it was very often indeed that an orange or a stick of striped candy found its way into a penniless little pocket.

But she had to restrain her generous impulses to a considerable extent, or her stand would have become so popular, not only among the children who had no pennies, but among those who wanted to try the extraordinary and delightful experiment of getting their candy and keeping their pennies, that the customers who filled the money-box would have been crowded off. Now she had learned from long experience to attend to her unprofitable customers slyly, exacting from them promises of secrecy.

'Nezer was one of the unprofitable customers. He was thin and hungry-looking, and Mrs. O'Flanigan had invited him to breakfast at her stand whenever he was in town.

In the autumn he came into the city from Scrambleton about once a week, with Ben Mudgett. Ben worked on a large farm, and brought wagon-loads of vegetables and poultry and butter and eggs to market. 'Nezer was an orphan from the poor-house. He had been "bound out" to the Widow Scrimpings, who did n't live on a farm, but who raised poultry and sent it, with a few eggs and some very small pats of butter, to market.

She tried to raise the poultry on the same principles by which she was raising 'Nezer — very short commons and very hard work; but the chickens and geese and turkeys were all so lean and tough that 'Nezer could get for them only about half as much as Ben Mudgett got for his nice plump ones, and they would n't lay half as many eggs as Ben's did. And the Widow Scrimpings thought 'Nezer was to blame. In fact, she thought 'Nezer was to blame for almost everything.

She blamed him because he had a very good appetite, and because he grew fast. And he always had to go hungry, and his legs were almost a quarter of a yard longer than his trousers, and his sleeves came only a little ways below his elbows, and he had to wear the Widow Scrimpings's uncle Plunkett's old hats, and Uncle Plunkett was the biggest man in Scrambleton, and 'Nezer had hard work to keep the hats from completely extinguishing his head. The rest of him grew and grew, but it did seem to 'Nezer as if his head would never grow to fit Uncle Plunkett's hats.

Almost the only good times 'Nezer had were when he went to market with Ben Mudgett, and those good times came very seldom now that it was winter. Ben had saved a few barrels of apples and squashes, to sell when prices were higher than they were in autumn, and he had a few fat chickens and turkeys that had survived the Thanksgiving and Christmas feasting, and the Widow Scrimpings was glad of an opportunity to send 'Nezer along with a few meager fowls that looked as if they must have died of starvation, some eggs that she had saved with care until prices were as high as they were ever likely to be, and some cranberries half spoiled by being kept too long.

It was very cold weather, now, and he had been obliged to set off at four o'clock in the morning, without any breakfast, but there were snug and warm places in Ben's big wagon in which to stow one's self away, and Ben could spin yarns and sing songs that would make you forget all about being cold or hungry or sleepy. Such a big voice as Ben had! He waked all the sleepy farm-houses as they went along. Ben always had his breakfast before he started, and he did n't know that 'Nezer did n't have his; he would have been sure to have brought a lunch with him if he had; but 'Nezer was not the kind of boy to complain. So it happened that 'Nezer, being very faint with hunger, had cast wistful glances at Mrs. O'Flanigan's apple-stand, and that worthy woman, after trying in vain to harden her heart according to the advice of her friends and neighbors, raised her fat and somewhat grimy forefinger and slyly beckoned to him. And every time he came to town after that, 'Nezer found awaiting him a snug seat behind the stand, in the shelter of Mrs. O'Flanigan's capacious person, a doughnut or a turnover, and a cup of hot coffee.

Mrs. O'Flanigan and 'Nezer had become great friends. He had been so little used to kindness in his life that a little seemed a great deal to him, and he thought Mrs. O'Flanigan was like an angel. He was always trying to devise a plan for making some return for her kindness, but beyond doing an errand for her occasionally there seemed to be no way. Now he had been looking admiringly at the valentines with which the shop windows were filled, and he wanted dreadfully to send her a valentine. He had fifteen cents which a man had given him for holding his horse, and he meditated the bold plan of buying a valentine for Mrs. O'Flanigan with it, instead of giving it to the Widow Scrimpings. But when he delicately sounded Mrs. O'Flanigan on the subject of valentines, he received the discouraging response recorded at the beginning of this story. Mrs. O'Flanigan laughed to scorn the idea of her receiving a valentine.

"Sure it 's the purty young girls that has valentines, an' not the loikes av me, ye gossoon!" said she. "An' is it Micky O'Rourke, the pea-nut man around the corner — and a chatin' ould rashkil he is, bad 'cess til him! — is it him that ye think would be afther sindin' me a valentine? Or is it me first cousin, Barty Macfarland, the ould widdy man that comes ivery wake askin' the loan av a quarther? Och, an' it 's the foine swatehearts I has! It 's foolicht enough they are, but not that foolicht to be sindin' bit pictures til the loikes av me! If it was a foine, fat young goose for me dinner-pot, now, or a good shawl wid rid stripes intil it, thim would be valentines that ud suit me, jist!"

'Nezer heaved a deep sigh. That kind of a valentine was altogether beyond his reach.

If she only would have liked one of those at which he had been looking, which could be bought for fifteen cents. There was one that had a red-and-gold heart upon it, two doves and two clasped hands, and some verses, beginning:

> "Your eyes are bright, your heart is light;
> You are my darling dear!"

'Nezer thought it was beautiful, and he could not see why it was not very appropriate indeed for Mrs. O'Flanigan. But it was evident that it would not suit her taste at all. He must try to think of something else. "You 'd orter have the very nicest valentine in the world!" he said, gazing at her affectionately, with his mouth full of mince turnover.

"Listen til the blarneyin' tongue av him! Be aff wid ye, now, ye rashkil, and pit thim in your pocket agin ye be hongry go'n' home!"

And Mrs. O'Flanigan thrust two doughnuts into his pocket, and sent him off with a playful push.

'Nezer was silent and sad all the way home. It was queer, but the fact was that he was sad for the first half of the way because he could n't think of anything to send Mrs. O'Flanigan for a valentine, and he was sad the last half because he had thought of something!

It was what she said about a "foine fat goose for her dinner-pot" that made him think of it.

There are very few people so poor that they have n't some one possession that is very precious

to them. 'Nezer, although he was bound out to the Widow Scrimpings, had one, and it was a goose!

Not a "fine, fat young goose," but a lean, old, lame goose, but still, for a dinner-pot, better than no goose at all, and for a valentine — well, 'Nezer had a vague idea that if he should send the most precious thing he had that would be just what a valentine ought to be. It would show his real feeling for Mrs. O'Flanigan.

But he had another feeling that complicated matters, and made him very unhappy. He was so fond of Peg-leg that he could n't bear the thought of her being put into a dinner-pot.

You may think it strange that anybody should be fond of a goose, but 'Nezer was a very affectionate boy, and he had never had much in his life to be fond of. Nobody had ever petted him, and he had never had anything to pet. And so, though Peg-leg was n't, even for a goose, very amiable or interesting, 'Nezer had set his affections upon her.

In appearance she was a most unprepossessing goose. She was not only so lame that she could scarcely waddle, but her neck and head were almost bare of feathers, and she had but one good eye. And she had a queer little drooping and ragged bunch of tail-feathers, that gave her a dejected look. But without the misfortunes that had given her her ungainly appearance she would never have been 'Nezer's goose.

At a very tender age she had fallen into the clutches of a big dog, and been so badly treated that the Widow Scrimpings gave her up as dead, and ordered 'Nezer to give her to the cat. But 'Nezer discovered that the breath of life was still in her, and by careful and tender nursing he had brought her up to comparatively vigorous goosehood. But he had built a little house for her on Ben's farm, and took care to keep her there, and the Widow Scrimpings never knew that her cat had not made a meal off her.

At first, 'Nezer had fed her with food saved from his own scanty meals, and with corn and meal that Ben gave him occasionally, but for a long time now she had supported herself by laying eggs.

I am sorry to say that she had never seemed to return 'Nezer's affection.

She was a very cross goose; she ran her long neck out, and hissed fiercely at everybody; and she hissed only a little less fiercely at 'Nezer than at other people. She always came when he called her, but Ben insisted that it was because he almost always gave her something to eat. 'Nezer thought, however, that it was a proof of affection for him. Ben did n't appreciate her. It was he who had named her Peg-leg.

'Nezer did n't mention to Ben his intention of sending Peg-leg as a valentine to Mrs. O'Flanigan. Ben would be sure to approve of it heartily, and urge him to do it, and he was not quite ready to decide upon the matter yet.

But as St. Valentine's Day drew near, and no stroke of good fortune had come to him to enable him to buy "a shawl wid rid stripes," which was the only other valentine that Mrs. O'Flanigan regarded as desirable, 'Nezer came to the decision that Peg-leg must be sacrificed.

He made only one concession to his feelings — he would not mention the dinner-pot, and it was just possible that Mrs. O'Flanigan might think Peg-leg too attractive to be boiled and eaten. There was also a chance that she might think her too lean and scraggy, as she was fond of good eating.

Moreover, she might guess from whom the valentine came, as he had told her about Peg-leg, and refrain from boiling her for the sake of the giver.

So it was not without some hope of again beholding Peg-leg in life that 'Nezer boxed her up and sent her, by express, to Mrs. O'Flanigan; the expressman, who was a friend of Ben's, charging but half price, and promising to take the best possible care of her.

In the box with Peg-leg 'Nezer put a card, upon which he had written the verse which he had seen upon the valentine that he especially admired:

> "Your eyes are bright, your heart is light;
> You are my darling dear!"

He was afraid she might not understand that Peg-leg was a valentine if there were no verse.

On the outside of the box he wrote: "Take care! it bites."

That made it seem very unlike a valentine, but it was absolutely necessary for Mrs. O'Flanigan's protection, for Peg-leg's disposition would not be improved by six hours' confinement in a box.

It was a little past noon on the 14th of February when the expressman set down before Mrs. O'Flanigan's astonished eyes the box with its warning sign, "Take care! it bites."

"Take care! 'Dade, thin, an' I will. Ye can take it back wid ye, whativer it do be!" she screamed after the expressman, who was already a long ways down the street, and did not manifest the slightest intention of turning back.

"What murtherin' rashkil is afther sindin' me a crathur that bites? An' mesilf a dacint, paceable widdy woman, that nivir did no harum till annybody! Sure an' it do be a livin' crathur, for I hears him a-movin' an' a-rustlin' loike!" And Mrs. O'Flanigan stood at a respectful distance, and gazed with fascinated curiosity at the box.

There were small holes at each side of the box, — 'Nezer had taken care that Peg-leg should be able

to breathe,—and Mrs. O'Flanigan felt a keen desire to peep through these, but she dared not.

"Sure, it might be a crocydile, or a shnake wid rattles til him, ef it don't be annything worse!" And as a very queer noise proceeded from the box, Mrs. O'Flanigan stood still farther off, and crossed herself devoutly.

"The loikes av it! It might be the ould Imp himsilf!" said she. But just at that moment a loud and angry squawk came from the box.

A look of relief, and gradually a broad grin, overspread the face of Mrs. O'Flanigan.

"Ayther that do be the v'ice av a goose, or it 's dramin' I am, intoirely!" she exclaimed. And in a twinkling she pulled off a portion of the top of the box. Peg-leg's long neck was thrust out with a frightful hissing and snapping.

"Och, the oogly crathur, wid but a handful av feathers til her! Sure, it 's not a right goose she is at all, at all!"

By this time a crowd had collected around Mrs. O'Flanigan's stand. Trade had been dull to-day; the children had spent all their pennies for valentines, and the stand had been almost deserted. But Peg-leg was more attractive than even valentines. The crowd increased until it threatened to blockade the street.

Mrs. O'Flanigan was very much annoyed. She prided herself upon keeping her "bit place qui't and respictable." She stood waving her apron wildly, and "shooing" the people off, as if they were so many chickens. "Kape off, will yees, now, or the murtherin' baste will bite yees! Sure, an' has n't a dacint widdy woman a right to kape a goose if she plazes?—bad 'cess til the rashkil that sint him til me! But, sure, it 's not long I 'll be wringin' the oogly neck av him, if ye kape off an' give me the chance!"

The crowd cheered Mrs. O'Flanigan's speech, but showed no signs of dispersing.

Peg-leg kept people at a respectful distance by hissing fiercely and snapping her bill, and now and then uttering a loud and angry squawk; but Mrs. O'Flanigan, with the courage of despair, was about to seize her and wring her neck, when she caught sight of the card. She took it out and looked at it, upside down and all around.

But Mrs. O'Flanigan's education had been neglected. She could not read writing, and the card threw no light upon the goose. She beckoned from the crowd a small boy, who was one of her regular customers, and could be trusted, and requested him to tell her what was written on the card.

As he read the word "valentine," and the tender lines that followed, light burst upon Mrs. O'Flanigan's mind. "It 's that b'y 'Nezer! An' sure it 's a kind hairt he has, though—the saints be good til me!—it 's the quarest valentine iver I seen! And now, whativer will I do wid it at all, at all, for he towld me how fond he was av it, an' the hairt av him wud be broke intoirely if I kilt it! An' me not havin' the laste accommydashins for a goose!"

A man with a good-natured face, looking like a sailor, stood near and listened to Mrs. O'Flanigan's lamentation. "If you want to get rid of it, I 'll take care of it for you," said he. "I have just bought me a little place, five miles from the city, and I am going to keep poultry."

"Sure, it 's an angel ye are to mintion it, but it 's a b'y that thinks the wurruld av it is afther sindin' it til me, an' I 'm not loikin' to pairt wid it, though sure I 'm not seein' how I can kape it, be the same token!"

"Where is the boy?" asked the sailor.

"Sure, it 's away off to Scrambleton he lives, wid a lone widdy, that stingy that she picks the bones av him. A sight to bring tears to your eyes, he is, wid the hatchet face av him, and his legs doon beyant his trousis loike two sticks, jist!"

"Scrambleton?" said the man. "I used to have a sister who lived in Scrambleton. But I 've been away for years, sailing all around the world, and she is dead, like everybody else that belonged to me—she and her husband, and the child, I suppose, for I can't hear anything of it. You don't happen to know this boy's name, do you?"

"I don't, sir. It 's 'Nezer he says they calls him, but sure that 's no name for a Christian!"

"Ebenezer, perhaps," said the man. "That 's my name. Perhaps I 'll go out to Scrambleton—I might hear something about my sister there. And I 'll go to see this boy, and tell him what 's become of his goose—that is, if you let me take it."

"Sein' it 's only kapin' it ye 'll be, in a friendly way, perhaps I 'd betther lave it go," said Mrs. O'Flanigan. "For it 's kilt wid it I 'll be, if I kapes it, sure. But if ye see 'Nezer ye 'll be afther tellin' him that I thinks the wurruld av me valentine, but be rayson av havin' no accommydashins I 'm afther lindin' it for a bit, its dispersition not bein' that raysonable it wud be continted in a box!"

The man nailed the cover of the box once more over Peg-leg and her hissing, and carried her off. Mrs. O'Flanigan heaved a sigh of relief as she saw her valentine disappearing in the distance and the crowd dispersing.

But as the days went by and no tidings came of either man or goose, Mrs. O'Flanigan began to feel a pang at the sight of a hungry-looking boy, fearing he might prove to be 'Nezer, and dreading to tell 'Nezer what had become of the goose.

But when, about two weeks after St. Valentine's Day, 'Nezer did appear, she had to take two or three good long looks at him before she recognized

him. For his legs were no longer "down beyant his trousis." He had on a brand-new suit from top to toe, and his cheeks were almost fat! He held his head up, and his eyes were bright, and he did not look like the same boy. And the man who had carried off the goose was with him!

"He is my nephew, my only sister's son," said the man to Mrs. O'Flanigan. "And if I had n't stopped to see the goose, and you had n't told me his name was 'Nezer, and he lived in Scrambleton, I should, perhaps, never have found him, for I thought he was dead. And I 've got him away from the Widow Scrimpings, and as I have a snug bit of property, and nobody but him belonging to me, we 're pretty comfortable together."

'Nezer's face fully confirmed his uncle's story.

"And I'm hoping to make some return to you for your kindness to my nephew," said 'Nezer's uncle. And 'Nezer could with great difficulty refrain from telling her of the plans they had formed for supplying her next summer with the finest fruits from their garden.

But Mrs. O'Flanigan protested that the "bit and the sup" she had given him would make her "niver a bit the poorer"; and he was "that da-cint and perlite" that it more than paid her, to say nothing of the "foine valentine" he had sent her.

"Peg-leg has lots more feathers growing out on her!" said 'Nezer, proudly.

"It 's a foine fowl she do be, annyhow!" said Mrs. O'Flanigan, politely.

"And I think her temper is improving," said 'Nezer's uncle.

"She have but the laste bit in life av a timper," said Mrs. O'Flanigan; "and sure what would anny av us be widout it?" By which you will see that Mrs. O'Flanigan understood fashionable manners, if she was only an apple-woman.



WHEN MAMMA WAS A LITTLE GIRL.

IN THE LAND OF CLOUDS.

By Joaquin Miller.



ASCENDING MOUNT HOOD.—ABOVE THE CLOUDS. [SEE PAGE 250.]

Mount Hood stands about sixty miles from the great Pacific, as the crow flies, and about two hundred miles up the Columbia River, as it is navigated. The Columbia is tranquil here—mild and calm and dreamy as Lake Como. But twenty miles higher, past the awful overhanging snow-peak that looks as if it might blow over on us as we sail up under it, the grand old river is all torrent and foam and fearful cataract.

Mount Hood stands utterly alone. And yet he is not at all alone. He is only a brother, a bigger and taller brother, of a well-raised family of seven snow-peaks.

At any season of the year, you can stand on almost any little eminence within two hundred miles of Mount Hood and count seven snow-cones, clad in eternal winter, piercing the clouds. There is no scene so sublime as this in all the world.

The mountains of Europe are only hills in comparison. Although some of them are quite as high as those of Oregon and Washington Territory, yet they lie far inland, and are so set on the top of other hills that they lose much of their majesty. Those of Oregon start up sudden and solitary, and almost out of the sea, as it were. So that while they are really not much higher than the mountain peaks of the Alps, they seem to be about twice as high. And being all in the form of pyramids or cones, they are much more imposing and beautiful than those of either Asia or Europe.

But that which adds most of all to the beauty and sublimity of the mountain scenery of Mount Hood and his environs is the marvelous cloud effects that encompass him.

In the first place, you must understand that all this region here is one dense black mass of matchless and magnificent forests. From the water's edge up to the snow-line clamber and cling the dark green fir, pine, cedar, tamarack, yew, and juniper. Some of the pines are heavy with great cones as long as your arms; some of the yew trees are scarlet with berries; and now and then you see a burly juniper bending under a load of blue and bitter fruit. And nearly all of these trees are mantled in garments of moss. This moss trails and swings lazily in the wind, and sometimes droops to the length of a hundred feet.

In these great dark forests is a dense undergrowth of vine-maple, hazel, mountain ash, marsh ash, willow, and brier bushes. Tangled in with all this is the rank and ever-present and imperishable fern. This fern, which is the terror of the Oregon farmer, stands so rank and so thick on the ground in the forests that oftentimes you can not see two yards

before you, and your feet can hardly touch the ground. Through this jungle, with the great dark trees towering hundreds of feet above, prowl the black bear, the panther, the catamount, and the California lion.

Up and through and over all this darkness of forests, drift and drag and lazily creep the most weird and wonderful clouds in all this world. They move in great caravans. They seem literally to be alive. They rise with the morning sun, like the countless millions of snow-white geese, swans, and other water-fowl that frequent the rivers of Oregon, and slowly ascend the mountain sides, dragging themselves through and over the tops of the trees, heading straight for the sea, or hovering about the mountain peaks, as if they were mighty white-winged birds, weary of flight and wanting to rest.

They are white as snow, these clouds of Oregon, fleecy, and rarely, if ever, still; constantly moving in contrast with the black forests, these clouds are strangely, sadly sympathetic to one who worships nature.

Of course, in the rainy season, which is nearly half the year here, these cloud effects are absent. At such times the whole land is one vast rain-cloud, dark and dreary and full of thunder.

To see a snow-peak in all its sublimity, you must see it above the clouds. It is not necessary that you should climb the peak to do this, but ascend some neighboring hill and have the white clouds creep up or down the valley, through and over the black forest, between you and the snowy summit that pricks the blue home of stars. What color! Movement! Miraculous life!

A few months ago, I met a party of English travelers who were completing the circuit of the world by way of San Francisco. I was on my way to Oregon, and this party decided to sail up the coast with me, and, if possible, ascend Mount Hood.

The party consisted of a gentleman and his wife, his wife's sister and brother, besides their little child of about ten years, a pale little cripple on crutches. The journey around the world had been undertaken, I was told, in the hope of restoring her to health. So she was humored in every way, and everything possible done to please and amuse her.

We sailed pleasantly up the barren, rocky, and mountainous coast of Oregon for two days, and all the way we watched the long, moving lines of white clouds clinging about the mountain tops, creeping through the mountain passes in long, unbroken lines, or hovering wearily around some snowy summit; and the English travelers counted it all strangely beautiful.

Not a sail in sight all these two days. And the waters of this, the vastest of all seas, as still and as blue as the blue skies above us.

Whales kept spouting about us, and dolphins tumbled like circus men before us; and the pale little cripple, sitting on the deck on a soft chair made of shreds of cane or rattan by the cunning Chinamen, seemed very happy. She had a lap-dog, of which she was amazingly fond. The dog, however, did not seem so fond of her. He was a very active fellow, full of battle, and much preferred to lying in her lap the more active amusement of running and barking at the sailors and passengers.



"FLUTTER! FLAP! SNAP! PHEW! AWAY WENT THE FLAGS!"
[SEE PAGE 251.]

After some ugly bumps on the sand-bars at the mouth of the Columbia,—a place strewn with

skeletons of ships,—we at length entered this noble river. It is nearly ten miles wide here, and many little islands, covered with tangled woods from water's edge to summit, dot the wide and tranquil harbor.

Half a day's hard steaming up the river, with here and there a little village nestling in the dense wood on the water's edge at the base of the mighty mountains on either side, and we were in Portland and preparing to ascend Mount Hood.

It seems incredible, but, unlike all other mountains of importance, this one has no regular guides. We had to hunt up and make an entire outfit of our own.

Of course the little cripple was left behind, with her nurse and dog, when we five gayly mounted and rode down to the ferry to cross the Willamette River, which lies at the edge of the town and between our hotel and Mount Hood.

As the boat pushed off, the little cripple's frolicsome dog, Vixey, leaped in with us from the shore, barking and bounding with delight, to think he was to escape being nursed and was to make one of the expedition.

We rode hard through the tangled woods, with rank ferns and brier bushes and thimbleberry bushes in our faces. We climbed up almost entirely unfrequented roads and trails for half a day. Then we dismounted by a dark, treacherous, sandy stream, and lunched.

Mounting again, we pushed on in single file, following our guides as fast as we could up steep banks, over stones and fallen logs, and through almost impenetrable tangles of fern and vine-maple. There were three guides. One, an Indian, kept far ahead on foot, blazing out the way with a tomahawk, and shouting back and yelling to the other guides till he made the solemn forest ring.

The two ladies kept the saddle and clung to the horses' manes. But the men often dismounted and led their tired horses by the bridle.

The yelping dog had gone astray a dozen times, chasing squirrels, deer, and even birds, and I heartily hoped he would get lost entirely, for I abhor poodles. But the parents of the little cripple, when he would get lost, would not go on without him. So this kept us back, and we did not reach the snow-line till dusk.

The guides had shot a deer, two grouse, and many gray squirrels; so that, when we had made a roaring fire of pine-knots, and had fed and rubbed down our worn-out horses, we sat there in the light of our great fire by the snow border, and feasted famously. For oh, we were hungry!

Then we laid down. But it seemed to me we were hardly well asleep before the guides were again boiling coffee, and shouting to each other about the work of the new day. How tired we all were still! All but that dog. That noisy and nervous little poodle seemed to be as eager as the guides to get us up and on before the sun had softened the snow.

In the gray dawn, after a solid breakfast, each with a pike in hand and hob-nailed shoes on the feet, we were in line, lifting our faces in the sharp, frosty air for the summit of Mount Hood.

The snow was full of holes. Now and then a man would sink to his waist. We strangers would laugh at this. But observing that the guides took such mishaps seriously, we inquired the reason. When they told us that some of these holes were bottomless, we too became serious, and took hold of the long rope which they carried, and never let go. The ladies brought up the rear, and, like all English ladies, endured the fatigue wonderfully. That tireless little dog yelped and bounded, now in the face of this man, now in the face of that, and seemed by his omnipresence to belong to flank and rear and van.

Before noon we came to a great crack, or chasm, or cleft, in the mountain side, for which the guides could give no reason. Their only idea of it appeared to be one of terror—their only object to escape it. They all fastened the rope to their belts, so that, in the event of one falling in, the others could draw him back.

As we advanced we found the mountain precipitous, but in no wise perilous, if we except these treacherous cracks and holes referred to.

Now and then we would lean on our pikes and turn our heads to the world below. Beautiful! Beautiful! Rivers of silver! Cities, like birds' nests, dotted down in the wilderness beneath. But no one spoke, when speaking could be avoided. The air was so rare that we were all the time out of breath.

As we neared the summit, one of the guides fell down, bleeding at the mouth and senseless. One of the gentlemen forced some brandy down his throat, when he sat up and feebly beckoned us to go on.

Ten minutes more of hard climbing, and five Saxons stuck their pikes in the summit and stood there together, five or six feet higher than the highest mountain in all that mountainous region of North America.

The wind blew hard, and the little woolly dog lay down and curled up in a knot, for fear lest he should be blown away. He did not bark or take any kind of delight now. The fact is, he did not like it at all, and was pretty badly frightened. It is safe to say that he was quietly making up his mind that, if he ever got back to that little basket with its blue ribbons about the borders and the

cozy little bed inside, he would be willing to take a nap and stay with the lonesome little cripple.

The ladies' lips and noses were blue with the cold, and their hair was making all kinds of banners and streamers in the biting wind. The guides seemed dull and indifferent to everything. They lay flat down a few feet from the summit, pointing out the highest place to us, and took no interest in anything further, not even in their companion, whom we could see doubled up a little way below on the steep side of the snow.

We men moved on down over the summit on the Columbia side a few yards, in the hope of getting a glimpse of the great river which we knew rolled almost under us. But the whole world seemed to be one mass of clouds on that side; and we hastened back to the ladies, resolved to now descend as soon as possible.

One of the ladies, meantime, had gone down to the guides and got a little bundle, consisting of a British and an American flag and a Bible, with all our names in it. And the two were now trying to fasten the flags on a small iron pipe. But the wind, which had been getting stronger every minute since we came, was now so furious that we felt it was perilous to keep the ladies longer on the summit. So one of our party started with them down the mountain, while we other two took charge of the tokens of our achievement, which we hoped to leave here to tell others who might come that we had been before them.

Flutter! flutter! flap! snap! phew! Away went the British and American flags together. And before we knew it, the Bible, now lying on the snow, blew open and started after them. The gallant Briton at my side threw out his long leg and tried to stop its flight with his foot. But it bounded over the snow like a rabbit, and was gone.

The little dog lying there on his breast was terribly tempted to start after it, and if he had, there would have been no further interest in this sketch. But he seemed to have lots of sense, and lay perfectly still till the last one of us started down the mountain. Then he bounded up and on down after us, and his joy seemed without limit.

As we hastily descended, we found the stricken guide already on his feet and ready to lead in the descent. The ladies, too, had thawed out a little, and did not look so blue.

We began to talk too, now, and to congratulate ourselves and each other on the success of our enterprise. We were in splendid spirits, and the matchless scenery before us filled us with exultation.

The guides, however, cautioned us at every step as we neared the holes, and all held stoutly on to the rope. The little dog leaped ahead over the hard snow, and seemed the happiest of all the happy party. He advanced down the mountain backward. That is, he would somehow leap downward tail first, looking all the time in our faces — looking up with his red mouth open, and his white, fat little body bounding like a rubber ball over the snow. Suddenly the head guide cried out in terror. The dog had disappeared!

We all looked at each other, horror on every face. We were on the edge of a fissure, and the dog had been swallowed up. Whose turn next?

The wind did not blow here, for we had descended very fast and were now not far from the timber line. We had all driven our pikes hard in the snow and fallen on our knees, so as to be more certain of our hold, and were silent as the dead. Hark!

Away down, deep in the chasm, almost under us somewhere, we heard the poor dog calling for help. After a while, one of the guides answered him. The dog called back, so far off, so pitiful! This was repeated two or three times. But as the little brute seemed swallowed up forever, and as we lay there shivering on the brink and could not help him out, we obeyed the first law of nature, and cautiously crept back and around the ugly gorge. Soon we were once more safe with our horses, and drinking coffee by the warm fire as before.

We reached the city without further accident. But the very first thing the little cripple did on our return was to lift her pale face from her crutch and eagerly inquire for her dog. No one could answer. The parents exchanged glances. Then, for the first time, as the child still entreated for her pet, they seemed to realize their loss. They refused to tell her what had become of the dog at first. But, little by little, as we sat at dinner together, she got the whole truth. Then she left the table, crying as though her heart would break.

There was no dinner that day for any of us, after that. The father had strong, fresh horses brought, and on the next day we men, with the guides, set out to find the dog. At the last moment, as we mounted and were riding away, the child brought her little dog's basket, with its blue ribbons and its soft bed. For, as we assured her the dog would be found, she said he would be cold and sleepy, and so we should take his bed along.

On the first day we came to the chasm in the snow from the lower side. But had the dog not been drowned? Had he not perished from cold and hunger? We had brought a sort of trap — in fact, it was a large kind of rat-trap. This we baited with a piece of roasted meat on the trigger. Would not the hungry little fellow enter the trap, tug at the bait, throw the trap, get caught, and

so be drawn up to the light, if still alive? We all heartily hoped so, at least.

Some of the shelving snow broke off and fell as we let the rope slide down with the trap. Then for the first time we heard the little rascal yelp.

I never saw a man so delighted as was that usually stolid and impassive Englishman. He could not stand still, but, handing the rope to his friend, he danced about, and shouted, and whistled, and sang to the dog away down there in his dark, ugly pit.

The dog answered back feebly. It was evident he was not in the best of spirits. Perhaps he was too feeble to even enter the trap. Anyway, he did not enter it.

We drew it up time and again, but no sign of the dog. The stout Englishman prepared himself to descend the pit. But when the guide explained the danger of the whole side shelving off, and imperiling the lives of others, as well as his own life, that last hope was abandoned.

The father of the little cripple, after all was packed up and ready for the return, picked up the basket with the blue ribbons and soft bed inside. He looked at it sadly. Tears were in his eyes. Should he take the basket back? The sight of it would only make the little cripple more sad. I could read all this in his face as he stood there irresolute, with the basket in his hand and tears streaming down his face. He at length made a motion as if to throw the little basket, with its blue ribbons and soft bed inside, down into the pit with the dog.

"No, we will let him have his little bed to die in in good shape. Here, fasten this on a rope, and lower it down there where you last heard him cry," said the kind-hearted Englishman.

In a few moments one of the guides had unloosened a rope which he had packed up to take back; and the basket was soon being lowered into the dark pit, over the hanging wall of snow.

The dog began to whimper, to whine, then to bark as he had not barked that day.

As the basket struck the bottom it was caught as a fish-line is caught, and the rope almost jerked out of the hands of the guide.

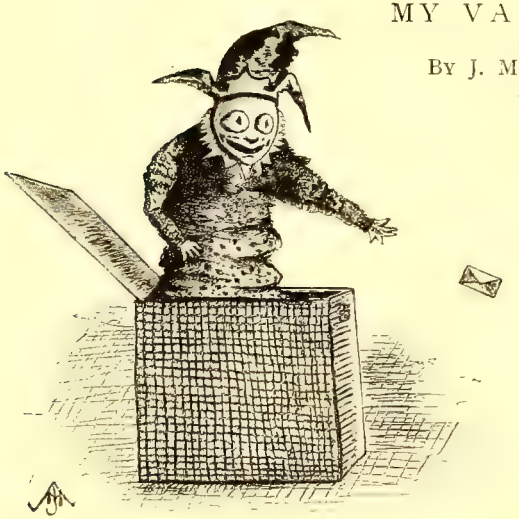
The father of the little cripple clutched the rope from the guide, and drew it up hand over hand as fast as possible. Then the bright black eyes of the dog danced and laughed at him as he jerked the basket up over the treacherous wall of snow.

The poor shivering little fellow would not leave the basket. There he lay all the time as we hurried on down and mounted horse. The happy Englishman carried it back to the city on his arm. And he carried it carefully, too, as if it had been a basket of eggs and he on his way to market.

And the little girl? Well, now, it was worth all the work and bother we had to see her happy face as she came hobbling out on her crutch to take the little basket, with its blue border and the dog curled up in his bed inside.

MY VALENTINE.

BY J. M. ANDERSON.



HER eyes are just as blue a hue
As ever painter's palette knew;
Why, look! She 's pretty as a picture-book!
Her hair,—oh yes, her hair, her hair,
Is gold as any anywhere;
Her lips eclipse the rose; I think
She 's sweeter than a pink!

And though she only stares and wears
The most aristocratic airs,
I guess it 's owing to her style of dress!
For I am but a Jickey-Jack,
With tons of trouble on my back,
And she, ah me! is grand and tall!
She 's Alice's best doll!

THE STORY OF THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD.

By E. S. Brooks.

III.

HOW MARGERY CAREW GOT HER GLITTERING CHAIN.

"And as I thrust the presse among,
By froward chaynce mine hoode was gone,
Yet for alle that I stayde not long
Til! to the Kynge's lysts I was come,"—

trolled out Sommers, the King's jester, adapting one of Master Lydgate's ballads to suit the case, as, with Rauf and Roger, the archer, he pressed through the crowd of guards, retainers, and sight-seers on a visit to the field set apart for the tournament. Great preparation had been made for this occasion. The lists were pitched on English ground, on a fairly level ridge midway between the two camps. Rauf had already received some schooling in jousting, and had even "run at the tilt" in a mild way with Parker, the armorer at Verney Hall. He found, therefore, much to interest him in the progress of the work which was to make this trial of strength,—almost the last of the tourneys,—the magnificent pageant that so well became the lavish and chivalric princes under whose orders it was arranged.

"*Forasmuch as God has given the cherished treasure of peace to France and England*,"—so ran the "*Ordonnance de Tourney*,"—"*to prevent idleness and sedition, sixteen gentlemen of name and blood—eight French and eight English—for the honor of God and the love of their ladies, intend to maintain these articles*"—and then follow the elaborate rules of the combat.

"Why this fosse, Master Sommers?" asked Rauf, as the three crossed a drawbridge and passed within the field. "Surely none here would force the lists."

"Why, then, except to keep back those who most desire to see," replied the jester. "Are you so young in state-craft, good page, that you have not yet learned that whoso wishes the loaf gets the crust, and that he who works the hardest and waits the most patiently to see a triumph, can only view it across a ditch or through a rampart of halberds?"

Nine hundred feet in length and three hundred and twenty feet across, on ground well and properly prepared, stretched the great lists. The field was an open space, after the English fashion, and not a counter or double list, as were many French tilts. Around the inclosure ranged high galleries, hung with choicest tapestries, for the privileged spectators, and to the right, in the place of honor, were glazed chambers, bright with colored hangings and cloth of gold, for the two Queens. At the foot of the lists Rauf stopped in wonder before a mass of gold and color, grouped under a great triumphal arch of velvet and damask and cloth of gold.

"What can this be?" he asked in amazement.

"This," said the jester, learned in all heraldic matters, "is the forest of fallacy, the vegetation of rank—and rank enough has it oft proved, when planted by unkingly kings, or fostered by unknightly knights. This, young Master Inexperience, is the knightly 'perron'—the 'tree of nobility.'"

"Oh, yes, yes—I know it now," broke in Rauf. "'T is the tree on which will hang the shields of challengers and answerers."

"Softly, softly, Sir Page," said the jester; "crowd not so rudely on this tree of name and blood. See, here twine the royal branches, high above those of baser birth; here is the hawthorn of our King's highness of England, there the raspberry of him of France."

And a curious combination indeed was this "tree of nobility," covering a space of near one hundred and thirty feet—its trunk a mass of cloth of gold, its foliage of green silk, its flowers and fruit of silver and Venetian gold, while the mock earth in which it was imbedded was a great mound of green damask.

Late on that Saturday afternoon came the rival trumpet peals, and there streamed into the lists the royal challengers, and their attendant trains of heralds and pursuivants and guards, to attach the kingly shields to the hawthorn and the raspberry in challenge to the field. With much excess of courteous language, but with much dispute nevertheless as to which shield should have the higher position, now France's herald and now England's argued and contested. "But finally," says the chronicle, "the King of England caused the French King's arms to be placed on the right, and his own on the left equally high," and so the momentous question was settled.

On the next morning, a fair Sunday of the early June, as Rauf and Margery knelt at mass in the gorgeous chapel attached to the English palace, were they at all different from our boys and girls

of this more practical age if their thoughts left the stately service, and wandered, awed and wondering, in accompaniment to their eyes around that marvelously magnificent apartment? For this royal chapel was the great Cardinal's peculiar pride. To fitly decorate it he had sent over sea "the best hangings, travers, jewels, images, altars, cloths, etc., that the King has." Thirty-five priests, in robes of cloth of gold, powdered with rich red roses and strewn with gold and jewels, assisted by many singing boys and acolytes, conducted the services, while everywhere the glitter of gold and jewels, the flash of costliest hangings and rarest decorations more than regally adorned this royal chapel of a king.

And now Margery's share in the festivities began, for there came that fair Sunday afternoon, "gloriously appareled" and brilliantly attended, the courtly King Francis to dine with the Queen of England.

"And oh, Rauf," reported the excited little dame, "he knelt beautifully on the ground, bonnet in hand, and saluted the Queen and her ladies. Yes!— and he even kissed poor little me, and called me a 'fayre damoyselle,' sir, and praised my bloom and color, and wished he could transplant so sweet an English flower to the gardens of good Queen Claude!"

"All of which you believed, I suppose. Oh, Margery, Margery! take the advisement of one who has mingled much with kings, and——"

"Have done, have done, Master Impudence," cried Margery, "and tell us what you saw at Arde."

And then our young sight-seers tried to outvie each other in tales of what they had seen, for Rauf had attended King Henry on his visit to the French Queen at Arde. He told of Queen Claude's diamond-sprinkled robes; of the great golden dinner services, of the feast, and of the wonderful side-dishes, which were leopards, and salamanders, and other beasts bearing the French arms; of the entrance of Mountjoy, the French herald, with his great golden goblet, and his cry of "Largess to the most high, mighty, and excellent Henry, King of England; largess, largess!" and of the room where they went after the feast, "adorned with tapestry of cloth of gold, and carpeted with crimson velvet." All of which Margery capped with equally wonderful tales of English ceremony and French courtliness. And so they supped full of wonders.

The next morning Rauf was up betimes, eager and anxious for the hour to arrive that should open the tournament.

"Give you good day, Master Rauf," said a cheery voice, and looking over against the great statue of the English archer which, with bended bow, fronted the castled entrance, Rauf saw his old friend Roger, the archer of the guard. "A fair and rare day for the tilts, if but this wind will down."

"And will it not die off, think you, Roger?" asked Rauf, anxiously.

The archer eyed the flying scud of clouds rather dubiously.

> "Blaw the wind never so fast,
> It will lower at last,"

he said, repeating an old English couplet, "which is about all the comfort I can give you, Master Rauf; so we must e'en make the best of it. But they say the King's highnesses will both run at the tilt to-day. Heard you aught of this, Master Rauf?"

"Ay," said Rauf, proud to be able to disclose state secrets, "'t is even so; as challengers both, they hold the lists against all comers. And whom, think you, will run the course most valiantly, good Roger?"

The archer pointed to the significant legend that streamed from the more gigantic archer above him—"He whom I back, wins." "Could I make that legend sure," he said, "I know full well who would come off victor; but

> 'Where all are well mounted and matched.
> None knoweth whose pate will be patched.'"

"'T will be a rare sight though, will it not?" said Rauf.

"Ay, and a brave one, too," said the archer, "though I may not see all the sport. Twelve fellows of our guard, with twelve of the French King's archers, guard the entrance to the lists."

Dinner over, Rauf's and Margery's restless longings changed to active realization, as, with banners fluttering and music "sounding most melodiously," on chargers gorgeously trapped, in litters or in chariots covered with cloths of gold and silver, and emblazoned with the royal arms, the King and Queen of England passed, with a gallant company, out of the palace gates and on to the waiting lists. Soon after came the French retinue, "equally glorious"; the galleries quickly filled with a great company of richly dressed lords and ladies from both the camps, while all the hills around were black with the crowds that had flocked from all quarters to the great spectacle. Rauf and Margery both sat in Queen Katherine's gallery, absorbed in watching the glittering trains of knights passing and repassing in the lists beneath them, or in picking out from the throng the great personages with whose faces they were familiar.

"That is the Constable of Bourbon, Margery—

greatest in France next the King," said Rauf. "And who is that with him? 'T is one of our English knights, but his face is turned away from us."

"*Auctor pretiosa facit*,"* read Margery, spelling out the legend that was blazoned on the shield of the unknown.

"Why sure, then, 't is the Duke of Buckingham," said Rauf, learned in the knight's emblazonments; "and see, now, as he turns his face this way, it is the Duke indeed." And then they both looked with admiration at these two knights as they passed: both princes of the blood, both young, chivalrous, haughty, and brave; both destined soon to be adjudged traitors to the kings in whose trains they now glittered; both soon to die—the one by the headsman's ax on Tower Hill, by the command of Henry of England; the other, while gallantly scaling the walls of Rome in open revolt against Francis of France.

"And that, Margery, is madame, the Queen Mother of France," said Rauf, pointing to a royal lady who, in a diamond-circled robe of black velvet, leaned over the gallery-front to return the courteous salutations of the lords of Buckingham and Bourbon. Margery looked with awe at this great lady, Louise of Savoy, whose wish was law to her son, the King of France; the royal lady to whom, years after, the captive King was to send that famous message from the bloody fight of Pavia—the field of his defeat: "Madam, there is nothing in this world left to me but my honor and my life."

Many other notable persons did the children study, in youthful criticism or admiration. Queen Katherine's plain but not unlovely Spanish face, "not handsome, but very beautiful in complexion," as wrote the cautious Venetian embassador, lighted up with something of a smile as she talked with the young Queen Claude of France, the daughter of the stately house of Valois. Near the Queens, too, stood the gay-faced and sprightly maid of sixteen, the Lady Anne Boleyn, before many years to be raised to the dangerous and, to her, fatal eminence of Queen of England.

And while in broken French, or through interpreters, the ladies in the galleries courteously talked together, down in the lists was the bustle and excitement of preparation. Soon the trumpets sounded, and the heralds proclaimed the tournament opened. With volt and demivolt, with charge and thrust, with clash of swords and splintering of lances, the royal challengers, Henry of England and Francis of France, with their supporters, held the lists in friendly combat against the bravest knights of England and of France. For twelve days, save when the wind, as Roger the archer feared, blew too boisterously for the lances to be couched, the jousts continued, intermingled with other sports, and feats of strength or skill. In all such contests as they bore a part the Kings of France and England, so says the royal chronicler, "did marvels; breaking spears eagerly, and well acting their challenge of jousts." Between the times of tourney came other frolics, lavish in display and royal in profusion. Wrestling matches and archery contests, dancing, and music, and song, "maskalynes and mummeries,"† at either camp, helped on these joy-filled days. How greatly Rauf and Margery delighted in all this pleasure and pageantry, let any boy or girl of to-day who passes two blissful hours at some great show, some "gigantic aggregation of wonders," determine; let them consider how much enjoyment is crowded into *their* two hours of spectacle, and then think, calmly if they can, of two weeks of such excitement and display!

Into the lists one bright afternoon thronged the "venans" or "comers," to run a tilt with the "tenans" or "holders." Riding down the field to the "tree of nobility," each knight rang his lance upon the black-and-gray shield, thus signifying his readiness to joust with the challengers. One English knight, more aspiring than the rest,—Sir Richard Jerningham, knight of the King's chamber,—reaching to the top of the "perron," struck with his lance's tip the white-and-silver shield of the King of France. Then "holders" and "comers" rode the one general course of lance to lance, and, this shock over, they fell back while the single champions rode before the barriers.

"For whom fight you, Sir Richard Jerningham, good knight and true?" demanded Mont St. Michel, the herald of France.

"For the honor of God, the glory of England, and the love of the little lady, Mistress Anne Boleyn—our rose of England blooming at the court of France," and the gallant Sir Richard bent to his saddle-bow in salute to the fair young maiden whom he thus championed.

"And for whom fight you, Francis, King of France?" demanded the English herald, garter king-at-arms.

And the kingly knight, not to be outdone in courtesy to the bright young girlhood of England, glanced toward Queen Katherine's gallery, and made instant answer:

"For the honor of God, the glory of France, and the love of the sweet little Mistress Margery Carew—the tenderest blossom in the train of our sister of England."

Margery's beaming face, which had been stretched eagerly forward in the excitement of seeing and listening, flushed furiously as she drew

* "The giver makes the gift more precious." † Much the same as the masquerades and theatricals of to-day.

back in sudden confusion, while the "Oh!" of surprise broke from her parted lips. Then she looked quickly to the lists again, as the shouts of the heralds:

"St. George for England!"

"St. Denis for France!"

rang out and the trumpets sounded the charge.

With visors closed and lances fully couched the knights spurred across the field, but, just as they approached the shock, Sir Richard's horse stumbled slightly and threw his rider's lance out of aim. With knightly courtesy King Francis broke his own couch, raised his lance upright, and then, with friendly salutations, both knights passed each other without closing. Turning in the course once more, they galloped across the lists, and with equal speed and with steady aim, "full tilt" they spurred to the shock. Tang, tang! the lances struck and splintered fairly. Sir Richard's stroke met the guard of King Francis's silver shield, while the lance of the King rang full against Sir Richard's pass-guard or shoulder-front. But, though Sir Richard struck "like a sturdy and skillful cavalier," the shock of his antagonist was even more effective. For, as the record states, "the French King on his part ran valiantly." Sir Richard's horse fell back with the shock, his rider reeled in the saddle, and, so says the chronicle, "Jerningham was nearly unhorsed." The broken lance-shafts were dropped from the hands of the knights, and the heralds declared Francis, King of France, victor in the tilt.

An hour later, Sir Richard came to Queen Katherine's gallery, King Francis accompanying him. Then, in accordance with the rules of the tourney, Sir Richard, as the knight "who was worsted in the combat," with due courtesy and a deep salute, presented to the blushing Margery a beautiful chain of gold, large and glittering, as "the token to the lady in whose service the victor fights," and King Francis, smiling, said:

"And I, too, must claim my guerdon from this lady mine. Will the fair Margery be our guest at Arde to-night?"

Margery looked to Lady Gray, who said:

"With pleasure, if so it please your Highness."

"And here shall be your trusty squire, our old friend,—and yours, too, I'll wager,—Master Rauf Bulney," and the King placed his hand pleasantly on the boy's shoulder.

So to the French camp at Arde went Rauf and Margery, and there they were feasted "right royally"; and that night, too, as they were preparing for a "maskalyne," there came up a fierce gale of wind, and the great central pole of the royal pavilion swayed and shivered, bent and broke before the blast; and the mass of painted canvas and cloth of gold, of gilded ornaments and quaint devices, together with the great statue of St. Michael, came down to the ground in a mighty and utter wreck. And the King rejoiced greatly over the safety of all his train, but mostly over his little English guests, who, with the Lady Anne Boleyn, had luckily escaped all harm.

(To be continued.)



CHIVALRIE.

BY WILBUR LARREMORE.

WHAT, little Mabel! reading old romance?
Come here, and leave that dusty chimney-nook,
And do put by that antiquated book,—
I'll show you all you've read at one swift glance.
The sunlight gilds earth's carpet of soft snow,
Behold without The Field of Cloth of Gold!
The trees are knights so valiant, tall, and bold,
Steel-clad in icicle-mail from top to toe;
And see the evergreens upon the lawn—
Fair ladies who will never lose their charms;
Soon will the wind sound loud the battle-horn—
There 'll be a tournament with clash of arms!

THE TINKHAM BROTHERS' TIDE-MILL.*

By J. T. Trowbridge.

Chapter XI.

REASON VERSUS CROW-BARS.

Rush and his bean-pole had startled the Argonauts into paying very respectful attention to what the oldest brother had to say.

"We 're peaceable folks here," said Mart, "or at least we try to be. It 's Sunday, and we don't want a row. But, my friend," addressing Buzrow, "if you must be swinging that piece of iron, I 'd rather you would n't swing it in the direction of our dam."

Buzrow held the bar, looking rather foolishly from the array of Tinkham boys to his own companions, while Mart proceeded:

"Whoever fancies we are going to stand quietly by and see our property destroyed has very erroneous ideas of human nature. It may as well be understood first as last that we can't have that."

As Buzrow had desisted from belligerent action, he seemed to think it necessary to make some defiant remark instead.

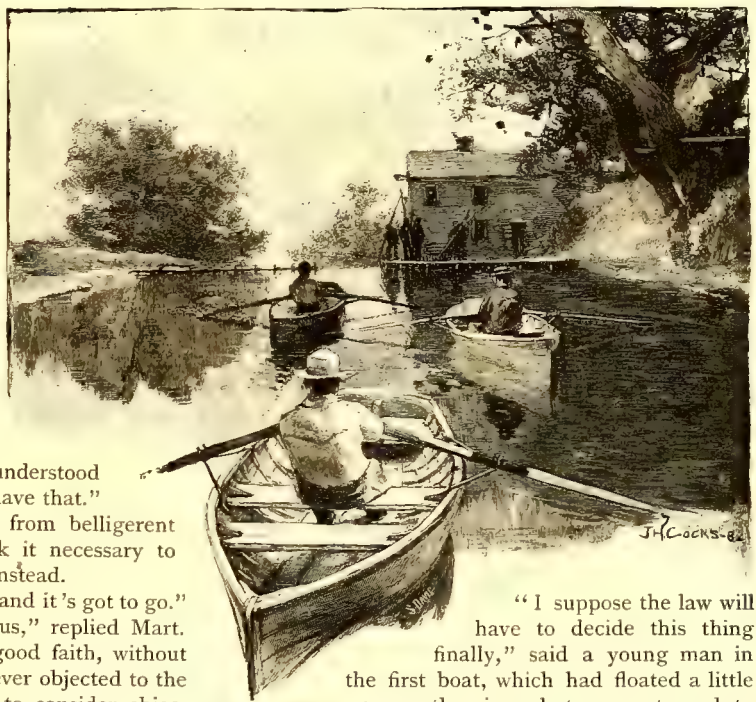
"The dam is a nuisance, and it 's got to go."

"It is n't a nuisance to us," replied Mart. "We bought the mill in good faith, without knowing that anybody had ever objected to the dam. Now we are willing to consider objections in a liberal spirit; and we ask you, on your part, to consider our position, our honest intentions in coming here, and our wish to do the fair and square thing by everybody."

"It 's easy to talk," replied Buzrow, who had, however, laid down his bar. "Dushee could do that. But we 've had enough of it. All is, our boats must n't be hindered by this dam."

"The flash-boards are out. You have a free passage. And we 'll take 'em out for you any time when they happen to be in. What more do you want? Whatever your rights may be," Mart continued, "you 're not going just the right way to work to secure them. When you come up here in your boat, and find an opening in the dam ten feet wide to let you through, and, instead of taking advantage of it, turn out of your course and stop to batter down the dam, any man with half a teacupful of brains could tell you that you 're laying yourself liable to a prosecution."

"You can prosecute," muttered Buzrow. "The law aint all on your side, you 'll find out. Other folks have taken counsel on this subject."



HIS BOAT LED THE WAY UP THE RIVER.

"I suppose the law will have to decide this thing finally," said a young man in the first boat, which had floated a little way up the river, but now returned to the scene of the encounter. "Come along, boys! Don't do anything more."

"I don't intend to do anything more to-day," said Buzrow, glad of an excuse to withdraw from an undertaking which was becoming formidable. "I 've done all I set out to. But," he added, shaking his fist at the dam,—a fist, by the way, which looked as if it might be a good copy of the one that had knocked down a cow,—"before another Sunday, that will all be ripped out! Jest you remember that!"

Mart gave no heed to this menace, but said calmly, addressing the young man in the first boat, who appeared to be a person of influence:

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"You will always find the flash-boards up on Sunday—a day on which I should think any disturbance of this kind might be avoided by decent people."

"I don't belong to the decent sort, I suppose," said Buzrow, in a coarse, jeering way.

"For the rest," Mart went on, still addressing the young man and ignoring Buzrow, "come to us on a week day, as one man should go to another when there 's a conflict of interest between them, and we 'll meet you more than half-way in making any necessary arrangements to accommodate both parties."

"That 's fair," said the young man, who seemed to have entered unwillingly into the controversy, and to find it very disagreeable. He had good manners and a fine face, from which no conduct that was not handsome and honorable could well be expected. "I 'm as sorry as you can be that there 's any trouble about the dam; but I 'm afraid it has gone so far now that the law will have to settle it."

"Very well; the law let it be," said Mart. "It 's a miserable weapon for people of sense and right intentions to resort to; but it 's better than crow-bars and bean-poles."

"I am sorry our fellows have disturbed you to-day," said the young man, appearing himself very much disturbed.

"I am sure you are," said Mart, cordially. "Whether you could have prevented them in the first place, I wont inquire."

"Perhaps I might," the young man admitted, "but I did n't. The truth is, we all feel that we have a natural right to go up and down the river in our boats, whether the law allows you to dam it or not. We were greatly annoyed by Dushee's shabby treatment of us last year, and you must n't be surprised at any violence of feeling in opposition to the dam."

"I see how the matter stands," replied Mart. "You may be sure that, if we had had any suspicion of it before we came here, we never should have come. But now that we are here, does n't it seem as if well-meaning fellows, such as you seem to be, and as my brothers and I certainly are,—does n't it seem as if we might settle our differences without lawyers or crow-bars?"

"It does seem so," the young man replied. "Our club meets to-morrow evening, and I shall then lay the subject before them and report what you propose."

"I hope you will not only report it," said Mart, "but advocate it, as I am sure you can. A word in season from the right person may save a world of trouble, to your side as well as ours."

"That 's a fact," said the young man, his brow clearing of its cloud. "I 'll do my best, but I can't promise that will be much."

His boat then led the way up the river, followed by the two others, Buzrow still muttering vengeance against the dam as his boat passed through.

"Who is that young fellow in the farther boat—the one I talked with?" Mart then inquired of Dick Dushee, who had come down to the Dempford side of the river to see the fun.

"That," said Dick, who was evidently disappointed that the two parties had separated without affording him more sport,—"that 's Lew Bartland. He 's commodore of the club."

"I like him!" said Mart, turning to his brothers. "If we 've got the Commodore on our side—and I believe we have—we are all right."

CHAPTER XII.

THE COMMODORE'S COURTESY.

AGAIN, the next morning, the Tinkham boys went about their business as if there had been no cloud of trouble in their sky. The two oldest set to work on the dolls' carriages, for which the spring weather was sure to bring a brisk demand. The two youngest were happy with their new garden tools and a quart of peas Mart had given them to plant. Rush had also a pleasant task, well suited to his hands. To him was assigned the making of the rocket-sticks and pin-wheels for Cole & Company's fire-works. The stuff had been brought by express, and enough got ready so that he could set the jig-saw running early in the forenoon.

Soon after, two young girls drove into the yard, in a handsome top-buggy, and looked about them with lively curiosity, as the sleek and well-groomed horse fell into a slow walk along the graveled path.

"I wonder if I had better leave it at the door," said one, who held the slack reins.

"My, Syl Bartland!" said the other; "what do you want to leave it there for? Only women folks are in the house, and I want to see some of the boys."

"There are two at work over there in the corner of the garden," said Syl. "We might call one of them, and give it to him. Would you, Mollie?"

"Those little fellows! No, indeed!" cried Mollie. "I want to see the big ones the boys told about. There are six or eight of them in all, they say, and it must have been splendid when one of them was going to knock Milt Buzrow on the head with a bean-pole!"

"I almost wish he had," said Syl. "I hate that great, coarse Buzrow."

"So do I. But they 've no business to keep a

dam here for all that. Do you remember? Kate Medway and I came up in our boat last summer, and when we were going back we could n't pass the dam, and that miserable old Dushee kept us an hour before he would come and pull up his flash-boards. It was awfully mean!"

Mollie lowered her voice as she spoke the last words, for the horse had turned up to the mill and stopped.

"They are in there at work," Syl Bartland whispered, with a mischievous laugh. "Now, if you really want to see them, you can take it in to them."

"What are you talking about?" giggled the other. "I am not going into that old mill, where there are half a dozen young men I never saw before!"

"But you said you wanted to see them. I never saw such a girl as you are, Mollie Kent! Well, hold the horse, and I 'll beard the lions in their den."

The weather was warm, and Rush, in his shirt-sleeves, with a paper cap on his head, looking very workman-like, was running his jig-saw, when a rustling of the shavings on the floor caused him to glance around.

He was surprised to see a young girl coming toward him; her rosy face in a cavalier hat, and a billet in the gloved hand which she held out to him.

"Are you the Tinkham Brothers?" she asked, archly, the rosebud of a mouth looking very much as if it wanted to blossom into a smile.

"I am one of them," he answered, awkwardly conscious of his paper cap and shirt-sleeves.

"Here is a note from my brother. He asked me to bring it over, so that he might be sure you received it before evening."

He took the billet, and was thanking her with a blush, which well became his fresh and pleasant face, when she interrupted him with, "Oh, there 's no occasion for that!" tripped out of the shop, stepped lightly into the buggy on the bank, and, taking the reins from her companion's hand, drove away.

As soon as they were out of hearing, her suppressed laughter broke forth.

"It was just fun," she said. "They are the tamest lions ever you saw! I gave it to the one that shook the bean-pole over Milt's cranium; I know it was he, from Lew's description."

"What did he look like?" Mollie inquired, enviously.

"Handsome as a picture! Clear red-and-white! And did n't he blush beautifully, in his paper cap," giggled Syl, "when I gave him the letter!"

"Why did n't you make him come out and help you into the buggy, so I could see him?" Mollie demanded. "Syl Bartland, you 're as mean as you can be!"

Rush, meanwhile, having seen the surprising little vision disappear, opened the unsealed note and glanced his eye over it as he carried it to his brothers.

"It 's from the Commodore," he said, handing it to Mart—"Lewis Bartland."

"The C-c-commodore!" said Lute. "Who was that g-g-girl?"

"His sister, I suppose."

"By G-g-george, she 's a p-p-pretty one! Why did n't she hand the note to me?"

"Because you are not good-looking enough," laughed Rush. "What is it all about, Mart?"

"Now, this is what I call doing the handsome thing," said Mart, with a smile of satisfaction. "I knew there was a gentleman in the Commodore's suit of clothes, and this proves it."

"Let 's have the p-p-proof!" said Lute.

"He writes that a number of boats will be going up the river this evening to the new club-house, where the members are to meet; and he suggests that it will have a good effect if we give them free way."

"Certainly," cried Rush; "though he need n't have taken the trouble to ask it. They will be going up with the tide, and returning later in the evening, when the flash-boards will be up."

"But it 's kind in him to make the suggestion," said Lute, reading over the letter in his turn. "It shows his g-g-good-will."

"If the Argonauts were all like him," said Mart, "there would be nobody for us to have any row with. I 'd accommodate their boats, if I had to stand at the dam whenever one appeared, and carry it over on my shoulders. Though the law is with us, they 've got a side, and I respect it."

"So do I, when they respect our side," replied Rush. "But I can't hold my hands in my pockets and see them battering the dam with a crow-bar, as long as any of Dushee's old bean-poles are lying about."

"I 'm glad you did n't strike the fellow," observed Mart.

"So am I," added Lute. "As Father used to say, an ounce of p-p-persuasion is worth a p-p-pound of opposition."

The reception of the Commodore's courteous note was a cheering incident to the boys in their present state of suspense. And it was evident that they thought no worse of him for the glimpse they had had of his sister.

With the flood-tide that evening, the boats of the Dempford Argonauts passed the mill on their way to the new club-house on the lake. The Tinkham boys kept out of sight, but they were

nevertheless near at hand, and on the watch for any demonstration against the dam.

There was loud talk in one of the boats, and the Buzrow voice was heard repeating the threat of yesterday, that it (the dam, of course) was "a nuisance," and had "got to go." But no crow-bar was used, and no harm done.

Then the Tinkhams awaited with some anxiety the return of the boats.

The Argonauts, meanwhile, from down the river and about the lake, as well as from more inland parts of the two towns, assembled at the new club-room. This comprised the upper story of the "odd-looking summer-house," the lower story being designed for boats — the lighter ones, like the canoes and wherries, to be placed on racks and brackets, the heavier ones to be floated under the floor and made fast to rods and rings.

At one end of the room, young Commodore Lewis Bartland sat at a table with the secretary of the club, while the other members, to the number of about thirty, occupied chairs and benches or stood leaning against the wall.

At the end of the building, beyond the table, was a balcony overhanging the starlit lake; and there, outside, at the open door and window, were also two small groups of Argonauts, enjoying their cigars and the night air, and, when they chose, listening to the debates.

Other business having been first transacted, the Commodore rose, rapped for silence, and addressed the club. He looked very handsome, with the light from the lamp on the table before him shining full upon his white forehead and finely cut features; and his speech was calm and persuasive. He gave a concise history of the mill-dam troubles, stating the side of the Argonauts quite to their satisfaction. "But," he went on, after the applause which greeted that portion of his remarks had ceased, "we must n't forget that there is another side to this controversy. The new mill-owners have a side, and we are bound to respect it."

Dead silence followed this announcement. The youthful commodore felt at once that the club was no longer with him, and that the position he had determined to take would be unpopular.

But he stood up to it manfully.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ARGONAUTS IN COUNCIL.

"WE have no longer the party to deal with that we had last year. They did not put the dam there; and if they had known anything of its history, they would never have bought the mill. So they say, and I believe them."

There was a murmur of assent.

"Dushee deceived and imposed upon them," the speaker continued, "as he so often deceived and imposed upon us. So, I say, instead of regarding them as enemies, we should look upon them as fellow-victims, and do what we can for them in their difficulty."

"That 's so!" cried somebody in a far-off corner. There was also a vigorous hand-clapping in the same direction, but it was limited to one or two persons, and was not taken up by the club. Lew Bartland went on, warming more and more.

"They have come here for the water-power which the dam gives them, and have probably paid a good deal more for the place than it would be worth to anybody if the water-power was taken away. As I understand, they are sons of a poor widow — mere boys, like the most of us here. That ought to enlist our sympathies in their behalf. They are struggling to get a living for her and for themselves, in a perfectly honest, upright, legitimate way. Is n't that something for us to consider?"

"That was Dushee's claim. We did n't consider that," said a voice at the window, where several heads were looking in from the balcony.

"But we would — or, at least, we should — have considered it," said the Commodore, "if Dushee had treated us fairly, as I believe these young men are ready to do. He never kept his word with us — promising one thing and then doing another that suited his convenience better. We lost patience with him, and I was as ready as any of you to sweep the dam away and then let the law settle the matter."

"That 's what we 've got to do now," said the voice at the window.

"Possibly," replied the Commodore, turning in that direction and showing his fine profile to the benches. "But what I insist upon is, that we ought first to talk with these young men, see what they propose to do, and give them such a chance as we should wish anybody to give us, if we were in their place."

As he sat down, a little fellow from one of the benches jumped up. I say little fellow, because in stature he was hardly more than five feet. But he was one of the oldest members of the club, and he carried himself as if he had been fully seven feet tall.

"Mr. Webster Foote," said the Commodore, recognizing him.

Tremendous applause. Mr. Webster Foote, of Dempford, — or Web Foote, as the boys called him, because he was so fond of the water, — was evidently popular, and very well aware of the pleasing fact. He had been a rival candidate for the

office of commodore at the time of Lew Bartland's election, and had been defeated by only three votes. He was not, personally, so well liked as Lew, but he had been all along one of the most active and outspoken enemies of the dam, and had gained favor by encouraging the prejudice against it.

It was generally thought that he still aspired to Lew's place. Certain it was that, whenever any plan of the Commodore's could be opposed with any show of reason or hope of success, he was sure to lead an opposition. And now the good-natured Bartland had laid himself open to attack.

Mr. Webster Foote tossed off the black hair from his forehead, and stood waiting for the applause to subside, looking about him with a smile of lofty conceit.

"Straight as a cob!" whispered a Tammoset boy in the far-off corner.

"So straight he leans over backward," remarked another Tammoset boy in reply.

"He 's little, but oh, jimminy!" said a third, with an ironical chuckle.

Some of the Tammoset Argonauts, it may be said, were lukewarm on the subject of the dam, which they rarely had occasion to pass, and they were inclined to make fun of Mr. Web Foote, of Dempford.

"Our worthy Commodore," the speaker began in high-keyed, oratorical tones of voice, "has made a novel suggestion. He has enlightened us on one point. I thank him for it."

This complimentary form of phrase would have surprised his followers but for the sarcastic emphasis with which the short, sharp sentences were uttered.

"I am sure," he went on, his oratory increasing in shrillness and vehemence, "it never would have occurred to one of us humble members of the club that we owe sympathy and friendship to the owners of the dam, instead of opposition. We have no right to go up and down the river in our boats; or, if we have, we ought to give it away to these honest, upright, dearly beloved strangers."

There was a laugh of approval, while a cloud of impatience darkened the Commodore's face.

"They have come here to carry on a business of vast importance. I hear they make dolls' carriages, for one thing. The world can't do without dolls' carriages. The world is suffering for the want of dolls' carriages. Europe stretches out its arms to America,"—Mr. Web Foote tossed back his hair and extended his own small members to illustrate the attitude of Europe in that dramatic particular,—"and beseeches us for dolls' carriages. And, of course, only the Tinkham Brothers' dolls' carriages will do."

Shouts of laughter greeted this part of the speech, but no smile broke through the cloud on Lew Bartland's face.

"We have been laboring under a great mistake, gentlemen of the club. The river was n't made for us common folks. It is not a natural highway. No boat has any right upon it; but the fresh water comes down, and the tides ebb and flow, solely for the benefit of the mill and its precious proprietors."

Cries of "Good! good!" with a noisy stamping of feet on the new floor.

"Of course, there 's no other place in the world where they can get a living. But if we want to boat up and down a river, why don't we go to some other river? There are plenty of rivers in the world! What are we dallying around here for?"

Amidst the general laughter, even the Commodore had to smile, Web's mock argument was so amusingly absurd.

"There are five or six boys of them, I hear, and a widow. Think of that! A widow! There are only about forty members of this club; and what are forty miserable Argonauts, with their sisters and sweethearts, who sometimes go boating with them — what are we, with our paltry interests and pleasures, compared with those five or six makers of dolls' carriages and a widow thrown in? Of course, we are of no importance. We may as well give up our boats. And, perhaps, it would be a handsome thing to offer this boat-house, which would then be of no more use to us, to the Tinkham Brothers, as a store-house for dolls' carriages. How would you like that?"

Web Foote tossed back his hair and sat down, amidst an uproar of merriment. That having subsided a little, all eyes turned upon the Commodore, who was expected to reply.

He rose slowly to his feet, and said with simple dignity:

"The remarks we have just listened to would be highly diverting if this did not happen to be a serious subject. I am not aware that I have proposed anything so very unreasonable. Can't we imagine ourselves in the place of those young men, and then ask soberly how *we* would wish to be treated? Would *we* like to have gentlemen to deal with, or a mob? I don't propose to abandon our right to the river, by any means, and the last speaker knows as well as anybody that I do not. Is the mere question of a compromise so very absurd?"

"Yes, sir!" bellowed the voice at the window from which had come the interruptions to the Commodore's opening speech. "Yes, sir! and I 'll tell you why!"

Thereupon, in through the window, from the

balcony, came the shoulders and one leg,—his head was in already,—and finally the whole burly form of the speaker, who proved to be no other than our valiant acquaintance, Milt Buzrow, of the crow-bar—the Buzrow whose father had knocked down a cow with his unarmed fist.

"There can't be no compromise!" He was a little careless with his negatives in times of excitement. "I don't care what the mill-owners 'll be willing to do, they can't do but one thing to suit us. As long as the dam, or any part of the dam, remains, it 's in our way, and it 's got to go!"

This was uttered with a gesture of the clenched fist,—which, as we have before intimated, appeared to be a very creditable copy of the cow-smiter's,—and was loudly cheered.

"Was the river made for everybody, or for only one or two, I 'd like to know?" Buzrow went on, advancing toward the middle of the floor. "If it 's only for the mill-owners, why then we 'll throw up our hand, as Web Foote says. But if the public has rights there, the public has got to stand up for its rights, and I go in for standing up for 'em with a good, stiff iron bar."

This allusion to yesterday's adventure produced a lively sensation.

"I broke the dam, and I 'll break it again!" Buzrow cried in a big voice, with a braggart laugh.

"Look out for bean-poles!" said one of the Tammosets.

"I don't care for their bean-poles. Lawyer Snow says we 've jest as much right to tear away that dam as we would have to break a gate put across the highway. I s'pose you know that."

As the speaker appealed to the Commodore, the Commodore quietly replied:

"I 've heard of his saying so; but I 've no doubt there are better lawyers than Snow, who would tell the other side exactly the contrary."

"Then, law or no law," cried Buzrow, "the dam has got to go. S'pose they do take up their flash-boards for us, or make other arrangements for letting our boats through, what a trouble it 's going to be, every time we get to the dam, to wait till some gate is opened, which very likely we should have to open ourselves; and then we all know how it is when water is low. Last summer Dushee shut his flash-boards after I had got through, going down, and kept back the water so my boat got aground and could n't be got off till I went and smashed 'em."

"That 's so! that 's so!" cried several voices at once.

"What I claim is," Buzrow said in conclusion, "we 've got a right to the whole width of the river at all times. If the mill-owners will agree to that, all right. It 's the only compromise *I* will make, as long as I own a crow-bar."

Two or three violent speeches followed on the same side. Then the secretary rose. This was Charley Kent, brother of Mollie, whom we have seen. "I don't think the Commodore's position is fully understood," he said, in a modest, conciliatory way, leaning with one hand on the table. "He does n't propose to give up everything to the mill-owners, as some of the speakers assume. But the question is, shall we treat them in a gentlemanly way or in a ruffianly way? Are we a club or a mob?"

"This is the second time I 've heard that word *mob!*" cried Web Foote, springing to his diminutive legs, and wildly flinging back the hair from his brow. He threw his chest forward and his head back, much in the style of a fighting cockerel.

"When such epithets come from officers of the club,"—his voice rose to a shriek,—"applied to members of the club,"—he sprang forward about three feet, as if he had been going to strike his spurs into somebody,—"I, for one, hurl them back with contempt!"

He illustrated the hurling with his right arm thrust straight out—that is to say, diagonally upward—at the said officers, with little fist clenched, in comical contrast with that of the cow-smiter's burly son. At the same time, his left arm, also with little fist clenched, was thrust down diagonally behind, as if to balance his person—which, by the way, was now fully eight feet tall, in his own estimation, if it was an inch.

"We feel the gentleman's contempt, and are withered by it," said the Commodore, once more on his feet, and looking calmly over Web Foote's head at the back benches, until Web subsided into his seat. "Nevertheless, I stand to what I have said. Shall we appoint a committee to confer with the mill-owners, and reserve further action on the subject until our next meeting? That seems to me the only fair and honorable thing to do."

"And leave the dam there meanwhile? No, sir!" roared Milt Buzrow.

"I want a vote of the club," the Commodore insisted. "If, as a club, we are not prepared to act honorably in this and every other matter, I wish to know it, in order that I may take care of my own personal character in time."

His bearing was so manly, and his quietly earnest words carried such weight, that he now had a large majority of the Argonauts with him, as was shown by the subsequent vote. Even Web Foote, seeing how the current of popular opinion was turning, stood and was counted in favor of a committee.

Then Milt Buzrow said, "I move that Web Foote be appointed a member of that committee."

That was not what the Commodore wanted, by any means. But the motion being seconded, he put it to the vote, and it was carried.

Then the secretary moved that Commodore Lew Bartland be also appointed a member.

"Gentlemen of the club," said the Commodore, hardly trying to conceal his dissatisfaction, "I see no use at all in my serving on this committee with the member already chosen."

But as his friends insisted on voting for him, he yielded, and was chosen without a dissenting voice.

In order that both towns might be represented, a Tammoset member was then selected, and the committee was full.

After some further business was transacted, the meeting broke up harmoniously; and the cause of peace and good order seemed, for the time being, to have prevailed.

(To be continued.)

THE BROWNIES' RIDE.

By Palmer Cox.

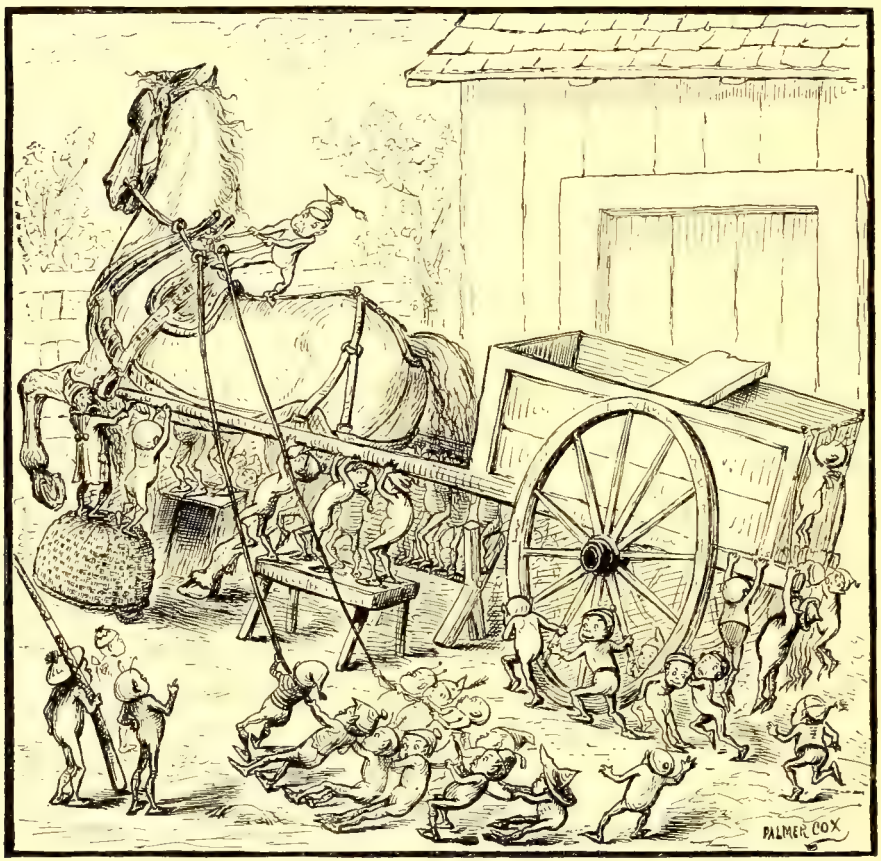


ONE night a cunning brownie band
Was roaming through a farmer's land,
And while the rogues went prying round,
The farmer's mare at rest they found;
And peeping through the stable-door,
They saw the harness that she wore:
The whip was hanging on the wall,
Old Mag was grinding in the stall;

The sight was tempting to the eye,
For there the cart was standing nigh
That Mag around the meadows hauled,
Or to the town, as business called.

"That mare," said one, "deserves her feed—
Believe me, she 's no common breed;
Her grit is good: I've seen her dash
Up yonder slope without the lash,
Until her load—a ton of hay—
Went bouncing in beside the bay.
That cart," said he, "would hold the crowd—
We 're neither stuck-up, vain, nor proud.
In that concern, old Farmer Gill
Takes all his corn and wheat to mill;
It must be strong, though rude and rough;
It runs on wheels, and that 's enough."

Now, brownies seldom idle stand
When there 's a chance for fun on hand.
So plans were laid without delay:
The mare was dragged from oats and hay,
The harness from the peg they drew,
And every one to action flew.
It was a sight one should behold
To see them working, young and old;
Two wrinkled elves, like leather browned,
Whose beards descended near the ground,
Along with youngsters did their best,
With all the ardor of the rest.



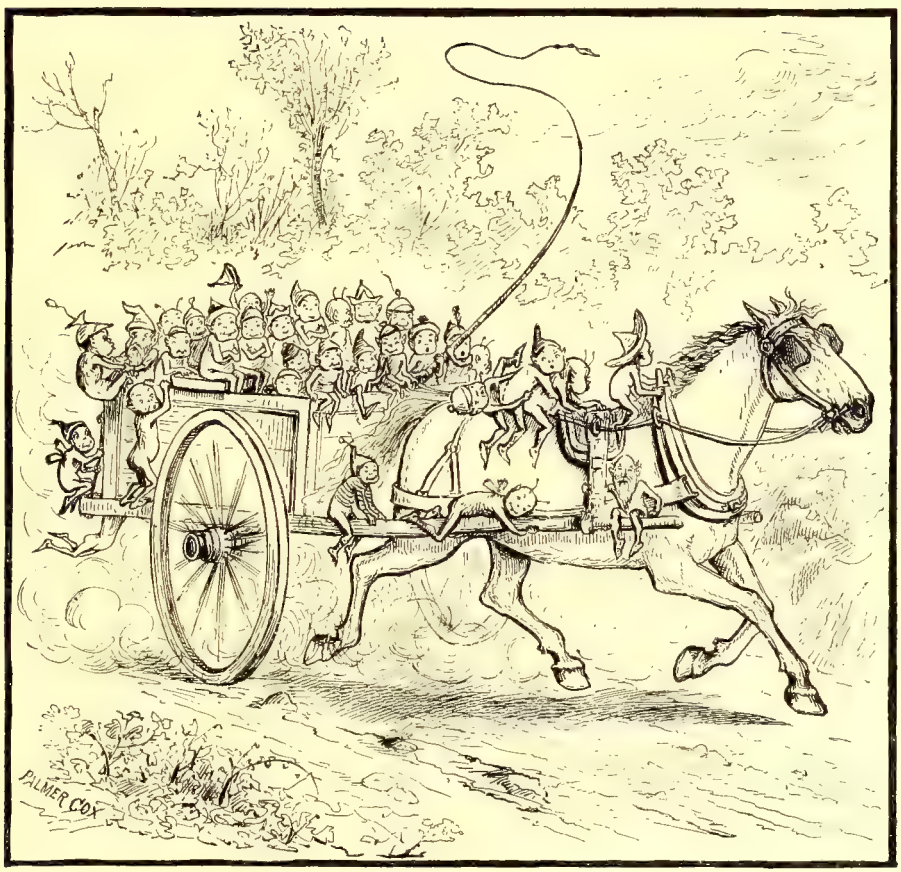
While some prepared a rein or trace,
Another slid the bit in place;
More buckled bands with all their might,
Or drew the crupper good and tight.
When every strap a buckle found,
And every part was safe and sound,
Then round the cart the brownies flew—
The hardest task was yet to do.
It often puzzles bearded men,
Though o'er and o'er performed again.

Some held the shafts to steer them straight,
More did their best to balance weight,
While others showed both strength and art
In backing Mag into the cart.
At length the heavy job was done,
And horse and cart moved off as one.

Now down the road the gentle steed
Was forced to trot at greatest speed.
A merrier crowd than journey there
Was never seen at Dublin Fair.
Some found a seat, while others stood,
Or hung behind as best they could;
While many, strung along, astride,
Upon the mare enjoyed the ride.

Across the flat and up the hill
And through the woods to Warren's mill,—
A lengthy ride, ten miles at least,—
Without a rest they drove the beast,
And then were loath enough to rein
Old Mag around for home again.

Nor was the speed, returning, slow:
The mare was more inclined to go,
Because the feed of oats and hay
Unfinished in her manger lay.
So through the yard she wheeled her load
As briskly as she took the road.
No time remained to then undo
The many straps so tight they drew,



The night was dark, the lucky elves
Had all the turnpike to themselves.
No surly keeper barred the way,
For use of road demanding pay,
Nor were they startled by the cry
Of robbers shouting, "Stand or die!"

For in the east the reddening sky
Gave warning that the sun was nigh.
The halter rope was quickly wound
About the nearest post they found,
Then off they scampered, left and right,
And disappeared at once from sight.—

When Farmer Gill that morning fair
Came out and viewed his jaded mare,
I may not here in verse repeat
His exclamations all complete.
He gnashed his teeth, and glared around,
And struck his fists, and stamped the ground,
And kicked the dog across the farm,
Because it failed to give alarm.
"I 'd give a stack of hay," he cried,
"To catch the rogue who stole the ride!
I have some neighbors, kind and true,
Who may be trusted through and through,
But as an offset there are some
Whose conscience is both deaf and dumb.
In all the lot who can it be
That had the nerve to make so free?"
Then mentally he called the roll
To pick the culprit from the whole,
But still awry suspicion flew—
Who stole the ride he never knew.

PRISCILLA PRUE'S UMBRELLA.

By George Addorus.

It was brand new, that umbrella, and a present at that. Its cover was of brown silk, and its handle of ivory, ornamented with an owl's head; and you might naturally have expected, just as Priscilla did, that it would be a very well-behaved and genteel object.

Who gave it is a secret. It was a secret even from Priscilla and Mrs. Prue; for it came by express, in a neat case of leather, inscribed in beautiful gilt letters two inches long with the name of the little girl for whom it was intended. So there could be no mistake about the matter.

But who ever heard of an umbrella in a leather case? It was very remarkable, but not the most remarkable thing about it, as you will see.

Priscilla had just politely refused to go to the bakery when the expressman arrived. I say politely, because this little girl was very proper: she never screamed ugly words in a loud tone; she never said "aint" for "is n't," nor "ketch" for "catch," as do some pretty big little girls I know of; her answer to her mother had been—nothing whatever. And after she had said it, she walked quickly away, not caring to prolong a conversation in which she might forget her good manners if she said more. Then the express arrived. About fifteen minutes later she walked into her mother's presence, arrayed in a clean white dress and her best blue sash, pulling on her gloves. Mrs. Prue never knew that a half-hour ago Priscilla had no idea of going on her errand. She was a very absent-minded, good-natured lady, and never disturbed as long as her daughter was quite attentive to her behavior and showed no temper.

You and I know there is no use in having a fine, new umbrella, nor anything else fine and new, if other people can't see and admire it too; and Priscilla, like a well-bred and generous little girl, took her present in hand, and started off to gratify all her friends and acquaintances by the sight of it. She stepped daintily along the main street of the town, holding it above her head as a sunshade; her little breast was throbbing with pleasure at the glances of evident surprise and admiration she saw every passer give her (but of which, between you and me, she was more conscious than any one else), when a hoarse, mocking voice cried out over her head: "Ha, ha, ha! Oh, my! what a fine miss!"

This insult was too much for any one to bear without a flush of anger, but what followed was worse, and not to be borne without an indignant and haughty look darted straight at the offender.

"Does it rain to-day, my dear? Does it, *does it*, DOES IT? Ho, ho, ho! Ha, ha, ha! *What* a sell!"

Pris, in spite of herself, did hastily what was natural to do, as I said above; the glance, dreadful as it was, fell harmlessly on bricked walls and bowed window-blinds. But that umbrella had its own affairs, not quite so harmless, to attend to at just that moment. The neat little japanned end, so suddenly lowered and righted, nimbly lifted, and carried with it the hat of a stout, elderly gentleman who was puffing by in great haste. With a bewildered and terrified countenance, he clapped his hands to his head and stopped, staring wildly.

Down the street, at this very moment, came jauntily a frolicksome high wind, and as Priscilla's grasp, in her consternation and dismay, was uncertain, it just picked up, as it went by, the umbrella and the elderly gentleman's hat together, and on they went in company, rollicking, rolling, jumping, in the best humor imaginable. For a

moment the elderly gentleman stood holding his head, persuaded, no doubt, that that would go next; then, with great determination, he gave chase. He made sudden darts into the street, stooped cautiously to pick up what was no longer under his hand, but, by this time, careering madly in the gutter, with little hops and skips, as if it had legs, too, and pretty nimble ones at that. Now he tried another tactic. By hard running, the elderly gentleman got before the hat, the umbrella, and the wind, and laid in ambush at the corner. He looked so very wise and triumphant, this dear old fellow, who had not given one unkind glance to Pris, as he set his feet firmly apart, bent a little, and held his arms out, ready for a plunge and a grasp.

I dare say he would have caught it had it not been for that wicked umbrella. It took the opportunity, just as the hat came along, bowling smoothly on its rim, to fly above the elderly gentleman's head, settle on it, and shut up. It is true you could see nothing but his legs, now that this big extinguisher topped him, but those were very mad legs, as they quivered convulsively together, and the hat serenely bowled away on the other side.

And all this time what was poor little Pris doing? She could not join in the roar of laughter that went up from the street. It was her umbrella which had done all the mischief. She had been running wildly in pursuit, but how dare she claim it now? She was afraid the elderly gentleman would hand her over to M. P. No. 3,—who had brought him out of the brown silk flaps with a prompt and efficient hand,—and M. P. No. 3 would consign her to jail forthwith. She stood trembling and eying her possession, afraid to go away, afraid to stand still, when this blue-coated official turned about, with the umbrella in his hand.

"Is this yours, little girl?" he asked. And Priscilla was astonished to hear such a terrible person use such ordinary words with such a kind voice. Indeed, when he gave it to her, he patted her on the head with the very hand that he used for collaring thieves and pickpockets, and she walked away in such a hurry and tremor that she forgot to stop and see whether the elderly gentleman got his hat, or whether he went on chasing it to the end of time and the edge of the world.

Now, such a trial as this could not befall Priscilla Prue without raising some searching questions and shamefaced answers in her breast. She was suddenly conscious that, as she had walked along the broad street a while ago, she had indulged in many comparisons between herself and other little girls: how much prettier she was than Jennie Flatface; how much better behaved than Tillie Tomboy; how much more polite than Molly Stuckup; how much better dressed than Theresa Nopurse. She had passed over in her mind little gossiping stories about them all, thinking, with great satisfaction, no one could say such things of her—as if every one in this wide world of ours is not at the mercy of the kind or unkind judgment of his slightest acquaintance!

What humbling, mortifying thoughts crowded now on Miss Priscilla's mind I shall not take upon myself to state, but one of these, that rose straight from out the others, must be written down to complete this tale. This mysterious gift which she held in her hand had brought her nothing but sorrow and shame; such great misfortunes had never happened to her in her life before; and she believed—yes, she believed, as the wise old owl's eyes stared at her with a dull grin—as long as it staid by her these misfortunes would never cease. At least, it would remind her forever of this day's shame and bitter thoughts.

She turned off into a narrow street that by and by became a lane, and wandered down to the river, which babbled loudly here, but ran slowly and silently beyond by the factories.

"You need n't stare with your awful round eyes at me," whispered Pris angrily to the owl's head, though she trembled when she said it, lest it should open its cross-looking beak and reply, "Nothing is going to save you, no, nothing!"

And saying this, and seeing no one around, she threw the umbrella far out on the stream. I am sorry to say her little feet, unsteadied by her violent action, slipped on the treacherous bank where she stood, and slipped and slipped, faster and faster, as she clutched at the yielding grass and weeds on her way. The cold water was at hand, and a sobbing, frightened cry had gone from out her lips, when a great arm—it seemed the length of the factory chimney to Pris—came out of the tanglewood, clutched her shoulder, and drew her up to dry land and safety.

"Why did n't you holler?" asked her preserver, a long-limbed youth, whose fishing-rod and basket on the ground told plainly what he was about by the river. "I 'd have stopped you sooner. I just turned my head about a second, after you gave that plucky fling, and I did n't know what you were up to when your hat went sliding out of sight."

He might have added that he had considered her entire conduct as altogether erratic and mystifying, for there was a jolly twinkle in his eye, but he listened, instead, with great gravity to Priscilla's proper if agitated thanks.

"Why, you need n't thank me," he returned.

"I could n't see you drown, you know. Hello! you are not running away?" for Priscilla was beginning to edge off with her head down. "There is the umbrella yet; don't you see it sticking in the bushes across stream? Just wait a second — there is a ford a couple of yards above. I 'll go over and rescue your gallant companion."

So, very kindly — for he was a great, big young man of eighteen — encouraging the little girl, who he saw was struggling to keep back her tears, he sprang through the bushes. Priscilla peered across the water: oh, that horrid owl! She was sure, as it stuck its pert head between the green leaves, it ogled her with a worse stare than ever. Take that dreadful thing back again? Pris turned at the thought and fled, and, I dare say, was half-way home before the astonished and good-natured fellow had made his way back to where he had left her.

Priscilla did not feel very comfortable when she saw her mother, but, however vain and foolish she might be, she was never untruthful, and told her story from beginning to end very faithfully.

"You naughty, naughty child!" said Mrs. Prue, pathetically aghast. "Of all things, to throw that elegant present away! You are so queer, Priscilla. If I thought there was the least use, I 'd send you back. But you will never have such another."

"I hope not!" said Pris. "I hate owls, and it was a particelyer awful owl, as wise as Somolon, and kept saying 'Vanity of vanities,' like the text, in my head. Did I have a fairy godmother, Mamma?" she continued, reflectively.

"Did you have a fairy godmother!" cried Mrs. Prue, and then she laughed. "Well, well, perhaps you did, you funny child."

"Then," said Pris to herself, "I believe that was an enchanted umbrella."

And she, therefore, was properly afraid of it.

The next morning, as, with a heart much lightened, Priscilla came down the stairs, that unimpressible expressman solemnly handed in a package at Mrs. Prue's front door. He said not a word, but immediately departed.

"Another umbrella!" cried Pris with a tremble, but it was n't. It was n't another — *it was the same one.* And who but the fairy godmother could have sent it back, or what mysterious change had taken place in its nature so that Miss Pris had never a vainglorious thought peeping into her mind while that sheltered her head but it suddenly shut up and quenched it, is more than Mrs. Prue, or Priscilla, or I could ever make out.

STORIES OF ART AND ARTISTS — ELEVENTH PAPER.

By Clara Erskine Clement.

FLEMISH ARTISTS.

After the Italian painters, the Flemish artists were next in importance. Perhaps they might as well have been called Belgian artists, — for Flanders was a part of Belgium, — but as the chief schools of the early Belgian painters were in the Flemish provinces of Belgium, the terms "Flemish art" and "Flemish painters" were adopted, and the last was applied to Belgian artists even when they were not natives of Flanders.

The chief interest connected with the beginning of the Flemish school is in the fact that one of its earliest masters introduced the use of oil colors. On account of this great advance in the mechanical part of painting, there went out from this school an influence the benefits of which can not be overestimated. This influence affected the schools of the world, and though painting had reached a high point in Italy before the first steps in it were taken in Flanders, yet this discovery of the benefit of oil colors laid the broadest foundation for the fame and greatness of the Venetian and other Italian painters who profited by it.

HUBERT VAN EYCK.

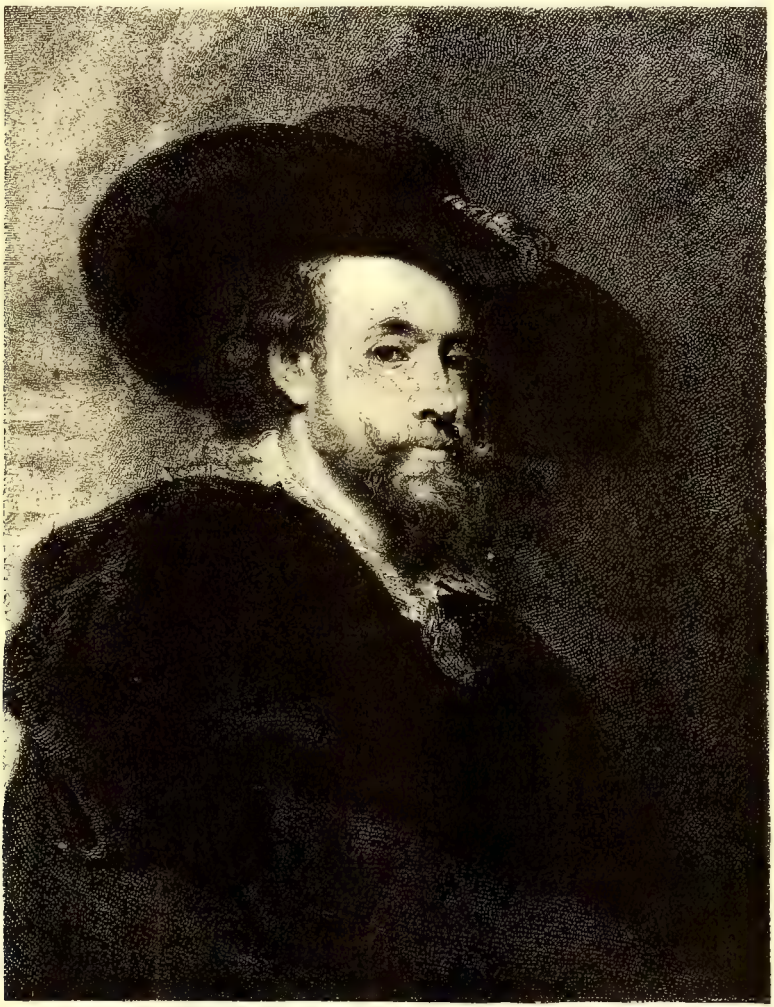
This artist was the eldest of a family of painters. He was born in the small market town of Maaseyck about 1366, after which time his family removed to Ghent. He was not made a member of the Guild of Painters in Ghent until 1412, and we can give no satisfactory account of his life previous to that event, which occurred when he was forty-six years old.

From general facts which have been brought together from one source and another, it is believed that he attended to the education of his brother Jan, his sister Margaret, and his younger brother

Lambert, all of whom were painters. He devoted his best care to Jan, who was twenty years younger than himself. The elder brother instructed the younger in drawing, painting, and chemistry, for in the early days of painting this last study was thought to be necessary for an artist who used colors.

There has been much learned discussion as to which of the Van Eycks really introduced the use of colors mixed with oil. The most reasonable conclusion is that Hubert used these colors, and gave his thought and study to the subject of finding better tints than had been used before; but it naturally remained for Jan to carry his brother's work to greater perfection, and he thus came to be generally known as the inventor or discoverer of the improved method.

But three works still exist which are attributed to Hubert van Eyck. The most important of these, and that upon which his fame rests, is a large altar-piece, which consisted of twelve separate panels. This great work was done for Judocus Vydt, and the portraits of himself and his wife make a part of the altar-piece. As it was originally arranged, it had a center-piece and double folding-doors on each side of it; and when it was open, all the twelve panels could be seen.



PETER PAUL RUBENS — FROM A PORTRAIT PAINTED BY HIMSELF. [SEE PAGE 271.]

This great collection of pictures, which was intended for the Cathedral of St. Bavon, at Ghent, was not finished when Hubert died, in 1426, and was completed by Jan, in 1432. It was so much valued that it was shown only on festival days, but after a time it was divided, and but two central panels

now remain in St. Bavon; other portions of it are in the museums of Brussels and Berlin.

Philip II., of Spain, was anxious to buy this altar-piece, and when that could not be done, he had a copy made by Michael Coxcien. That painter devoted two years to the task, and was paid four thousand florins for his work. This copy is also in separate galleries, three large figures being in the Pinakothek at Munich.

It seems very strange that so few pictures can be said to have been painted by Hubert van Eyck, for he lived to old age and must have finished many works; but such troublous times came to Belgium, and so many towns were sacked, that vast numbers of art treasures were lost and destroyed, and no doubt the pictures of Hubert van Eyck perished in this way.

No work of its time was better than the Ghent altar-piece: its composition and color were of the best then known; the figures were painted in a broad, grand style; the landscapes were admirable, and the whole was finished with the careful delicacy of a master in painting.

JAN VAN EYCK.

THIS artist brought the discoveries of his brother to greater perfection, and became a very famous man. It appears that the use of oils had been known to painters for a long time, in one way and another, and a dark, resinous varnish had been in use. But the Van Eycks found a way to purify the varnish and make it clear and colorless; they also mixed their colors with oil, instead of the gums and other substances which had been employed. By these means they made their pictures much richer and clearer in color than those of other painters.

Antonello da Messina, an Italian painter, happened to see a picture by Jan van Eyck, which had been sent to Naples. He immediately determined to go to Flanders to try to learn the secret of the color used in this painting. He became the pupil of Jan van Eyck, and remained near him as long as he lived. On his master's death, Antonello went to Messina, but shortly after settled in Venice, where he became very popular as a portrait-painter. The nobility flocked to him for their portraits, and everywhere his beautiful color was praised. At first, his whole manner showed the effect of his association with Jan van Eyck; but soon his Italian nature wrought a change in his style of painting, though his color remained the same.

It is said that Antonello told his secret to no one except Domenico Veneziano, his favorite pupil, who went to Florence to live, and thus made the fame of the new mode of color known in that city. It is also said that Giovanni Bellini went to Antonello in disguise and sat for his portrait, and thus had the opportunity to watch his process and learn how he prepared his paints. But a far more reasonable story is told by the art-writer Lanzi, who says that the rulers of Venice gave Antonello a pension, in consideration of which he made his process known to all artists.

Thus you see that I had good reason for saying that the Van Eycks laid a broad foundation for the great fame of those Italians who excelled in color. These early Flemish masters first used the oil colors. Antonello learned their use from Jan van Eyck; then going to Venice, Antonello influenced the Bellini, and from them the next step brought out the perfect coloring of Giorgione and Titian, for the latter was a young man at the time of Antonello's death. It is curiously interesting thus to trace the effect of the study of Hubert van Eyck upon an art of which he knew almost nothing, and which differed so much from his own.

Let us now return to Jan van Eyck. He had a more prosperous life than his brother Hubert, for he became the favorite of royal patrons, and was rapidly advanced in fame and riches. He was not only a court artist, but an embassador; on several occasions he executed secret missions to the satisfaction of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, in whose service he was thus employed. In 1428, his patron sent him to Portugal to paint the portrait of the Princess Isabella, whom the Duke proposed to marry for his third wife. After the portrait was completed, the painter made a pleasure trip through Portugal and a part of Spain; he visited the Alhambra, and received flattering attentions wherever he paused in his journey.

Meantime, the portrait had been sent to Bruges for the inspection of the Duke; the messengers returned with an assent to the marriage, which took place by proxy, in July, and was followed by gayeties and feastings until September, when the bride, with her brothers, embarked for Belgium. A fearful storm tossed the fourteen vessels of the fleet here and there, and finally the Princess was landed in England, and did not reach Bruges until Christmas Day. Then the marriage was celebrated with great pomp, and Jan van Eyck was paid a handsome sum for his services in bringing about this happy result.

Duke Philip was fond of Jan van Eyck, and was in the habit of visiting his studio and treating him as an equal; he was also very liberal in his gifts to the painter.

The works of Jan van Eyck are to be seen in the museums of Europe. His portraits are admirable,

and his fondness for this kind of painting caused him, almost unconsciously, to give the figures in his subject-pictures the appearance of portraits. He painted well draperies and all sorts of stuffs; he loved to introduce landscapes as the background of historical pictures, and he is known to have painted one landscape with no other subject introduced. One picture by Jan van Eyck, which is in the National Gallery, London, is said to have been bought by the Princess Mary, sister of Charles V., and Governess of the Netherlands. She gave to the barber who had owned it, as the price of this work, a position worth one hundred gulden * a year.

However, I must tell you that, important as these early Flemish pictures are in the history of Art, I do not think that they would please your taste as well as the works of the Italian masters of whom I have already written in this series of papers. The Flemish artists were far more realistic than the early Italian painters; they tried to paint objects just as they saw them, without throwing the grace of beautiful imaginations about their subjects; they lacked ideality, which is a necessity to an artist, as it is to a poet, and for this reason there was a stiffness and hardness in their pictures which we do not find in the works of Raphael or Titian.

QUINTIN MASSYS, OR MATSYS.

IN time the Flemish painters grew more individual, and there was a greater variety in their works. Some of them traveled in foreign countries, and thus learned to modify their manner in a measure, though their nationality was always shown in their pictures. At length a powerful artist appeared in Quintin Massys, or Matsys, who may be called the founder of the Antwerp school of painters; he was the greatest Belgian master of his time.

Quintin was born at Antwerp about 1460, and was descended from a family of painters. However, in youth he chose the trade of a blacksmith, and works in wrought-iron are shown, in Antwerp and Louvain, which are said to have been made by him. When about twenty years old, he fell in love with the young daughter of an artist. He asked her father's permission to marry her, but was refused on account of his trade, the father declaring that the daughter should marry no one but a painter.

Quintin forthwith forsook the anvil, and devoted himself to the palette and brush. We can not trace all his course, nor tell exactly by what method he proceeded; but it is certain that he became a great painter. He died, in 1529, in the Carthusian Convent at Antwerp, and was buried in the convent cemetery. A century later, Cornelius van der Gust removed his remains, and reburied them in front of the Cathedral. One part of the inscription which commemorates his life and work declares that "Love converted the Smith into an Apelles."

Massy's greatest work was an altar-piece in three parts, which is now in the Museum of Antwerp. His manner of representing sacred subjects shows a tender earnestness which recalls the deep religious feeling of earlier painters. In his representations of the common occurrences of life he was very happy: lovers, frightful old women, misers, and money-changers grew under his brush with great truthfulness. His own portrait and that of his second wife are in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence. One of his most celebrated pictures is "The Miser," at Windsor Castle. The works of Massys are seen in all the principal galleries of Europe, and those that are well worthy of notice number about seventy.

This painter may be said to have been the last artist of the period which preceded him and the first of that which followed; for from his time the Antwerp school rapidly grew in importance. Massys was followed by the Breughels, who painted scenes from every-day life with startling reality; by the Pourbuses, whose portraits, after the lapse of three centuries, are still famous; by Paul Bril and his charming landscapes; by many other important painters, whose pictures are among the art treasures of the world, and, at last, by

PETER PAUL RUBENS.

THIS man, who was a learned scholar and an accomplished diplomat, as well as a great painter, was born at Siegen in 1577. His father was one of the two principal magistrates of the city of Antwerp, and his mother, whose name was Mary Pypeling, belonged to a distinguished family. When the artist was born, his family had been forced to leave Antwerp on account of a civil war which was then raging; his birthday, the 29th of June, was the feast of Saints Peter and Paul, and from this circumstance he was christened with the names of the two great Apostles.

Rubens was a scholar from his early days, and his talent for drawing soon decided him to be a painter. He studied his art first in the school of Adam van Noort, where he was thoroughly trained in the first rudiments of painting; later he was four years in the studio of Otho Vænius, whose cultivated mind and taste were of great advantage to the young man.

After the death of his father, Rubens's mother returned to Antwerp, and in 1598 he was admitted a member of the Guild of Painters of that city. In

* About forty dollars.

1600, he went to Italy, and after studying the masterpieces of Titian, and other Venetian painters, he proceeded to Mantua; here he was appointed Gentleman of the Bed-chamber by the Duke Vincenzio Gonzaga, to whom the Archduke Albert, the Governor of the Netherlands, had given him letters of recommendation.

Rubens remained two years at the court of Mantua. He then visited Venice a second time, and after his return to Mantua executed some pictures which so pleased the Duke that he sent him to Rome, to make copies of some of the most famous works in the Eternal City.

In 1605, the Duke of Mantua recalled Rubens from Rome, and soon sent him to Spain on an important political mission. Here the young artist showed himself worthy of the trust reposed in him, and proved himself a skillful diplomatist; his unusual personal charms predisposed all whom he met in his favor.

After his return from Spain, Rubens went again to Rome, where he had a commission to decorate the tribune of the Church of Santa Maria, in Valicella. From Rome he proceeded to Genoa, and there found more occupation, for his fame had already reached that city. It seems a wonder that a Flemish artist should have been thus honored in Italy, and even in Rome, where so many grand and matchless works of art existed.

When Rubens had been absent from Antwerp seven years, he heard of the illness of his mother and hastened home, but too late to find her living. Soon after, in 1609, he married Isabella Brant, and built himself a house and studio; it was here that he made a large and valuable collection of objects of art of various kinds; a portion of it only was sold after his death, at private sale, for more than £20,000 sterling ($100,000). His wife lived but seventeen years, and during this period Rubens executed a large part of the masterpieces which have made his fame world-wide, and which now hold honorable places in the finest galleries of Europe.

During the years spoken of above, Rubens had many pupils, and his studio was a hive of industry; in order to keep up his mental training, and not allow his constant occupation to lessen his intellectual vigor, he was accustomed to have some one read aloud to him while he painted. Books of poetry and history were the most pleasing to his taste, and as he could read and speak seven languages, he was acquainted with both ancient and modern authors. Doubtless these readings, and the knowledge of the affairs of the world which he gained from them, had much to do with making Rubens the accomplished embassador which he came to be.

In 1620, Marie de Medicis sent for Rubens to come to her in Paris; she there commissioned him to represent the history of her life in a series of twenty-one pictures. The pictures which, with the aid of his pupils, he made for the Queen of Henry IV. are now in the gallery of the Louvre. They may be described as mythological portraiture, since many of the faces in them are portraits, while the subjects represented are mythological.

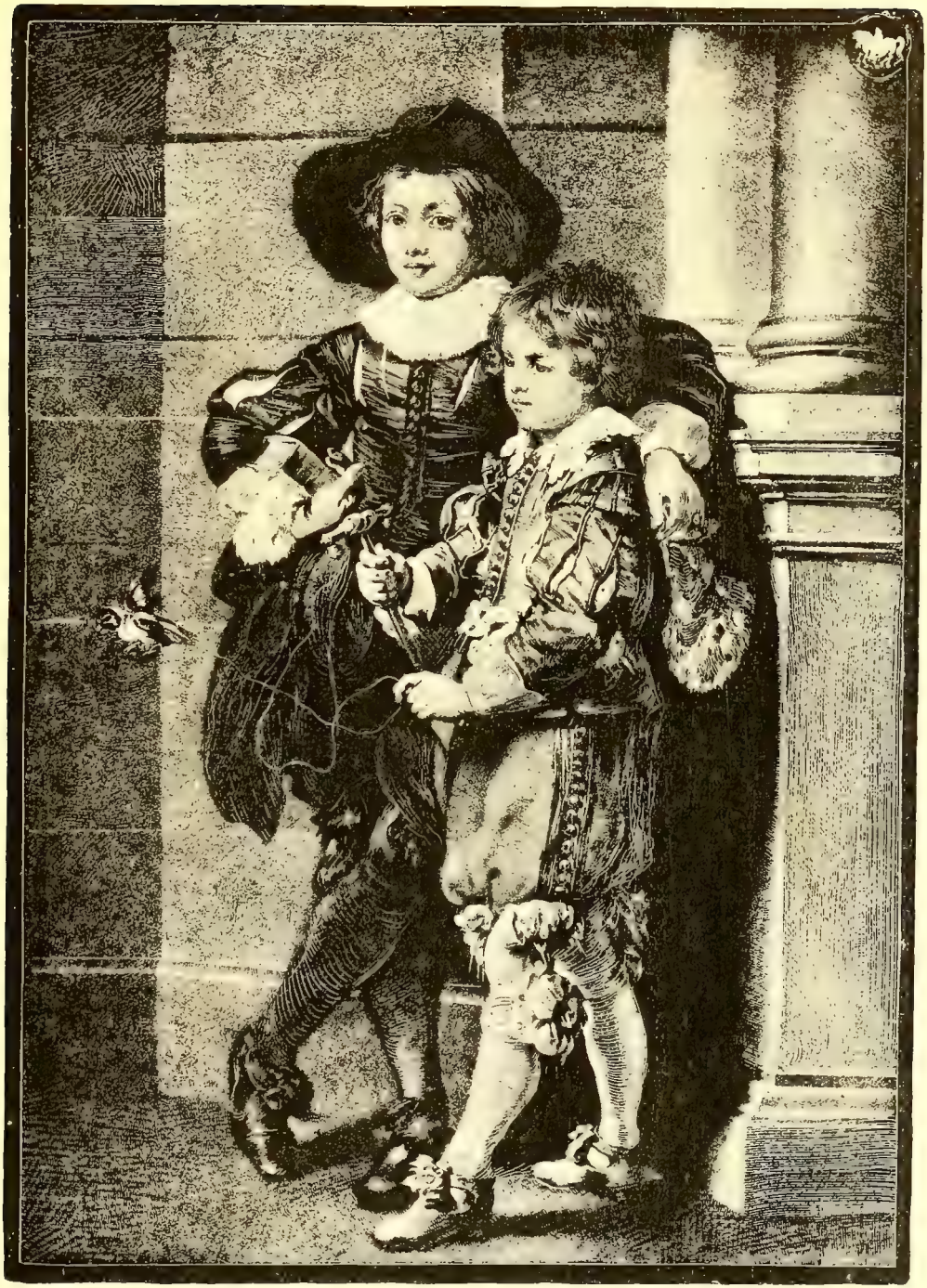
In 1628, Rubens was sent to Spain on a second political mission, and while there he executed many important works. Upon his return to Flanders he was made special embassador to England, with the object of effecting a peace between that country and his own. This he was successful in accomplishing, and became the friend of Charles I., who knighted him, as did also the King of Spain.

In 1630, Rubens was married to his second wife, Helen Fourment, a niece of his first wife, who had died four years before. Helen was but sixteen years old at the time of her marriage, and the artist was fifty-three; she bore him five children, and after his death was again married. Rubens made so many portraits of both his wives, and so often introduced them into his religious and historical pictures, that their forms and faces are familiar to all the world.

After his successful mission to England, Rubens was treated with great consideration in Flanders. Indeed, his position had been all that he could desire for many years; his society was courted by scholars, nobles, and sovereigns, even — by beautiful women and brave men. He lived in luxury, and constantly added to his collection of art objects, of which we have spoken. He now suffered much from gout, and was obliged to confine his labors to easel pictures.

Rubens died in 1640, and was buried in his private chapel in the Church of St. James. This chapel contains one of his most famous pictures, in which he is represented as St. George, his wives being Saints Martha and Magdalen; on one side is his niece, and in the midst his father, as St. Jerome, while the figure representing Time is a portrait of his grandfather. Rubens painted this picture especially for the family chapel. Above the altar there is a statue of the Virgin Mary, which the painter himself brought from Italy.

As a painter there seems to be but one adjective descriptive of Rubens: magnificent alone expresses the effect of his color. His system of leveling his subject to his style was unapproachable, though it must be confessed that he sometimes condescended to be gross or vulgar. In painting, his genius was certainly universal. The works ascribed to him number about eighteen hundred, and include historical, scriptural, and mythological subjects, portraits, animals, landscapes, and every-day life. Of



RUBENS' CHILDREN. [FROM A PAINTING BY HIMSELF.]

course, in the execution of such a number of pictures he must have been aided by his pupils, but there is something characteristic of himself in all of them.

In his style he is a strange and delightful combination of northern and southern art. His manner of painting and his arrangement of his subject are Italian; his figures, even when they represent Christ and the most holy men, are in reality German peasants, Spanish kings, or somebody else whom he has seen. He mingles in odd combination earthly princes, antique mythical personages, ancient gods, and the members of the family of Marie de Medicis, and dresses them all in the latest fashion of his time, and in the most becoming colors! And is not this very mixture magnificently strange?



THE BOY RUBENS AT HIS WORK.

However, if one would enjoy to the utmost many of the works of Rubens, he should forget the names by which they are called, and regard each figure as a separate portrait. Then his power is felt. Above all, in the picture which hangs above his tomb, forget that it represents any subject and look only for the portraits of his two wives. How charming they are! the one so brilliant and energetic, the other so shy and thoughtful — each magnificent in her own way. But if you regard it as an "Adoration of the Virgin," as it is called, it will seem as if the spirits of Fra Angelica and other holy painters stood around you, helping you to remember how the brush that is guided by faith and prayer can depict spiritual and holy subjects, and aiding you to distinguish between the work of Rubens and that of a purer type.

When one begins to speak of this artist, there is much that may be said, but I have suggested his chief characteristics and have space for no more.

His "Descent from the Cross," in the Antwerp Cathedral, is considered as his greatest work. The Company of Archers gave the order for this picture in 1611, and it was completed and put in its place three years later. The masterly composition and the elevated expression of the heads, joined to its breadth of execution and excellence of finish, make it a wonderful work.

Perhaps his most charming pictures are his representations of children; it must be that he painted them because he loved to do it. Many people regard his portraits as his best works; certainly they are beyond praise, and very numerous. A portrait of Helen Fourment walking with a page,—the famous "Chapeau de Paille,"—the two sons of Rubens, and the so-called "Four Philosophers," in the Pitti Gallery, are among the most celebrated.

His landscapes were fine, even when intended only for backgrounds, and his representations of animals were by no means less excellent than those of many fine artists who devoted all their talent and study to those subjects alone. Thus it will be seen that it is not too much to say that his genius in painting was universal, and when we remember his other attainments and accomplishments, we can but admire this great Flemish artist, and feel that of him, as of Goldsmith's famous Schoolmaster, it might be said:

> "And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
> That one small head could carry all he knew."





OH, you pussy willow! Pretty little thing,
Coming with the sunshine of the early spring!
Tell me, tell me, pussy, for I want to know,
Where it is you come from, how it is you grow?

Now, my little girlie, if you 'll look at me
And my little sisters, I am sure you 'll see
Tiny, tiny houses, out of which we peep
When we first are waking from our winter's sleep.
This is where we come from. How it is we grow,
I will try, my girlie, now to let you know:
As the days grow milder, out we put our heads,
And we lightly move us in our little beds —
Find the world so lovely, as we look about,
That we each day move a little farther out;
And when warmer breezes of the spring-time blow,
Then we little pussies all to catkins grow.

JERRY.

BY MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

"BUY a paper, plaze! She is frozen, a'most.
Here 's *Commercial* and *News*, and *Mail*,
And here 's the *Express* and the *Avening Post!*
And ivery one has a tirrible tale,—
A shipwrick,—a murther,—a fire-alarm,—
Whichiver ye loike;—have a paper, marm?
Thin buy it, plaze, av this bit av a gurrul—
She 's new in the business and all av a whirrul;
We must lind her a hand," said little Jerry:
"There 's a plinty av thrade at the Fulton Ferry.

"She 's wakely for nade av the tay and the toast—
The price uv a paper—plaze, sir, buy a *Post?*
Thrue as me name it is Jeremiah,
There 's a foine report av a dridful fire,—
And a child that 's lost,—and a smash av a train;—
Indade, sir, the paper 's just groanin' wid pain!
Spake up, little gurrul, and don't be afraid!
I 'm schraichin' for two till I start yez in thrade.
While I yell, you can sell," said little Jerry,
Screeching for two at Fulton Ferry.

The night was bleak, and the wind was high,
And a hurrying crowd went shivering by;
And some bought papers, and some bought none,
But the boy's shrill voice rang cheerily on:
"Buy a *Post*, or a *News*, or a *Mail*, as you choose,
For my arm just aches wid the weight av the news.

Express? Not a single one left for to-night,—
But buy one av this little gurrul, sir,—all right.
She 's a reg'lar seller here at the ferry,
And *I* rickomind her high," said Jerry.

In the whirl of the throng there paused a man.
"The bell is ringing—I can not wait;
Here, girl, a *Commercial* as quick as you can!
The boat is starting—don't make me late!"
And on through the hurrying crowd he ran,
The wee girl following close behind,
After the penny he could not find;
While, with a spring through the closing gate,
After her money bounded Jerry,
Ragged and panting, at Fulton Ferry.

"One cent from the man in the big fur coat!
Give me the change, or I 'll stop the boat."
Up from the deck a laugh and a cheer.
It changed to a shuddering cry of fear
As he bent his head for the fearful spring,
And then,—like a wild bird on the wing,—
Over the whirling waters swung,
Touched the boat with his hands, and clung,
Gasping and white, to the rail, and cried:
"Where is that mean old man, who tried
To steal one cent from a girl at the ferry—
A poor little girl, with no friend but Jerry?"

Over the side went a hundred hands,
From a hundred mouths rang forth commands:
"Pull him in!" "Stop the boat!" "Take his stock!" "Let us buy
All the papers he has!" "Send him home to get dry!"
"No, indade," said the boy—"that 's not w'at I meant;
I doant want yer money: I want that *one cent*
From the man in the warr'm fur coat an' hat,
Who could shteel a cent from a gurrul like that!
Af iver he thries that game agin,
He 'd betther take *me*, and not Margery Flynn!"
Then cheer on cheer for little Jerry
Rang across the Fulton Ferry.

Long ago, my youthful readers,
Happened this that I have told;
Long ago that sturdy newsboy
All his daily papers sold.
And the pluck that dared a ducking
To set right a weak one's wrong,
Served him well in every struggle;
And his life, both kind and strong,



Is a blessing and a comfort
To a world of needy boys
Who, like him, must work in play-time
With boot-brushes for their toys.
But around the Fulton Ferry,
Still the newsboys talk of Jerry.

DORIS LEE'S FEATHER FAN.

By Frank H. Converse.

"And what shall I bring you home, Dorry?" said Ned Blair, who, with Clarence Jackson, his shipmate that was to be, was making a good-bye call on Doris Lee, their mutual girl-friend and schoolfellow.

"Just what *I* was going to ask," eagerly put in Clarence, though, to tell the truth, Ned's question had but that moment suggested his own. There had always been the least suspicion of rivalry between the two boys, and I think each secretly desired the uppermost place in pretty Doris's friendship. Both boys were to sail on the following morning, for their initial voyage, in the ship "City of New York," Blokstrop, master; hence the farewell call, and the mutual inward disgust of each at finding the other present.

Now, Doris, who was a bit imaginative, had been reading, for the first time, Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner"; and it suddenly occurred to her that a fan made of albatross feathers would be too sweet for anything, and charmingly appropriate for the hot days, when she might swing in her hammock under the veranda, with "Ye Rime of ye Ancient Mariner" for light reading.

I need hardly say that, as she thus expressed herself, both boys simultaneously declared their intention of doing their utmost that her wish might be gratified.

"I shall surely bring you an albatross's wing, Doris," Ned had said at parting.

"*I* 'll bring you a pair of albatrosses in a cage," enthusiastically exclaimed Clarence, who was not quite familiar with natural history. And then Doris had said good-bye, with a kindly wish for each.

Well, at the time when my story really begins, the ship was in the latitude of Cape Horn. Neither boy had said "albatross" to the other since the voyage began; yet each had kept a sharp lookout astern, as day after day the good ship went speeding southward. "Gonies" there were, dusky "mole-mokes," Mother Cary's chickens, cape hens, and cape pigeons — most beautiful of sea-birds — in screaming abundance; but, as yet, the lone albatross for which they so anxiously watched was nowhere visible.

Ned and Clarence, as is customary in the better class of American ships, occupied the "boys' room" — a little, closet-like den in the after-end of the forward house.

It was the afternoon dog-watch, and Clarence lay in his berth, listlessly watching through the open door how the western sky was torn into strange shreddings of wonderful greens and golds, the whole tinged with a dull red glow from the setting sun.

Suddenly, Ned entered rather abruptly. Throwing back his chest-lid, he began tossing his sea-clothes aside, in evident search of some missing article.

"Have you seen anything of my fishing-line, Clarence?" he asked eagerly, after a second hasty overhauling — and Clarence knew in a moment that fishing-line signified albatross.

"*I* have n't got it," he answered hastily, and at the same time springing from his berth, Clarence made a dive into his own sea-chest, and, fishing-line in hand, rushed to the galley for a bit of salt pork to use as bait for the beautiful bird which a hurried glance showed him was following in the ship's wake.

Further search on Ned's part proved vain. He had seen the line in his chest only the day before, and felt a vague suspicion that Clarence could, if he chose, tell something about its sudden disappearance. But of this, of course, he had no proof, and, rather moodily, Ned returned on deck.

Clarence, in a high state of excitement, was leaning over the lee side, at the break of the quarter.

"I 've got him!" he shouted. "Lend me a hand, some of you fellows!" But the sailors — with whom Clarence was not a favorite — seemed to have no hands to lend, just then. Ned thrust his deep in his trousers' pockets, and turned away. Two or three others looked grimly on, but offered no aid, even when it seemed a little uncertain which was pulling the harder — Clarence or his captive. But, by catching a turn around a pin as he shortened in the line, fathom by fathom, Clarence succeeded in drawing the bird nearer and nearer. Vainly it struggled and shrieked, and beat the water with its powerful white wings; its capture seemed certain.

It was at this moment that Captain Blokstrop, having finished his supper, came on deck. One comprehensive glance, which took in the ship's course, the set of her sails, and the cloud-streaked horizon, also took in the uncomfortable situation of the albatross.

Now, Captain Blokstrop, who was one of the old-time ship-masters, had a tinge of the sailor superstition which looks upon the wanton destruction of a Mother Cary's chicken or an albatross as a portent of evil. Furthermore, Clarence was no favorite with him, by reason of what the captain called his "shiftless, so'gering ways," for Clarence Jackson had not come to sea with the idea of becoming a sailor, but only to "have a good time and see life generally," as he expressed it.

"A fowl at one end and a fool at the other," muttered Captain Blokstrop, in unconscious paraphrase. Walking softly to the lee rail as he spoke, he reached quietly over, and with opened knife cut the tautened line just as Clarence was bracing himself for a desperate pull! Well, the natural consequence ensued. The bird went one way, Clarence another! His head struck the deck with a thump, while the soles of his sea-boots were turned upward toward the darkening sky. The sailors laughed under their breath, Ned could not repress a smile, and something like a subdued chuckle was heard by the man at the wheel to issue from Captain Blokstrop's throat, as he went below to look at the barometer.

That night, in the middle watch, it began to blow. And when it sets out to do anything of the kind around Cape Horn, it goes at it in good earnest. But though a gale, it was directly astern, and the "City of New York" was new, her sails and rigging strong. So, after the good ship had been put under proper canvas for "scudding,"

Captain Blokstrop, in a bright red Havre shirt, eruptive with large pearl buttons, stood hanging to the weather mizzen-shrouds, nodding his approval of the way his ship and things generally were going, while the organ peal of the gale thundered and shrieked through the straining rigging, and a lone albatross, with a few yards of line hanging from his beak, followed on in the ship's wake. Now, when the wind is doing its best to make sixty miles an hour, and the sea to run fifty odd feet high, there *are* more comfortable places than the main deck of a long, sharp-nosed, narrow-beam ship, particularly when she is logging something like thirteen knots.

The "City of New York" was scooping in tons upon tons of water, first over one rail, then the other, as she swept on over the tempest-tossed sea, the surges of which were dimly visible by the glimmer of a waning moon through the drifting scud overhead. The forecastle was afloat, the boys' room knee-deep in water, while the after-cabin was being "bailed out" by Wan Lung, the Chinese steward, who staggered to and fro with a mop and bucket, muttering to himself in broken Chinese.

Four bells rang out through the din of the storm, conveying to Ned the cheerful prospect of a two hours' lookout in the slings of the fore-yard, for no one could live on the top-gallant forecastle. Both boys were clinging to the weather pin-rail, and, at the summons, Ned attempted to swing himself by Clarence, who had not spoken to him since his downfall. How it really happened Ned is not sure, but, as the ship gave a roll to the leeward, Clarence was thrown heavily against him, and a great sea, boarding the vessel just under the main-yard, swept poor Ned far out, over the rail, into the seething water. Providentially, he had, shortly before, thrown aside his drenched oil-clothes and water-soaked sea-boots as uncomfortable superfluities. He got his head above water, dimly conscious of seeing the ship disappear in a cloud of darkness, and felt himself flung like a cork to the summits of great waves. He had no time to think,—fear swallowed up every other sensation,—for lo, as he struck out mechanically, something swooped down at him like a great white sea wraith! And let me tell you that a bird whose wings measure ten feet from tip to tip, whose bill is about six inches long, and whose red-rimmed eyes give it the appearance of an intoxicated demon of the marine species, is not a cheerful sight under the unpleasant circumstances in which Ned was placed.

The albatross struck at the swimming boy with clashing beak. Ned involuntarily ducked his head, and then, with perhaps a suggestion of the instinct leading drowning men to clutch at a straw, grasped wildly at the great bird's leg at the same moment.

Ned has since told me that he thinks he was a little crazed from the blows dealt him by the great pinions of the struggling bird. He dimly remembers grappling with it, after that, with a vague fancy that somehow he was Christian struggling with Apollyon, which changed to a sudden remembrance of a tussle that he once had in extreme youth with a vicious old turkey-gobbler!

But he clung to the albatross, and when, half an hour later, the "City of New York's" life-boat, steered by the second mate, reached him, boy and bird were pulled on board together, for Ned's arm was not only thrown over and about the albatross's neck, but his fingers were fairly stiffened about its windpipe. He knew nothing of the awful pull back to the ship, which lay hove to, burning a blue light, a mile to the windward—not he. Poor Ned lay face down in the boat's bottom, insensible, the salt water running from his mouth in a small stream. However, the albatross, which had undoubtedly saved his life, was more than insensible—it was dead; and when Ned staggered rather feebly on deck next morning, if you will believe me, Clarence was in the act of cutting off one of the wings for his very own!

"My line is in his mouth yet," remarked the ingenuous youth, with an agreeable smile, "and so you see, old fellow, that gives me a sort of claim to him, like a ship's iron does to a whale!"

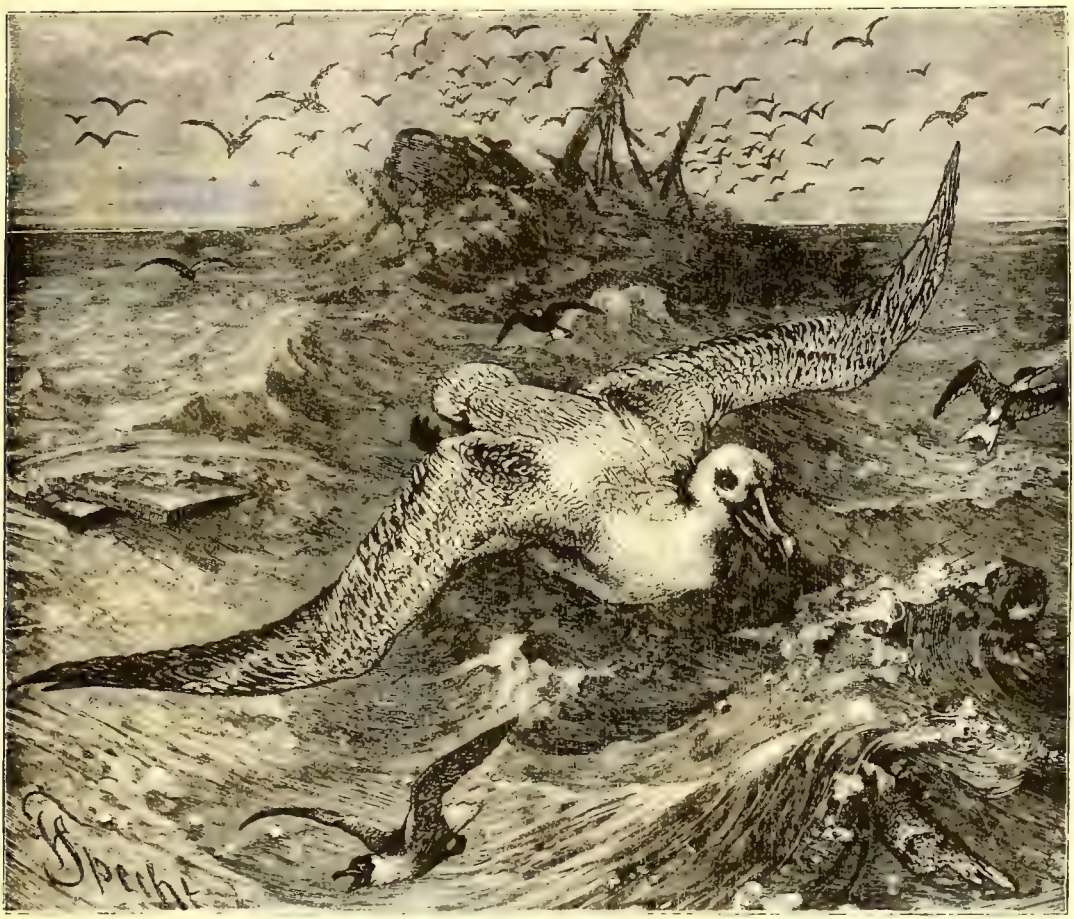
"*Your* line, eh?" replied Ned, quietly; and, to Clarence's manifest confusion, Ned composedly pointed out to his room-mate a fine white thread running through its strands. They had both been bought from the same lot, and Ned had said at the time that this was the only difference between them. It is not unnatural to presume that Clarence had abstracted Ned's from his chest and placed it in his own, and in his hurry taken the wrong one. Indeed, he afterward hinted that it was done only "in fun."

But Ned was *not* magnanimous enough to share the wings with him—and I am not sure that I blame him either, under all the circumstances. And as they took no other albatross, Miss Doris is indebted to Ned for the feather fan which he had made from the wings, and which he sent to her from Melbourne, together with an account of his adventure, cut from the *Melbourne Herald*. And so, when I see her with it, I wonder if its cooling breath has not in it, not only suggestions of the salt sea, but also of the modern as well as the ancient mariner; for her boy friend is advancing rapidly in his chosen profession, and will no doubt some day be master of as fine a ship as the "City of New York."

But Clarence has left the sea in disgust. "It does n't agree with him," he says.

THE ALBATROSS.*

By Celia Thaxter.



He spreads his wings like banners to the breeze,
He cleaves the air, afloat on pinions wide;
Leagues upon leagues, across the lonely seas,
He sweeps above the vast, uneasy tide.

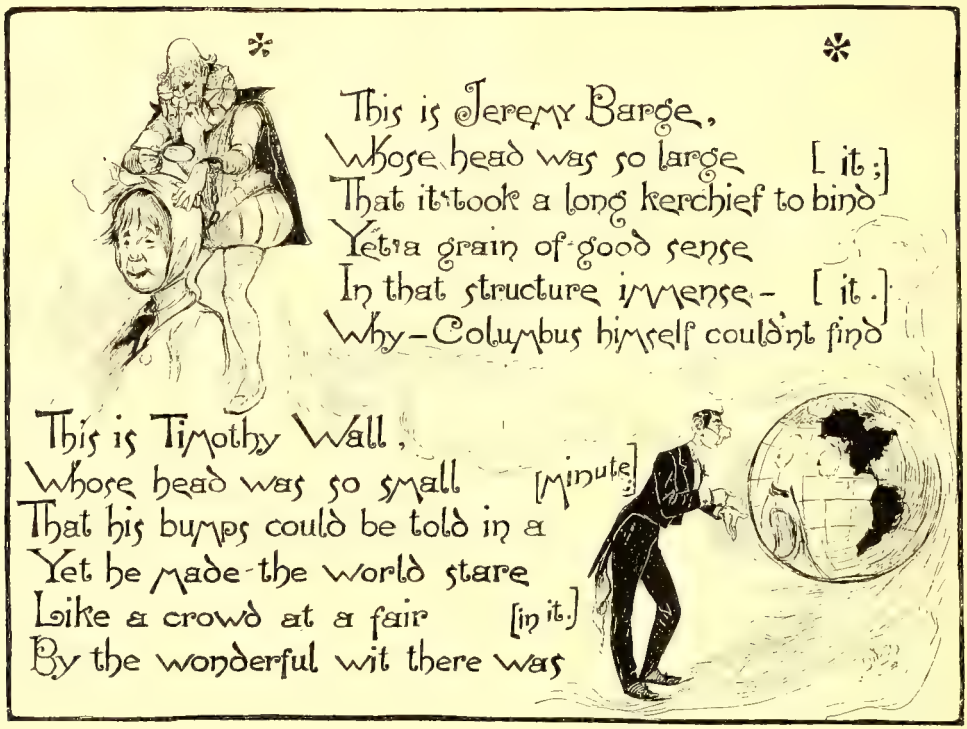
For days together through the trackless skies,
Steadfast, without a quiver of his plumes,
Without a moment's pause for rest, he flies
Through dazzling sunshine and through cloudy glooms.

Down the green gulfs he glides, or skims the foam,
Searching for booty with an eager eye,
Hovering aloft where the long breakers comb
O'er wrecks forlorn, that topple helplessly.

He loves the tempest; he is glad to see
The roaring gale to heaven the billows toss,
For strong to battle with the storm is he,
The mystic bird, the wandering albatross!

* "This fine bird is possessed of wondrous powers of wing, sailing along for days together without requiring rest, hardly ever flapping its wings, merely swaying itself leisurely from side to side with extended pinions."—*Wood's Natural History.*

"How they propel themselves in the air is difficult to understand; for they scarcely ever flap their wings, but sail gracefully along, swaying from side to side, sometimes skimming the water so closely that the point of one wing dips into it, then rising up like a boomerang into the air, then descending again and flying with the wind or against it with equal facility."—*Rambles of a Naturalist.* (*Cuthbert Collingwood.*)



THE TALE OF THE SUPPOSING FAMILY.

AS TOLD ME BY MY GRANDFATHER.

I AM half a Dutch boy. Grandfather is all Dutch, for he was born away over the sea in Hamburg; and so, though my name is Thomas Jefferson Adams, after Papa, I am considerably Dutch, for I look just like Grandfather Kayser. He lives with us, and I can't bear to think of his ever moving back to Hamburg. He makes me all sorts of things, tells me stories, and takes my part when the rest of the folks are down on me.

One rainy Saturday, Mamma said I must stay in the house, because my throat was sore, and as I do not take to any quiet work, and she does not like noise, I had a lonely time. In the afternoon my throat grew worse, and I got bluer and bluer, till I suppose I looked very doleful.

"What is the matter?" said Grandfather, as he came in.

"I was thinking," said I, "that if I 'm not well by Monday, I shall get behind the rest of the boys, and that, if my throat gets much worse, I may die," and then I looked very serious.

"You have an inflooinza." (Grandfather meant influenza, but you see he is Dutch.) "By to-morrow you will be much better," he added; "but it seems to me, my boy, you are threatened by a much worse disease."

"What, Grandfather?" said I, so scared I was still, and then I saw the look in his eyes that is always in them when he is down on me, and I was frightened.

He did not answer, but folded up his newspaper and invited me to go up to his room, which is a perfectly splendid place, full of books and pictures he brought from Hamburg. There is a big carved chest, in which he keeps his clothes, that is very curious, and a little sofa, as hard as a brick, on which he loves to lie. As soon as we got upstairs he took down a large, red book, with silver clasps,

which is full of writing. I do believe Grandfather made up everything in it out of his own head—he is 'cute enough to do anything. And after he had fixed me on that little sofa, he read to me the following story. Afterward, he let me copy it, word for word, out of the red book, because I never could have remembered it all as nice and smooth as it was written, and because—well, you will find out the second reason later.

Once upon a time, in the land of Somewhere, in a great castle, there lived a family by the name of Supposing. There was Sir Timothy Supposing, and his wife, Lady Supposing, and their only son, Tobias Eliakim Supposing.

The day after Sir Timothy was twenty-one,—his birthday was also his wedding-day,—he went to bed, and refused ever to get up. "I have contemplated this step a long time," he said. "The floors in the castle are draughty, and if I go out-of-doors I may be caught in the rain or get my feet wet; so that, wherever I may be, I am in constant danger of catching cold. Then, too, if I go out in the carriage, the horses may run away, or an axle may break, and if I go on Jeremiah's back, he may plunge or rear or kick, or lie down and roll over. I don't care if he is fifteen years old: an old horse is up to all sorts of tricks a colt does not think of. Life is uncertain enough in bed. With oleomargerine in the butter, and glucose in the sugar, and willow leaves and copperas in the tea, and bad ventilation, and gas from the furnace, I am in great danger even here."

His big bed was provided with all sorts of foot-warmers, and clampers to hold the clothes down, and every day his valet, January, rubbed Sir Timothy with his soft, fat hands, to stimulate his circulation and keep his liver from growing torpid. As Sir Timothy was very much afraid of being poisoned by bad air, and also of catching cold, men with all sorts of patent ventilators and furnaces to sell came to the castle every day, the procession often reaching as far as the eye could see, and Sir Timothy had every one tried, so anxious was he to secure one to his mind.

Lady Supposing was naturally of a happy disposition. Sometimes, when there had been an unusual number of patent things to try, she felt low-spirited, and thought what if Sir Timothy should not find the right sort of heating apparatus after all, and what if, with all the pains and care we take, he should die right there in his bed, and what if something should befall Tobias Eliakim? But a nap dispelled these forebodings, and then Lady Supposing would go about the castle singing—"as if," said her husband, "she never thought that anything might happen."

Tobias Eliakim was a fine-looking boy, with blue eyes and waving brown hair like his mamma. He had two tutors, an old one named Socrates Quidquodibus, who taught him Latin, Greek, mathematics, and every sort of ology, and a young one, named Apollo Bangs, who taught him music and painting. But Tobias Eliakim was always saying to himself while he studied: "What if—oh! what if I get to be just like Professor Quidquodibus, and instead of having to put spectacles over my poor, tired eyes, as he does, what if I become stone-blind from studying so many books? And what if a hump grows on my back, as there has upon his? January once told me of a man who died of consumption brought on by excessive reading. What if I should have consumption?" The only way the good professor could make him study enough to learn anything was by asking him the still more terrible question: "What if you grow up a dunce, Tobias Eliakim? and you certainly will if you do not study."

Professor Bangs, in giving him some finger exercises, unluckily told him that the composer Schumann broke one of his third fingers in his effort to make it do his will. Tobias Eliakim was off the stool in a minute. "I 'll never touch the piano again!" he cried. "I should not be surprised if my fingers were injured now. They frequently feel as if they were coming off." And no amount of coaxing or scolding could make him change his mind.

One day while he was painting, the professor, who was inclined to be a philosopher, began giving him a lecture on the pigments he was using. "Everything in the world, my dear boy, has some beneficent qualities. Arsenic, now, which is such a virulent poison that it causes the most intense suffering if taken into the stomach, furnishes us this brilliant green with which I shall touch up those beech trees in the foreground of your picture," and as he spoke he squeezed some of the color on his pallet and set to work. But this ended Tobias Eliakim's painting. "I will not handle poisons," he said; "what if I should accidentally swallow a tube of that paint?" And thereafter he would study nothing but drawing.

Besides his tutors he had a dancing-master, and a fencing-master, who had also to teach him to shoot at a mark, to manage a horse, to swim, to skate, and to slide down-hill.

He did very well with the dancing, but when he attempted to fence, he was so afraid that the buttons would come off from the tips of the foils that the lessons had to be continued as best they could be with wooden swords. The first time he fired a gun, the recoil of the weapon nearly knocked him down. "What if that gun had shot off backward,—

who knows that it will always shoot off frontward,—and if I lose my head, how am I to get another?" he said. "No, Master Middlebury, I shall not use that gun again." Sir Timothy regretted his son's decision—"Because," he said, "a gentleman's education is not complete without a knowledge of fire-arms"; but Lady Supposing, who had opposed these lessons from the first, was delighted.

When Tobias Eliakim saw his teacher swim into the clear waters of the lake that lay at one side of the castle, he was eager to follow him, and ran as fast as he could to don his bathing-suit; but when Master Middlebury had led him a few steps into the water he halted. "What if I should drown?" said he. "You can't with me," laughed his teacher. "You might lose hold of me." "But I wont lose hold of you," cried vexed Master Middlebury. "But you might have the cramp, or an attack of heart disease, or paralysis, or something," persisted Tobias Eliakim, now thoroughly determined not to swim. "Take me back to the shore directly, and I will sit down and watch you."

Sir Timothy was anxious that his son should be a good swimmer. "What if, when he grows up, the King should make him an admiral, and what if, in a storm or a naval engagement, something should happen to the flag-ship? What would Tobias Eliakim do then if he could not swim?" he said to Master Middlebury, when giving him instructions as to what he wanted him to do. The poor teacher knew that Sir Timothy would blame him, and, completely out of patience, he went splashing into the lake and dived down to the bottom of it to cool his anger. He staid so long that Tobias Eliakim thought he was drowned, and ran off to the castle to get some one to rescue Master Middlebury.

The cook took a wash-boiler, the chamber-maid took the clothes-line, and the men-servants dragged along one of the brass cannon that stood by the front steps. "We 'll shoot it off," said they, "and that will fetch him to the surface in a few minutes, when we can scoop him in shore by means of the wash-boiler and the rope."

When they reached the lake, they found that the cannon was not only empty, but spiked. "I remember now," said one, "Sir Timothy would never allow them to be loaded for fear they might burst, and after Tobias Eliakim was old enough to walk, he happened to think one day that the child might find a cannon-ball and some powder somewhere, and might load a cannon, and undertake to fire it off, so he ordered that they should be spiked."

Being kind-hearted men, they ran back to the castle in the hope of finding a cannon they could use, while the cook and the chamber-maid tied the clothes-line to the wash-boiler, so as to be all ready. But they found the cannon were all spiked, and were sadly returning to the lake, when who should they see but Master Middlebury, dressed in plaid clothes and wearing a long, red neck-tie, cantering up the drive-way on old Jeremiah.

Sir Timothy was desirous that Tobias Eliakim should be an expert horseman. "If there should be a war when he grows up," he said, "the King would undoubtedly want him to command an army, and there would be times when he would have to ride; but as there is no telling what a horse may do, in giving my son lessons, I want you to always ride the horse with him, and hold the reins, so as to be near in case of accident."

Tobias Eliakim at first rode in front of Master Middlebury, but one day Jeremiah stumbled. "What if this horse should take a notion to kick his hind legs straight up?" said Tobias. "I should, no doubt, pitch over his head and break my neck." After that he rode behind, till one day, when they were going up a small hill, he noticed that under some circumstances he could slide off over the horse's tail only too easily, and then he would not ride at all.

[Note by me, T. J. A. "I think Tobias Eliakim was a perfect baby. I have been on our horse, Black Hawk, bare-back, and he rares around like a wild-cat, sometimes."]

In the winter, the lake in which Master Middlebury tried to teach Tobias Eliakim to swim was covered with firm, blue ice, which made first-rate skating, and at the back of the castle was a long hill, just the place to slide.

Tobias Eliakim had a handsome sled, the gift of his maternal grandfather, and one New Year's day, when the hill was white with snow, on which glittered a hard crust, Master Middlebury thought he would give his pupil a lesson in coasting.

Tobias Eliakim put on his fur-lined coat, his fur-lined boots, his fur cap with ear-lappits, his fur mittens, and his red muffler, which went six times about his neck. As for trousers—well, he had on three pairs. "Really, Master Middlebury, I 'm going to catch cold," he said, when they had reached the hill. "I feel very creepy in my back."

"Nonsense!" cried his teacher. "Hop on that sled, and I will have you warm in two minutes." Tobias Eliakim obeyed, and Master Middlebury had stretched out one of his long legs to steer, when Tobias Eliakim cried, "What if——" But the sled was already darting down the hill, swift as an arrow flashing through the air.

"Never," he gasped when they stopped,—"never will I get on that dreadful thing again! I might have been dashed in pieces if you had failed to

steer straight, or if we had struck something." Then he did not know how to get up the hill, as he did not dare to walk up, nor to sit on the sled and let his teacher drag him up, and he was quite sure he would freeze to death if Master Middlebury left him to obtain help. So there was no alternative for Master Middlebury but to take the big fellow on his back and carry him up the hill as best he could.

The skating lessons failed, for when Tobias Eliakim felt his feet flying out from under him, he almost fainted in his teacher's arms. But, as he liked to see his teacher skate, his mamma had a small glass house built by the lake, and in it, wrapped in furs, with his feet on the stove-hearth, he watched Master Middlebury skate by the hour.

[Note by me, T. J. A. "This is the worst thing I ever heard of any boy. It does seem too tough to believe."]

Once the teachers complained to Lady Supposing. They said they felt that their efforts were almost thrown away, their pupil progressed so slowly. Lady Supposing was very much distressed, and sent for the family doctor.

As soon as he received the message, the doctor packed his saddle-bags full of his biggest pills and powders, which he kept prepared for his titled customers, put up his blisters and lancets, clambered into his chaise, and drove off to the castle without delay.

He examined Tobias Eliakim thoroughly, and asked him and his mother and teachers questions for two hours, and then gravely shook his head. "My dear madam," he said, "your son is suffering from one of the gravest maladies known to science, and one quite beyond the reach of medicine. All I can tell you about it is that it is known to the profession as 'Congenital Whatif';" and putting up his medicines and blisters and lancets, the doctor drove away.

"And what is this dreadful and incurable disease?" cried poor Lady Supposing; but though Professor Quidquodibus looked in all of his dictionaries, and studied at it with all his might, even he could not tell her. "I guess, madam," he said, moved by her distress and chagrined at his failure, —"I guess it is an affection of the mind."

Life in the castle went on very much as I have described, till Tobias Eliakim was sixteen years old. Sir Timothy continued to try all sorts of patent ventilators and furnaces, and at last a man came all the way from the shore of the straits of Sunda, and showed him a model which he thought so perfect that he ordered a furnace and ventilator like it to be put in the castle as soon as possible. The first night it was used, the north wind was blowing at a fearful rate, and the fire in the new furnace burned so fiercely that all the great heat-pipes grew so hot, that they set on fire the woodwork of the partitions they traversed. The hall into which the family rooms opened connected with the castle by one small door, Sir Timothy having ordered the rest of the doors to be walled up. And this small door was always closed at night, and locked by six patent locks, lest the servants, or somebody, or something, should attack the family in the night. All the windows and doors in the family rooms were, for the same reason, fastened by patent locks, so, though the servants tried hard to save them, the poor Supposing family perished miserably in the flames.

Grandfather's story ends here, but when he read it to me, I asked him if that was all of the family. "Oh, no," said he. "It is a large family, having kinsfolk in all parts of the world. A second cousin succeeded to Sir Timothy's estate and rebuilt the castle."

"Is the story true, Grandfather?" said I, very anxiously.

"Yes, my boy," said Grandfather, in a queer, solemn tone.

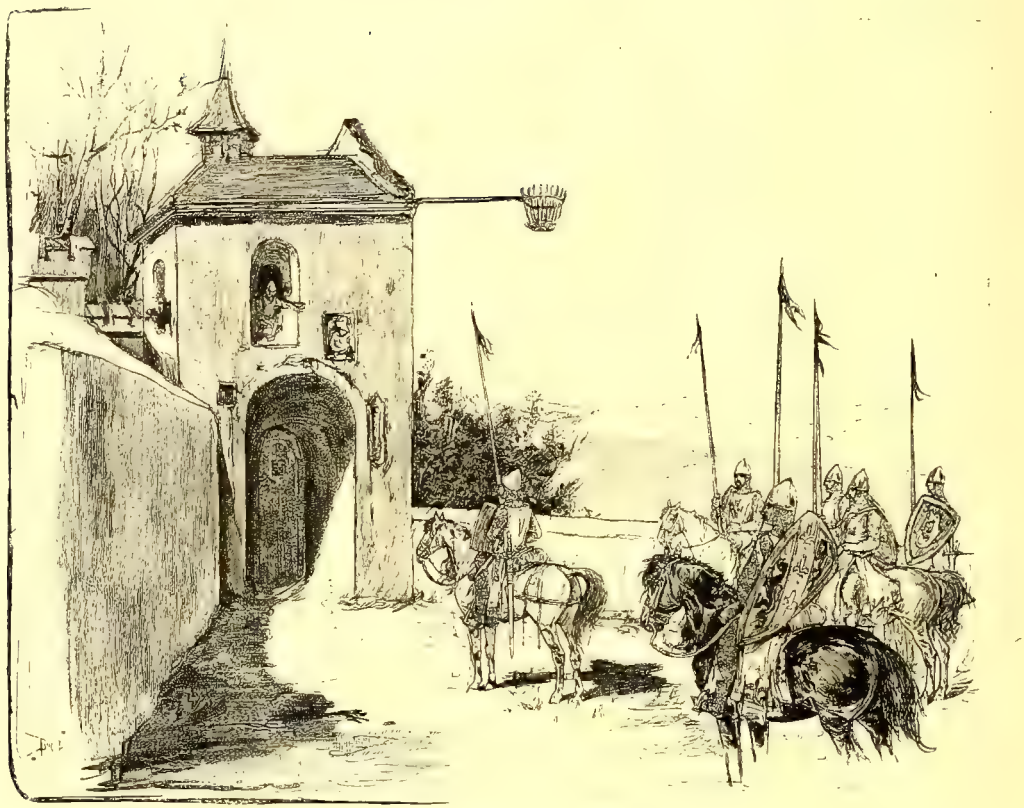
I lay on that hard sofa a few minutes thinking, for you see I had my own notion of the way Grandfather used that word true, and why he thought a story about a boy that had the "what-if" would be good for me to hear. And after a little I said, "Grandfather, if I 'll be very very good till my next birthday, and not catch any incurable disease, will you let me copy that story into my diary?"

Grandfather dreads to have me take any of his things where I use ink—I am so apt to spill it; but he said, "yes," like the dear old Grandfather that he is.

I will not say how good I was, but my birthday has passed and here is the story, and if you publish it, as I hope you will, maybe you 'd better leave out that note about Black Hawk, which is confidential to you. You see I had been forbidden to enter the stable, and if he knew I had tried to ride that vicious beast, Grandfather would be down on me the worst way. Besides, I did it a good while ago. I am thirteen—going on fourteen since my last birthday.

THE STORY OF VITEAU.*

By Frank R. Stockton.



"A SMALL WINDOW WAS OPENED."

Chapter X.

A few days after the arrival of Louis and Jasto at the castle of Barran, the Countess found it necessary to send to Viteau for some clothing and other things which were needed by herself and her ladies, for they had brought very little with them in their hasty flight from the château.

A trusty squire—not Bernard, for he would not leave his mistress for so long a time as a day and night—was sent, with a small, but well-armed body of men, to convey to the castle the property desired by the Countess, and to give some orders to the seneschal in charge. When the party reached the château, early in the evening, the squire was greatly surprised to find that he could not enter. The gates were all closed and barred securely, and no answer came to his calls and shouts to the inmates.

At length, a small window in the principal gate was opened, and a man's head, wearing a helmet with the visor down, appeared in the square aperture.

"Which of the varlets that we left here are you?" cried the angry squire. "And what are you doing with the armor of the Countess on your rascally head? Did you not know me when I called to you, and when are you going to open this gate for us?"

"I am not any man's varlet," said the person in the helmet, "and you did not leave me here. I wear this helmet because I thought that some of your impatient men might thrust at me with a spear, or shoot an arrow at me when I should show my head. I did not know you when you called, for I never heard your voice before, and I am not going to open the gate for you at all."

The squire sat upon his horse, utterly astounded

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at this speech, while his men gathered around him, wondering what strange thing they next would hear.

"Who, then, are you?" cried the squire, when he had found his voice, "and what are you doing here?"

"I have no objection," said the other, "to make the acquaintance of any man who wants to know me, and to tell him what I do, if it be, in any way, his business. I am Michol, the captain of the good and true band of *cotereaux* who for some time past have lived in this forest, near by; and what I am doing here is this: I am dwelling in this goodly château, in peace and comfort, with my men."

The squire turned and looked at his followers.

"What think you," he said, "does all this mean? Is this a man gone crazed?"

"Not so," said the man with the helmet; "not so, my good fellow. I may have done crazy deeds in by-gone days, but this is the most sane thing I ever did in all my life. If you should care to hear the whole story, straight and true,—and I should like much to tell it to you, that you may take it to your mistress,—come closer and listen."

The squire, anxious enough to hear, rode close to the gate; the men crowded near him, and Michol, for it was really the captain of the *cotereaux*, told his story.

"I am going to make this tale a short one," he said, "so that you can remember it, and tell it clearly, all of you. When the boy, son of the Countess of Viteau, was stolen from us ——"

"Stolen!" ejaculated the squire.

"Yes," said the other, "that is the word. We captured the youngster fairly on the road, and held him for fitting and suitable ransom; and before we had opportunity to acquaint his friends with his whereabouts, and with the sum demanded for him, he was basely stolen by a traitor of our company, and carried away from us, thus cheating us of what was our fair and just reward."

"Reward!" exclaimed the squire. "Reward for what?"

"For treating him well and not killing him," said Michol, coolly. "When I found out the base deed that had been done to us," he continued, "I gathered all my men, together with another band of brave fellows, who gladly joined us, and I came boldly here to demand the ransom for the boy, and the body of the wretched villain who stole him away. And when I found no boy, and no traitor, and no Countess, and no one in the whole château but an old man and some stupid varlets, I blessed my happy stars, and took possession of the whole domain. And this I shall hold, occupy, and defend, until the Countess, its former mistress, shall send to me one hundred silver marks, together with the person of the traitor Jasto. When these shall have been fairly delivered to me, I shall surrender the château, and honorably depart, with all my men."

"You need expect nothing of that kind," cried the squire. "Count de Barran and the good knights with him, when they hear this story, will come down upon you and drive you out with all your men; and never a piece of money, gold or silver, will you gain by this deed — unless, indeed, it shall be such as you shall find here."

"I shall have my money," replied Michol; "but until I hear that my just demands are denied, I shall break no bars or locks to look for it. My men and I will live merrily on the good stores of the Countess; but while we hold this place as warranty for her son's ransom, we shall not sack or pillage. But if your lord and his knights should come to drive me out, they would find more good soldiers here than they can bring, for in times of peace we are strong, and the lords of the land are weak, unless, indeed, they keep retainers and men-at-arms for mere show and ostentation. My men are well armed, too, for the Count of Viteau kept his armory well furnished, as became a valiant knight and a leader of fighting men. So, therefore, if Barran shall come to give us foul blows, instead of fair words and just deeds, he will get blow for blow, and harder blows, methinks, than he can strike; and if it should be, by strange fortune, that he drive us out, he would drive us only from the blazing ruins of this château.* All this I tell you, my good squire, that you may tell it to Barran and the Countess. Think you you will remember it?"

"Indeed will I," said the squire. "Such words can not easily be forgotten. But then I truly think ——"

"No more of that!" interrupted Michol. "I do not care what you think. Hear, remember, and tell. That is enough for you in this matter. And, now, what brought you here? You did not come to bring word, good or bad, to me?"

"Indeed I did not," said the other, "for I knew not you were here. I came, at the command of the Countess of Viteau, to get for her certain garments and needful goods belonging to herself and ladies, which she could not, with convenience, take with her to the castle, but which, I suppose, if your tale be true, I shall go back without."

"Not so," said Michol. "I war not on fair ladies, until they themselves declare the war. You shall come in, and take away what your lady needs. That is, if you fear not to enter alone."

* Such was the lawlessness of the times, when people had to rely on themselves for protection and defense, that a deed like the taking of this château would probably meet with no immediate punishment, unless it were inflicted by the injured owner or his friends.

These words made the squire turn pale. He was afraid to trust himself, alone, inside the walls of the château court-yard, but he was ashamed to own it — ashamed that his own men should see his fear, or that Michol should see it. And so, out of very cowardice and fear of mockery, he did a thing which was exceedingly brave, and entered by the wicket in the gate, which Michol opened for him.

Inside the court and in the château, the squire saw, as Michol was very glad to have him see, hundreds of *cotereaux*, well armed, and in a good state of discipline, and he felt sure, at last, that the tale he had been told was true.

The articles he had been sent for were all delivered to him, and properly packed by Michol's men for conveyance on the baggage-horses that had been brought for the purpose. Then the goods were carried out, and the squire was allowed to depart, without hurt or hinderance.

Provisions were sent outside the gates for the squire and his men and horses, and that night they bivouacked by the roadside.

The next morning they rode back to Barran's castle, and the squire delivered to the Countess the property he had been sent for, and told the wonderful tale that the captain of the *cotereaux* had instructed him to tell.

CHAPTER XI.

THE news of the occupation of Viteau by a band of robbers occasioned, as well might be supposed, the greatest astonishment at the castle of Barran. At first, every one, from the lord of the castle to the lowest varlet, was loud in favor of an immediate march upon the scoundrels, with all the force that could be gathered together on the domain. But after Barran had held a consultation with the Countess, Hugo de Lannes, and the very sensible and prudent Bernard, he determined not to be too hasty in this important matter. If the story of the squire who had been sent to Viteau was true,—and there was no reason to doubt it,—it would require every fighting man on the estates of the Count de Barran to make up a force sufficiently strong to compel the *cotereaux* to leave the château; and if this force should not be large enough to completely surround and invest the place, the captain of the robbers might make good his threat of burning the château and retreating to the forest, which he could probably reach in safety, if the retreat should be made in the night.

But, even if the Count had been able to raise men enough to make a successful attack upon the *cotereaux* at Viteau, he did not wish, at this time, to strip his castle of all its defenders. If it should be concluded that the Countess should endeavor to escape to England, a tolerably strong party might be necessary to conduct her to the coast; and if the officers of the Inquisition should appear at his gates, he would like to be there with enough men to compel at least parley and delay.

It would, also, be difficult to hold the château, after it should be taken, during this serious quarrel with the *cotereaux*. If the lady of Viteau had been at home, she might have summoned many of her vassals to her aid, but it was not to be supposed that these people would willingly risk their lives, and expose their families to the vengeance of the robbers, to defend a dwelling which its owner had deserted.

It was, therefore, determined not to attempt, at present, to disturb the *cotereaux* at Viteau, who, as long as their demand for a ransom for young Louis was not positively denied, would probably refrain from doing any serious injury to the property. When the Countess should be in safety, a force could be raised from some of the estates, and from villages in the surrounding country, to thoroughly defeat the *cotereaux* and to break up their band. Suitable arrangements then could be made to hold and defend the château until the Countess or her heirs should come back to take possession.

What was to be done for the unfortunate mother of Raymond and Louis, now became again the great question. Flight to England, which, though a Catholic country, was not under the power of the Inquisition, as were France and some of the neighboring countries, would have been immediately determined upon, had it not been for the great unwillingness of the Countess to consent to separate herself from her sons.

If she should leave France and take her children with her, her property would probably be taken possession of by the Church or the Crown; whereas, if her sons, under a proper guardian, should remain in France, the estate would be considered to belong to them, for they had done nothing to make them forfeit it; and everything could go on as usual, until the friends of the Countess should have opportunity to represent the matter to some of the high authorities of the Church. Then, if she could be released from the prosecution by the Inquisition, she could return in peace to her home.

On the day after the squire's return from Viteau, and after it had been decided to leave the *cotereaux* in possession for the present, Raymond and Louis, with Agnes, were sitting together at a window in one of the great towers of the castle, talking of the proposed journey of the Countess;

Louis had been told the reason of her flight from Viteau, and, of course, Agnes knew all about it.

"If I were the Count de Barran," said Louis, very much in earnest, "I should never make a lady, like our mother, run away to England, nor to any other savage country, to get rid of her enemies. I should fill this castle with soldiers and knights, and I 'd defend her against everybody, to the last drop of my blood. Was n't Barran the brother-in-arms of our father? And is n't he bound, by all his vows, to protect our mother, when her husband is n't here on earth to do it himself?"

"You don't look at things in the right way, Louis," said Raymond. "Of course, the Count would defend our mother against all enemies, for he is a brave and true knight; but we can not say that the priests and officers of the Church are our enemies. Now, if Barran fights the people of the Inquisition, he is fighting the Church, and no Christian knight wants to do that."

"I 'd like to know what an enemy is," said Louis, "if he is n't a person who wants to do you an injury; and that, it seems to me, is exactly what these Inquisition people are trying to do to our mother. I should n't care whether they belonged to the Church or not."

"Oh, yes, you would," said Raymond, "if you had taken the vows of a Christian knight. The Count will do everything he can to save our mother from these people, but he will not want to fight and slay Church officers, and his men-at-arms would not help him,—I heard Count de Lannes say that,—for whoever should do such a thing would be excommunicated by the Pope of Rome, and would be cast out from all Christian fellowship and all hope of salvation. Our mother would not let any one fight for her, when she should know that such things would happen to him."

"Bernard would fight for her," said Louis; "and so would I."

"And so would I, as well you know," said his brother, "and so would the Count and many another knight, if things came to the worst. They would not stop to think what would happen afterward. But it would be a sad thing to do. It would be much better for our mother to go away, than to put her friends in such jeopardy of their souls. I have heard all this talked about, and I know how hard a thing it is for the Count to send our mother away. But one thing is certain: when she goes, I go with her. I care not for the domain."

"And I go, too!" cried Louis. "Let the robbers and the priests divide Viteau between them. I will not let my mother go among the barbarians without me."

"The English are not barbarians," said Raymond. "There are plenty of good knights and noble ladies at the court of King Henry, and all over the land, too, as I have read."

"I thought they must be savages," said Louis, "because they have no Inquisition. Surely, if England were a Christian land like France, there would be an Inquisition there."

Up to this time Agnes had been silent, eagerly listening to the conversation of the boys. But now she spoke:

"Louis and Raymond!" she cried. "I think it will be an awful, dreadful thing for your poor mother to go to England; I don't care what sort of a country it is, or who goes with her. Is n't there somebody who can make these people stop their wicked doings without fighting them? Can't the King do it?"

"Of course he can," cried Louis. "The King can do anything."

"Perhaps he can," said Raymond. "I spoke to my mother about that this morning, and asked her why Count de Barran did not go to the King and beseech him to inquire into this matter, and to see why one of his subjects—as good a Christian as any in the land—should be so persecuted. She said I spoke too highly of her——"

"Which you did not," cried Louis.

"Indeed, I did not," continued Raymond. "And then she told me that the mother of our King, Queen Blanche, who has more to do with the affairs of France than her son himself, does not like Barran, who, with our father, opposed her long with voice and sword, in the disputes between Burgundy and the Crown. So it is that he could not go to ask a favor of her son, for fear that it would do us more harm than good."

"But is he the only person in the world?" cried Agnes. "Why can't somebody else go? Why don't you go, Raymond, with Louis—and with me? Let us all three go! We can tell the King what has happened, as well as any one, and the Queen-Mother can not bear a grudge against any of us. Let us go! My father will not say me nay."

Louis agreed instantly to this glorious plan, and Raymond, after a moment's thought, gave it a hearty assent.

"We 'll start by the dawn of day to-morrow," cried Agnes; and away she ran to ask her father if she might mount a horse, and go with Louis and Raymond to Paris, to see the King.

Strange as it may seem, this wild plan of the children was received with favor by their elders. Something must be done immediately, and the Countess must either leave France, or some powerful aid must be asked for. Measures had been taken to put the matter before some of the high officials of the Church, but it was believed that

they would first send for Brother Anselmo and the priests, and would hear their story, before interfering for the Countess; and, therefore, whatever help might be expected in this direction, would probably be much delayed and come too late.

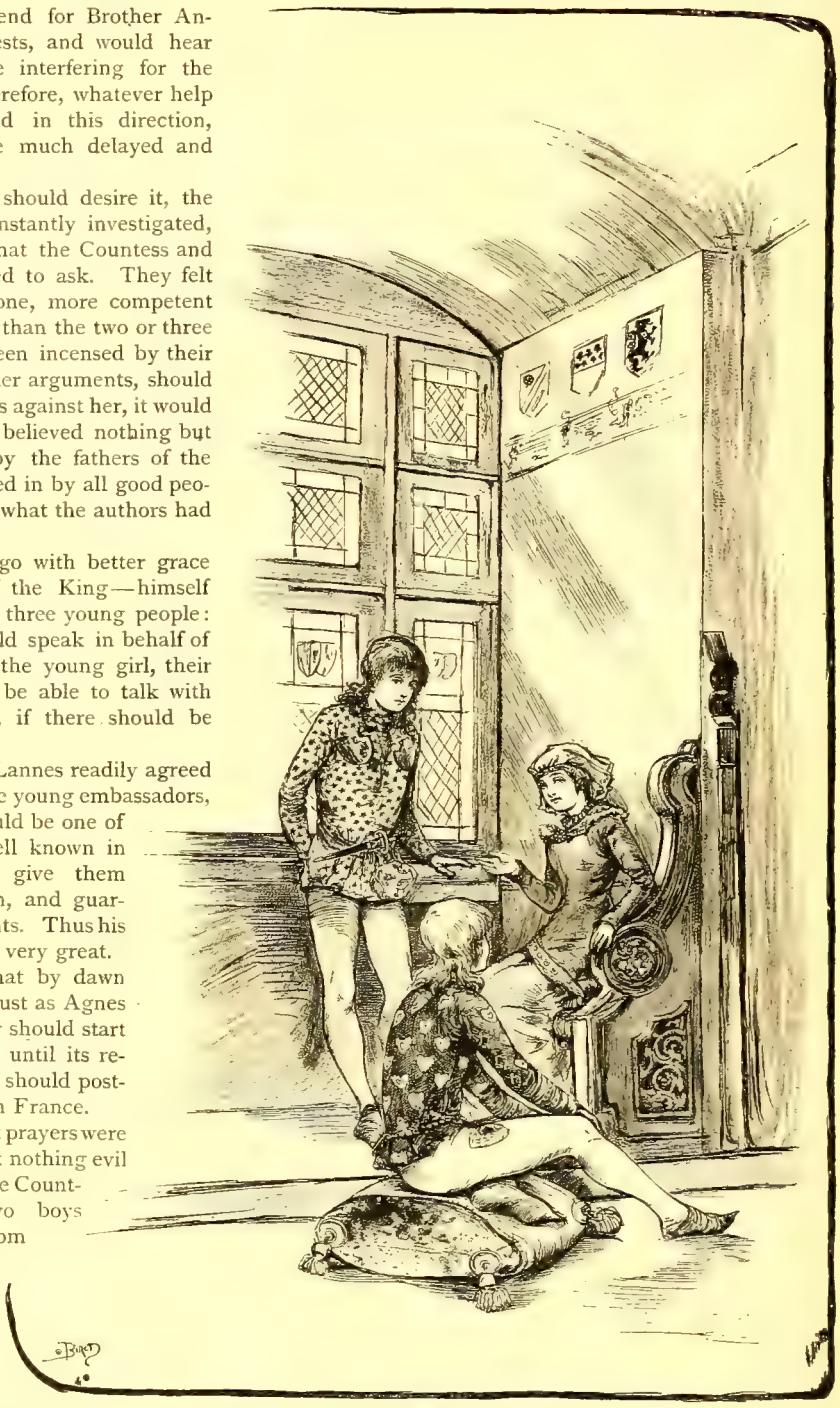
But if the King should desire it, the matter would be instantly investigated, and that was all that the Countess and her friends intended to ask. They felt sure that if some one, more competent and less prejudiced than the two or three monks who had been incensed by their failure to answer her arguments, should examine the charges against her, it would be found that she believed nothing but what was taught by the fathers of the Church, and believed in by all good people who had read what the authors had written.

And who could go with better grace to ask the help of the King—himself young—than these three young people: two boys who would speak in behalf of their mother, and the young girl, their friend, who might be able to talk with the Queen-Mother, if there should be need of it?

Count Hugo de Lannes readily agreed to take charge of the young embassadors, if his daughter should be one of them. He was well known in Paris, and could give them proper introduction, and guarantee their statements. Thus his assistance would be very great.

It was agreed that by dawn the next morning, just as Agnes had said, the party should start for Paris, and that, until its return, the Countess should postpone her flight from France.

And many earnest prayers were said that night, that nothing evil might happen to the Countess while her two boys should be absent from her.



AGNES TELLS RAYMOND AND LOUIS OF HER PLAN.

CHAPTER XII.

THE cavalcade, which started from the castle early the next morning, was a gay and lively one, for everybody seemed to think that it would soon return, with happy news. At the head rode Count de Lannes, and, at his side, Sir Charles de Villars, a younger knight, vis-

iting at the castle, who had volunteered his services to help defend the party, should it be attacked on the way.

Next came the three young people, each mounted on a small Arabian horse, from the castle stables. After them came two women, in attendance on Agnes; and then followed quite a long line of squires, pages, and men-at-arms, with servants carrying the heavy armor of the two knights, all mounted and armed.

It was calculated that the journey to Paris would take about four days, if they pressed on as fast as the strength of the horses and that of the young riders would permit; and as it was desirable to be back as soon as possible, they rode away at a good pace.

Some distance in advance of the whole party were two men-at-arms, whose duty it was, when passing through forests, or among rocks and hills, where an enemy might be concealed, to give timely notice of any signs of danger. The Count de Lannes did not expect any attack from robbers, for he felt quite sure that the *cotereaux* who had been in the neighborhood were all engaged in the occupation of Viteau.

But he did not know as much about the robber bands of Burgundy as he thought. A short time before, there had come into the country, between Barran's castle and Viteau, a company of *brabançois*—freebooters of somewhat higher order than the *cotereaux*, who generally preferred to be soldiers rather than thieves, but who, in times of peace, when no one would hire them as soldiers, banded together, stopped travelers on the highway, and robbed and stole whenever they had a chance. They were generally better armed and disciplined, and therefore more formidable, than the *cotereaux*, or the *routiers*, who were robbers of a lower order than either of the other two.

These *brabançois*, when Michol was making up his force with which to seize and hold the château of Viteau, offered to join him, but he declined their proposition, believing that he had men enough for his purpose, and not wishing, in any case, to bring into the château a body of fellows who might, at any time, refuse to obey his rule, and endeavor to take matters into their own hands.

The captain of the band of *brabançois*, when he found that he would not be allowed to take part in the ransom speculation at Viteau, moved up nearer the castle of Barran, and sent one of his men, dressed like a common varlet or servant, to take service with the Count, as an assistant in the stables and among the horses. In this occupation he would learn of the intended departure of any party from the castle, and could give his leader such information as he could manage to pick up about the road to be taken, and the strength and richness of the company.

So it was that, on the night of the day on which the expedition to Paris was determined upon, and after orders had been given to have the necessary horses ready early the next morning, this fellow got away from the castle, and told his captain all he knew about the party—who were to go and which way they were going.

It was not likely that the company under the charge of Count de Lannes would carry much money, or valuable baggage of any sort, and, therefore, the enterprise of waylaying these people on the road did not appear very attractive to the leader of the robbers, until he heard that Louis, and Jasto, who was to go with the boy as servant, were to be of the party. Then he took a great interest in the matter. If he could capture Louis, he could interfere with Michol in getting the ransom he demanded, and so force himself, in this way, into partnership with the prudent captain of the *cotereaux*; and if he could take Jasto, of whose exploits he had heard, he felt sure that Michol would pay a moderate ransom to get possession of that traitor to his cause and his companions.

Therefore, principally to capture, if possible, these two important and perhaps profitable personages, the band of robbers set out before daylight, and took a good position for their purpose on the road to Paris.

It was nearly noon when the cavalcade of our friends entered a wide and lonely forest, where the road was thickly overgrown, on each side, with bushes and clambering vines. It was an excellent place for an ambuscade, and here the *brabançois* were ambuscaded.

Count Hugo de Lannes was a prudent man, and he proceeded slowly, on entering the forest, giving orders to his scouts to be very careful in looking out for signs of concealed marauders.

He also called up the men who carried the heavy armor, and he and Sir Charles proceeded to put on their helmets and their coats of mail, so as to be ready for anything which might happen during their passage through the forest.

They were prepared none too soon, for the scouts came riding back, just as Count Hugo had exchanged his comfortable cap, or bonnet, for his iron head-covering, with the news that men were certainly concealed in the woods some hundred yards ahead.

Quickly the two knights, with the assistance of their squires, finished putting on their armor, and each hung his battle-ax at his saddle-bow. Their long swords they wore at all times when riding. Then Count Hugo, turning, gave rapid orders for the disposition of his force.

Part of the men-at-arms, all ready for battle, drew up before the young travelers, and part took their place in their rear. On either side of each of the boys, and of Agnes and her women, rode a soldier in mail, holding his shield partly over the head of his charge. Thus each of these non-combatants was protected by two shields, and by the bodies of two mail-clad men, from the arrows which might be showered upon them should a fight take place.

All these arrangements were rapidly made, for the men of the party were well-trained soldiers, and then Count Hugo and Sir Charles rode forward to see what they could see.

They saw a good deal more than they expected. As they went around a slight bend in the road, they perceived, a short distance ahead, three mounted men in armor, drawn up across the road. Behind them were a number of other men, with spears and pikes. And in the woods, on either side, were a number of archers, who, though they could not be seen, made their presence known by a flight of arrows, which rattled briskly on the armor of our two horsemen, and then fell harmlessly to the ground.

If this volley and this brave show of force were intended to intimidate the travelers, and to cause them to fall back in confusion, it did not have the desired effect.

Turning to their squires, who followed close behind them, the two knights called for their lances, and when, almost at the same instant, these trusty weapons were put into their hands, they set them in rest, and, without a moment's hesitation, charged down upon the three horsemen.

Count Hugo was an old soldier, and had been in many a battle, where, fighting on the side of the Crown, he had met in combat some of the bravest soldiers of France and many of the finest knights of England, whom King Henry III. had sent over to aid the provinces which were resisting Queen Blanche; and Sir Charles, although a younger man, had met and conquered many a stout knight in battle and in tournament.

Therefore, although the *brabançois* horsemen were good, strong soldiers, and well armed, and although all three of them put themselves in readiness to receive the charge of the knights, they could not withstand or turn aside the well-directed lances of these veteran warriors, and two of them went down at the first shock, unhorsed and helpless.

The other man, reining back his horse a little way, charged furiously on Count Hugo, who was nearest him; but the latter caught the end of his lance on his shield, and then, dropping his own lance, he seized his battle-ax, rose in his stirrups, and brought the ponderous weapon down upon the iron-clad head of his assailant with such a tremendous whang that he rolled him off his horse at the first crack.

Upon this, both knights were attacked at once by the spearsmen and other men on foot, but so completely and strongly were the Count and Sir Charles clad in their steel mail that their opponents found no crevice or unguarded spot through which their rapidly wielded weapons could penetrate.

But the knights gave them little time to try the strength of their armor, for whirling their battle-axes over their heads, and followed by their squires, they charged through the whole body of the foot-soldiers, and then, turning, charged back again, driving the *brabançois* right and left into the woods.

Meantime, all had not been quiet in the rear. The captain of the robbers, as soon as he had seen the knights engaged with his picked men, had come out of the woods, with a strong force of his followers on foot, and had made a vigorous attack on our young travelers and their attendants.

Here the fighting was general and very lively. Arrows flew; swords, spears, and shields rattled and banged against each other; horses reared and plunged; the women screamed, the men shouted, and Raymond and Louis drew the small swords they wore, and struggled hard to throw themselves into the middle of the fight.

But this was of no use. Their mailed and mounted guardians pressed them closely on either side, and protected them from every blow and missile.

Little Agnes was as pale as marble. Every arrow, as it struck against the shields and armor about her, made her wink and start, but she sat her horse like a brave girl, and made no outcry, though her women filled the air with their screams.

There were so many of the *brabançois*, and they directed their attacks with such energy on the one point, that it seemed for a time as if they certainly must get possession of one or all of the children. Three men had pulled aside the horse of Louis's protector on the left, and others were forcing themselves between the soldier and the boy, with the evident intention of dragging the latter from his horse.

But the fight at the head of the line was over sooner than the captain of the robbers expected it would be. His men had scarcely reached Louis's side when Count Hugo and Sir Charles came charging back.

Straight down each side of the road they came. Their own men, seeing them come, drew up in a

close column along the middle of the road, and before the *brabançois* knew what was going to happen, the two knights were upon them. Standing up in their stirrups, and dealing tremendous blows with their battle-axes as they dashed along, they rode into the robbers on each side of the road, cutting them down, or making them wildly scatter into the woods. As the knights passed, some of the men-at-arms left their line and, rushing into the woods, drove their enemies completely off the field.

At least, they supposed that this was the case; but, when Count Hugo and Sir Charles had turned and had ridden back to the young people and the women, and were anxiously inquiring if any of them had been injured during the affray, a cry from Louis directed everybody's attention to a new fight, which was going on at the rear of the line.

"Jasto!" cried Louis. "They are taking Jasto!"

The boy had happened to look back, and saw his friend of the robber-camp, whose horse had been killed, struggling on foot with four men, one of whom was the captain of the *brabançois*. They were, apparently, endeavoring to drag him into the bushes; Jasto, who was a very stout fellow, was holding back manfully, but the others were too strong for him, and were forcing him along. No one of the Count's party was near, except a few men who had charge of the baggage horses, and these were too busy with their frightened animals to take any notice of the re-appearance of some of the robbers.

"Help him!" cried Louis. "Don't let them take Jasto away!"

Count Hugo turned, as he heard the boy's cry, but little Agnes was close by his side, trying to get her arms around his iron neck, and several horsemen were crowded up near him, so that he could not clearly see what was going on in the rear. A few of the men-at-arms saw the affair, and rode toward the scene of the unequal contest, but Jasto would certainly have been dragged into the thicket before they could have reached him.

Sir Charles, however, was sitting on his horse, on the outside of the group around the children, and when he heard the alarm and saw the struggle, he immediately galloped to the rear. He did not know who Jasto was, but he saw that one man was contending with four others, whom he perceived, by their appearance and arms, to be members of the robber band. As he rode, he put his hand on his long sword to draw it, but he instantly saw that, if he struck at any one in that twisting and writhing knot of men, he would be as likely to kill the Count's follower as one of the robbers; and so he dashed up, and seized Jasto by the collar with his mailed hand. Then, reining in his horse vigorously, he suddenly backed. The jerk he gave in this way was so powerful that it almost pulled Jasto out of the hands of his captors. He was so far released, indeed, that, had the right hand of Sir Charles been free, he would have been able to cut down the robbers.



SIR HUGO AND SIR CHARLES CHARGE THE ROBBERS.

But as he still held Jasto in his iron grasp, and

prepared to back again, the robber captain, seeing that, in a moment, his captive would be torn from him, and infuriated by the idea that he would lose everything, even the chance of some ransom money from the captain of the *cotereaux*, drew from his belt a great, heavy knife, almost as long as a sword and very broad, and with this terrible weapon aimed a blow at Jasto's head.

"Traitor!" he cried. "If I can't take you, you can take that!"

But Jasto did not take anything of the kind; for, at the instant that the robber made the blow, two arrows from the archers, who were coming up, and who saw that the only chance of saving Jasto was a quick shot, struck the robber captain in the side of the head, and the knife dropped harmlessly by Jasto's side, while the robber fell back dead. Instantly the other *brabançois* took to their heels, and Sir Charles released the red and panting Jasto.

"Heigho!" cried the knight. "Surely I can not mistake that round face and those stout legs! This must be Jasto, my old follower and man of learning! Why, good letter-writer, I knew not what had become of you, and I have often missed you sorely."

Jasto recognized his old master, and, indeed, he had recognized him as soon as he had seen him in Barran's castle, but he had not wished to make himself known, fearing that Sir Charles might interfere in some way with his plan of demanding a reward for the return of Louis. Now, he would have spoken, but he was too much exhausted and out of breath to say a word. He merely panted and bobbed his head, and tried to look grateful for his deliverance.

"No need of speaking now," said the knight, laughing. "When the breath comes back into your body, I will see you again, and hear your story. And, I doubt not, I shall soon have need to call on you to use your pen and ink for me. If we stay long in Paris, I surely shall so need you."

But now orders were given to form into line and move onward, and Sir Charles galloped up to his place by Count Hugo. The order of marching was taken up as before, and the party, leaving the dead and wounded *brabançois* to be cared for by their companions, who were doubtless hiding in the forest near by, rode cautiously on until they cleared the woods, and then they proceeded on their way as rapidly and comfortably as possible. But few of the men-at-arms had been wounded, and none seriously.

The two boys and Agnes were in high good spirits as they galloped along. Agnes was proud of her father's bravery and warlike deeds, and Raymond and his brother were as excited and exultant as if they had won a victory themselves. Louis would have ridden back to see if his friend Jasto had been injured, but this was not allowed. He was told that the man was safe and sound, and had to be satisfied with that assurance.

As for Jasto himself, he rode silently among the baggage men, having been given a horse captured from the *brabançois*.

For once in his life, he was thoroughly ashamed of himself, and two things weighed upon his mind. In the midst of his struggle with the robbers, and when he had felt certain that they would overpower him and take him back to Michol, by whom he would be cruelly punished and perhaps slain, he had heard that shrill young voice calling for help for Jasto.

"And yet," he said to himself, "I am following that boy about, and keeping in his company, solely that I may, some day, have the chance of claiming pay for freeing him from the *cotereaux*, to which bad company I should have gone back this day if it had not been for him. For had he not called for help, none would have come to me. I owe him my freedom now, and as he is worth surely twice as much as I am, I will charge his friends but half the sum I had intended. And I shall think about the other half. But a poor man must not let his gratitude hinder his fortune. I shall think of that too.

"But as for Sir Charles, who has saved my life to-day, and who was ever of old a good master to me, I shall never deceive him more. I shall either tell him boldly that I can not write a letter any more than he can himself, or I shall learn to read and write. And that last is what I shall surely do, if I can find monk or clerk to teach me and he ask not more pay than I have money."

With these comforting resolutions Jasto's face brightened up, and raising his head, as if he felt like a man again, he left the company of the baggage, and rode forward among the men-at-arms.

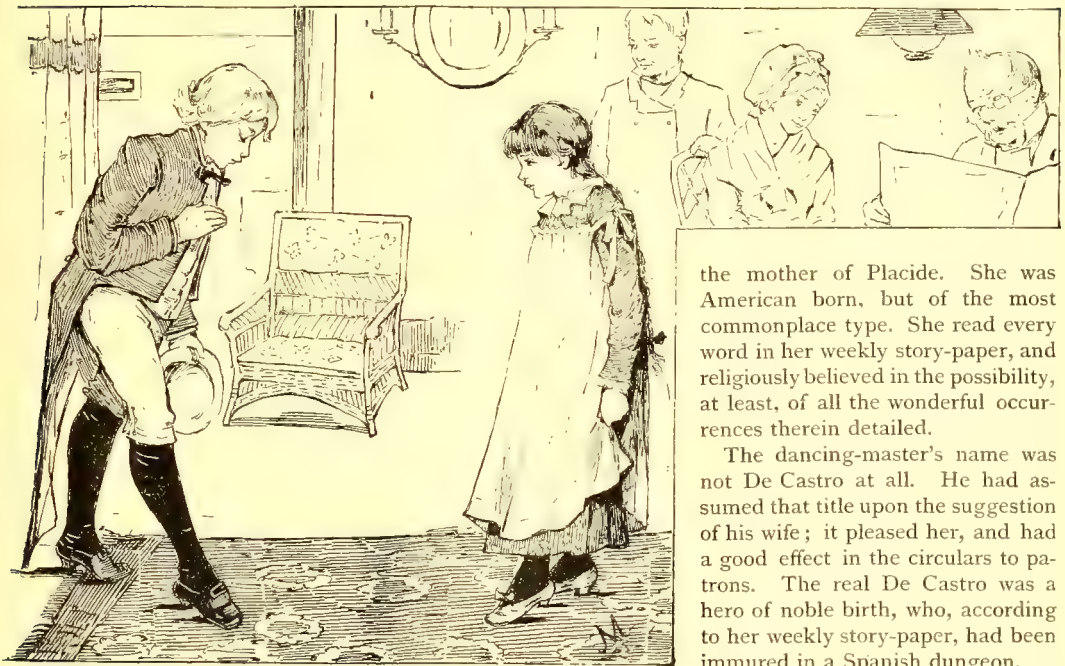
That night our travelers rested in a village, and the next day they came to the river Yonne, along the banks of which their road lay for a great part of the rest of their journey.

They passed through Sens, a large town, in which there lived a bishop, to whom their errand might have been made known, had not there been reason to fear that such an application might injure the cause of the Countess more than it would benefit it, and then they crossed the Seine and passed through Melun and several small towns and villages; and, late in the afternoon of the fourth day, they rode into Paris, with dusty clothes and tired horses, but with hearts full of hope.

(To be continued.)

THE MISSION OF MABEL'S VALENTINE.

By Anna North.



"PLACIDE EXECUTED HIS BOW WITH GREAT ELEGANCE." [SEE PAGE 295.]

MRS. DE CASTRO said Placide was "sure to make a rise in the world." Placide was tall for a boy of twelve, and all arms and legs. His eyes looked large in his thin, sallow face, and his thatch of light hair stood out all around like a door-mat.

The whole school made fun of the poor boy; but he took it all with a pitiful kind of smile. Nobody knew how cruelly it hurt him, nor how he longed to be friendly with his school-mates.

On entering the school-room he invariably saluted Miss Rose, the teacher, with an elaborate bow, in which he turned out his right foot, drew the other far back, and made a very deep inclination.

Though scarcely able to repress a smile while she rapped fiercely to quell the sensation this performance always excited, such a very unusual show of respect gained him rather a warm place in Miss Rose's heart, and resulted in a good deal of compensation for his social failures. Placide's father had been a little, broken-down French dancing-master, and the bow was about all he bequeathed his son, excepting a fine sense of honor and a sensitive social nature.

There was nothing French about Mrs. De Castro, the mother of Placide. She was American born, but of the most commonplace type. She read every word in her weekly story-paper, and religiously believed in the possibility, at least, of all the wonderful occurrences therein detailed.

The dancing-master's name was not De Castro at all. He had assumed that title upon the suggestion of his wife; it pleased her, and had a good effect in the circulars to patrons. The real De Castro was a hero of noble birth, who, according to her weekly story-paper, had been immured in a Spanish dungeon.

The dancing-master was a sorrowful little man when she married him; but she took great care of him, and earned his deepest gratitude by making comfortable his declining years.

In her own fancy she made him out to have been of ancient lineage, and used to prophesy darkly over her ironing-board that there would be a "*denoument*" some of these days.

"The king was coming to his own again," she said, nowadays, in allusion to Placide's expected "rise in the world." And when it really came, it chanced that the lad owed his elevation to St. Valentine.

The shop-windows were gay with reminders of the approach of the great February holiday. The hideous caricatures styled comic valentines were considered very funny by the children; Mabel Lawrence and some of her school-mates were examining an assortment of them one morning in the book-store. Every trade, occupation, or accomplishment, and every defect of body or mind was illustrated by uncouth figures and doggerel verse. There was something to hurt almost anybody's feelings.

"Oh, look!" cried one of the girls—"here 's 'Plaster Caster'!"

"Plaster Caster" was the popular nickname for Placide De Castro. And there *was* something suggestive of Placide in the ungainly figure, while the accompanying rhyme was to the effect that it would appear more becoming in him to assist his mother, instead of being ashamed of her, at her wash-tub earning money to pay for his fine clothes.

How the girls laughed! "We *must* send it!" they said. Mabel was the only one who had a penny, so she paid it and took the valentine. It was handed around slyly in school, and caused great merriment; the boys and girls thought it the best joke they had ever heard of.

Mabel was carried along at first by the fun of the thing, but gradually she grew more and more doubtful as to such a proceeding being quite up to the Lawrence standard. In the spelling-class, she noted the variety of fabrics represented in Placide's "fine clothes"; and on her way home, she saw him bravely putting out a line-full of clothes, apparently unmindful of the boys throwing snow-balls and inquiring the price of soap and bluing.

Mabel walked on slowly, and when she reached home, threw the cruel valentine into the kitchen fire.

She had no idea of the agony she spared Placide.

The boys and girls said it was "real mean" of her to spoil the fun. But Mabel was very lofty, and there threatened to be a quarrel.

Mabel had been looking wise ever since valentines began to be mentioned; she was planning a surprise. On the table in her room was a pile of them, very small but very pretty, in fancy envelopes, addressed to all her boy and girl friends and associates. It had occupied all her leisure time for a week to write, in a very slow and painstaking manner, on the blank pages: "Miss Mabel Lawrence presents her compliments, and will be pleased to have you spend the evening of February 14th at her home." Upon consultation with her mother, she now added another pretty valentine to the pile. It was addressed to Master Placide De Castro.

They were all sent out on the 13th. The boys judged it to be some kind of a "sell," but the girls were soon in possession of the facts, and it became generally understood that it was to be a fine affair, with scalloped oysters, frosted cakes, and many other enjoyable features.

But it was nearly a week after the party when the postmaster hailed Placide, as he was passing by, and handed him his invitation. It seemed a pity on the face of it, but no valentine ever imparted a greater degree of pure felicity than this belated one. It was a beautiful thing to happen to the sensitive, slighted, ridiculed boy, to be so remembered. He went singing and whistling about his work, the weight lifted off his heart, the sorrowful look gone from his face, his eyes bright with hope and pleasure.

Besides, had it not been for the delay, the "rise in the world" might never have been effected.

Mrs. De Castro accounted herself strong in the usages of polite society. "Now, Placide," she said, "you must acknowledge this complimunt by actin' accordin' to ettiquetty."

"Yes, ma'am," said Placide, more than willing.



PLACIDE RECEIVES THE DELAYED VALENTINE.

"Seein' you could n't attend, nor send your regrets, you must make a party call. Your best trousers are pretty good," she continued, "but I don't know about your going in that jacket. Let 's see, Placide, your pa was a small man. I should n't wonder if you 'd most growed into his swaller-tail coat by this time. This was your pa's dress-coat that he always wore when he went into society," she said, as she laid it out on the bed and unpinned the sheet in which it was folded.

"Now, slip in your arms and let 's see how it will do." (The tails came within six inches of the floor.)

"'T aint so dreadful long if it *is* a little loose," she said. "Coats is worn long now — gentlemen's

overcoats come clear down to their heels. It 's an awful nice piece of broadcloth, Placide, and you must n't let anything happen to it ! "

The white vest did pretty well by pinning up a broad plait in the back, his mother's black kid-gloves did n't wrinkle *very* much, and the shine on his shoes could n't have been improved. After being thoroughly instructed on various points, he set out to make his "party call," thinking his costume just about the thing. Fortunately, darkness protected him. Smiles strove for the mastery in Dolly's face as she ushered him into the sitting-room, announcing, "This young gentleman wants to see Miss Mabel." They were all ladies and gentlemen at Dr. Lawrence's, however. Mabel reddened, as he entered, but she arose as grave as a judge, and offered him a chair.

"This is Placide De Castro, Papa," she said to the Doctor, who eyed him through his glasses in some amazement.

Placide executed his bow with great elegance and precision, saluting in turn the Doctor, Mrs. Lawrence, and Mabel, ending up with a comprehensive saläm for the rest of the family.

"Please accept my respectful thanks, Miss Lawrence, for the kind invitation to your party," was his opening remark.

"I am sorry you did n't come; we had a very nice time," answered Mabel, politely.

This opened the way for his second speech.

"I should, doubtless, have enjoyed the occasion extremely, but my attendance was prevented by circumstances over which I had no control." (This sentence he had memorized from a "Complete Letter-writer.")

"Would n't your mother let you come?" asked Mabel.

Not being exactly prepared for this, he answered naturally enough. "Oh, yes, ma'am! The reason is, that I did not get the valentine till to-day."

"That was too bad ! " said Mabel.

"Otherwise, I should have been present or sent my regrets," recited Placide, seeing his opportunity. When the Doctor asked him, "Are you attending school this winter?" he replied, "Yes, sir, I am pursuing my studies under the direction of Miss Rose Mayfield," and he was prepared with several other elegant replies to possible queries; but after this the conversation ran in channels unfavorable to their introduction. He particularly regretted the omission of one he had learned about rude Boreas, but no allusion whatever was made to the weather.

The Doctor was regularly captivated; the quaintness of the whole proceeding took his fancy. Politeness in "young America" was a phenomenon worth studying. Once clear of the points of "etiquetty," he found the boy quite simple and child-like, while the thoughtfulness and intelligence of his replies pleased his questioner very much.

Not to outstay the proper limits of a call, Placide presently arose to make his adieux.

"Permit me," he said, "to apologize for trespassing upon your kind attention, and allow me to bid you good-evening."

"Come again, my boy, come again ! " said the Doctor, heartily.

"Next time Mabel and the boys will teach you some of their games," said Mrs. Lawrence. Placide's eyes sparkled.

"I should like to come very much indeed ! " he said. He *was* to say, "I shall be happy to do myself the honor on some future occasion," but forgot all about it in the pleasure of being actually invited; however, he recovered himself in time to bow twice in his very best manner.

There would have been a good deal of teasing about "Mabel's beau" from the boys, and the Doctor, too, if she had not run and hid her face in his arms. Then he shook his head at them.

"Really, *I* think it was pretty well done," said Mrs. Lawrence, joining in the general merriment.

"That must have been poor De Castro's professional coat," said the Doctor. "There is certainly something in that costume which gives an air of gentility to the wearer."

"Why — did n't you think he looked ridiculous, Papa ? " asked Mabel.

"Not exactly, my dear; it looked as though he might be masquerading. There are some unusual elements of character in that boy," he went on. "I like his nerve. I doubt if another boy in the place could be induced to perform that little act of courtesy."

"Is that the style you would like Hal and me to go in for, Father ? " asked Archy, demurely.

"The manifestation is a little peculiar," answered the Doctor, smiling, "but I would like to see the spirit of it in every boy in America."

One day, while his interest was still fresh, Rose Mayfield praised Placide, in his hearing, as her most ambitious pupil. "It is a pity," she said, "that he must leave school when spring opens: they are so poor it is necessary for him to earn something."

The Doctor determined to be of service to him. He really needed an office-boy, — an errand-boy, — a generally useful boy. Placide, he felt confident, was exactly the kind of boy he wanted, and so the lad was presently lifted to the topmost pinnacle of human bliss by the offer of the situation, with the privilege of pursuing his studies under direction of the tutor employed to prepare Hal

and Archie for college. And that was the "rise in the world."

Some of his boy-persecutors now took to calling him "Castor Oil," but he could look down upon them from the heights of prosperity in calm disdain. His perfect faithfulness made him a treasure to his employer from the day he entered his service. He soon began to share the Doctor's professional zeal, and became skillful in practical surgery for the benefit of all the unfortunate cats and dogs of the neighborhood.

Already his mother predicted that he would become the foremost physician of the country. Nor was her prophetic fancy very wide of the mark. Certainly no one else foresaw so clearly the "denoument" of the coming years — the "denooment" that really happened, when she herself grew to live in ease and comfort, with plenty of time to read three story-papers instead of one, and Placide, grown graceful and grave and handsome, became the trusted associate of Doctor Lawrence, who had been a kind helper to him through all the years of faithful study and hard work which lay between his friendless boyhood and his well-earned reward.

THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.

By CHARLES H. CRANDALL.



I HAVE met her many mornings
With her basket on her arm,
And a certain subtle charm,
Coming not from her adornings,
But the modest light that lies
Deep within her shaded eyes.

And she carries naught but blessing,
As she journeys up and down
Through the never-heeding town,
With her looks the ground caressing:
Yet I know her steps are bent
On some task of good intent.

Maiden, though you do not ask it,
And your modest eyes may wink,
I will tell you what I think:
Queens might gladly bear your basket,
If they could appear as true
And as good and sweet as you.

PUCK'S PRANKS; OR, GOOD FOR EVIL.

(A Juvenile Drama in One Act.)

By Mary Cowden Clarke,

Author of "The Concordance to Shakespeare," "The Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines," etc., etc.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Oberon, King of Fairyland *(disguised as a poor man)*.
Titania, Queen of Fairyland *(disguised as a poor woman)*.
Mat, the miller.
Joan, his wife.
Peggy, their little girl.
Watty, their baby *(a very large doll, with real curly hair)*.
Puck, or Robin Goodfellow, a mischievous sprite *(afterward disguised as* Hob, *a loutish lad')*.

The scene is at Mat's cottage, in a wood near his mill.

Scene.—The inside of Mat's cottage. On one side is a bed, in a recess, with coarse, checked curtains drawn before it. On the other side, the door of entrance. At the back of the stage is a lattice window strongly made. Near the window is a range of shelves, with pewter platters placed in rows along them. A wooden dresser under the shelves; on the dresser is a loaf of bread, a brown earthenware pan, a few drinking vessels, wooden spoons, and one or two wooden bowls, in one of which there is milk; beneath the dresser are various saucepans, a frying-pan, a gridiron, a kettle, etc., all very neat and bright. A fire-place toward the front of the stage, on one side, with a wood-basket, full of wood, standing near the hearth. In the center, a table with stools; and, in the corner nearest the audience, a child's arm-chair.

Mat, Joan, Peggy, *and* Watty *are seen in the room when the curtain rises.*

Joan *(seated on one of the stools, with* Watty *on her lap)*. Well, it 's the truth, and *it is* the truth. I 'll repeat it. There never was such a beautiful baby as mine! He 's the finest boy, of his age, that ever was seen!

Mat *(laughing)*. Of course he is! When was there ever a mother who did n't think her babby the finest ever born?

Joan. Nonsense, Mat! But this one really is, you know.

Mat. Ah! so you said when Peggy was born; and now you 've got another babby, *he 's* the finest.

Joan. Well, he *is;* he 's much finer and fatter than she was. Why, he 's twice as big as she ever was; that you must allow.

Mat. Yes, yes, he 's bigger; but as to being rosier, or more bright-eyed, or more curly-pated, or more golden-haired, than my little Peggy here *(he pats* Peggy's *head—she is leaning against his knee as he sits)*, that I can't allow.

Joan. You never allow the plain truth in anything that 's reasonable. I seldom talk reason, goodness knows; but, when I do, I think you might allow it to be true. Come, Mat, be a reasonable man, and confess that our Watty is as big a beauty as ever you set eyes on.

Mat. Well, yes, certainly; as *big* a beauty—I own he 's *that!* He 's a bonny, bouncing boy, as I 've good reason to know, when I toss him in my arms. He is a weight, I can tell you. Here, mother, hand him over to me, that I may give him a good toss before I go to the mill, and see that everything there is safely fastened up afore nightfall.

Joan. Nay, Mat, he does n't want a toss now—he 's going off to sleep soon, I think; so I 'll put him down on our bed for an evening nap, while I just go and see to the milk-pans and the churn in the dairy, before I come in and undress him ready for last thing at night.

Mat. Ay, do, wife. How comes it you had such bad luck with the churn yesterday? No butter at all, had you?

Joan. No; I can't think how 't was. For a good hour and more I churned away, but something surely ailed the cream—it would n't yield a scrap o' butter.

Mat. Well, better luck this evening, I hope, Joan. I 'm off to the mill. [He goes out.

Joan *(rocking her baby in her arms, and lulling him off to sleep)*. Hush-a-by, baby! Mother's own darling! Hush-a-by, Watty! Sleep, my beauty! I do think now he 's fast as a church. *(She places him on the bed, and draws-to the checked curtains.)* Now, Peggy, Mother's other darling, behave like a lady, and sit in your little arm-chair like a queen upon her throne, and don't stir or get into harm while Mother's away *(she kisses Peggy, and places her in the child's-chair, giving her a toy-horse to play with)*—I 'll soon be back again.

[Joan goes out, shutting the cottage door after her. In a few moments the lattice-casement opens, and discovers Puck perched on the window-sill. He is clothed in a close-fitting suit of dark brown merino, decked with moss, fern, and ivy-leaves; he has pointed, stick-up ears, and dusky, bat-like wings. He pops his head in, and looks about.

PUCK. What have we here? No one at home?
At happy moment have I come.
The cottage empty? No one here?
I look, and peep, and slyly peer;
But not a soul I see — that 's clear!

[Sees PEGGY.

Ah, yes! that child — a little lass!
She 's playing with a horse, or ass!
No matter; she 's a tiny puss —
Wont notice Puck, or make a fuss,
Whate'er he do: so, in I jump!

[He leaps down from the sill into the room.

The child sits there, a silent lump:
'T is all the better. Here I go!
I laugh my merry Ho! ho! ho!
The laugh of Robin Goodfellow.

[He snatches the pewter plates from the shelves, and flings them about among the bowls and other articles on the dresser, while he says the following:

Down, down I dash the pewter platters!
Hark, how the metal clinks and clatters!
The horn against the pewter batters,
And splits itself to rents and tatters!
The crockery against 'em shatters,
The bowl of milk upsets and spatters!
If spilt, the better — naught it matters:
I love the mess; the more it scatters,
The more my mirth: for turmoil, din,
Are joy to PUCK; they make him grin
Like grinning ape, that moes and chatters.
See, see! the white milk — down it patters!

PEGGY *(watching* PUCK). Ugly boy! Bad boy!

PUCK *(seizing the utensils from beneath the dresser, and strewing them about the floor, with as much noise as possible).*

Now pots and kettles, pans, look out!
I' m going to put you to the rout!
Pots, pans, and kettles, fly about!
As you clang, I 'll loudly shout!
I love to hear the merry dash,
To see the litter and the splash,
The smutty vessels tumble, dash
Together in a heap, and crash.
Oho! the housewife needs must clean
The things that Puck has soiled, I ween;
And Robin Goodfellow enjoys
Whatever lazy wife annoys:
For frolic, mischief, fun, and strife
Are Robin's very life of life.

PEGGY *(watching* PUCK). Ugly boy! Noisy boy! Bad boy!

PUCK *(going to the wood-basket, emptying out the wood, log by log, and hurling the sticks about the floor near the hearth).*

And now to scatter all the wood —
They 'll have to make it neat and good!
A clean-swept hearth I dearly love;
And peasants should n't be above
Their work of keeping tidy all
Around them, be it large or small.
A sloven I can *not* abide:
I like to see things set aside,
And put in place, and order kept;
The well-scrubbed floor all neatly swept,
The boards as white as snowy sheet,
Fit for a fairy's dainty feet.
Therefore I strew the floor with clumps,
That goody Joan may stir her stumps
And pile the logs all up again,
And strive with all her might and main
To tidy up the twigs and sticks
Here strewn about by Robin's tricks.
Oh, ho! ho, ho! he laughs outright
To see this goodly, merry sight —
To know the vexed and wondering plight
These good folks will be in to-night!

PEGGY. Bad boy! Bad boy! Go away!

PUCK *(snatching the toy-horse away from* PEGGY, *and darting off with it to the opposite side of the stage, he holds it out to her, imitating the neigh of a horse).*

Like filly foal I shrilly neigh;
Come hither! Fetch your horse, I say!
Come! if you 're for a game of play,
It is not Puck will say you 'nay.

[PEGGY shakes her head.

You wont? then you 're a silly gaby.
It is n't often that a baby
Has chance of such a playfellow
As mad-cap Robin Goodfellow.

[She still shakes her head, rising from her chair.

But if you wont, you wont: your nag
'T is true, is hardly worth the fag
Of fetching. Let it go! I 'll chuck
It in the wood-basket, for Puck
Avers 't is good for naught: a steed?
Why, 't is n't even worth its feed.
Here goes! A good-for-nothing block,
Fit only to increase the stock
Of logs for burning! In it goes!
Look out, my lassy, mind your toes!

[He flings the toy-horse into the basket.

PEGGY. Oh, my horse! Bad boy! go away, go away! [She cries.

PUCK. Oho! oho! you wish me gone?

[He beckons her back to her little arm-chair.

Come hither; sit upon your throne,
My pretty little red-cheeked maid;
Forget the gamesome pranks I 've played —

Come, sit ye down, and be at ease.
You 're like a cluster of sweet peas—
Those perking butterflies of flowers,
That lift their wings amid the bowers;
Or speedwell, with its eyes of blue
So shyly gazing, just like you;
Or opening rose, that floral queen—
Pink flush, with pinker flush between;
So fresh and fair you are, I 've seen
No sweeter blossom than yourself—
You might, for beauty, be an elf.
Come, sit ye down, my winsome maid;
Be seated, pray; be not afraid.

[She approaches; and, as she is about to sit down, he draws back the small chair suddenly.

PEGGY *(saving herself from falling).* Bad boy! nearly had me down! go away! go away!

PUCK *(tripping on tiptoe toward the bed).*
Between these curtains I will peep.

[He peers in.

What 's here? an infant fast asleep!
Bright golden curls, a cherry cheek,
Long, fringèd lashes—all bespeak
A loveliness complete! What if
I make him source of elfin tiff
'Twixt King and Queen of Fairy-land,
And bring contention 'mid our band?
'T would be good sport; dull peace I hate;
They 've been good friends too much of late.
As long ago the Indian boy
Was Queen Titania's favorite toy,
Till ta'en from her by Oberon,
Who set his kingly heart thereon—
His little henchman page to be
And tend upon him faithfully,—
So now this buxom baby-boy
Shall be my royal lady's joy,
Unless again she be beguiled
And forced to yield her changeling child.
At any rate, I 'll steal the lad—
'T will drive his foolish parents mad.
Oh, Puck loves mischief, frolic, fun!
One trick 's no sooner deftly done,
Than he another has begun;
And Rôbin Goodfellow's delight
Is working mortal louts despite.
Come, Master Baby: by your leave,
Out of your bed I 'll you upheave!

[He lifts WATTY up.

These humans are a goodly weight;
And *this* is heavy, sure as fate!
But here comes some one—off I go!
And laugh my mocking Ho! ho! ho!

[Exit, bearing WATTY away with him.

PEGGY. He 's gone! Bad boy 's gone! Taken Watty away!

[After a pause—Reënter JOAN.

JOAN *(looking around her).* Why, here 's a pretty mess! What in the name of wonder 's come to the things? Platters knocked off the shelves! Bowls upset! Brown pan cracked! Pots and kettles topsy-turvey! Wood all strewed about! Why, Peggy, what in the world has been doing here? Is this the way you have behaved like a queen, and sat still, and been as good as I told you?

PEGGY. Me did n't do it. Did sit still.

JOAN. Don't tell me; you must have done it. And yet, no—you *could n't* do it; you 're not strong enough! Who did it? Tell Mother. Who 's been here?

PEGGY. Bad boy; bad, ugly boy!

JOAN. Boy! what boy?

PEGGY. Bad boy; ugly boy; made noise; took Watty away.

JOAN. What *is* the child saying? What are you talking about, Peggy?

PEGGY. 'Bout bad boy. Ugly; noisy; took away Watty.

JOAN. Bless the child! What can she mean? *(Runs to the bed; looks between the curtains, and screams.)* Watty! Watty! Oh, my beautiful baby! Watty! Watty! Oh, where is he! He 's gone! He 's gone!

PEGGY. Yes; bad boy took him.

JOAN. But, what boy?

PEGGY. Ugly boy; noisy boy; bad boy.

JOAN *(flinging herself in the seat, throwing her apron over her face, and crying bitterly).* Oh, my Watty, my Watty! my baby, my baby, my beautiful, my dear baby-boy!

[Reënter MAT; he is spattered with mud up to his knees.

MAT. Why, Joan-woman, what 's the matter? How come you to be taking on like that? What 's gone wrong with *you?* I thought it was only me that had gone wrong, and that things had gone wrong with. I 've been lost in the fog, got in the bog, and up to my knees in mire and muck. See what a pickle I 'm in, and what a dance I 've been led! And all through a sudden mist that came on, and a wicked Will o' the Wisp that lured me by his false light all across the marsh, instead of the nighest way home. It 's well I did n't stick fast in the quagmire. But what 's the matter with *you*, my woman?

JOAN. Oh, Mat! Watty, our Watty! He 's gone! He 's lost! He 's taken away!

MAT. Taken away! Who 's taken him away?

JOAN. I don't know! I can't think! Oh, he 's gone! he 's lost!

MAT. It must be some mistake, wife; who should have taken him away? Are you sure he 's gone?

JOAN. Too sure, too sure! He 's not in the bed where I left him safe tucked up.

MAT. Are you quite sure? *(He goes to the bed, and pulls aside the curtain.)* Why, what 's this? *(He lifts up a little, imp-like child,* with green horns on its head, and dusky wings on its back.)* Look here, Joan! What on earth 's this?

JOAN *(taking her apron from before her face, and giving a scream as she looks).* That! That is a monster! An imp! A fright! Ugh! Oh, how unlike my Watty! My beauty! my own baby!

MAT. I 'll tell you what, Joan-woman; your going on so about the beauty of our baby-boy has put it into the fairies' heads to steal him away, and send this changeling creature instead. I 've heard of such things; and mayhap it 's chanced to us.

JOAN. A fairy-changeling! Oh, take it away! Put it out o' doors! I can't bear the sight of it.

MAT. Turn it out o' doors! And night soon a-coming on! No, wife, that I wont. Nor you wont, neither, I know, once you come to think of it. Here, take it in your arms, poor little object; it looks a queer little oddity enough, but it does n't look wicked, though. Look at it, mother; it 's a-looking at you, as if it wanted you to cuddle it.

JOAN. Is it, Mat? *(She starts toward him; but turns away.)* But oh, my Watty! *(Sobs and cries again.)*

MAT. Well, if we 've lost Watty, mother, we sha n't get him back by crying; and we sha n't get him back by being cruel to this one; and even this thing 's better than no baby to love. So, come, Joan-woman, take it in your arms.

JOAN *(shudders, but puts out her arms.* MAT *puts the child into them, and she closes them around it, as it clings to her).* Poor little fright! It seems to like being cuddled, though it is so hideous.

MAT. Oh, you 'll get used to it, and then it wont seem so hideous. Once women hug babies to 'em, they 're sure to think 'em pretty.

PUCK *(outside the cottage door, and giving a heavy thump against it).* Open the door!

MAT. What 's that? Who 's there? Who spoke?

PUCK *(outside).* It 's I — Hob.

MAT. Hob? Who 's Hob?

PUCK *(outside).* I.

MAT. You? Why, you said that before. But it does n't tell me who you are.

PUCK *(thumps again).* Come and see.

MAT *(opening the door, Puck is seen standing there, with a coarse jacket and trousers over his own elfin dress, and a rough cap, with a shock of red hair, covering his impish head and stick-up ears).* Well, now I see you, you 're not anything much to see, I must say.

PUCK. Aint I, though? I should n't wonder a bit. I 'm only a poor lad; never been taught noth'n'.

MAT. What d'ye want here?

PUCK *(coming in).* I want a night's lodg'n', and summut to eat and drink.

MAT. You do, do you? And what makes you think you 'll get 'em here?

PUCK. Don't know. Thought I 'd try.

MAT. What are you?

PUCK. A ragamuffin.

MAT. So you seem. Are you a gypsy?

PUCK. P'rhaps. A tramp; a scamp. They sometimes call me a scamp. I 'm starving.

MAT. Are you?

PUCK. Not a doubt about it. Give me summut good to eat.

MAT. One 'd think you would n't be over-nice, if you 're so hard up for feed as you say. What do you like best?

PUCK. Curds and cream; or a bowl o' milk 'll do, with some good wheaten bread in it.

MAT. You are n't partic'lar, you are n't. Joan-woman, have we got anything to give this young shaver? He can't be left to starve, you know.

JOAN. As for "curds and cream," there is n't a drop o' cream to be had. When I went into the dairy, I found the milk-pans all skimmed clear — nothing to put in the churn. As for curds, there may be some of them, for I put some to set, and at all rates there 's some skim-milk. I 've a good mind to go and see; for this impsy here 'll be glad o' some bread and milk, and there 's none left in the bowl on the dresser. All upset!

MAT. No cream! All the milk skimmed! No getting any butter from the churn yesterday! Why, wife, we seem bewitched!

PUCK *(aside).* No witch, good people. Ho! ho! ho! 'T was merry Robin Goodfellow! *(Aloud.)* No cream? Well, then, a bowl o' curds, or a good mess o' bread and milk. I 'm sharp-set; I 'm famished!

MAT. He sha n't starve, the wretched urchin. I 'll go myself to the dairy, and see for a bowl o' curds and some milk. [Exit.

* This is to be personated by the same big baby-doll that represents Watty — its curly hair covered over by a close skull-cap of light brown merino, having green horns on it, and its body clothed in a close-fitting dress of the same merino stuff.

PUCK *(aside)*. Sweet curds and whey! Sweet milk! The food that most to merry Puck seems good. *(Aloud.)* Got any nut-brown ale in the house? I should n't mind a horn-full. Or cowslip wine? A cup o' cowslip wine 's not bad, when one 's got a spark in one's throat.

JOAN. Ill-mannered brat! Who taught you such off-hand ways?

PUCK. Never was taught at all.

JOAN. Why, who was your father and mother?

PUCK. Never had any.

JOAN. Who 's taken care of you?

PUCK. Never was taken care of. Tim Tinker took me about with him; but he never took care o' me. He licked me well-nigh all day.

JOAN. Licked you?

PUCK. Ay, beat me black and blue; starved me within an inch o' my life; so at last I ran away, with the inch I had left. And here I am!

JOAN. Oh, you 're here, are you?

PUCK. Yes, I 'm here.

[Reënter MAT, with a pan of curds and a bowl of milk.

MAT. I 've brought you the milk and curds, wife; but a new misfortune 's happened. I found all the beer I set to work gone wrong! No barm to be seen on it yet, though it 's a good bit since I set it a-work. We 're sure bewitched, Joan!

PUCK *(aside)*. No witch, good people. Ho! ho! ho! 'T was merry Robin Goodfellow. *(Aloud.)* Give us hold o' the bowl, master.

MAT. Wait a bit; the little 'un must be served first. Give it some bread and milk, mother; sop some curds in for it. I 'll hand you over some bread. [He gets some from the dresser.

JOAN *(crumbling some bread in a smaller bowl, into which* MAT *pours some of the milk, and she, with signs of mingled sorrow and disgust, feeds the elfin baby on her lap)*. How the poppet enjoys it! Look at the little creature, Mat! How it eats!

MAT. Ay, I 'll warrant it! *(Turning to* PUCK.*)* Now for you, youngster. Here 's the remainder o' the bowl o' milk, and a good slice o' bread to munch; and after that you can finish off with some o' the curds.

PUCK *(taking the milk, and supping it up noisily)*. Ah! it 's good, though! *(He reaches over to the pan of curds, into which he dashes the wooden spoon that* MAT *has given him to feed himself with.)* Now for some o' the curds!

MAT. I say, young chap! That 's rather a rough way of helping yourself, that is! Where did you learn manners?

PUCK. Never learnt any. Nobody never taught me noth'n'. *(He continues to dash the spoon into the curds, and gulp down spoonful after spoonful.)*

MAT. You 're splashing over as much as you eat. Be still, you young urchin, and wait till I help you.

PUCK. Be quick, then; make haste! *(As* MAT *helps him to the curds,* PUCK *jogs his elbow, and makes him spill half.)*

MAT. I say! Mind what you 're about, you blundering chap!

JOAN. Give me some o' the curds, Mat, for little impsy here. He 'd p'raps like some as well as the bread and milk; he seems still hungry.

MAT *(giving her some of the curds)*. I warrant him! Here, mother.

JOAN *(continuing to feed the child)*. It sucks it in as if it thought it rare and nice! *(While she is watching the child,* PUCK *gets off his seat, and, passing round her, nudges her arm so that she bobs the spoon, with which she is feeding the child, against its lips.)* Drat the boy! What an awkward, rough lout it is!

MAT. Clumsy urchin! What did you do that for?

PUCK. I did n't go for to do it. She stuck out her elbow, and I knocked against it.

JOAN. P'raps he did n't mean it, Mat. He seems not to know how to do anything decently.

PUCK. No; nobody never taught me noth'n'. I told you so.

MAT. Can you do any work? What did you do to get your bread?

PUCK. Noth'n'.

JOAN. No? Poor wretch! He says the traveling tinker that took him about with him beat him and starved him, but never took any care of him, or taught him anything. Well, impsy here seems getting sleepy. I 'll just lay him down on the bed and tuck him up snug. *(She puts the child on the bed, and draws the curtains.)*

PUCK *(going to the window, and looking out, he — or some concealed person in his stead — imitates the grunting of a hog, the squeaking of pigs, and the barking of a dog)*. Hello! there 's the pig-sty door open, and the swine all getting out, and the dog barking after 'em like mad!

MAT. Who could have unfastened the pig-sty door? [He runs out.

JOAN. Mat may well say we are bewitched! I do think we are!

PUCK *(aside)*. No witch, good woman. Ho! ho! ho! 'T was merry Robin Goodfellow. *(Aloud, and looking from the window.)* How Master Mat is pelting away! He runs like a cockroach! *(Laughing.)*

JOAN. Why don't you run after him and try to help him?

PUCK. I help him! How am I to help? I was never taught to help. *(Still laughing.)*

JOAN. Wretched cub! What do you stick there, grinning, for? I 've no patience with you. And yet I ought to, for you 've never been taught better. Here! do try and learn to do something; you may help me to put by some of these things. Come here, and let 's see if I can't teach you to be a little handy and helpful. *(She gives him the brown pan, that has held the curds, to put away; but he pretends to trip his foot, and lets the pan fall smash on the floor.)* Oh, you clumsy lad! You 're fit for nothing! You 're good for nothing!

PUCK. To be sure I aint.

JOAN. You 're enough to tire the patience of Grizzel herself! *(She is going to sit down on one of the stools, when* PUCK *draws it back suddenly, and she falls down.)* Mercy me! I 've nearly broke my back!

PUCK. Oh, ho! ho! ho! See how she stumbles!
The stool pulled back, and down she tumbles!
By sun and stars, an awkward slip!
'T is ten to one she hurts her hip!
And what care I if so it be?
To plague mankind is Robin's glee.

PEGGY. Talks sing-song! Like bad boy.

PUCK. 'T is now high time I skip away—
I 've had my fill of pranks and play.
And so I 'm off, with Ho! ho! ho!
Good-bye, says Robin Goodfellow!

[He jumps through the window and exit. Reënter MAT.

MAT. No hog! no pigs! no dog! nothing to be seen! The pig-sty shut, the kennel quiet! What can it all mean?

JOAN *(getting up from the ground).* I 've had such a fall! That clumsy vagabond of a Hob— *(Looking around, and not seeing him.)* Why, where is he?

PEGGY. Flew out o' the window.

MAT. Oh, it 's too sure; we 're bewitched!— that 's what it is.

[A knock is heard at the cottage door.

JOAN. Who 's there? Pull the latch and come in.

[Enter OBERON and TITANIA, in patched and ragged clothes, worn over their fairy dresses.

OBERON. Can you give a poor couple leave to rest here? We 're way-worn and foot-weary, and my good wife can't hobble any farther.

JOAN *(aside to her husband).* Oh, Mat! perhaps it 's the witch, come to see the mischief she 's done.

MAT *(aside to* JOAN). No, no, wife; don't you be timorsome or fanciful. It is only a poor, tired-out couple; let 's give 'em rest and food. *(Aloud, to them.)* Come along, good folk; sit ye down, and welcome. Make yourselves at home, and rest as you like. *(He sets stools for them.)* And I 'll go and get you a comfortable horn of beer, and some bread and cheese; that 'll cheer you up, and help you on your way, wont it?

OBERON. Ay, ay, master. Thank ye kindly, thank ye kindly, more for my wife than myself— she 's fairly tired out, poor soul!

JOAN. You find us all at sixes and sevens; nothing neat and clean as it ought to be, to sit ye down in, and make you welcome in. Our cottage has been turned topsy-turvey, as you see; and, worst of all, my pretty baby, Watty, has been stolen away; and I have n't heart to do a hand's turn at tidying up the place or anything. Oh, my Watty! my Watty! *(Flings her apron over her head and bursts out crying.)*

MAT *(going to her).* Don't fret, don't fret, Joan-woman! I can't bear to see thee fret.

TITANIA. *(Aside to* OBERON.)
Poor folk! their grief doth touch me to the heart;
Let 's comfort them, and act our oyal part
Of gentleness and mercy: let 's restore
The changeling boy, and bid them grieve no more.

OBERON. Agreed: we fairies pride ourselves on deeds
As fair and fragrant as the flowery meads.

[The tattered clothes fall from around the Fairy King and Queen, showing them in dainty robes of white, garlanded with ivy wreaths; chaplets of daisies on their heads; and wands, each tipped with a star, in their hands. MAT and JOAN turn and see them thus.

TITANIA. Good woman, see! Within the curtained bed
Lies nestled safe the pretty curly head
Of your own baby, Watty. He 's restored—

[JOAN rushes to the bed and brings forth WATTY, as he was at first; she covers him with kisses.

Since good for evil, of your own accord,
You have returned.

OBERON. Not all the mischief done
By Puck could move you, worthy folk, to one
Unkindness or forgetfulness of due
Forbearance. 'T is but fair, my friends, that you
Should have your turn of goodness shown; we elves
Disdain to be outdone by gods themselves
In generosity. Take back your son!—
And now, our fairy interlude is done.
Remains but this, that Master Puck be made
To render back the Good for Evil paid.

What ho! Thou knavish sprite, thou roguish fay!
Appear! Fly hither in a twink, I say.

[The casement opens, and PUCK is seen, dressed as at first, just alighted on the sill.

Repair the foul disorder and ill luck
Thou hast occasioned here, thou villain Puck!
Make cleanly all the cottage homestead space,
Or dare not hope to have my future grace.
Be quick, and ply thy fairy besom well,
And shed upon the house a happy spell.

PUCK. 'T is fit my royal master be obeyed,
And Robin's part shall faithfully be played.

[He flits hither and thither, dusting and sweeping with a brush of feathers in one hand, and in the other a broom of green twigs that he snatches up from the side scene.

A blessing rest upon this lowly roof,
For it has kindly been in elves' behoof.
Since Good for Evil best of virtues ranks,
[Comes forward.
'T is surely right, when shown to Robin's pranks.

[The curtain falls.]

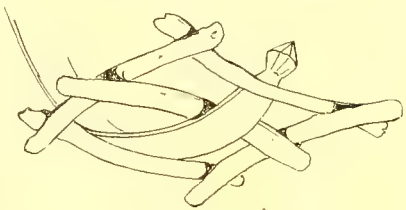


WORK AND PLAY FOR YOUNG FOLK. II.

A New Winter Sport.

By Hjalmar H. Boyesen.

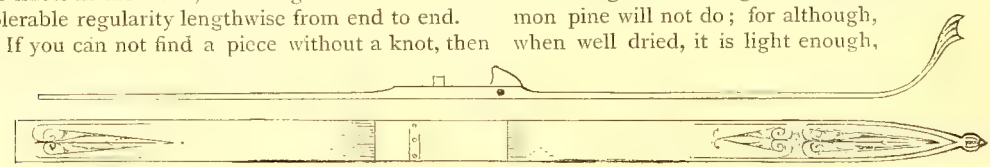
It is a curious fact that so useful an article as the Norwegian *skees* has not been more generally introduced in the United States. In some of the Western States, notably in Wisconsin and Minnesota, where the Scandinavian population is large, the immigrants of Norse blood are beginning to teach Americans the use of their national snow-shoes, and in Canada there has been an attempt made (with what success we do not know) to make skee-running popular. But the subject has by no means received the consideration which it deserves, and I am confident that I shall earn the gratitude of the great army of boys if I can teach them how to enjoy this fascinating sport.



BENDING THE SKEE

Let me first, then, describe a *skee* and tell you how to have it made. You take a piece of tough, straight-grained pine, from five to ten feet long, and cut it down until it is about the breadth of your foot, or, at most, an inch broader. There must be no knots in the wood, and the grain must run with tolerable regularity lengthwise from end to end.

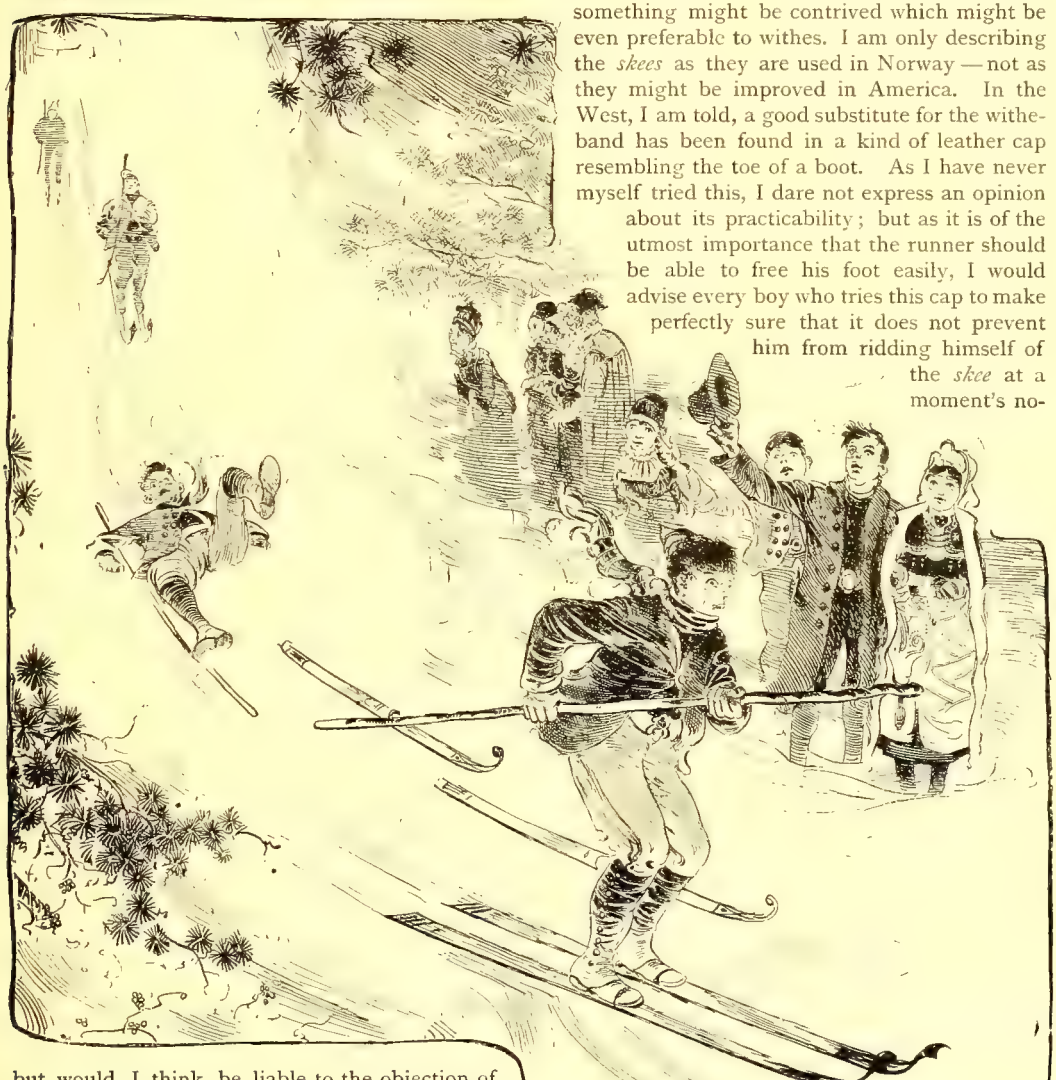
If you can not find a piece without a knot, then let the knot be as near the hind end as possible; but such a *skee* is not perfect, as it is apt to break if subjected to the strain of a "jump" or a "hollow" in a swift run. The thickness of the *skee* should be about an inch or an inch and one-half in the middle, and it should gradually grow thinner toward each end. Cut the forward end into a point,—not abruptly, but with a gradual curve, as shown in the drawings below. Pierce the middle latitudinally with a hole, about half an inch in height and an inch or (if required) more in width; then bend the forward pointed end by means of five sticks, placed as the drawing indicates, and let the *skee* remain in this position for four or five days, until its bend has become permanent, and it will no longer, on the removal of the sticks, resume the straight line. Before doing this, however, it would be well to plane the under side of the *skee* carefully and then polish and sand-paper it, until it is as smooth as a mirror. It is, of course, of prime importance to diminish as much as possible the friction in running, and to make the *skee* glide easily over the surface of the snow, and the Norwegians use for this purpose soft-soap, which they rub upon the under side of the *skee*, and which, I am told, has also a tendency to make the wood tougher. In fact, too much care can not be exercised in this respect, as the excellence of the *skees*, when finished, depends primarily upon the combined toughness and lightness of the wood. Common pine will not do; for although, when well dried, it is light enough, it is rarely strong enough to bear the required strain. The tree known to Norwegians as the fir *(Sylvestris pinus)*, which has long, flexible needles, hanging in tassels (not evenly distributed along the branch, as in the spruce), is most commonly used, as it is tough and pitchy, but becomes light



SIDE AND FACE VIEW OF SKEES, SHOWING CAP AND KNOB.

in weight, without losing its strength, when it is well seasoned and dried. Any other strong and straight-grained wood might, perhaps, be used, but would, I think, be liable to the objection of being too heavy.

When the *skee* has been prepared as above described, there only remains to put a double band through the middle; the Norwegians make it of twisted withes, and fit its size to the toe of the boot. If the band is too wide, so as to reach up on the instep, it is impossible to steer the *skee*, while, if it is too narrow, the foot is apt to slip out. Of these two withe-bands, one should stand up and the other lie down horizontally, so as to steady the foot and prevent it from sliding. A little knob, just in front of the heel, might serve a similar purpose. Leather, or any other substance which is apt to stretch when getting wet, will not do for bands, although, undoubtedly, something might be contrived which might be even preferable to withes. I am only describing the *skees* as they are used in Norway — not as they might be improved in America. In the West, I am told, a good substitute for the withe-band has been found in a kind of leather cap resembling the toe of a boot. As I have never myself tried this, I dare not express an opinion about its practicability; but as it is of the utmost importance that the runner should be able to free his foot easily, I would advise every boy who tries this cap to make perfectly sure that it does not prevent him from ridding himself of the *skee* at a moment's notice. The chief difficulty that the beginner has to encounter is the tendency of the *skees* to "spread,"

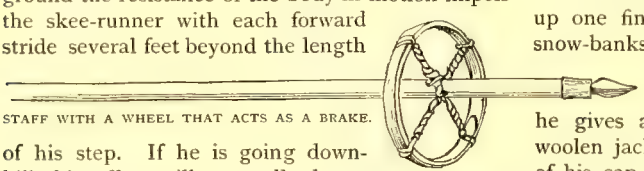


A SKEE-RACE. [SEE PAGE 310.]

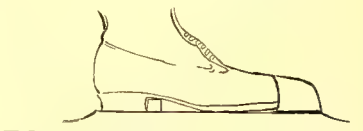
and the only thing for him to do in such a case, provided he is running too fast to trust to his ability to get them parallel again, is to jump out of the bands and let the *skees* go. Let him take care to throw himself backward, breaking his fall by means of the staff, and in the soft snow he will sustain no injury. Whenever an accident occurs in skee-running, it can usually be traced to undue tightness of the band, which may make it difficult to withdraw the feet instantly. A pair of *skees* kept at the rooms of the American Geographical Society, New York, are provided with a safeguard against "spreading" in the shape of a slight groove running longitudinally along the under side of each *skee*. I have seen *skees* provided with two such grooves, each about an inch from the edge and meeting near the forward point.

There has, of course, to be one *skee* for each foot, and the second is an exact duplicate of the first. The upper sides of both are usually decorated, either in colors or with rude carvings; the forward ends are usually painted for about a foot, either in black or red.

Now, the reader will ask: "What advantage does this kind of snow-shoes offer over the ordinary Indian ones, which are in common use in the Western and Northern States?" Having tried both, I think I may confidently answer that the *skees* are superior, both in speed and convenience; and, moreover, they effect a great saving of strength. The force which, with the American snow-shoes, is expended in lifting the feet, is with the *skees* applied only as a propeller, for the *skee* glides, and is never lifted; and on level ground the resistance of the body in motion impels the skee-runner with each forward stride several feet beyond the length of his step. If he is going downhill, his effort will naturally be to diminish rather than to increase his speed, and he carries for this purpose a strong but light staff about six feet long, upon which he may lean more or less heavily, and thereby retard the rapidity of his progress. The best skee-runners, however, take great pride in dispensing with the staff, and one often sees them in Norway rushing down the steepest hill-sides with incredible speed, with a whirling eddy of snow following in their track. Although this may be a very fine and inspiriting sight, I should not recommend beginners to be too hasty in throwing away the staff, as it is only by means of it that they are able to guide their course down over the snowy slope, just as a ship is steered by its rudder. If you wish to steer toward the right, you press your staff down into the snow on your right side, while a similar maneuver on your left side will bend your course in that direction. If you wish to test your *skees* when they are finished, put your feet into the bands, and let some one take hold of the two front ends and slowly raise them while you are standing in the bands. If they bear your weight, they are regarded as safe, and will not be likely to break in critical moments. In conclusion, let me add that the length and thickness of the *skees*, as here described, are not invariable, but must vary in accordance with the size of the boy who wishes to use them. Five feet is regarded as the minimum length, and would suit a boy from twelve to fourteen years old, while a grown-up man might safely make them twice that length.



STAFF WITH A WHEEL THAT ACTS AS A BRAKE.



SIDE VIEW, SHOWING FOOT IN POSITION.

In Norway, where the woods are pathless in winter, and where heavy snows continually fall from the middle of October until the middle of April, it is easily seen how essential, nay indispensable, the *skees* must be to hunters, trappers, and lumber-men, who have to depend upon the forests for their livelihood. Therefore, one of the first accomplishments which the Norwegian boy learns, as soon as he is old enough to find his way through the parish alone, is the use of these national snow-shoes. If he wakes up one fine winter morning and sees the huge snow-banks blockading doors and windows, and a white, glittering surface extending for miles as far as his eye can reach, he gives a shout of delight, buttons his thick woolen jacket up to his chin, pulls the fur borders of his cap down over his ears, and then, having cleared a narrow path between the dwelling-house and the cow-stables, makes haste to jump into his *skees*. If it is cold (as it usually is) and the snow accordingly dry and crisp, he knows that it will be a splendid day for skee-running. If, on the contrary, the snow is wet and heavy, it is apt to stick in clots to the *skees*, and then the sport is attended with difficulties which are apt to spoil the amusement. We will take it for granted, however, that there



UNDER SIDE AND CROSS SECTION OF SKEE, SHOWING GROOVE.

are no indications of a thaw, and we will accompany the Norse boy on his excursions over the snowy fields and through the dense pine-woods, in which he and his father spend their days in toil, not untempered with pleasure.

"Now, quick, Ola, my lad!" cries his father to him; "fetch the ax from the wood-shed and bring me my gun from the corner behind the clock, and we will see what luck we had with the fox-traps and the snares up in the birch-glen."

And Ola has no need of being asked twice to attend to such duties. His mother, in the meanwhile, has put up a luncheon, consisting of cold smoked ham and bread and butter, in a gayly painted wooden box, which Ola slings across his shoulder, while Nils, his father, sticks the ax into his girdle, and with his gun in one hand and his skee-staff in the other, emerges into the bright winter morning. They then climb up the steep snow-banks, place their *skees* upon the level surface, and put their feet into the bands. Nils gives a tremendous push with his staff and away he flies down the steep hill-side, while his little son, following close behind him, gives an Indian war-whoop, and swings his staff about his head to show how little he needs it. Whew, how fast he goes! How the cold wind sings in his ears; how the snow whirls about him, filling his eyes and ears and silvering the loose locks about his temples, until he looks like a hoary little gnome who has just stepped out from the mountain-side! But he is well used to snow and cold, and he does not mind it a bit.

In a few seconds father and son have reached the bottom of the valley, and before them is a steep incline, overgrown with leafless birch and elder forests. It is there where they have their snares, made of braided horse-hair; and, as bait, they use the red berries of the mountain ash, of which ptarmigan and thrushes are very fond. Now comes the test of their strength; but the snow is too deep and loose to wade through, and to climb a declivity on *skees* is by no means as easy as it is to slide down a smooth hill-side. They now have to plod along slowly, ascending in long zig-zag lines, pausing often to rest on their staves, and to wipe the perspiration from their foreheads. Half an hour's climb brings them to the trapping-grounds. But there, indeed, their efforts are well rewarded.

"Oh, look, look Father!" cries the boy, ecstatically. "Oh, what a lot we have caught! Why, there are three dozen birds, as sure as there is one."

His father smiles contentedly, but says nothing. He is too old a trapper to give way to his delight.

"There is enough to buy you a new coat for Christmas, lad," he says, chuckling; "and if we make many more such hauls, we may get enough to buy Mother a silver brooch, too, to wear at church on Sundays."

"No, buy Mother's brooch first, Father," protests the lad, a little hesitatingly (for it costs many boys an effort to be generous); "my coat will come along soon enough. Although, to be sure, my old one is pretty shabby," he adds, with a regretful glance at his patched sleeves.

"Well, we will see, we will see," responds Nils, pulling off his bear-skin mittens and gliding in among the trees in which the traps are set. "The good Lord, who looks after the poor man as well as the rich, may send us enough to attend to the wants of us all."

He had opened his hunting-bag, and was loosening the snare from the neck of a poor strangled ptarmigan, when all of a sudden he heard a great flapping of wings, and, glancing down through the long colonnade of frost-silvered trees, saw a bird which had been caught by the leg, and was struggling desperately to escape from the snare.

"Poor silly thing!" he said, half-pityingly; "it is not worth a shot. Run down and dispatch it, Ola."

"Oh, I don't like to kill things, Father," cried the lad, who with a fascinated gaze was regarding the struggling ptarmigan. "When they hang themselves I don't mind it so much; but it seems too wicked to wring the neck of that white, harmless bird. No, let me cut the snare with my knife and let it go."

"All right; do as you like, lad," answered the father, with gruff kindliness.

And with a delight which did his heart more honor than his head, Ola slid away on his *skees* toward the struggling bird, which, the moment he touched it, hung perfectly still, with its tongue stuck out, as if waiting for its death-blow.

"Kill me," it seemed to say. "I am quite ready."

But, instead of killing it, Ola took it gently in his hand, and stroked it caressingly while cutting the snare and disentangling its feet. How wildly its little heart beat with fright! And the moment his hold was relaxed, down it tumbled into the snow, ran a few steps, then took to its wings, dashed against a tree in sheer bewilderment, and shook down a shower of fine snow on its deliverer's head. Ola felt quite heroic when he saw the bird's delight, and thought how, perhaps, next summer (when it had changed its coat to brown) it would tell its little ones nestling under its wings of its hair-breadth escape from death, and of the kind-hearted youngster who had set it free instead of killing it.

While Ola was absorbed in these pleasant reflections, Nils, his father, had filled his hunting-bag with game and was counting his spoils.

"Now, quick, laddie," he called out, cheerily. "Stir your stumps and bring me your bag of bait. Get the snares to rights and fix the berries, as you have seen me doing."

Ola was very fond of this kind of work, and he pushed himself with his staff from tree to tree, and hung the tempting red berries in the little hoops and arches which were attached to the bark of the trees. He was in the midst of this labor, when suddenly he heard the report of his father's gun, and, looking up, saw a fox making a great leap, then plunging headlong into the snow.

"Hello, Mr. Reynard," remarked Nils, as he slid over toward the dead animal. "You overslept yourself this morning. You have stolen my game so long, now, that it was time I should get even with you. And yet, if the wind had been the other way, you would have caught the scent of me sooner than I should have caught yours. Now, sir, we are quits."



NORWEGIAN SKEE-RUNNERS.

"What a great, big, sleek fellow!" ejaculated Ola, stroking the fox's fur and opening his mouth to examine his sharp, needle-pointed teeth.

"Yes," replied Nils; "I have saved the rascal the trouble of hunting until he has grown fat and secure, and fond of his ease. I had a long score to settle with that old miscreant, who has been robbing my snares ever since last season. His skin is worth about three dollars."

When the task of setting the snares in order had been completed, father and son glided lightly away under the huge, snow-laden trees to visit their traps, which were set further up the mountain. The sun was just peeping above the mountain-ridge, and the trees and the great snow-fields flashed and shone, as if oversown with numberless diamonds. Round about were the tracks of birds and beasts; the record of their little lives was traced there in the soft, downy snow, and could be read by every one who had the eyes to read. Here were the tracks telling of the quiet pottering of the leman and the field-mouse, going in search of their stored provisions for breakfast, but rising to take a peep at the sun on the way. You could trace their long, translucent tunnels under the snow-crust, crossing each other in labyrinthine entanglements. Here Mr. Reynard's graceful tail had lightly brushed over the snow, as he leaped to catch young Mrs. Partridge, who had just come out to scratch up her breakfast of frozen huckleberries, and here Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel (a very estimable couple) had partaken of their frugal repast of pine-cone seeds, the remains of which were still scattered on the snow. But far prettier were the imprints of their tiny feet, showing how they sat on their haunches, chattering amicably about the high cost of living, and of that grasping monopolist, Mr. Reynard, who had it all his own way in the woods, and had no more regard for life than a railroad president. This and much more, which I have not the time to tell you, did Ola and his father observe on their skee-excursion through the woods. And when, late in the afternoon, they turned their faces homeward, they had, besides the ptarmigan and the fox, a big capercäilzie (or grouse) cock and two hares. The twilight was already falling, for in the Norway winter it grows dark early in the afternoon.

"Now, let us see, lad," said Ola's father, regarding his son with a strange, dubious glance, "if you have got Norse blood in your veins. We don't want to go home the way we came, or we should scarcely reach the house before midnight. But if you dare risk your neck with your father, we will take the western track down the bare mountain-side. It takes brisk and stout legs to stand in that track, my lad, and I wont urge you, if you are afraid."

"I guess I can go where you can, Father," retorted the boy, proudly. "Anyway, my neck is n't half so valuable as yours."

"Spoken like a man!" said the father, in a voice of deep satisfaction. "Now for it, lad! Make yourself ready. Strap the hunting-bag close under your girdle, or you will lose it. Test your staff to make sure that it will hold, for if it breaks you are gone. Be sure you don't take my track. You are a fine chap and a brave one."

Ola followed his father's directions closely, and stood with loudly palpitating heart ready for the start. Before him lay the long, smooth slope of the mountain, showing only here and there soft undulations of surface, where a log or a fence lay deeply buried under the snow. On both sides the black pine-forest stood, tall and grave. If he should miss his footing, or his *skees* be crossed or run apart, very likely he might just as well order his epitaph. If it had not been his father who had challenged him, he would have much preferred to take the circuitous route down into the valley. But now he was in for it, and there was no time for retreating.

"Ready!" shouted Nils, advancing toward the edge of the slope: "One, two, three!"

And like an arrow he shot down over the steep track, guiding his course steadily with his staff; but it was scarcely five seconds before he was lost to sight, looking more like a whirling snow-drift than a man. With strained eyes and bated breath, Ola stood looking after him. Then, nerving himself for the feat, he glanced at his *skees* to see that they were parallel, and glided out over the terrible declivity. His first feeling was that he had slid right out into the air—that he was rushing with seven-league boots over forests and mountain-tops. For all that, he did not lose hold of his staff, which he pressed with all his might into the snow behind him, thus slightly retarding his furious speed. Now the pine-trees seemed to be running past him in a mad race up the mountain-side, and the snowy slope seemed to be rising to meet him, or moving in billowy lines under his feet. Gradually he gathered confidence in himself, a sort of fierce courage awoke within him, and a wild exultation surged through his veins and swept him on. The wind whistled about him and stung his face like little sharp needles. Now he darted away over a snowed-up fence or wood-pile, shooting out into the air, but always coming down firmly on his feet, and keeping his mind on his *skees*, so as to prevent them from diverging or crossing. He had a feeling of grandeur and triumphant achievement which he had never experienced before. The world lay at his feet, and he seemed to be striding over it in a march of conquest. It was glorious! But

all such sensations are unhappily brief. Ola soon knew by his slackening speed that he had reached the level ground; yet so great was the impetus he had received that he flew up the opposite slope toward his father's farm, and only stopped some fifty feet below the barn. He then rubbed his face and pinched his nose, just to see whether it was frozen. The muscles in his limbs ached, and the arm which had held the staff was so stiff and cramped that the slightest movement gave him pain. Nevertheless, he could not make up his mind to rest; he saw the light put in the north window to guide him, and he caught a glimpse of a pale, anxious face behind the window-pane, and knew that it was his mother who was waiting for him. And yet those last fifty feet seemed miles to his tired and aching legs. When he reached the front door, his dog Yutul jumped up on him in his joy and knocked him flat down in the snow; and oh, what an effort it took to rise! But no sooner had he regained his feet, than he felt a pair of arms flung about his neck and he sank, half laughing, half crying, into his mother's embrace.



OLA'S STEEP RUN.

"Cheer up, laddie," he heard some one saying. "Ye are a fine chap and a brave one!"

He knew his father's voice; but he did not look up; he was yet child enough to feel happiest in his mother's arms.

One of the most popular winter sports in Norway is skee-racing. A steep hill is selected by the committee which is to have charge of the race, and all the best skee-runners in the district enter their names, eager to engage in the contest. The track is cleared of all accidental obstructions, but if there happens to be a stone or wooden fence crossing it, the snow is dug away on the lower side of it and piled up above it. The object is to obtain what is called a "jump." The skee-runner, of course, coming at full speed down the slope will slide out over this "jump," shooting right out into the air and coming down either on his feet or any other convenient portion of his anatomy, as the case may be. To keep one's footing, and particularly to prevent the *skees* from becoming crossed while in the air, are the most difficult feats connected with skee-racing; and it is no unusual thing to see even an excellent skee-runner plunging headlong into the snow, while his *skees* pursue an independent race down the track and tell the spectators of his failure. Properly speaking, a skee-race is not a race—not a test of speed, but a test of skill; for two runners rarely start simultaneously, as, in case one of them should fall, the other could not possibly stop, and might not even have the time to change his course. He would thus be in danger of running into his competitor, and could hardly avoid maiming him seriously. If there were several parallel tracks, at a distance of twenty to thirty feet from each other, there would, of course, be less risk in having the runners start together. Usually, a number fall in the first run, and those who have not fallen then continue the contest until one gains the palm. If, as occasionally happens, the competition is narrowed down to two, who are about evenly matched, a proposal to run without staves

is apt to result in a decisive victory for one or the other.

It can hardly be conceived how exciting these contests are, not only to the skee-runners themselves, but, also, to the spectators, male and female, who gather in groups along the track and cheer their friends as they pass, waving their handkerchiefs, and greeting with derisive cries the mishaps which are inseparable from the sport. Prizes are offered, such as rifles, watches, fine shooting equipments, etc., and in almost every valley in the interior of Norway there are skee-runners who, in consequence of this constant competition, have attained a skill which would seem almost incredible. As there are but two things essential to a skee-race, viz.: a hill and snow, I can see no reason why the sport should not in time become as popular in the United States as it is in Norway. We have snow enough, certainly, in the New England and Western States; neither are hills rare phenomena. If I should succeed in interesting any large number of boys in these States in skee-running, I should feel that I had conferred a benefit upon them, and added much to their enjoyment of winter. But before taking leave of them, let me give them two pieces of parting advice: 1. Be sure your staff is strong, and do not be hasty in throwing it away. 2. Never slide down a hill on a highway, or any hard, icy surface. It is only in the open fields and woods and in dry snow that *skees* are useful.



A ROMAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL. [FROM THE PAINTING BY ELIZABETH THOMPSON.]

Yap, Puss and the Slipper.



By M. CAHNSAC.

MOL-LY was so hap-py play-ing with her doll ba-by that she had no time to no-tice Yap. That lit-tle dog was jeal-ous. He barked yap! yap! ver-y loud-ly, and now sat look-ing at Mol-ly out of the cor-ners of his eyes, won-der-ing what mis-chief he could get in-to, and so wor-ry her in-to play-ing with him. Sud-den-ly he trot-ted off, his mind quite made up as to what to do.

"Mol-ly! Mol-ly!" called Mam-ma.

"Mam-ma, don't call so loud," whis-pered Mol-ly. "My lit-tle doll ba-by is sleep-ing."

"Mol-ly," called Mam-ma a-gain, "make haste and see what Yap is aft-er. I am sure he is in my room."

"Oh! what a bad dog-gie," sighed Mol-ly, with her face in a puck-er, but she put her ba-by down, and went to see aft-er the dog.

There he was on the stair-case, with Mam-ma's slip-per in his mouth. When he saw Mol-ly he dropped the slip-per, and ran past her, look-ing very much as if he was laugh-ing.

Mol-ly shook her fin-ger at him, and, laugh-ing, too, picked up the slip-per, and car-ried it to Mam-ma.

But Yap was too smart to be cheat-ed out of his fun in that way. So he ran in-to the yard and be-gan to bark fu-ri-ous-ly at Puss. Mrs. Puss cared lit-tle for his bark-ing, and soon he stopped. Then Mol-ly looked out of the win-dow and said: "Yap and Puss look as if they were talk-ing to each oth-er, Mam-ma." And so they were.

"Oh, you beau-ti-ful lit-tle dar-ling!" said Mol-ly,

tak-ing her ba-by a-gain, and hug-ging it tight; "come and let us take a walk." Then she sat down to put on the doll's best clothes, and while she was ver-y bus-y and al-most read-y for the walk, she thought she heard a sound, "tip, tip," on the stair-case, and ran to see what was the mat-ter.

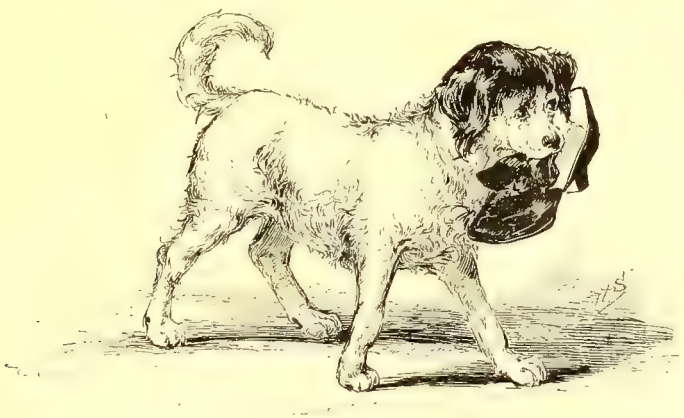
"Mam-ma," she screamed, "come here—oh, do come!" and Mam-ma hur-ried out to see Pus-sie bring-ing the slip-per down to Yap, who was wait-ing at the foot of the stairs.

How they laugh-ed when Pus-sie dropped the slip-per un-der Yap's nose, and he trot-ted off with it in a grand way!

Mol-ly ran aft-er him, and found him read-y to bur-y it with some oth-er treas-ures at the end of the yard.

"Mam-ma," said Mol-ly, when she re-turned to the house with the sec-ond slip-per, "do you think dogs and cats can talk? I do."

And Mol-ly thinks so to this day.



Oh, birds that fly in the sum-mer,
And birds that fly in the snow!
The chil-dren will nev-er for-get you,
But love you wher-ev-er you go.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

Ho, my merry young folk, salute with all your courtesy the stately Lady February, who now steps into the year between two stalwart fellows, January and March. The one casts a beautiful white mantle around her and cheers her with stories of happy firesides and glowing faces. The other, tugging at the mantle, hints to her in odd, blustering fashion of coming leaf and bird-song, and of hidden flowers longing to spring up at her feet. She likes well his martial tread and melting glances, admires the other's frosty beard and clanging mail, and calls them both her brothers. But it is not at them she smiles. She is thinking of the pretty festival she brings into the year, her play-time, so to speak, when she may see

> Merry Cupids, with tiny darts,
> Aiming straight at the children's hearts.

Welcome, welcome, then, good Lady February —thou and thy dainty Valentines!

BOMBAST.

A BIRD that travels every winter to the Southern States has told me about a plant which grows there, and which, he insists, enriches the whole civilized world. Its white, fluffy, bursting, beautiful product furnishes one of the most important materials found in America to-day.

Now, it 's very strange that such an excellent thing as this should be connected in Deacon Green's mind with an ugly quality known as *bombast*. The Deacon has n't a bit of this quality himself, but he is a dictionary hunter, always searching for the inner meaning of words, and from what I 've heard him say I know he associates bombast with fluffy things, especially with this beautiful plant of which my bird has told me.

Who among you, my learned chicks, can explain it to me? *Why* is bombast called bombast? And if it *must* be called bombast, what in the name of bombast has this valuable white material to do with it?

THE RABBIT IDENTIFIED.

LOWELL, MASS., Dec. 11, 1882.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I am a little girl, and only fourteen years old, but as I have been brought up in the West, it is not hard for me to answer what kind of a rabbit that is. I have seen many of them, and I have heard them called Jack-Rabbits or Jack-ass-Rabbits, on account of their very long ears. This rabbit does not live in the woods, but only in the prairies.

Mark Twain, in his book entitled "Roughing It," gives a description of it. It is the largest, longest-eared rabbit in the world. Mr. Twain says it goes like a streak of lightning. Still it is very easy to kill it, because I am told that, when it has run for a few hundred steps, it will stop, and sit up, just as in your picture, and will allow any one to come very near, if you do not go straight to it. All you have to do is to circle around it and pretend you do not see it. But you must not stop a moment. If you stop, off it goes. It lives in the sage-brush, and is often caught by the prairie-wolves or coyotes. That 's all I know about it.

Yours truly, MINNIE VINCELETTE.

Jack thanks you, Minnie, and all the boys and girls who have answered the rabbit's question.

WALKING UNDER WATER.

AN athlete who exhibited in New York not long ago was considered a wonder, they say, because he could stay under water long enough to walk about a few steps on the bottom. But there are some Indians in Northern California, I am told, who think nothing of such a performance. They do it every little while as a matter of convenience. These Indians live among the mountains, where heavy rains at their sources will sometimes make boiling torrents out of streams that were narrow rills an hour before. When these Indians find such a stream across their road, and know that it is too swift to be swum, each one gets a heavy stone, places it upon the top of his head, and walks across on the bottom, weighted down by the stone. They can stay under water for two minutes in this way; and, by choosing smooth and gravelly places, cross streams several rods in width.

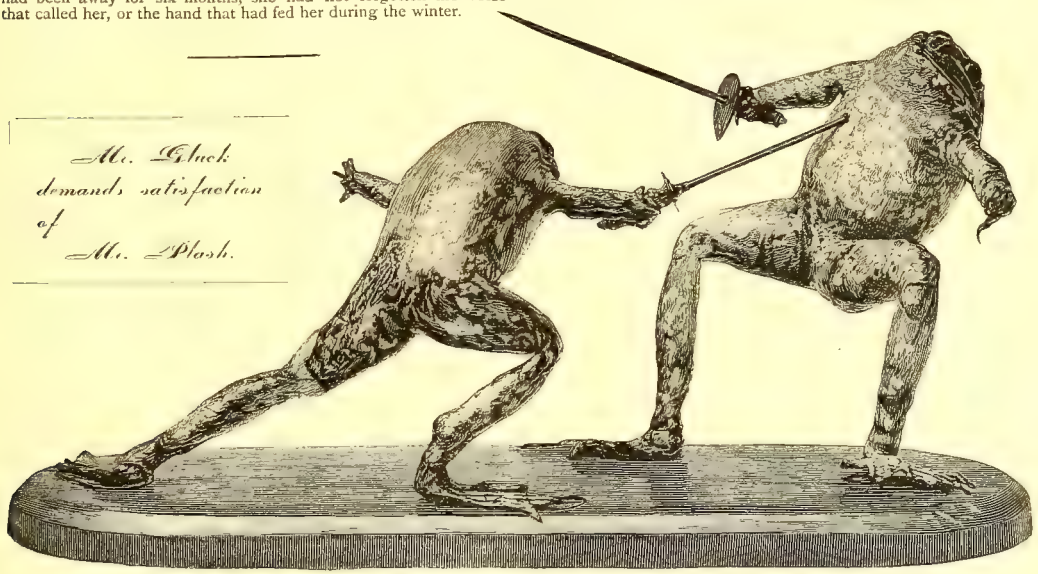
"OLD WILDEY."

H. E. S. sends your Jack this true story, which is well worth the telling:

You must know that Old Wildey was a wild duck that, four years ago, came one fine day in December to the mill-pond, among the other ducks, and swam with them until they got almost to the place where Grandfather fed them; then it was afraid to come any nearer, and would fly away again. Grandfather told us children not to frighten it, and perhaps after a while it would come and be fed with the others. And he told the workmen in the iron-mill not to shoot at Old Wildey or frighten her, and thus it happened that every night, when he called the tame ducks to the shore to feed them, Old Wildey came a little nearer and a little nearer, till one night she came to the grassy bank and looked at the other ducks eating up the grains of Indian corn that Grandfather fed to them.

But as she was a wild duck, and did not know that Indian corn was fit to eat, she just stood looking at them eating it. Well, one night she walked up among the other ducks, and turned her head to one side, and looked at the grains of corn with one eye; then she turned her head to the other side and looked at the corn with the other eye; then she took a single grain up in her bill, and held it a moment, and then swallowed it; then she carefully picked up two or three more grains, and ate them and flew away. This delighted us grandchildren very much. The next night she seemed to have found out that corn was as good for wild ducks as it was for tame ones, so she walked up among the other ducks, and when Grandfather threw them down the corn she ate it up as fast as ever she

could. In the course of a few weeks, when Grandfather called the ducks, she would fly out of the water, and would be the first one that would come to be fed, and before spring came she would eat out of his hand. So it went on until the early part of May, when the leaves were out and the meadows were dotted over with the golden dandelion, and blue in spots with tufts of violets. Then we all noticed that Old Wildey would occasionally leave the other flock and fly away out of sight, and after a while return again, until one day, about the middle of May, she disappeared and we saw her no more. However, about the first of November, a flock of seven wild ducks were seen on the lake, and when the tame ducks came home to be fed, one of the wild ducks left the flock and came up and ate corn with them. It was Old Wildey! And so it has been every year since. About the middle of May, when the ice begins to break up in the Northern lakes, Old Wildey leaves her winter home to go north and make her nest and raise her brood of young ones. As she is a black duck, we suppose she must go up to the lakes in Canada, or perhaps to Labrador; and every autumn, about the first of November, she returns to her old home in Pennsylvania. Each year, Grandfather and Grandmother and the aunts and grandchildren, when they come to Laurel, as the old place is called, wonder if Old Wildey will come back. This time, when Auntie Hannah came in and told Grandfather that Old Wildey had come, he put aside his newspaper, and went to the feed-room for some corn, and called out, "Come along home, my duckie," when Wildey just flew out of the water and came up to him and ate the corn out of his hand. Although she had been away for six months, she had not forgotten the voice that called her, or the hand that had fed her during the winter.



A FROG-DUEL.

NEW YORK.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: A friend of mine has on one of the shelves of his cabinet a funny group of two stuffed frogs fighting with swords. I send you a photograph of it, and hope you will show it to your ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls. The figures are made of real frogs' skins stuffed with cotton, stood up on their hind legs, and fastened in the attitude of fencers. Each has a tiny iron sword fixed to his right "hand" or fore-foot, but the smaller frog is the best swordsman, as he has just succeeded in making a dangerous thrust that pierces his adversary's breast. When you look at them, you would almost take them for two little men fighting a duel, they look so natural, but when you pick them up and see that they are only frogs, they look too ridiculous for anything. They seem to be fighting in dead earnest, and yet their big frog-mouths make them look as if they were laughing. Even the fellow that is wounded looks as if he were grinning. I am sure all your boy-and-girl friends, dear Jack, would be amused if they could see this frog-duel, and I hope you will show them a copy of the photograph I send you.

With much love to the Little School-ma'am and yourself,

Your friend, BESSIE L. G.

The frog-duel shall be shown to the boys and girls, with pleasure, Bessie. But I must tell you and them what the Deacon said when he first read your letter and saw the photograph: "They *are* funny," said he, with a queer smile, "but I can't understand what Bessie means by 'you would almost take them for men, they look so natural.' Because, to my mind," he remarked, slowly, "men never seem more *un*natural than when fighting duels. But," he continued, "the next thing she says—that 'they look too ridiculous for anything'—is as true of men duelists as of these frogs. Yes, *un*natural and ridiculous!—those two words, in my opinion, describe dueling to a T," concluded the good Deacon, with a thump of his cane, as he turned to consult the Little School-ma'am about one of her dictionary conundrums that had been too much for him.

I never saw a duel of any sort in my life, and am no authority in such matters, but the Deacon is generally right, and was so emphatic with that last sentence that I resolved to report it verbatim—as the Little School-ma'am says—to my boy-friends. If you find that the Deacon was in the wrong, young cavaliers, just let me know.

THE "JABBERWOCKY" ONCE MORE.

GALENA, ILL., Dec. 10, 1882.

DEAR JACK: I thought every one had read the "Jabberwocky." I have read the book about one hundred times; "Through the Looking-glass," it is called.

The poem is on page 21, and the explanation on page 126. "English-speaking children" can understand it as well as anybody can, but no one can understand it very well, though it sounds sensible enough. It was written by a Mr. Lewis Carroll, and Mamma told me that he was an English clergyman.

He wrote "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," too; but I think that "Through the Looking-glass" is the nicer of the two. I am sure that Rose Barrows would "chortle in her joy" to read it.

Your "frabjous" reader,

LOUIE MCCLELLAN.

THE LETTER-BOX.

READERS of the interesting paper concerning Mrs. Butler in last month's ST. NICHOLAS will remember that "A Roman Sunday-school" was mentioned as the title of one of Elizabeth Thompson's early paintings. An engraving of this picture was prepared for our use, and was intended to accompany Mrs. Meynell's article; but at the last moment it was unavoidably crowded out. We take pleasure, therefore, in presenting it to our readers on page 311 of the present number.

THE CHILDREN'S GARFIELD FUND.

WE stated last month that the sum of $63.77 had lately been received by us for "The Children's Garfield Fund"—in addition to the $416.02 acknowledged last June; and we are glad to print here, for the benefit of those who have generously aided in this latest subscription, the following letter from the Secretary of the Children's Aid Society, acknowledging the receipt of the money:

Children's Aid Society, 19 East Fourth Street,
NEW YORK, Dec. 4, 1882.

TO THE CHILDREN: The poor children who have had so happy a time this summer in the Summer Home at Bath, Long Island, send their grateful thanks to the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS who have subscribed $63.77 to "The Garfield Memorial Fund," which will give them many comforts and pleasures next summer.

C. L. BRACE, Secretary.

To this we add the following touching letter, also forwarded by Mr. Brace. It was written by a poor little humpbacked girl, and shows how dearly she enjoyed her stay at the Summer Home:

NEW YORK, July 5, 1882.

DEAR MRS. FRY: I was very much pleased with your asking me to write to you. I liked all the teachers very much. They treated me very kindly. I liked the meals; the best dinner I thought was when we had the pea-soup, meat, potatoes, bread, and pudding. I always had enough to eat. I loved to go in bathing and play in the water. The swings and pin-wheel I enjoyed too. I liked to sit on the grass, or near the water, and read a story book or paper, and I think it's very pleasant to sleep in the little bed, and ask our Heavenly Father to keep us from harm during the day. I liked everything that I saw. Little brother and sister were so happy, and are always talking about going again. I thank you, Mrs. Fry, for asking us to come again. I will stop now, because I am not very big, so I must not write a very long letter.

Yours truly, LENA MOHRMAN

FOUR COMPOSITION SUBJECTS.

IN accordance with our promise, we offer four composition subjects for this month. (See ST. NICHOLAS for October and January.)

THE MAGNA CHARTA.
HOW MY ELEPHANT SWAM.
THE SKATING-RACE.—A STORY.
WAS CASABIANCA TRULY WISE?

THE story of "Doris Lee's Feather Fan" is not altogether a flight of fancy, as is proved by the following item from the Sydney, Australia, *Telegraph*—on which Mr. Converse's interesting narrative is founded:

SAVED BY AN ALBATROSS.

A singular story has been related to us by the master of the bark "Gladstone," which arrived from London last Saturday. On the 22d of last month, while the vessel was in latitude 42 degrees south and longitude 90 degrees east, a seaman fell overboard from the starboard gangway. The bark was scudding along with a rough sea and moderate wind, but on the alarm of "man overboard" being given she was rounded to, and the starboard life-boat was lowered, manned by the chief officer and four men. A search for the unfortunate man was made, but owing to the roughness of the sea he could not be discovered; but the boat steered to the spot where he was last seen. Here they found him floating, but exhausted, clinging for bare life to the legs and wings of a huge albatross. The bird had swooped down on the man while the latter was struggling with the waves and attempted to peck him with its powerful beak. Twice the bird attacked its prey unsuccessfully, being beaten off by the desperate sailor, battling with two enemies,—the water and the albatross,—both greedy and insatiable. For the third time the huge white form of the bird hovered over the seaman, preparatory to a final swoop. The bird, eager for its meal, fanned its victim with its wide-spread wings. Suddenly a thought occurred to him that the huge form so close to his face might become his involuntary rescuer. Quick as thought he reached up and seized the bird, which he proceeded to strangle with all his might. The huge creature struggled with wings and paddles to free itself. In the contest the sailor was beaten black and blue, and cruelly lacerated, but he held his own, and slowly the bird quivered and died. The carcass floated lightly on the waves, its feathers forming a comfortable support for the exhausted man, who had so narrowly escaped a lingering death. But another danger awaited him. He was not much of a swimmer, and the excitement of the extraordinary conflict began to tell upon him. He was faint and grew giddy. But with one arm around the albatross's body, under the wing, and one hand clutching the bird's feet, the sailor awaited his chance of rescue. Presently he heard his comrades shout from the boat, and in a few minutes more was safe on board the bark, though a good deal shaken and exhausted.

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was walking down Broadway one day, and saw such a funny sign over the entrance to a little basement-shop. It read, "Shoes Blacked Inside." Now, dear ST. NICHOLAS, I for one can't imagine why anybody should wish to have the inside of his shoes blacked. Can you? Yours truly, JOHN R. F.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never taken the ST. NICHOLAS by the month until this month. I have always taken it at the end of the year bound. I live in Washington, and go to play in the park every afternoon. When I say the park, I mean Farragut Park, which is in front of our house. The people here are making a great fuss about the Garfield Fair; it is in the rotunda of the Capitol; but it is a failure, because it is for his monument instead of a hospital, and who could wish for a better or more beautiful monument than a hospital? A friend of mine went to it and said it was very close, and my mamma, who went with the President, said that the crowd was immense, and advised me not to go; but now I must close, as I think you must be tired of reading my long letter. Please print this, as it is my first.

Your faithful reader, CAROLINE S. S.

ORCHARD FARM, Nov. 5, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The story of Tad Lincoln reminded me of an anecdote of him, told me by a friend, whose father was intimate with President Lincoln, and I think present at the scene. It was at a Cabinet meeting, of rather exceptional gravity, even in those grave times. The gentlemen were all standing around the table, Mr. Lincoln with his back to the door, when it was suddenly burst open, and with a "whoop!" in dashed Tad; diving between his father's long legs, he popped his grinning face over the edge of the table, and looked gleefully around to see the result of his startling entry. Needless to say, those grave gentlemen, one and all, burst into a hearty laugh.

With many thanks for the great enjoyment that the ST. NICHOLAS affords to my children, and to their father and mother, I remain your friend, A. E. S.

IN connection with the "Art and Artists" installment for this month, we give a list of the most celebrated works of the artists therein mentioned:

The following are the principal works of Hubert van Eyck still in existence: In the church of St. Bavon at Ghent, two central panels of the great altar-piece painted for Judocus Vydt; in the Brussels Museum, "Adam and Eve"—two panels from same altar-piece; in the Berlin Museum, six panels from same altar-piece.

The principal works of Jan van Eyck still in existence are: In the Antwerp Museum, "St. Barbara," "The Virgin Mary," "The Virgin," "St. George," and "St. Donatus"; Academy of Bruges, "Virgin and Child with Saints," and a portrait of his wife; Brussels Museum, "The Adoration of the Magi"; Berlin Museum, "A Head of Christ," another head, almost life-size, and "The Virgin and Child, with Trees and a Fountain"; Dresden

Gallery, triptych, "Madonna and Child with Saints"; Städel Gallery, Frankfort, "The Madonna 'del Luca'"; Belvedere Gallery, Vienna, two portraits; Museum at Madrid, "The Triumph of Christianity"; Museum at Lille, "The Crucifixion"; Louvre, Paris, "The Virgin and Donator"; National Gallery, London, portraits of Arnolfini and his Wife, portrait of a Man in a Green Hood, and portrait of a Man in a Red Head-dress; Hermitage, St. Petersburg, "The Annunciation."

The chief works of Quintin Massys in European galleries are: In the Museum at Antwerp, a triptych, "Entombment of Christ"; Museum at Berlin, "Madonna and Child," nearly life-size, and a Cardinal reading; Dresden Gallery, "A Banker and Clients"; Pinakothek, Munich, "The Money Changers"; Louvre, Paris, "Banker and his Wife"; National Gallery, London, "The Money Changers"; Hermitage, St. Petersburg, "Madonna in Glory."

The chief works of Rubens in the galleries of Europe are: Pitti Gallery, Florence, portraits of himself and his brother with Lipsius and Grotius, called "The Four Philosophers"; Uffizi Gallery, Florence, "Battle of Ivry," "Entry of Henry IV. into Paris," portrait of his wife, and two mythological pictures; Palazzo Brignoli, Genoa, "Mars, Venus, and Cupid"; Brera, Milan, "The Last Supper"; Capitol Gallery, Rome, "Finding of Romulus and Remus"; Colonna Palace, Rome, "Assumption of the Virgin"—six different works, two of which are triptychs; Museum of Brussels, four sacred subjects, several portraits, and a picture of "Venus and Vulcan"; Van der Hoop Museum at Amsterdam, portrait of Helen Fourment, and one of Marie de Medici; Museum at the Hague, portraits of his two wives, a Family Group, and other portraits; Berlin Museum, six pictures; one is a beautiful Group of Children with fruit; Gallery at Cassel, "Flight into Egypt," and a "Holy Family"; Dresden Gallery, a fine collection of twenty subjects; Städel Gallery, Frankfort, "King David and the Harp," and "Diogenes"; Pinakothek, Munich, sixteen different pictures, among which are portraits of himself and his two wives; Belvedere, Vienna, eighteen pictures; Lichtenstein Gallery, Vienna, the famous picture of "The Sons of Rubens," and three others; Madrid Museum, twenty-one pictures, among which is the famous "Brazen Serpent" and other fine works; Louvre, Paris, thirty-four pictures, among which are those of the life of Marie de Medici and several important portraits; Dulwich Gallery, portrait of his mother, and "Venus, Mars, and Cupid"; National Gallery, London, twelve pictures; Hermitage, St. Petersburg, thirty-five pictures.

[These are but a small portion of Rubens' works, but are those most easily seen by travelers.]

CHICAGO, ILL., Oct. 5, 1882.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We all like the ST. NICHOLAS very much. It is almost fought for here. We all want to read it *first*. Several years ago we used to "take turns" looking at the pictures, and then I would read the stories aloud. We found that was the only way to keep from fighting for it.

But sometimes, when I got to the *most interesting* places, I would be so interested that I would *forget* to read aloud, and read on to myself. My brothers did n't like that very much. Just the other day, when the September number came, I was reading ST. NICHOLAS, and Ma called me to supper, and I put the book on my chair, and sat on it while I ate my supper. When my brother finished his supper he (as he says) "made a sneak" over to the window where I had been sitting, and grabbed the ST. NICHOLAS he saw there. I was "laughing in my sleeve," for I knew it was an old one. Imagine his chagrin when he found it was one he had read!

We were much interested in "Donald and Dorothy," and sorry to have it end. I always feel as if I had lost a friend when the story ends. Yours respectfully, DAISY M. BROWN.

LEWISBURG, W. VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My brothers Mason and Charlie commenced to take ST. NICHOLAS eight years ago, when I was only one year old. "If nothing happens" I expect we will take it a long time, for I have three little sisters younger than myself, and a baby brother just six months old. We have had five volumes bound, and Father is going to have the other three bound. I am very sorry our books are so abused, but there are so many little folks to handle them. Mother cut out some of the pictures to frame. I think the picture of Raphael is beautiful. Our father has given us a beautiful little pony; we call her Gypsy.

I hope you will not think I have written too long a letter.

Your little friend, MARY MILLER MATHEWS.

THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—TWENTY-THIRD REPORT.

Now the snows have gone, and the earth is warm again; the birds are singing, and the violets are blossoming in the borders of the wood. What is it? "Lost our reckoning," have we? "Two months too early?" "Mercury below zero?" Ah—but, my dear little friends in fur-lined dolmans and warm pea-jackets, you forget that *you* live only on one edge of the A. A. We are talking about the other—the Californian edge. Everything can't be true everywhere, you know, at the same time. This month we give you a few questions to answer, and, by the way, can't you all sharpen your eyes a bit and find questions tucked in here and there all through the little letters which make up our monthly reports? A good many boys and girls write and ask us to give more questions, just as if questions were n't questions unless arranged in a column and labeled! You will find a large number in the back numbers of the ST. NICHOLAS for the past six months, not answered yet, either. And now, before we give you the list of new Chapters, we wish to thank our many kind friends who *have* helped us answer puzzling queries.

Professors in several of our leading colleges, Yale and Harvard, Williams and Cornell; University of Michigan and Maine State College; Amherst and Lafayette; Boston Institute of Technology, and School of Natural History, besides many teachers of academies and high schools and several distinguished specialists, have most generously volunteered their aid in the determination of minerals, the analysis of plants, and the classification of insects and other animals. [Oh, yes; insects are animals—did n't you know that?]

To all these gentlemen we return infinite thanks, and now we want still more assistance. A great many shells are sent to us for identification, and if some one who loves conchology, and has books and labeled specimens and check-lists, and all that, would kindly signify his willingness to help us out now and then with the name of some refractory *Unio* or *Lelix*; and if some one wise in fossils would allow us to send him an occasional relic of the distant past for identification, it would be a cause for still further gratitude.

The Association is working earnestly, growing steadily, and the latest number on our register is 4550.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	*Name.*	*Members.*	*Secretary's Address.*
384.	Ann Arbor, Mich. (A)	6	J. H. Browne, Box 1342.
385.	Philadelphia, Pa. (L)	10	Clinton R. Woodruff, 1723 N. 20th St.
386.	Pine City, Minn. (A)	6	Miss Lillie M. Stephen.
387.	Baltimore, Md. (E)	6	Edward McDowell.
388.	Galesburg, Iowa (A)	12	C. F. Getlemy.
389.	Auburn, N. Y. (C)	7	H. N. Goodrich.
390.	Chester, Mass. (A)	24	Edwin O. Hapgood.
391.	Meredith, N. H. (A)	12	C. F. Robinson, North Sanbornton, N. H.

NOTES.

In September, my little brother Hoza caught a black cricket, and pulled off one of its legs, when a hair-snake commenced to crawl out of the cricket's body. Directly after, another crawled out also. We put them into a bowl of water and kept them about two weeks, when they had increased in size, and to double their former length.

Has any one else ever found them in crickets or other insects?

ZOA GOODWIN.

[Professor Agassiz, in his "Methods of Study," tells of finding "hair-snakes" in the legs of grasshoppers. He says that they are born in water, work their way thence into the legs of grasshoppers, thence into their stomachs, where they grow until they burst the insect, when they again seek the water. We must confess to an elevation of the eyebrows on first reading this remarkable statement in Prof. A's book—but this little girl's letter is a strong corroboration. If a less distinguished authority had written the book, we should still conjecture that the hair-snakes are born as parasites in the body of the insect. If not, how can they "work their way into the legs of grasshoppers"? We don't think much of a grasshopper that would patiently endure the working-in process.]

One of our members found, in a quarry in Maine, a very curious kind of granite. The minerals which compose granite, instead of being mixed as usual, were in layers—first feldspar, then quartz, and mica on top. MATTIE PACKARD.

I think I can give Mr. Tucker, of Galveston, the name of the fish he mentions. The *Torpédo oculata*, or Eyed Torpedo. It belongs

to the Ray family, and has wonderful electrical powers. It has a regular series of galvanic batteries in its body, arranged like a number of voltaic piles. A full description is given in Rev. J. G. Wood's "Natural History." W. C. PHILLIPS.

QUESTIONS FROM CHESTER, PA.

1. When did the comet of 1858 pass Arcturus?
2. In what part of the sky should we look for most meteors?
3. Can science conquer rust?
4. How are waves of light measured?
5. Is there gold under Philadelphia?
6. Is there coal under London?
7. How are icebergs formed?
8. Can not other members send questions? [Yes, but these should be written on a separate slip of paper from the main letter; as also should requests for exchange.]
9. May persons send questions to the A. A., if they themselves know the answers? [Yes, and in that case the answers must accompany the questions.]

REQUESTS.

Correspondence with view to exchanges.— Robt. G. Leavitt, Sec., Webster, Mass.

The Stroud, England, Chapter desire to thank their American friends for many kind letters and offers of exchange. They are very sorry that they can not, on account of the number, reply to them all.

Agatized and petrified wood from the Rocky Mountains.— H. L. Wadsworth, Box 2772, Denver, Col.

We wish to know whether mackerel have scales.— A. A., Drifton, Pa.

Labeled insects, for butterflies.— C. C. Beale, Faulkner, Mass.

Please have the address of East Pittsburgh changed to "J. F. McCune, Broad street, East Pittsburgh, Pa."

REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

Would n't it be delightful to make a visiting tour among our four hundred Chapters, shake hands with our five thousand earnest workers, inspect the growing cabinets, and ask and answer the many questions which start to the lip? Well, suppose we start! and here we are at Bryan, Ohio. Miss Ethel Gillis, the Secretary of Chapter 323, meets us and tells us that the Chapter is prospering finely, and shows us a new scrap-book, which it is proposed to fill with choice clippings. She does n't say much about Bryan — not as much as we would like to hear — but we shall have time for that by and by. Her Chapter has been grappling with the geode question, and concludes that "water deposited small particles of sand in hollow cavities, which in time became hardened," but there was a minority report from one who thinks that they were the homes of some species of insect, and formed of mud, which has become petrified.

But Bryan is far behind us, and we are in State College, Pennsylvania. By the way, how much geography we can learn by finding on the map the home of each Chapter! We might take a map of the United States and make a red dot on each town represented. The map would look as if it had been sprinkled with red pepper. But to return: Mr. George C. McKee thinks it is "bad news" that four brave, persevering members are keeping up their interest in the A. A., when "seven of twelve have resigned, and one gone away on a long visit." By no means! Four zealous workers are better than a hundred half-hearted ones. A Chapter never loses anything by *pruning*.

What a leap! A sniff of salt air, a long ocean voyage in a second of imagination, and we stand in Yokohama, Japan. "I have read with great interest," says H. Loomis, "in regard to the A. A. I have made a collection of butterflies. This is a wonderful country for the study of nature. To visit the fish-market is like going to a museum. I got here a fish of a very odd shape. It is about an inch and a half long, and covered with a hard scaly or bony substance. I should be glad to correspond with any who desire to obtain specimens of wood, fishes, butterflies, etc."

Home again, and in Newport, R. I. F. J. Cotton kindly shows us the fine cabinet of his Chapter. We notice especially the large collection of insects, and the skulls of a sheep, a cat, a rat, and a turtle. They have found that horneblende is in nearly every stone wall in the vicinity, and have discovered poison ivy hanging its green flowers as high as seven feet from the ground. We are much pleased by a little salt-water aquarium, which seems to be prospering well, and are quite astonished to see a yellow warbler's nest of *four* stories. Every boy knows that when the mischievous cow-bunting lays her cumbrous eggs among the dainty treasures of the yellow warbler, that resolute bird sacrifices her own, and seals them and the intruder in a common tomb by building a second nest right on top of the old one. But who else ever found a case like this, where the patient warbler had built her nest four times over?

From Rhode Island to Kansas without a jar or a jolt! Willie Plank says this is the town of Independence, and that the Chapter is progressing. At every meeting essays are read, and he has collected individually nearly one hundred plants.

While stopping at Independence, we get a letter from Boston, Mass., in which Miss Edith Buffum tells us that Chapter 261 has increased its membership to twenty-two, and that it is known among its members as the "Wood, Field, and Shore" Chapter.

Now for a pleasant little visit at Ottumwa, Iowa, where is one of the most ancient and honorable of our Chapters, No. 15, nearly two years old! The enthusiastic Secretary, Will R. Lighton, says: "Our society is doing splendidly. Thirty-three active and as many honorary members." "How about those geodes?" we ask. "We have been debating that question. Some of us think one way and some another. Some say, agates are formed by water which holds silica, opal, and the coloring matter of the different layers in solution. This water filters into cavities and deposits its minerals there, and as opal does not crystallize, the silica also is prevented from forming its crystals. Now, agate geodes must be formed in the same way, the only difference being that in the geode there is no opal, and consequently the quartz crystals develop perfectly. What seems to be a proof of the non-intervention of animal or vegetable life is the formation of a cave. Mammoth Cave, for instance, is nothing but a monstrous lime-stone geode. Another proof is that geodes are found in trap-rocks, which were formed before life appeared on the earth."

While we are in Iowa, and thinking of geodes, we must step over to Waverly without fail, and have a chat with Mr. L. L. Goodwin, who has sent so many fine specimens to different members of the A. A. "My first acquaintance with geodes," he says, "was about seven years ago. Finding them closely associated with other forms of animal life, I jumped to the conclusion that they were of animal origin. Since the question was first asked in ST. NICHOLAS, I have given the subject more careful attention, and am fully convinced that my first impression was correct. I find in their immediate vicinity, above, below, and around them, shells, bivalve and univalve, fishes, and other sorts of animal remains. The geodes are nearly all of the same general form, as much so as any class of animals, and of all sizes from peas to pumpkins, showing growth. The small ones vastly preponderate, as the young always outnumber the old in all sorts of animals. I conclude, therefore, that when these limestone bluffs were first formed from soft mud, the sediment retained the animals whose remains we now find in the rocks, and among others, doubtless some animal of a fleshy or cartilaginous body, perhaps having a thin, frail shell like a sea-urchin, of solidity sufficient to hold the sediment in place until it hardened. Then the whole body wasted away, a concretionary shell having formed around it, and during the succeeding ages this shell became lined with beautiful crystals."

On our way home, we look in upon a Chapter very recently organized in Galesburg, Ill., Charles F. Getlemy, Secretary. Their cabinet already contains a number of insects. The boys are making new cabinets, and "preparing for a busy, delightful time in the near future." They are also collecting cocoons, and intend to watch the moths and butterflies "hatch out." Coming back to Lenox, we are just in time to take from the post-office the following condensed reports from Chapters assigned to John F. Glosser, Berwyn, Pa.: The members of Chapter 126, East Philadelphia, now wear their new solid silver badges.— Chapter 109 (C), Washington, D. C., has a new constitution and by-laws. From the editor's book, which is read at each meeting, we make the following extracts: "Sapphires include the ruby, topaz, and amethyst." "The distinction between rocks and minerals was first noted by Cronstedt in 1758." "Silver can be hammered into sheets 1-1000,000 of an inch thick." [One millionth of an inch *thin*, we should say.] "The ash tree puts on its leaves earlier and sheds them later than any other tree."

While, as will be readily judged from the foregoing reports, the A. A. is highly prosperous, it, of course, has happened in regard to a comparatively few Chapters that the reverse is true. The following have been discontinued: Nos. 3, 4, 61, 84, 88, 94, 112, 122, 136, 158, 162, 244, and 341. Various causes have been assigned; removal from town, graduation from school, dying out of enthusiasm, internal dissension. The law of the "survival of the fittest" holds good with our society, whether it does in nature or not. The years are an excellent filter, and through them come the boys and girls of real earnestness of purpose, and strength of perseverance. It must needs happen that times of dullness come to every Chapter. Then is the time for hardest work and most faithful endeavor. Let the drones drop out, let the disaffected go their way, but let the *workers* stick to it, even if, as in one or two cases we could name, only *one* member remains in a Chapter. By and by, others will again catch his inspiration, and the Chapter will grow larger and more prosperous than ever. You may ask the Secretary of Albany "A" if this is not so! By the way, if any Chapter *does* feel that it can not longer hold together, it will do us a great favor, and save the whole association confusion, if it will kindly notify the President promptly of its own decease.

All communications are to be sent to

HARLAN H. BALLARD,
Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

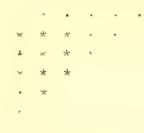


TRANSPOSE the letters on each plate in such a way as to form the name of the material out of which the plate is made. Find also, in the illustration, thirty-five words explaining the puzzle. G. F.

DIAMOND.

1. IN flutter. 2. A metal. 3. A New York daily paper. 4. An ancient musical instrument. 5. Muscular power and control. 6. A diocese. 7. In flutter. W. H.

DIAMOND IN A HALF-SQUARE.



HALF-SQUARE. Across: 1. Venerated. 2. Eaten away. 3. Balloted. 4. A delightful region. 5. A color. 6. Two-thirds of a color. 7. In diamond.

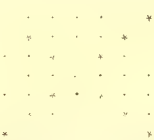
INCLUDED DIAMOND. 1. In advertisement. 2. A wand. 3. Balloted. 4. A cave. 5. In advertisement. FRANK S.

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

EACH of the words described contains five letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below another in the order here given, the second line of letters will spell the name of a celebrated commander, and the fifth line the name of a famous poet. Both were born in February.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To weave so as to produce diagonal lines or ribs. 2. Work. 3. Employing. 4. Green cormorants. 5. Slight quarrels. 6. Wrath. 7. Nimble. 8. Quiet. 9. A mark in punctuation. 10. Eats away. GILBERT F.

COMBINATION PUZZLE.



THE diagonals, from left to right (reading downward), name a country that is said to be oppressed by a country formed by the diagonals reading from right to left.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Tiresome. 2. Supplicating earnestly. 3. Vehicles on runners. 4. Ardent in behalf of an object. 5. Bellowing as a calf. 6. A moment. 7. To break up a military organization.

I. 

II. 

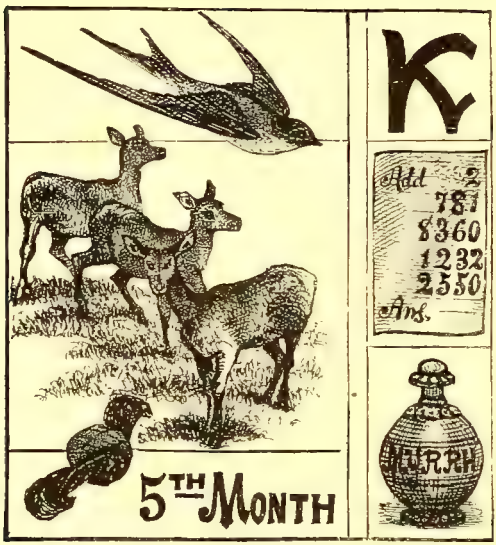
I. CROSS-WORDS: 1. Angry; behead and leave proportion. 2. A truant; behead, and leave above. 3. Black; behead, and leave gaunt. 4. To acquire knowledge; behead, and leave to merit by labor. 5. Separated; behead, and leave a portion. 6. For this occasion; behead, and leave at one time. 7. A sleeping vision; behead and leave twenty quires.

The beheaded letters name the country formed by the diagonals, which read from left to right; and the four letters represented by the heavier dots, when rightly placed, spell a characteristic of that country.

II. CROSS-WORDS: 1. A feather; curtail, and leave a raisin. 2. A wading bird; curtail, and leave the principal personage of a story. 3. Moved like a pendulum; curtail, and leave a graceful, web-footed bird. 4. An elongated picture; curtail, and leave a plate of glass. 5. The animals of any given area; curtail, and leave one of a class of mythological deities, similar to the satyrs. 6. An enchantress; curtail, and leave a father. 7. Released from captivity; curtail, and leave unfettered.

The curtailed letters name the country formed by the diagonals, which read from right to left; and the eight letters represented by the heavier dots, when rightly placed, spell a characteristic of that country. L. W. D.

PROVERB REBUS.



THE answer is a familiar proverb.

WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. THE capital city of a western State. 2. A reward of merit. 3. A maxim. 4. The mother of Ishmael. 5. Active.

II. 1. A fissure. 2. Swiftness. 3. Pertaining to a kind of poplar. 4. A horse. 5. Improves.

III. 1. A sweet vegetable product. 2. Custom. 3. High winds. 4. A deputy. 5. Pauses.

ALLIE B.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals and finals, read in connection, form three words which name an astronomical event.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A beginner in learning. 2. A chain of rocks near the surface of the water. 3. A subdivision of the Black Sea. 4. Absurdity. 5. A strong man. 6. A small river of Brazil. 7. Part of an elephant.

"KATY-DID."

PREFIX PUZZLE.

A LETTER far down in the alphabet, I
May be found in comply, but never in sigh.

Prefix but a letter and plainly you 'll see
That a ready assent is implied by me.

Now prefix another, through darkness I pierce,
In summer I fall on the earth hot and fierce.

If preceded by three, 't is really quite plain
That I mean to entreat e'en again and again.

To all of these letters now prefix one more,
I am dashed far aloft 'mid the breakers' dull roar.

"NUTSHELL."

A FEBRUARY PUZZLE.

TAKE one word from another, and leave a complete word. Example: Take a marsh from a yellowish paint, and leave a sport. Answer: Gam-bog-e.

1. Take to utter from houses occupied by communities of religious recluses, and leave studies attentively. 2. Take to declare from a flatterer, and leave more destitute of color. 3. Take to praise from acclamations, and leave cavities. 4. Take always from a young hare, and leave to allow. 5. Take a refuge for songsters from uprightness, and leave a cry of the chase. 6. Take an aquatic fowl from harshly, and leave cunning. 7. Take a small measure of length from winced, and leave ran away. 8. Take to denominate from denominated anew, and leave a color. 9. Take level from a number, and leave a kind of pen.

All of the syncopated words contain four letters, and their initials form the answer to the following:

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In Steve, not in Fred;
In Sam, not in Ed;
In Will, not in Nick;
In Joe, not in Dick;
In Nate, not in Bill;
In Tom, not in Will;
In Ike, not in Ed;
In Lon, not in Fred;
In James, not in Paul;
Whole, a missive prized by all.

G. F.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JANUARY NUMBER.

RIDDLE. I bar Arabi. CHARADE. Opera-glass.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. If all the year were playing holidays, to sport would be as tedious as to work.

TRANSPOSITIONS, DIAGONALS, NEW YEAR'S GIFTS, CROSS-WORDS. 1. Went-newt. 2. Tern-rent 3. Wens-news. 4 Troy-Tory. 5. Keel-leek. 6. Palm-lamp. 7. Pore-rope. 8. Sued-used. 6. Ages-sage. 10. Evil-levi. 11. Fits-sift. 12. Tags-stag. 13. Oaks-soak.

DIAGONALS. Emerson. CROSS-WORDS: 1. Ever. 2. Amen. 3. Tree. 4. Near. 5. Rest. 6. Foot. 7. Nest.

FRACTIONS. Christmas. 1. M-AI-ne. 2. Minneso-T-a. 3. Mis-si-SS-ippi. 4. New H-ampshi-R-e. 5. Wis-C-onsin. 6. Alaba-M-a.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. January—Skating.

PICTORIAL PUZZLE. Two. The second person is seen by inverting the picture.

DOUBLE DIAMOND IN A RHOMBOID. Rhomboid. Across. 1. Widow. 2. Nomad. 3. Tided. 4. Tenor. 5. Steam.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Holiday; finals, Present. Cross-words: 1. HemP. 2. OratoR. 3. LanE. 4. IbiS. 5. DronE. 6. ArtisaN. 7. YachT.

STAR PUZZLE. I. From 1 to 3, brew; 2 to 4, dead; 3 to 5, warp; 4 to 1, drab; 5 to 2, pard. II. From 1 to 3, trod; 2 to 4, torn; 3 to 5, drew; 4 to 1, neat; 5 to 2, wart.

THE names of those who send solutions are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 20, from "Marna and Bae"—H. W. Faulkner and L. V. Rirsson—Alice A. Poor—"Doctor and Co."—"Arabi Bey"—R. T. Losee—"Bub and Sis"—K. M. B.—"Marmion"—C. Buell Sellers—Eissel Sregor—"Paul and Virginia"—Sallie Viles—Minnie B. Murray—Effie K. Talboys—Two High School Girls—"Beyrl, Pearl, and Ruby"—"Partners"—"Queen Bess"—F. L. Atbush—Appleton H.—D. W. Crosby, Jr., and H. W. Chandler, Jr.—Charles J. Durbrow—John C. and Wm. V. Moses—"Two Industrious Children"—H. E. W.—Vin and Henry—Professor & Co.—Helen E. Mahan—Alice D. Close—Papa, Mamma, and Lillie C. Lippert—Lizzie Owen—Clara and her Aunt—Clara J. Child.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 20, from Mary Alice Granger, 2—M. A. Granger, 1—Charles T. Hawley, Jr., 2—"Cæsar," 1—C. W. Woodward, 1—Little Minnie and Emma. 2—Charles B. Bartlett, 2—Blanche W. Bantz, 2—P. S. Van Rensselaer, 1—M. V. R., 2—Mabel E. Southworth, 2—W. R. Amerman, 2—Walter H. Clark, 3—Josie Hamilton, 6—Grace Lineburgh, 3—Theo. G. White, 3—Philip Embury, Jr., 7—G. P. Deacon, 2—B. T. Hyrison, 1—B. Reen, 1—Willie B. Chase, 3—Paul Reese, 8—E. M. T., 2—Arthur Ford and Patchie Clark, 2—Edith Brown, 1—Keyes Becker, 3—"Oliver Twist," 2—"Alcibiades," 7—Miriam Osler, 2—Walter W. and John T. Bush, 2—Olga G., 1—"Twilight," 4—Percy Merrell Nash, 1—"Polly, Pegs, and Poppety," 1—Frank B. Howard, 3—Edith Howland and L. Smith, 2—Maud I. B., 1—J. A. Nowland, 1—J. Stuart Bell, 1—Waldo Merriam, 1—J. B. Whitehead, 1—"Kaytie and Mayrie," 1—Effie Hadwen, 5—Don, 4—Florence G. Lane, 8—Annie, Mabel, and Florence Knight, 8—Florence Jones, 2—Christopher Noss, 1—Eliza C. Bell, 1—M., and G. S. Brown, 3—Hattie Weisel, 2—Eleanor B. Farley, 3—Warren G. Waterman, 2—Maggie P. White, 1—"Epaminondas," 3—Walter Hancock, 1—May Irving Jones, 3—Alice C. Nysard, 1—Jennie K., 5—H. D. N. and R. S., 1—Frank Holland, 3—Raymond W. Carr, 1—Edith K. Ross, 1 D. B. A., 4—Tommy and Jack, 7—Augustus Fitzmortimer, 5—Margie K. S., 1—"Amateur," 7—Carleton V. Woodruff, 7—Nellie Caldwell, 7—D. B. Shumway, 6—Fred S. Elliot, 2—Louise Gilman, 7—E. Heller, 1—Theodore and Maria, 1—Immo, 8—Charles, 7—Estelle Riley, 4—Ned and Loe, 8—Geraldine, 7—Mother and Son, 6—Erasmus, 1—Jack Selim, 3—"Phil. I. Pine," 8—Elizabeth, 7—Chas. Belden, 2—Tom, Dick, and Harry, 2—Bessie Saunders, 1—"Mamma and I," 6—G. Lansing and J. Wallace, 5—"Pernie," 7—H. K. Reynolds, 3—Amy B. C., 3.



THE BROKEN PITCHER.

[After the painting by Greuze.]

ST. NICHOLAS.

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THE BROKEN PITCHER.

BY MRS. J. W. DAVIS.

IN the saloon devoted to French artists in the gallery of the Louvre there is one picture which it is often difficult to approach, so surrounded is it by copying artists and admiring visitors.

When you do get near enough to see it, you find that it represents a charming young girl, with a sweetness and a dewy freshness about her only equaled by the handful of delicate loose flowers which she holds gathered up in her white dress. On her arm hangs a broken pitcher, and it is from this that the picture is called "La Cruche Cassée" (The Broken Pitcher).

It was painted by Jean Baptiste Greuze, a French artist, born in Tournus, in 1726. In his early youth his great ambition was to produce large historical works; but having failed in this, he began to paint domestic scenes, generally from the life of the poor, and in these he greatly excelled.

He became widely known for his portraits, also. At that time, a very artificial style of painting prevailed. Every one who intended to have a portrait wished to be represented in the character of some god or goddess, Apollo or Venus or Diana. And so long as their cheeks were very rosy, and their eyes very large and very beautiful, and there were plenty of cupids about, sitters did not particularly care whether the pictures looked like them or not.

But when Greuze began to paint, he thrust aside all this affectation and painted people as he found them, making his portraits life-like and yet endowed with a freshness and charm which he alone could impart.

There are many pictures of his extant, but of them all none is so popular as "The Broken Pitcher"; and I am sure you would not wonder at this if you could see the charming simplicity and grace and the tender, harmonious coloring of the "dainty little maiden" in the original painting.

Greuze, although successful as an artist, was very unfortunate in his private affairs. During his long life his pictures had brought him a moderate fortune, but this seemed to slip away from him in one way and another. Then came the terrible French Revolution, which put an end to any hopes he might have had of retrieving his fortunes by his pencil. It banished the Court and the wealthy nobles, who were the artist's chief patrons, and the people who were left were far too busy with public affairs to care for pictures.

So it happened that his paintings sold for almost nothing, and were often to be found among the rubbish of a coppersmith or exposed for sale in the street stalls.

This must have been very hard for an artist to bear; but Greuze was a brave man, and took his misfortunes cheerfully. Nothing seemed to have power to break down his courage.

He carried his brightness in his face and showed it in his briskness when, as an old man of seventy, he took his daily walk, leaning on the arm of his servant. A curious figure he must have been, too —a quaint little old man, with his eyes still full of fire, his white hair powdered and dressed fantastically in pigeon-wings, which stood out stiffly on either side of his smiling face.

At length, the Government of France decreed

that apartments in the Palace of the Louvre should be placed at the disposal of artists and literary men, and one was assigned to Greuze. Here he died in 1805, with only his daughter and one friend near him.

On the day of his death the sun shone brightly into his room, whereupon the cheery old man remarked: "I shall have fine weather for my journey."

When Napoleon heard that Greuze had died in great destitution and neglect, he cried: "Why was I not told of it? I would have given him a Sèvres pitcher full of gold to pay him for all his broken pitchers."

Greuze spent his last days in painting his own portrait and that of his daughter. His was considered the best in the *Salon** of 1805.

"You can sell it for a hundred francs, Caroline," he said to his daughter. It was the only fortune he could leave her. But his daughter sold her own portrait and kept her father's.

In 1868, a marble statue was erected to Greuze in the public square of Tournus, his native place.

THE WRONG COAT.

By Rose Terry Cooke.

"FIRE! Fire!"

Jack Parry rubbed his eyes, as he sprang out of his cot-bed in the loft, and instinctively hurried on his trousers. His father's head rose above the ladder, just as he shuffled on his shoes, shouting: "Hurry up, I tell ye! woods afire! Comin' this way quicker 'n scat!"

Jack scrambled down the ladder without stopping for his jacket. He knew what that news meant—he had heard about forest fires before. His father had always thought that the creek which ran in front of their house would guard them, but now the air was dark with smoke, and he could hear the roar and crash of the forest falling before its mighty foe, while sharp gusts of wind swept ashes far and wide over the grain-fields of the farm. But the fire was still on the other side of that slow, narrow stream: could it, would it keep the enemy from their house and barns?

It would not do to run the risk. Jack, at a word, went off to harness the horses, and put them to the big wagon, while his father helped his mother to gather a few wraps and valuables together, and dress the frightened, screaming baby.

When the Parrys moved to Michigan, Grandpa Dibble, who always objected to everything, said to his son-in-law:

"But how 'll ye edicate the childern, John?"

"I don't know, Father," said John Parry. "Sary 'll teach 'm to read an' write, prob'ly, and I 'll insure they 'll learn to mind an' be honest. I take it that these two things will have to underlay any edication that 's good for shucks: we must risk the rest."

Obedience and honesty Jack had indeed been thoroughly taught. He had never harnessed the horses alone before, but at his father's order he went to work manfully, and was all ready when the others came to the house-door.

"Oh, Jack! no coat on?" said the delicate, trembling little mother.

"Can't stop for it now," said John Parry. "It 's life or death, Sary! There goes a big white-wood smash acrost the crick! Run the critters, Jack—the fire 's after us!"

In another moment they were beyond the house, but not an instant too soon, for a burning branch, whirled on by the fierce wind, swept through the air and lit on the roof, which blazed like paper beneath it.

Jack lashed the terrified horses into a run, while his father, on the back seat, held the sick baby in one arm, and put the other about his wife to steady her.

The air grew heavier and hotter; the roads were rough, the wagon-springs hard. Blinded with smoke and frightened at the nearing roar of storm and flame, the horses flew on beyond the power of any guiding hand. There was a sudden lurch, the wheels tilted on a log by the wayside, and the back seat pitched out behind, with all its occupants! Jack clung to the reins instinctively, but he could no more stop the horses than he could arrest the whirlwind and fire behind him. Father, mother, sister, all were tossed into the track of the fire like dry leaves, and never again did he see one of them. Their fate was certain: he could only hope it had been sudden and sure death.

Carried on by a force he could not control or resist, Jack whirled along, the flames nearing him every moment, till, just as he felt their hot breath on his neck, the maddened horses reached the lake-

*Annual Art Exhibition.

shore, and plunged headlong into its waters. But he, at least, was safe, for the shock threw him out on the sand.

Poor Jack! In the morning he was a hearty, happy boy, asleep in a good home; at night a homeless, penniless orphan, with scarce clothes to cover him. Days passed over his head in a sort of blank misery. A few others, escaped also from the devouring flames, shared with him their scanty food; a kindly woman gave him an old woolen sack she ill knew how to spare to cover his ragged shirt, and he found a pair of India-rubbers lying on the shore, which concealed his worn shoes; but a more desolate, helpless creature than the poor boy can hardly be imagined.

After a week or two, he begged his way to Pompo,—a settlement farther up the lake, which had not been touched by the great fire,—and heard there that good people at the East had sent on clothes to be distributed among those who had lost theirs. He soon got a chance to ride over on a lumber-wagon to the nearest place where these things were given out,—a town ten miles beyond Pompo,—and there the agent gave him a couple of shirts, a warm vest, a pair of half-worn black trousers, and a very good coat of mixed cloth, that until then had proved too small for the men who had applied for clothes. But as Jack was fifteen, and large for his age, it just fitted him, and once more clothed, neat, and clean, he went back to Pompo, where he had found a place to work on a farm, happier than he had been for a long time.

It was night when he returned to the farm, and quite bed-time; so he ate some bread and milk Mrs. Smith had saved for him, and went up to his garret chamber. As he took off his new coat to hang it up, with a boy's curiosity he explored all its pockets. In one he found a half-soiled handkerchief, just as if the owner had taken the coat down from the closet peg and sent it off without a thought, for the garment was almost new. But underneath the handkerchief, lying loose in the bottom of the pocket, were two twenty-dollar bills!

Jack's heart gave a great bound; here was a windfall indeed, and he began to think what he should do with this small fortune. But perhaps there was something else in the other pocket—yes, here was a letter directed, sealed, and stamped, all ready to mail; and in a small inner breast-pocket he found three horse-car tickets, a cigarette, and a three-cent piece. In the other breast-pocket were a gray kid glove, and a card with the name, "James Agard, Jr." He looked at the letter again; on one corner was printed: "Return to James Agard & Co., Deerford, Conn., if not delivered in ten days." Jack was not a dull boy, and it flashed across him at once that this coat had been put into the box by mistake; it must have belonged to James Agard, Jr. He looked again at the handkerchief, and found that name on the corner.

What should he do? The coat had been given to him—why not keep it? He sat down on his bed to think. His short end of tallow candle had gone out, but the late-risen moon poured a flood of mellow light through his window and seemed to look him in the face. While he thinks the thing out at the West, let us take up the Eastern end of the story.

Just three days after the great fires, certain prompt young people in a New England church congregation came together in the parlors of that church to receive and pack clothing for the burnt-out sufferers; and for a week contributions poured in upon them, and gave them work for both head and hands. Into this busy crowd one day hurried a slight, active young man, dressed in a gray business suit.

"Hallo!" he called out, cheerily. "I 've come to help the old-clo' boxes along. Give me work at once, Mrs. Brooks—anything but sewing."

Mrs. Brooks laughed.

"Can you pack a barrel, Mr. Agard?"

"Yes, indeed; just pile on the things," and he went to work with an alacrity that showed he knew how to do his work. This energetic little man packed more than one barrel before night, and, in order to work better, threw his coat aside, as the rooms were warm. When evening came, he drew himself up with a laugh, exclaiming:

"There! I can 'go West, young man,' and earn my living as a pork-packer, if you 'll only recommend me, Mrs. Brooks."

"That I will," said she, "and others, too. We have sent off ten barrels since you came in, Mr. Agard; we had to hurry, for the freight train left at four o'clock."

Just then he turned to look for his coat. It was not where he left it. He searched the room in vain, and at last called out:

"Has anybody seen my coat?"

"Where did you leave it?" asked George Bruce, a young man who had also been packing very busily.

"On the back of that chair."

"Was it a gray mixed sack?"

"Yes."

"Well, sir, it 's gone off to the sufferers, then. I saw it on the chair, thought it was a contribution, packed it, headed up the barrel, and sent it to the train."

"What! You 're a nice fellow, Bruce—sent my coat off! How am I to get home?"

"It is too bad," said Mrs. Brooks. "I 'll take you home in the carriage, Mr. Agard."

"Thank you, kindly; but that is n't all. I had forty dollars in one pocket, and a letter to be mailed with a thousand-dollar check in it. I must hurry home and have that check stopped; the bills will go for an involuntary contribution, I suppose. Bruce, I feel like choking you!"

"And I 'm willing to let you, Jim, if it 'll relieve your mind. It was outrageously careless of me. I don't suppose there 's the slightest chance of tracing it."

"No more than a dropped penny in Broadway. Miss Van Ness wont have her Jacqueminot roses for the german, though, and I 'll tell her it was your fault—I can't throw away any more dollars on nonsense. But I 'm not sure the money is lost as much as it might have been, old fellow. Mrs. Brooks, I 'm ready."

And so James Agard went home, stopped payment of the check by a telegram, and sent an excuse to Miss Van Ness for not attending her german. The roses were to have been a surprise to her, so she did not miss them.

We left Jack sitting in the moonlight, doubting and distressed. But he did not sit there long, for suddenly there came to him a recollection of what his father had said concerning his education to Grandpa Dibble; his mother had repeated it to him so often that it was fixed in his memory. He hid his face in his hands, for it grew hot with shame, to think he had not seen at once that he must send the coat back to its owner. Jack did not hesitate—the right thing must be done quickly. He folded the coat as well as he knew how, replacing everything in the pockets, except the three-cent piece, for which he had a use. Then, quite sure that Mr. Smith, who had hired him, was not the man to understand or approve his action, he made up his mind not to wait till the morning, but to go directly back to Dayton, where he had received his clothes, and where the nearest express office was stationed. He could not return the coat to the agent, for he had distributed all the clothes destined for that point, Jack being one of the last applicants, and had gone on farther with the rest; so he rolled it in a newspaper and slipped downstairs with his shoes in his hand, putting on over his vest the old red sack he had worn before, and set out for Dayton.

He had to beg his breakfast when he reached the town; then he bought a sheet of brown paper, a string, and a postal card with the three-cent piece, and, sitting down on the sunny side of a lumber pile, made the coat into a neat bundle, firmly tied.

He asked the use of pen and ink at the express office, directed his package and wrote his postal as follows, for he could write well, though a little uncertain as to his spelling:

"DAYTON, ——

"DEAR SIR: I send you by express to Day a coat which i got in the close sent to burnd out fokes here, i doant believe it ought to hev come, so i send it to the name onto the leter. all things Within except 3 sents used for paper, string, and kard.

"JACK PARRY."

Jack felt a great weight off his mind when the bundle was fairly out of his hands. It was hard to send away help he needed so much—harder for a homeless, penniless boy than you know, dear Tom and Harry—you who have never been hungry, ragged, and orphaned.

And he not only lost his coat, but his place, for he knew very well, when he left the farm-house, that Mr. Smith, who was a hard and mean man, would never take back a boy who ran away the first night of his service, especially if he knew it was to return a good coat with money in the pocket.

Still he felt that his father and mother would have thought it was dishonest to keep it, and, with the courage of a resolute boy, he felt sure he could find work in Dayton. But he did not. There were plenty of boys, and men, too, already asking for work, and nobody knew him, nor had he any recommendations. For several nights he slept in an empty freight-car near the railway station, doing a little porter's work to pay for this shelter; then he did some things about the tavern stable for his board, sleeping in the shed, or on the hay-mow; and once in a while he caught himself wishing he had that forty dollars to get back to Connecticut, where he had distant relatives. But the quick thought "What would Mother say?" repressed the wish at once.

At last he found steady work on a farm out of town, with small wages. But he had a loft and a bed to himself, and his chief work was to drive a team into Dayton and back with produce, or to fetch lumber, coal, and feed for his employer and the neighbors.

One day, about a month after he went to this place, as he was driving a load of coal past the express office, walking his horses, for the load was heavy and the mud deep, the clerk saw him, and, running to the door, called out:

"Say, young fellow! D' you know anybody name of Jack Parry?"

"I guess so," said Jack, with a smile; "that 's my name. What 's to pay?"

"Nothin'—it 's prepaid. I had a faint reklektion that a fellow about your size left a package

here a while ago directed to James Agard. I was n't real sure 't was you, for you are n't rigged out so fancy as you was. What have you done with that red jacket, sonny? Haw! haw! haw!"

Jack colored; he had on an old overcoat of the farmer's, but the red sack was under it, for he had no other coat.

"Well, anyhow, here 's a bundle for Jack Parry, and I reckon that 's for you, since nobody else has called for it; and it 's got a kind of a label on to the tag, same as letters have: 'Return to James Agard & Co., Deerford, Conn., if not called for in one month.' And the month 's a'most up, too,—it 's a nigh thing for you."

Jack did not know what to think or say. He signed a receipt for the bundle, put it up on the coal, and hastily went on his way.

He did not get home till after dark, and when supper was over and all his work done he could only go to bed and wait for morning, as he never was allowed a light in his loft, and he did not want to open the package till he was alone. But with the first dawning light he sprang up eagerly and untied the string. There lay the gray coat, and with it the rest of the suit, a set of warm underclothing, and, on top of all, a letter running thus:

"DEERFORD, CONN.

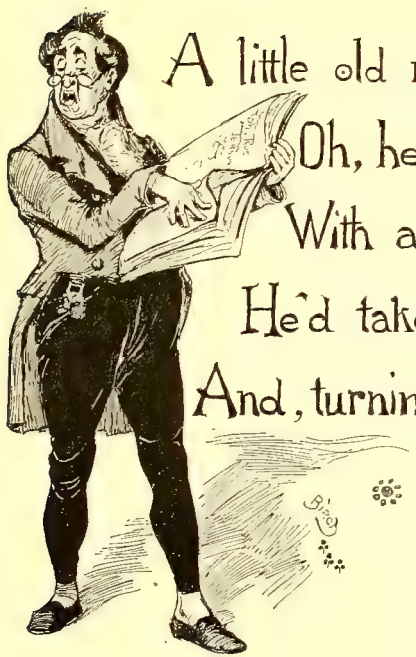
"JACK PARRY: I am glad there is such an honest boy in Dayton. I wish there were more here, but we want you for another, anyway. If you are out of work, and I think perhaps you are, for I know how it is round the burnt districts, you will find money in the breast-pocket of your coat to buy a ticket for this place. James Agard & Co. want a boy in their store, and want an honest one. Come promptly, and bring this letter to identify yourself. JAMES AGARD, JR."

"Oh, if Mother only knew it!" was the quick thought that glistened in Jack's happy eyes, and choked him for a moment, as he laid down the letter.

Perhaps she did.

He is in Agard & Co.'s great wholesale store on the Deerford wharves now, and does credit to James Agard, Jr.'s, recommendation.

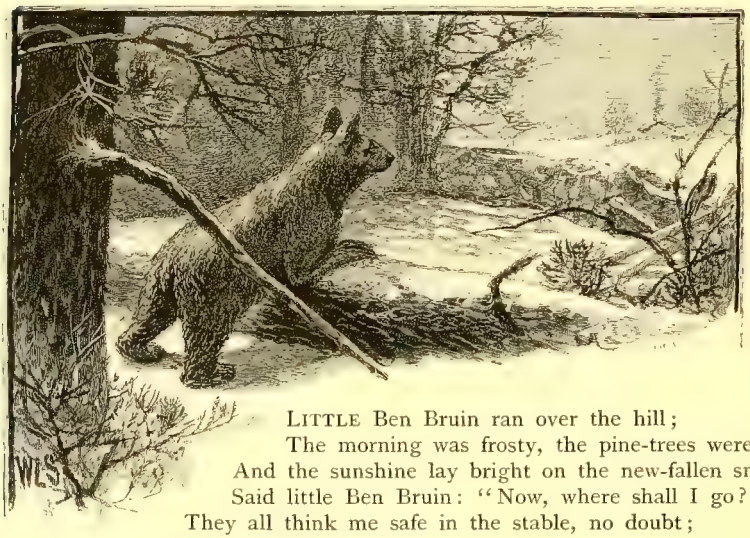
And it all came of sending the wrong coat!



A little old man named M°Caw,
Oh, he was well read up in law!
With a very wise look
He'd take down a great book,
And, turning its leaves say "Pshaw"!

BEN BRUIN.

BY LUCY LARCOM.



LITTLE Ben Bruin ran over the hill;
The morning was frosty, the pine-trees were still,
And the sunshine lay bright on the new-fallen snow.
Said little Ben Bruin: "Now, where shall I go?
They all think me safe in the stable, no doubt;
But what are my paws for, if not to get out?
Must I live with the horses and donkeys? Not I!
The world is before me—my luck I will try."

Ben Bruin trudged on till an hour before noon;
Then he said to himself: "I shall starve to death soon!
Not an acorn or nut have I found in this wood;
There is plenty of nothing but snow. If I could,
For a taste of the dinner at home, I 'd run back;
But, somehow or other, I 've lost my own track!
Ho! ho! there 's a sight I have not seen before—
A little red house, with a half-open door!

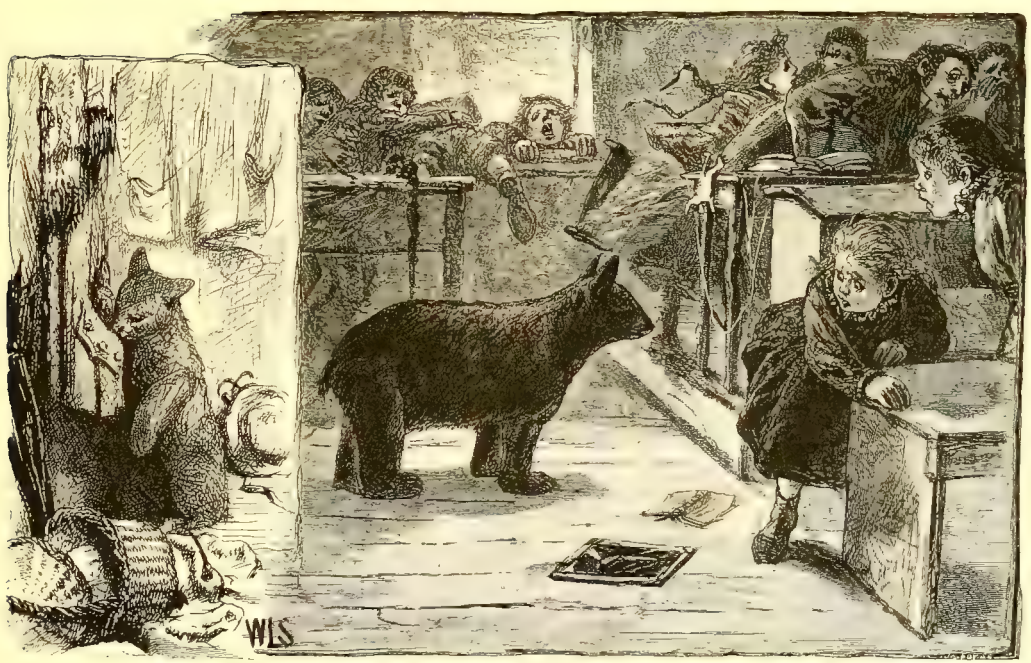
"I think I 'll step in, for I 'm weary and lame."
Ben Bruin was little, you see, and quite tame;
He feared neither children, nor women, nor men,
Though he did like a free forest-stroll now and then.
Harry Hunter had petted the young orphan bear,
Since his father the old ones had shot in their lair;
And to school he had not been forbidden to go—
That he would not be welcome, pray, how could he know?

Ben Bruin stepped into the entry, and there
Little cloaks, hoods, and tippets were hung up with care,
And small luncheon-baskets beneath, in a row.
"Something good in those baskets, I smell and I know,"
Said little Ben Bruin, and on his hind paws
He balanced himself, while his nose and his jaws
Found business enough. Hark! a step! pit-a-pat!
Little Rose White came in, and saw what he was at.

Pretty Rose of a school-mate so rough had not dreamed;
She turned pale, and then red; then she laughed, then she screamed.
Then the door of the school-room she threw open wide,
And little Ben Bruin walked in at her side,
Straight up to the school-master's desk. What a rush
For the door and the windows! The teacher called, "Hush!"
In vain, through that tempest of terrified squeals;
And he, with the children, soon took to his heels.

Ben Bruin looked blank at the stir he had made;
As a bear-baby might, he felt rather afraid,
Like the rest of the babies, and after them ran.
Then over again the wild hubbub began,
And Ben, seeing now that all this was no play,
From the rout he had raised in disgust turned away,
While he said to himself: "If I ever get home,
In another direction hereafter I 'll roam."

Alas! for Ben Bruin's brief morning of fun!
Behind him a click—and the bang of a gun!
And when Harry Hunter went seeking his pet,
The snow by the school-house with red drops was wet;
And pretty Rose White felt so sad that she cried
To see the boy mourn for the bear that had died.
And this is the story of little Ben Bruin,
Who found through a school-house the door-way to ruin.



THAT SLY OLD WOODCHUCK.

By William O. Stoddard.



"DEAH me! Dey 's jes' one moah row ob taters. I 's hoein' de bes' I know."

Julius leaned on his hoe for a moment. His bright black face was turned a little anxiously toward the front fence. Over in the road beyond that there stood a white boy, of about his own size, and he was calling:

"Quib! Quib! Come here!"

"Dar he goes!" said Julius. "Dey 've got him agin. He 's de bes' dog for woodchucks, he is! An' I can't go 'long. Tell you wot, dough, if I 'd ha' t'ought he 'd run away 'fore I 'd hoed dese taters, I 'd nebber hab gibben him dat big bone. De rascal! He 's jes' hid it away, somewhar, down 'mong de cabbages."

That was what Quib had done with his precious bone; but now his little, lean, yellow legs were carrying him rapidly down the road, with half a dozen very noisy boys behind him.

"Pete! Pete Corry! Where was it you saw that woodchuck?"

"Finest woodchuck you ever saw in all your life!" was Pete's reply.

"He 'll get away from us!"

"No, he wont. Abe Selover is watching for him. That woodchuck is in the stone-heap at the corner of old Hamburger's pasture-lot."

Quib must have understood what Mart Penniman said, for he did not halt for one second till he reached the bars that led into that very field. It was more than a quarter of a mile from the potato-patch, but Quib had barked all the way — probably out of respect for the size and importance of the coming woodchuck.

Mart Penniman and Abe Selover had started their great "game" on the way home from driving their cows. They had raced him across the pasture and along the fence, into the stone-heap, and then Abe had staid to keep watch while Mart went after Julius Davis's dog. That meant also, of course, as large a crowd of boys as he could pick up in going and coming.

It was a sad thing for Julius that his mother had set him at the potato-patch, and that Quib had broken his contract with the bone.

Quib was not usually so treacherous, but he happened to be on friendly terms with every boy of that hunting-party.

They had all helped him chase woodchucks at one time or another, and he had great confidence in them, but that was nothing at all to their confidence in him.

The pasture bars did not stop a single one of the woodchuck-hunters. All the boys went over while Quib was wriggling under, through a hole he knew, and there, almost right before them, was the stone-heap. It was quite a large one, and it was thickly overgrown with wild raspberry vines.

"Abe — is he there?"

"He did n't get away, did he?"

"Are you sure he is in there?"

"Quib! Quib!" shouted Abe. "Woodchucks! Quib, woodchucks! Right in here. Find 'em!"

Quib was dancing around in a quiver of noisy excitement, for he had caught a sniff of something under the first bush he sprang into.

How he did bark and yelp and scratch, for about a minute!

"Poys! Poys! Vat is all dis? Vat you vant vis mein stone-heap, eh?"

It was old Hamburger himself climbing the fence, and he looked longer and leaner just then, and had more pipe in his mouth, than the boys thought they had ever seen before.

"The finest woodchuck you ever saw, Mr. Hamburger," began Cole Thomas, by way of an apology.

"Vootshuck! Dat 's it! Ant so you puts a tog into mein stone-heap, and you steps onto mein grass, ant you knock ober all mein beautiful mullein-stalks and mein thistles and mein scokeveeds!"

Puff! puff! came the great clouds of smoke from the grim lips of the old German, but it struck Cole Thomas that Mr. Hamburger himself was on the watch for that woodchuck.

Bow — wow — yow — yelp! and Mart shouted:

"There he goes!"

"Hi! We 'll get him!" screamed Abe.

"Take him, Quib! Take him!"

Quib had started the woodchuck.

There was never a stone-heap piled up that had room in it for both a dog and a woodchuck.

Mr. Hamburger took the pipe out of his mouth, which was a thing nobody could remember ever having seen him do.

"Dose poys! Dat vootshuck! De tog is a goot von. Dey vill preak dare little necks. Joost see how dey run! But de tog is de pest runner of dem poys, egsept de vootshuck."

Mr. Hamburger did not run. Nobody had ever seen him do any such thing as that.

But he walked on across the pasture-lot, toward the deep ravine that cut through the side of the hill to the valley.

All that time poor Julius had been hoeing away desperately upon the last row of his mother's potatoes, and she had been smiling at him from the window. She was anxious he should get through, for she meant to send him to the village for a quarter of a pound of tea.

It was just as Julius reached the last hill that the baby cried, and when Mrs. Davis returned to the window to say something about the store and the kind of tea she wanted, all she could see of Julius was the hoe lying beside that last hill.

"Ef he has n't finished dem taters and run away!"

She would have been proud of him if she could have seen how wonderfully fast he did run away, down the road he had seen Quib and the other hunters take.

"Dey 's into de lot!" he exclaimed, when he came to the bars. "Dar 's Pete Corry's ole straw hat lyin' by de stone-heap. Mus' hab been somefin' won'erful, or he 'd nebber forgot his hat."

That was an old woodchuck, of course, or he would not have been so large, and it may be he knew those boys as well as Quib did. If not, it was his own fault, for every one of them had chased him before, and so had Quib. He knew every inch of that pasture-lot, and he knew the shortest way to the head of the deep ravine.

"Boys!" shouted Abe Selover, with all the breath he had. "Boys! He 's going for the glen! Now we 've got him!"

The ravine was a rocky and wonderful place, and all the boys were perfectly familiar with it, and considered it the grandest play-house in the world, or, at least, in the vicinity of the village. If Quib once got the woodchuck penned up among those rocks, they could play hide-and-seek for him till they should find him.

Some city people that had a picnic there once had called it a "glen," and the name had stuck to it, mainly because it was shorter than any other the boys could think of; and, besides that, the school-master of the district two years before (who did n't suit the trustees) had been named Glenn, and so the word must have been all right.

Some of the boys were near enough to see the woodchuck make for the two maples at the head of the ravine, and Bob Hicks tumbled over Andy Thompson while he was shouting:

"Catch him, Quib!"

After they got past those two maple trees there was no more fast running to be done.

Down, down, deeper and rockier and rougher every rod of it, the rugged chasm opened ahead of them, and it was necessary for the boys to mind their steps. It was a place where a woodchuck or a small dog could get around a good deal faster than any boy, but they all followed Quib in a way that would have scared their mothers if they had been there.

"It 's grand fun!" said Mart Penniman. "Finest woodchuck you ever saw!"

"Come on, boys!" shouted Abe Selover, away ahead. "We 'll get him, this time."

Abe had a way of being just the next boy behind the dog in any kind of chase, and they all clambered after him, in hot haste.

On went Quib, and even Abe Selover could not see him more than half the time, for he had an immense deal of dodging to do, in and out among the rocks and trees, and it was dreadfully shady at the bottom of that ravine.

The walls of rock, where Abe was, rose more than sixty feet high on either side, and the glen was only a few rods wide at the widest place.

"He 's holed him! He 's holed him! Come on! we 've got him, now!"

Quib was scratching and yelping like an insane dog at the bottom of what looked like a great crack between two rocks, in the left-hand side of the glen as you went down. The crack was only an inch or so wide at the bottom, and twisted a good deal as it went up, for the rock was of the kind known as "pudding-stone." There was a hole, just there, large enough for a woodchuck, but too small for a dog.

"Dig, boys! Dig!"

"Dig yourself," said Pete Corry. "Who 's going to dig a rock, I 'd like to know?"

"Let Quib in, anyhow. He 'll drive him out."

Abe was prying at that hole with a dead branch of a tree, and, almost while he was speaking, a great piece of the loose pudding-stone fell off and came thumping down at his feet.

"A cave, boys! a cave! Just look in!"

Quib did not wait for anybody to look in, but bounded through the opening with a shrill yelp, and Abe Selover squeezed after him.

Pete Corry felt a little nervous when he saw how dark it was, but he followed Abe; and the other

boys came on as fast as the width of the hole would let them.

That is, they crept through, one boy at a time.

What surprised them was, that the moment they had crawled through that hole they could stand up straight.

"Where 's the woodchuck?" asked Bob Hicks.

"Woodchuck? Why, boys this is a regular cave," replied Abe.

"Quib 's in there, somewhere," said Mart Penniman. "Just hear him yelp!"

"Hold on," said Cole Thomas—"there 's more light coming in. We shall be able to see, in a minute."

The fact was that it took a little time for their eyes to get accustomed to the small amount of light there was in that cave.

The cave itself was not very large.

It grew wider for about twenty feet from the hole they came in by, and the floor, which was covered with bits of rock, sloped upward like the roof of a house, only not quite so abruptly.

In the middle it was more than a rod wide. Then it grew narrower, and steeper, and darker with every step. But they knew about where the upper end must be, for they could hear Quib barking there.

"It 's dark enough," said Andy.

"Come on, boys!" shouted Abe Selover. "We 'll have that woodchuck this time. He 's in this cave, somewhere."

They were not very much afraid to keep a little way behind Abe Selover, and in a few minutes they heard him say:

"Quib! Is he there? Have you got him?"

Quib barked and whined, and the sound seemed to come from away above them.

"Come on, boys! I can see a streak of light. It 's like climbing up an old chimney. Quib 's almost on him."

All that time, while they were groping through that cave, Julius Davis was looking around the pasture-lot after them.

He would have been glad of a small glimpse of Quib, but all he had found as yet was Mr. Hamburger, who was standing under an old butternut-tree and looking down at a round, hollow place in the ground.

He was smoking very hard.

"Hab you seen my dog?" asked Julius.

"Hold shtill, poy! Joost you vait. Hi! Dere goes dose vootshuck!"

"Dat 's so. He 's come right up out ob de hole, and dar aint no dog to foller him!"

Away went the woodchuck, and Julius gave him up for lost; but Mr. Hamburger smoked harder than ever and looked down at the hole.

"Hark! Hear dem? It is de tog! Pless mein eyes, if dey did n't chase dose vootshuck right oonder mein pasture-lot!"

Julius could hear Quib bark now, away down there in the ground, and he could not stand still on any one side of that hollow. So he danced up and down on every side of it.

One minute,—two, three minutes,—it was a dreadfully long time,—and then it was the voice of Abe Selover, mixed with a long yelp from Quib.

"Come on, boys! I 've shoved him through. I 'm going right up after him. Nothing to pull away but some sods."

"Dat 's de tog!" exclaimed Mr. Hamburger. "Keep shtill, black poy! De rest of dose vootshucks is coming. Keep shtill."

Nothing but some sods to pull away, to make that hole large enough, and then Abe Selover's curly head popped out, and the rest of him followed, grimy and dirty, but in a great fever of excitement and fun.

After him climbed the other boys, one by one.

"Mr. Hamburger, did you see where that woodchuck went to?"

"De vootshuck? I don't know him. But de black poy haf run after de tog, ant he vas run so fast as nefer you saw. Vare you leetle vootshucks coom from, eh? You climb oonder mein pasture?"

"No use, Abe," said Mart Penniman. "We 've missed that woodchuck this time."

"We 've found the cave, though," said Pete Corry. "It 's through that he got away from us so many times."

"I dell you vat," said Mr. Hamburger; "de nex' time you leetle vootshucks vant to chase dat oder vootshuck, you put a pag ofer dese hole Den you shace him round among de rocks, and you vill catch de tog ant de vootshuck into de same pag."

"That 's what we 'll do," said Abe Selover. "But not to-day, boys. He was the finest woodchuck I ever saw, but we 've missed him this time."



SHE does n't live in Egypt,—
Not in these later years;
She sits in a cane-seat rocker,
And this is what she hears:

"Mamma, where's my pencil?"
"Mamma, where's my hat?"
"Mamma, what does this mean?"
"Mamma, what is that?"
"Who was General Taylor?"
"Where's this horrid town?"
"Have I got to do it?"
"Say, is 'rest' a noun?"
"Can I have a cornet?
Don't I wish I had!"
"Ma, if I got rich some day,
Would n't you be glad?"
"This book says the dew-drops
Climb the morning sky;
Oh, what makes them do so?
Tell the reason why."

Hear the gentle answers,
Making matters plain;
Should she speak in riddles,
They will ask again.

"Something ails this slipper,—
Does n't it look queer?"
"Must I do it over?
Fix it, Mother dear."
"We must write an essay
On 'a piece of chalk';
Mother, what would you say?"
"Ma, why don't you talk?"

Children, come to Auntie!
Let Mamma alone!
(I sometimes think the patient sphinx
Will really turn to stone.)



THE STORY OF THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD.

By E. S. Brooks.

Chapter IV.

HOW ROYALTY DINED WITHOUT EATING.

Early next morning, Rauf, who lodged in the Sieur de Montmorency's tent, was awakened by a touch upon his shoulder, and, opening his eyes, was startled to see the King bending over him.

"Arise, Sir Page," said Francis, with a re-assuring smile. "I am mightily vexed with all this suspicion and ceremony that, it seems, must needs attend all our interviews with your King, and I am minded to give our brother of England a surprise this morning. None save the Count of Saint Pol and the Sieur de Montmorency accompany me, and you shall help us force the camp."

Dressing in much wonderment, and snatching a hasty bite at a cold pasty, Rauf joined the King and his two companions. With neither guards nor heralds, they rode across the valley and up the slopes to Guisnes, through the bright beauty of that early June morning, and "mightily astonished" the English wardens gathered on the castle bridge.

"Surrender ye, surrender ye, my brothers, to the might and power of France!" said the King, gayly, as he rode among them. "Lead us straight to the chamber of our cousin of England."

"Sire, he has not yet awakened," said the bewildered Marlond, the provost "Pray, your majesty, rest awhile, until I summon his grace the Earl of Essex to conduct you to the King's highness."

"Earl me no earl, and king me no kings," protested Francis, laughingly. "I seek to awaken, not a king's highness, but mine own good brother and comrade, Henry of England; so, then, on to the chamber, Master Bulney." And following Rauf, with the bewildered English officials still in the rear and "sore perplexed," Francis walked rapidly to the door of the King's chamber, knocked, and, without further ceremony, walked in.

"Never," says the chronicler, "was man more dumbfounded than King Henry."

"Brother," he said, "you have done me a better turn than ever man did to another, and you show me the great trust I ought to have in you. I yield myself your prisoner from this moment, and I proffer you my parole. Sir Page, my jeweled collar!"

Rauf brought from the open casket near the bed a magnificent collar of gold and jewels, worth, it is said, some fifteen thousand angels, or nearly forty thousand dollars of our money.

"Take this, my brother," said the King; "take it and wear it this very day for the love of your prisoner, Henry of England."

"Honor for honor, ransom for ransom," said Francis, and detaching from his own dress a bracelet, said to be worth thirty thousand angels (nearly eighty thousand dollars)—"wear this," he said, "for me, and with it wear close to your heart the dear love of your brother, Francis of France."

"Now will I rise and attend you," said Henry; and to Rauf he said, "Sir Page, let our gentlemen of the chamber be called."

"Not so," said Francis; "'t is brother and brother, and peer to peer. You shall have none other chamberer than your loving Francis, and as I thus warm your shirt and help you to your dress, may the warmth of our brotherly love melt down all the barriers of suspicion and ceremony that our lords would fain rear between us."

And so, with jovial talk and many a merry jest, was this memorable and most novel kingly visit prolonged and enjoyed, to the dismay and bewilderment of the ceremonious courtiers of both the camps.

Next day, after the jousts were ended, there was tried a bout between the English wrestlers, and then a match between the archers, in which latter the King of England took a part. "For," says the French chronicler, "he was a marvelous good archer and a strong, and it was very pleasant to see him." These sports over, the two Kings entered the pavilion to rest and refresh themselves. Here Francis, admiring the splendid physique of King Henry, said to him:

"You are mightily well built, brother. Truth to say, the Chevalier Giustinian made no unfair report of you to his master, the Doge of Venice."

"And what said the wordy chevalier?" queried Henry.

"He said," replied Francis, "that my lord the King of England was much handsomer than any monarch in Christendom; very fair and well-proportioned; a good musician; a capital horseman; a fine jouster; a hearty hunter; a tireless gamester; a mighty archer, and a royal hand at tennis."

"Ay, tennis is a royal game," was Henry's only comment.

"The chevalier protested," went on the French

King, "that it was the prettiest thing in the world to see you at tennis, with your fair skin glowing through a shirt of the finest texture."

"Ha! well," said the flattered Henry, "the Chevalier Giustinian was a courtier-like and wily embassador, and you, too, my brother, are, I fear me, a sweet-tongued flatterer."

"Not so, not so," responded Francis. "I am leal and true comrade to the man, be he king or courser-man, who is as tightly built and as strong in heart as is Henry of England."

Then it was that Rauf in astonishment saw his gracious sovereign seize with a practiced hand the collar of my lord the King of France.

"Come, my brother," said Henry, "let us try a fall."

With arms entwined around each other's body in a grip of iron, with feet planted, and with every muscle strained, the royal wrestlers swayed now this way and now that in their trial of strength. There came one or two well-made feints at throwing, and then suddenly, so the record says, "the King of France, who was an expert wrestler, tripped up the heels of his brother of England and gave him a marvelous somerset."

"Revenge, revenge! I am not yet beaten!" cried the fallen prince, springing to his feet, but then came the summons to supper, and the wrestle of the Kings was over.

The fortnight of pageantry ended all too quickly for Rauf and Margery, and for many an older participant, but the end came at last, as come it must to all good times. And now it is Saturday, the 23d of June, the feast of the vigil of St. John —commemorating that early Pope of Rome, imprisoned and martyred by the Arian King of Italy, Theodoric the Ostragoth. As fitted both a high feast-day of the Roman Church and the last hours of an occasion in which that Church had played so prominent a part, the Lord Cardinal announced a solemn mass to be sung by both the French and English priests. So, in the great lists, which for twelve days had rung with the clash of sword and lance, the shouts of contestants, and the cheer of victory, a gorgeous chapel was erected, on a great platform, hung with cloth of gold and splendid draperies, while altars and reliquaries shone with gold and gems. The oratories of the Kings and Queens were royally furnished, and chairs of state, under canopies of cloth of gold, stood on the platform for the cardinals, bishops, and prelates of France and England. Dressed in soft camlet robes, blood-red, from head to foot, the cardinals and their trains of priests and dignitaries moved in slow procession from the chapel to the chairs. Then, amid a solemn silence, in the presence of a vast multitude that thronged the galleries and stood without the lists, the great Cardinal Wolsey, changing his red robes for his richest vestments of crimson velvet and cloth of gold, opened the service, in which the English and French priests and chanters took alternate parts. The Kings and Queens knelt at the altars, and all the curious forms of service that were the usages of that age of form, in religion as in arms, were carefully observed.

Right in the midst of it all, as the rich strains of the "Gloria in Excelsis" filled the air, there rose a great noise of roaring and hissing, and lo! high above the French camp at Arde, appeared the figure of "a great salamander or dragon, four fathoms long and full of fire."

Margery started up in alarm, and clutched the sleeve of Rauf, himself not all unmoved at the strange apparition.

"Oh, look, look, Rauf!" she said, beneath her breath. "What is it? What is it?"

But even Rauf's cup of wonders was filled to overflowing, and he simply gazed, speechless.

"See, see; it comes this way!" he said, involuntarily ducking his head, as the fiery monster, cleaving the air, headed toward them and then "passed over the chapel to Guisnes as fast as a footman can go, and as high as a bolt shot from a cross-bow."

Surprise, indecision, dismay, and fear were seen on many faces, and a sigh of relief broke from countless watchers as the last vestige of the fiery trail vanished from the sky.

"Oh, what a monster!" said Margery. "What could it have been, Rauf?"

The boy plunged down into the very depths of his boyish wisdom, but found no fitting explanation, and both the children turned questioning faces to Sir Rauf Verney, who, with Lady Gray, was watching their astonishment with evident amusement.

"Rest easy, my little ones," he said. "'T is no portent nor omen, but only one of those conceits in fire, brought from Italy for the French lords, and can harm no one. Even now it lies all dead and blackened on our camping-ground at Guisnes."

And so Rauf and Margery saw their first fireworks, then an almost unheard-of wonder in Europe.

Below in the lists, but little disturbed by the fiery dragon,—of which they had probably had warning,—the royal worshipers went on with the service, and a Latin sermon on the blessings of peace closed the mass. Then came the great state dinner, served in the lists, the Kings sitting in one chamber beneath a golden canopy, the Queens in another, the cardinals and prelates in another, and the lords and ladies in still other apartments. Rauf and Margery, with the robust appetites of

healthy children, dipped like young epicures into all the dainties, and richly enjoyed the feast, pitying, meanwhile, the enforced courtesies of royal ceremonial, which would not permit the Kings and Queens to take a mouthful, but forced them to pass the time in polite conversation while the inviting courses came and went untasted.

"'T is glorious to see the Queens' highnesses and be so near to them, is it not, Rauf?" asked happy Margery.



THE TWO KINGS TRY A WRESTLING MATCH.

"Ay, that it is," he answered, glancing toward the Queens' table, where stately conversation was the only thing indulged in, "but—," here he paused with a huge piece of pasty half-way toward his mouth, "think how much more glorious to be as we are, and—," speaking with his mouth full of the pasty—, "to talk and eat both."

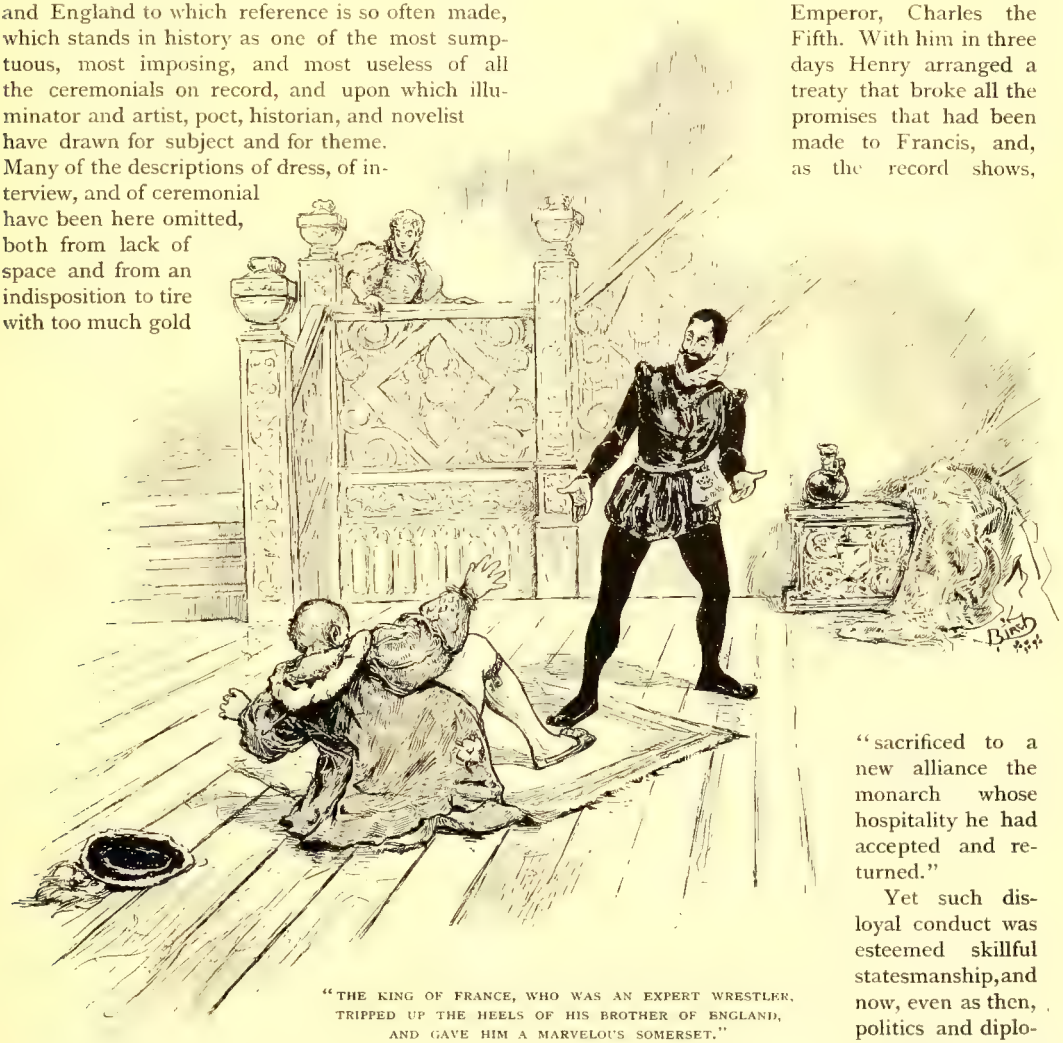
"Heaven protect and keep our fair young demoiselle!" said King Francis, as he bent over Margery in farewell, with as courteous a salute even as he gave to the lady Queen of England.

The closing hours of the great interview had come. It was the afternoon of Sunday, the 24th of June, 1520. The final exchange of state visits and dinners had been made, and now the French and English retinues, with the sovereigns and cardinals, met in the lists to say farewell. With the interchange of many rare and costly gifts,—horses of blood, litters, and chariots, hounds and hawks, bracelets and necklaces, chains, and robes of gold and silver tissue, of velvet and of damask, —with many regrets and courteous phrases; with flatteries and promises innumerable; with the music of trumpets and clarions, hautboys and sackbuts and flutes; with the solemn covenant of the Kings to build in the golden valley a memorial chapel, to be called "the Chapel of Our Lady of the Peace"; amid the boom of artillery, the waving of banners, and the echoing shouts of farewell, the courts of France and England took leave of each other, and the "meeting of the Kings" was a thing of the past.

And so, back to Calais, and, after a week's delay, over the sea to England, went Rauf and Margery, full of regret that the splendid life of pleasure and excitement that they had lived for two royal weeks had come to an end. The intimacy between them never weakened, but developed and strengthened into a lasting friendship. Visits to Verney Hall and to the manor-house of Carew were frequent, and whether climbing the Chiltern hills, or exploring the woods of Aylesbury, or scouring with horse and hawk and hound the verdant vales of Surrey, one topic for conver-

sation never lacked. As they grew older they learned to see beneath the glitter of pageantry and the sound of courtly phrases the deeper designs of policy and statecraft; but still the memories of that youthful journey to France remained ever radiant and glorious with the halo of romance, and to their latest days they could tell again and again, to open-mouthed audiences of children and grandchildren, the never-failing story of the wonders and the glories of the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

Such, in brief detail, dear reader, is the story of that royal interview between the Kings of France and England to which reference is so often made, which stands in history as one of the most sumptuous, most imposing, and most useless of all the ceremonials on record, and upon which illuminator and artist, poet, historian, and novelist have drawn for subject and for theme. Many of the descriptions of dress, of interview, and of ceremonial have been here omitted, both from lack of space and from an indisposition to tire with too much gold and glitter. Nor has mention been made of the other side of the picture—of the motley crowds that hung upon the skirts of the pageant, kept back only by the pikes and bows of the guards; of the poverty and suffering of the people, who were squeezed and taxed for the money expended in this gorgeous show. No; nor of the utter fruitlessness of the whole affair as a matter of statesmanship. For the great King Henry of England and his shrewd adviser, the Lord Cardinal, by an act of double-dealing almost unparalleled in history, went direct from the treaties, the promises, the presents, and the pretended affections of that stately farewell in the golden valley, to the town of Gravelines, near Dunkirk, where waited the crafty young Emperor, Charles the Fifth. With him in three days Henry arranged a treaty that broke all the promises that had been made to Francis, and, as the record shows, "sacrificed to a new alliance the monarch whose hospitality he had accepted and returned."



"THE KING OF FRANCE, WHO WAS AN EXPERT WRESTLER, TRIPPED UP THE HEELS OF HIS BROTHER OF ENGLAND, AND GAVE HIM A MARVELOUS SOMERSET."

Yet such disloyal conduct was esteemed skillful statesmanship, and now, even as then, politics and diplomacy, in the hands of men who disregard truth and faith and honor, may be as full of deceit and hypocrisy. But, as

you read history thoughtfully, you will learn also that true manliness and true womanliness pay best in the long run, and that he who tries to walk in the line of duty or of honest faith, be he prince or peer, youth or yeoman, statesman or student, helps on, in some degree, the progress and betterment of the world in which he lives.

But it was during the reigns of the three princes we have here met — Henry, Francis, and Charles — that the more practical light of modern endeavor began to change the thought, the customs, and the manners of Christendom. And as almost the last flush of that glory of chivalry and ceremonial that marked the times which we now call the Middle Ages, there is to be found much of interest, much of gorgeous coloring, and much of picturesque magnificence in the wonder-filled story of the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

A TOWN WITH A SAINT.

By CHARLES BARNARD.

THERE is not another place in the world just like it. It has houses and streets and woods and school-houses and a post-office, and all that, like many another New England town; but, for all these, there is a difference. If you take the Old Colony Railroad from Boston, you soon get away from the city and the pretty villages round about, and come to the wild woods. It seems wonderful that there are so many glorious fishing-places, miles of grand camping-ground, and great stretches of lovely wilderness in such an old State as Massachusetts. The Duke of Argyle, in traveling from Boston to Newport, said the country reminded him of the wild parts of Scotland. And so it may well have done, as far as the woods are concerned, but the towns are very different from Scottish hamlets.

The curious thing about this part of the country is that, while the land seems so wild and poor, the villages, half hidden in the forest, are busy enough, and as the train rushes out of the shady lanes it stops amid tasteful houses, beautiful public buildings, and every convenience of a city. The land is poor and the climate cold, but the inhabitants — the boys and girls — do not care for that. They do say that the land is so stony that the farmers sharpen the noses of their sheep, to enable the poor things to get a bite of grass between the stones. Yet here people live and work, and most of them get along beautifully. Here, in the village of North Easton, the men make thirty thousand shovels every week. They send them all over the world, and thus it is they earn enough to live upon in comfort. There was once an old farmer in Massachusetts who was terribly alarmed when his eight boys grew up, because he feared that, if he cut up the farm into eight parts, none of them would have enough to live upon. However, the boys took care of themselves, and in time went to work in the factories. So it is here. Every one works in the shops or on the farms.

The boys and girls go to school in the handsome school-houses, and coast on the hills or skate on the great ponds in winter, or go nutting in the woods in autumn. But this is not the end of their fun. Here is the best thing of all: Every boy and girl in the town, rich and poor, young and old, has ST. NICHOLAS.

Once a month it comes in the mail, every copy carefully addressed, one copy for every family where there are boys and girls in the entire town. By recess time on the day of its arrival all the children in town are usually aware of the fact. ST. NICHOLAS has come! Think of it! One copy for every family. The joyful news soon spreads, and the moment school is out there is a grand rush for the post-office. Three hundred boys and girls besiege it at once. The postmaster hands the magazines out as fast as possible, and before night every one is gone. Not one is left, you may be sure. That evening, the entire population begins to read ST. NICHOLAS. Nobody knows when they get through, for father and mother and big brother want their turn. He must be a very old boy who can't read ST. NICHOLAS.

So it goes. Twelve times a year each family in North Easton has its own magazine. In many a lonely farm-house it may be almost the only book, and in every house it is welcome. If all the children in North Easton read it right through from the beginning at the same time, they must reach the same jokes at the same time, and no doubt the entire town laughs at the same place and sits up long past bed-time trying to solve the puzzles. Think of every child in a town being personally acquainted with Jack-in-the-Pulpit and the Little School-ma'am! If Mr. Stockton should

go there, he would find every boy and girl familiar with his wonderful fairies and gnomes. If the people knew he was there, they would, no doubt, ring the church-bell and invite him into the beautiful Memorial Hall, and bid him tell the town a story.

I 've written one or two things myself for the pages of ST. NICHOLAS, and when I went there and found that every boy and girl I met in the streets read it every month, I felt like boarding the cars and leaving as fast as possible. I once heard a little girl read one of my stories, and it made me feel truly proud; but a town full of readers! I did n't say a word. It made me feel like the boy who carried the music-box to church by mistake. It went off right in sermon time, and he wished he had n't come.

And this is the way it all happened. Mr. Ames, who, when he lived, was one of the owners of the shovel-works located here, made a very wise will. It provided that a part of the money he left should be used every year for the benefit of all the people in the town. A number of persons were appointed to take charge of this money, and with a part of it they give, each year, a copy of ST. NICHOLAS to every family where there are children. So it happens that the whole town full of children read it every month.



Kitty's Prayers

BY CORINNE OAKSMITH.

SWEET little darling runs into my room,
Red lips parted and cheeks aglow;
Fresh and rare as the apple bloom,
Brighter far than the roses blow.

"Oh, sister, come and see!" she cries,
As she smooths from her brow the tangled hairs,
While wonder speaks through her violet eyes—
"My little kitty is saying her prayers!

"Come and look thro' the nursery door!
We wont frighten her where she lies,
In the streak of sunlight on the floor,
Folding her white paws over her eyes.

"I wonder,"—treading with light foot-fall,
And daintily lifting the frock she wears,
As she trots before me across the hall,—
"I wonder if God hears kitty's prayers?"

A JAPANESE FUNNY ARTIST.

By William Elliot Griffis.

One hundred and twenty-three years ago — in the year just before the first observed transit of Venus — there was a looking-glass maker in Yedo, who was made happy by the information, "It 's a boy." Neighbors and friends rushed in to congratulate Mrs. Middle-island, the happy mother whose son North-house (Hokusai) was to become the most famous artist in Japan.

As the boy grew up he was fond of drawing, and always had a pencil or brush-pen in his hand. He made pictures of babies on their mothers' backs, of chubby children playing, of the ownerless wolfish dogs and bob-tailed cats of Yedo. Nearly all the Japanese artists before North-house had painted only lords and ladies of the court, nobles' costumes and gorgeous silk dresses, and gold-lacquered vases and palanquins belonging to the Mikado. Many of their subjects were Chinese, but silken curtains and red temples and pagodas, with abundance of gold clouds in the picture to cover up the plain or common parts, were what one saw on most famous works of art.



HOKUSAI'S PICTURE OF THE JAPANESE WAY OF BREAKING IN PONIES.

But Hokusai was a man of the people. He cared next to nothing about Chinese heroes, or high lords of the court, — except to make fun of them, — and so he struck out in a new line. He pictured farmers and mechanics, thatched cottages and shops and markets, pack-horses and street dogs, and everything in humble life. He especially entered into the juvenile world, — which is only as high as a yard-stick, — and while his brother artists soared into the mountains and clouds Hokusai kept on the ground, with the result that even the babies understood his drawings, and dyers bought his books for their patterns. To study some of the dainty pictures dyed into a *daimiō** lady's skirt, or to read a Japanese fairy tale on a bride's robe, is often to recognize Hokusai's pictures reproduced in color.

Hokusai opened a studio in Yedo in 1810, and labored steadily with the brush until 1849 — about five years before Commodore Perry entered the Bay of Yedo. His chief books of pictures are his *mangua*, or albums of sketches. Occasionally he made journeys, and the fruits of his travel were his "Hundred Views of Fuji-Yama," besides many pictures of natural scenery. His drawings are more simple and less finished than ours, but are much clearer than those of most Japanese draughtsmen, so that, of them all, Hokusai is best understood by foreigners.

In one funny sketch he pictures soldiers feasting in time of peace, and getting so fat as to be unable to buckle on their armor, like tortoises that have grown bigger than their shells, and so can not shut up. In still another picture, he shows the shady side of a farmer's life. A hungry man in threadbare coat, prematurely gray through hard work, is looking anxiously at a piece of land which, toil as he may, yields him scarcely enough to live on. The Japanese sentence of explanation at the side of the picture is a double-edged pun, reading either "A scant field gives a short crop," or "Human life is but fifty years."

Hokusai was never weary of studying horses and their funny ways, and of all creatures Japanese horses are the most amusing. These nags, which wear laced-up shoes of straw, drink out of a dipper, take hip-baths of hot water, and stand in the stable with their mouths tied up higher than their ears, are broken in to the pack or saddle in a very rough way. In Hokusai's days, horses were never harnessed to wagons, nor did they draw anything. The ponies were usually

* A *daimiō* is a Japanese lord.

"broken in" in the large open yards attached to temples, and part of the large *tori-i*, or gate-way, is seen on the right in our illustration, page 340. On the left are the houses of the priests, with two or three pilgrims in big hats and straw cloaks enjoying the fun. Fires, also, are usually kindled, and the colts are driven close to them, so that they may become accustomed to such a common sight.



KANEKO STOPS THE RUNAWAY.

The method of breaking them in was as follows: The young horse was duly harnessed, and a man on each side held a bridle to jerk him to the right or left, while another man in the rear beat him with a bamboo stick, keeping well away from his hoofs. Twelve or more men and boys then took hold of the long ropes or traces, and a lively shouting began. The horse plunged and galloped off, expecting to get rid of the noisy crew, but soon found that this was no easy task. It was a twelve-man power that made him go here and there, fast or slow, occasionally stopping him short and giving him a tumble. When utterly exhausted, his tormentors led him back to the stable. After a few such trials, the pony was considered broken. Such crude training, though fine fun for the men, ruins the horses, making them hard-mouthed and vicious with both heels and teeth.

Hokusai has pictured one such impetuous nag mastered by a woman who was famed alike for her strength and powers of horse-taming. I once visited the village in which this female Rarey lived. Her name was Kaneko, and her home was at Kaidzu, a little town at the head of the beautiful Lake Biwa. In the picture, the steed has broken loose and run away from its master, and is "making tracks" in a defiant manner. The lady is out walking in her storm-clogs, for the ground is muddy. No sooner does she "put her foot down," than the lariat is as fast as if tied to a rock. The animal is brought up on a short turn, and tumbles over. In spite of his kicking and rearing, the lady calmly adjusts her comb, and enjoys the scenery. When the equine Tartar is thoroughly humbled, he is calmly led home. After such an experience, he perhaps respects women more than before.

In the next two sketches, we have the funny side both of science and of superstition. Doctor Sawbones has come to visit Mrs. Sick-a-bed, who has a bilious attack, and has found the usual application of paper dipped in vinegar and laid on the temples to be insufficient. Like all good married women, her eyebrows are well shaved off. You see no sofa or bedstead in the room, for in Japan sick folks lie on quilts piled up on the floor, which is covered with thick, soft matting. The patient has come out from behind the screen, in her checked wrapper, and with her head tied up. She is showing the doctor pretty much all the tongue she has. We hope she is not a scold, and that she does not belong to that class referred to in a popular Japanese proverb: "The tongue which is three inches long can kill a man six feet high." With her double chin, and fat round face, she looks like a kindly woman, not given to sharp words.



DOCTOR SAWBONES AND MRS. SICK-A-BED.

Doctor Sawbones, however, has laid his dress-sword and his pill-box on the floor (of both, as well as of his family crest, embroidered on the



POTATOES CHANGING TO EELS.

back of his coat near the collar, he is very proud). See how eagerly, yet leisurely, too, the old shaven-pate gazes through his horn-rimmed goggles. It is well they are guyed to his ears with buckskin straps like chain-cables. How much wisdom lurks in his wrinkled face! The woman is poking her tongue at him, wondering how long the doctor wants her to keep it out. He discovers that the cause of her trouble is too hearty indulgence in fried eels well dipped in soy. He orders for her an astonishing dose of pills, and he gets his pay if she gets well. "No cure, no cash," is the usual rule in Japan.

Fried eels are a tempting delicacy in Japan, but broiled eels are fit for the Tycoon. Caught in the moats of the castles, in canals or rivers, the slippery creatures are skinned so skillfully that an expert draws out head and skeleton, like a sword from its scabbard. Spitted on iron or bamboo skewers, they are repeatedly dipped in soy, and broiled over hot charcoal on the streets, or in restaurants, which have for their shop-sign a square lantern, as seen in the picture.

The connection between eels and potatoes is not very clear to an American, but many a Japanese housewife or granny is afraid of putting a certain kind of long potato away in baskets. They have a queer superstition that the potatoes will change into eels and crawl away. The picture here given is Hokusai's illustration of this idea. The three boys had three potatoes; but the potatoes have waxed old and turned into eels, and the boys, grown up, find them tough subjects with which to wrestle. How the affair will end no one can surely tell, but it looks bad for the boys. One of them is being lifted from the ground, and his position reminds us of the famous feat of "climbing a greased pole," but this pole will probably lie down and slide off into the mud, and shed the boy quite easily. The second fellow is nearly off his feet; and the third, spite of all his clutching and clinging, will lose his prize. If they had only a handful of grit or ashes they might have a royal dish of eels, and not grudge the loss of three potatoes.

Hokusai made many other funny pictures of eel-catchers, well and sick women, wise doctors and cunning quacks, horses of all sorts, and men innumerable. Hokusai is dead, but thousands of Japanese still chuckle over his caricatures; and in American metal-work, silverware, wall-paper, silk, embroidery, and a hundred forms of decorative art, the strokes of his pencil are visible, with a character all their own.



GRETCHEN.

By Celia Thaxter.



Lo, the sweet dawn in silence wakes,
And into every casement looks;
Gretchen her little bed forsakes
At once, and hurries to her books.

The rich light glitters on her hair,
And brightens on her cheek the rose;
Her thick locks braiding, unaware
Is she how red the morning glows!

O fair new day, you shall not find,
Look everywhere the wide world through,
A child more thoughtful, dear, and kind,
More pleasant, patient, wise, and true.

Be good to her, O dawning day!
The stones from out her pathway roll;
Shed all your light upon her way—
The humble, gentle little soul!

WHERE WAS VILLIERS?

By Archibald Forbes.



VILLIERS IS PURSUED BY BASHI-BAZOUKS
[SEE PAGE 349.]

Before I let my little story answer this question, it is expedient that I explain — who Villiers is. Villiers, then, to begin with, is one of the best fellows in the world. He is the war artist of the London *Graphic*; and he has been my stanch comrade in several campaigns, and on not a few battle-fields. He came to me first in the middle of the Servian war, with a letter of introduction from a very dear friend of both of us. His face was so ingenuous, his manner so modest, his simplicity so quaint, that I adopted him as "my boy" before our first interview was over. We loved each other from the first. Whenever, afterward, the war-tocsin sounded, it was the signal, too, of a letter or a call from Villiers, to know when I was setting out; it went without saying that he and I were to go together. Thus it fell out that he came to share most of my field experiences in the summer and autumn of 1877, when we were campaigning with the Russian army that had marched from the Pruth down to the Danube, and had crossed the king of European rivers into Bulgaria, to drive the Turk across the Balkans, and finally to follow him up as he step by step fell back, fighting hard, till at length the minarets and domes of Constantinople greeted the eyes of the hardy children of the "great white Czar."

Near the end of July in that year, Villiers and myself were with the advance posts of that portion of the Russian army which was commanded by the Cesarewitz (now the Emperor), and which was engaged in masking the Turkish fortress of Rustchuck, lying, as it did, dangerously on the left flank of the Russian line of advance. We were happy enough, but things were too quiet for both of us, by a great deal. It was lazy, idle work, lying in the tent all day long, gossiping with Baron Driesen, while Villiers and dear old General Arnoldi drew caricatures of each other for lack of any better occupation. So we determined one morning to ride back to the Emperor's head-quarters in Biela, and find out there whether something more stirring elsewhere was not to be heard of. We did not mean to abandon altogether the army of the Cesarewitz, but only to quit it for a short holiday; so we left our servants and wagon behind us, and started with only our saddle-horses, carrying each a blanket and a few necessaries on the saddle.

At Biela, we found General Ignatieff living in a mud-hut in the rear of a farm-yard occupied by the Emperor's field-tents. He advised us to strike westward across Bulgaria, in the direction of Plevna. Something worth seeing, he said in his vague, diplomatic way, was soon to happen there. Prince Schahovskoy — nobody ever spelt the name right, and I believe the owner himself never spells it twice the same way — and old Baron Krudener, two generals commanding each an army corps, were massing their forces with intent to assail Osman Pasha behind those formidable earth-works that he had been so skillfully and sedulously constructing around the little Bulgarian town on the banks of the Osma. If we made haste, we should reach the vicinity of Plevna in time for the engagement. Ignatieff was so courteous as to furnish us with a letter of recommendation to the prince with the unspellable name; and, full of eagerness for the excitement, we rode away on our lone cross-country journey that same afternoon. It was a journey of about eighty miles, as far as we were able to reckon, and the country had been made somewhat desolate by the ravages of war. We traveled by the map, and without a guide, asking our way of peasants as we went along. This method was not an entire success, and we wandered about deviously. For one thing, our acquaintance with the Bulgarian language was strictly limited; for another, peasants were not always to be found when we wanted them; and for a third, the Bulgarian peasant has very vague ideas both as to distances and as to the points of the compass. He reckons by hours, and with most irritating looseness; his hour is as elastic as the Irish mile or the Scotch "bittock." "How far to Akcair?" I would ask. "Two hours, *gospodin!*"* would be the reply. "What direction?" A wave of the hand to the right, and a wild, indiscriminate, unintelligible howl, would be the lucid response. We ride on for an hour, and encounter another peasant. "How far to Akcair?" "Three hours, *gospodin!*" "What direction?" A wild, indefinite wave of the hand to the left, and a howl as indescribable as that emitted by the gentleman we had previously interrogated, would be the reply of this second exponent of local geography! There was a road, indeed, but it had never been traveled on, having been made as a job and being overgrown with weeds and grass. Besides, it had an awkward habit of breaking short off at critical points, to be found again, at a few miles' distance, in a wholly unexpected and irrelevant sort of way. Turkish roads are as aimless and eccentric as are all other things in that land of polygamy and shaven heads.

Nevertheless, on the evening of the second day, tired and hungry, we reached Poradim, where Prince Schahovskoy had his head-quarters. I knew him of old to be a grumpy man — he was the only distinctly discourteous Russian I ever had the misfortune to meet. We waited on him to ask for permission to abide for a time with his command, and I handed him General Ignatieff's letter. "I can not help myself," said he; "you bring me an injunction from head-quarters that I am to do so." And then, rising, he said: "Gentlemen, excuse me; I am going to dine."

It was more than we had any chance of doing, famishing as we were; but I was glad of the begrudged sanction. I had met an old comrade of the Servian campaign on Schahovskoy's staff, who made us welcome to his tent. He had gone on a reconnaissance, and we lay down to sleep on empty stomachs; Villiers, who has not the faculty of long abstinence from food with impunity, was positively sick from hunger. Early next morning I went foraging, and succeeded in achieving some raw fresh eggs, which I placed by his head, and then awoke him. "I give you my word," said the lad, "I was dreaming about raw eggs" — and he turned to and sucked them with a skill that proved he might give his grandmother lessons in this accomplishment.

There was no forward movement this day, but a long council of war, from which old Krudener went away gloomily, predicting defeat; for he had remonstrated against the attempt which was to be made, and which was to be carried out only in obedience to peremptory orders from the head-quarters of the Grand Duke Nicholas, the com-

* *Gospodin* — a term of address corresponding with our "sir," or the French "monsieur."

mander-in-chief of the Russian army. Failure was a foregone conclusion from the outset.

This council of war would have been a very interesting spectacle to any one unfamiliar with the *personnel* of the Russian army. On the windy plain, outside the tents constituting Schahovskoy's head-quarters, had gathered representatives of all the types of Russian officerhood. Here was the gray-bearded, hard-faced old major who, without "protection," had fought his sturdy way up through the grades, with long delays, much hard service, and many wounds. He had been an ensign in the Crimea, and afterward was forgotten, for nobody knows how many years, in some odd corner of the Caucasus. He is only a major, poor old fellow; but he has a half-a-dozen decorations, and, please God, he will gain another to-morrow, if he has the luck to stand up. He is as hard as nails, and would as soon live on biscuit and "salt-horse" as on champagne and French cookery. — There is little in common between him and the tall, stately, grizzled general by his side, who is an aid-de-camp of the Emperor; a *grand seigneur* of the court, yet who has never forsworn the camp; a man who will discuss with you the relative merits of Patti and Lucca; who has yachted in the Mediterranean, shot grouse in the Scottish highlands, and gone after buffalo on the prairies of America; who wears his decorations, too, some of them earned in the forefront of the battle, others as honorary distinctions, or marks of imperial favor. He can gallop, can this young hussar in the blue-and-red; he can cut the sword exercise; he can sing French songs; he would give his last cigarette either to a comrade or to a stranger, like myself; and in his secret heart he has vowed to earn the Cross of St. George to-morrow. — Till the very end of the war I never took quite heartily to Lieutenant Brutokoff — the very opposite of the swell young hussar I have described. The first time I met him, I knew that I disliked him down to the ground. His manners — well, he had none to speak of — and his voice was a growl, with a hoarseness in it begotten of schnapps. He did not look as if he washed copiously, and he was the sort of man who might give some color to the notion that the Russian has not yet quite broken himself of the custom of breakfasting off tallow candles. But he turned out not a bad fellow on further acquaintance, and would share his ration with a stray dog.

Before daybreak on the last day of July the whole force was on the move to the front. Krudener had the right, Schahovskoy, with whom we remained, the left attack. There was a long halt in a hollow, where was the village of Radishovo, into which Turkish shells, flying over the ridge in front, came banging and crashing with unpleasant vivacity. The Bulgarian inhabitants had staid at home and were standing mournfully at their cottage doors, while their children played outside among the bursting shells. Gradually the Russian artillery came into action on the ridge in front.

About midday Schahovskoy and his staff, which we accompanied, rode on to the ridge between the guns. The Turkish shells marked us at once, and amidst a fiendish hurtling of projectiles we all tumbled off our horses, and, running forward, took cover in the brushwood beyond, the orderlies scampering back with the horses to the shelter of the reverse side of the slope. Then we had leisure to survey the marvelous view below us — the little town of Plevna in the center, with the Turkish earth-works, girdled by cannon smoke, all around it.

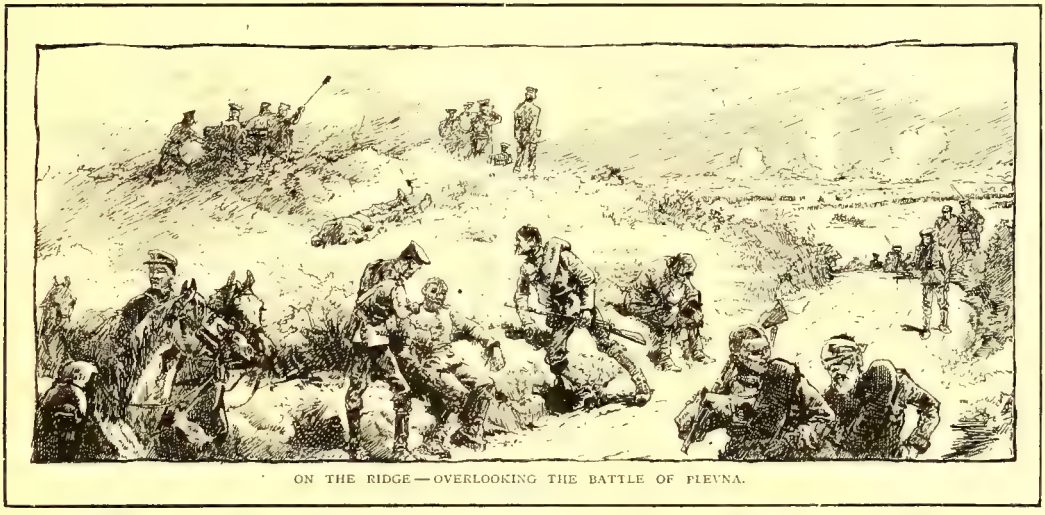
After an artillery duel of three hours, the Prince ordered his infantry on to the attack. The gallant fellows passed us, full of ardor, with bands playing and colors flying, and went down into the fell valley below. For three hours the demon of carnage reigned supreme in that dire cockpit. The wounded came limping and groaning back, and threw themselves heavily down on the reverse slope in the village of Radishovo, in our rear. The surgeons already had set up their field hospitals, and were ready for work.

Never shall I forget the spectacle of that assault made by Schahovskoy's infantrymen on the Turkish earth-works in the valley below the ridge of Radishovo, on which we stood. The long ranks on which I looked down tramped steadily on to the assault. No skirmishing line was thrown out in advance. The fighting line remained the formation, till, what with impatience and what with men falling, it broke into a ragged spray of humanity, and surged on swiftly, loosely, and with no close cohesion. The supports ran up into the fighting array independently and eagerly. Presently all along the bristling line burst forth flaming volleys of musketry fire. The jagged line sprang forward through the maize-fields, gradually falling into a concave shape. The crackle of the musketry fire rose into a sharp, continuous peal. The clamor of the hurrahs of the fighting men came back to us on the breeze, making the blood tingle with the excitement of battle. The wounded began to trickle back down the gentle slope. We could see the dead and the more severely wounded lying where they had fallen, on the stubble and amidst the maize. The living wave of fighting men was pouring over them, ever on and on. Suddenly the disconnected men drew closer together. We could see the officers signaling for the concentration by the waving of their swords. The distance yet to be traversed was but a hundred yards.

There was a wild rush, headed by the colonel of one of the regiments. The Turks in the work stood their ground, and fired with terrible effect into the whirlwind that was rushing upon them. The colonel's horse went down, but the colonel was on his feet in a moment, and, waving his sword, led his men forward on foot. But only for a few paces. He staggered and fell. We could hear the tempest-gush of wrath — half howl, half yell — with which his men, bayonets at the charge, rushed on to avenge him. They were over the parapet and in among the Turks like an overwhelming avalanche. Not many followers of the Prophet got the chance to run away from the gleaming bayonets wielded by muscular Russian arms.

But there were not men enough for the enterprise. It was cruel to watch the brave Russian soldiers standing there leaderless,—for nearly all their officers had fallen,—sternly waiting death for want of officers either to lead them forward or to march them back. As the sun set in lurid crimson, the Russian defeat became assured. The attacking troops had been driven back or stricken down. For three hours there had flowed a constant current of wounded men up from the battle-field back to the reverse slope of the ridge on which we stood, with the general, his staff and escort, and down into the village behind, into what seemed comparative safety. All around us the air was heavy with the low moaning of the wounded, who had cast themselves down to gain some relief from the agony of motion.

The Turks spread gradually over the battle-field below us, slaughtering as they advanced; and the ridge on which we stood, that had for a brief space been comparatively safe, was again swept by heavy fire. Schahovskoy, who had been silently tramping up and down, and gloomily showing the bitterness of his disappointment, awoke to the exigencies of the situation. He bade the bugles sound the "assembly," to gather a detachment to keep the fore-post line on the ridge, and so cover the wounded lying behind it. The buglers blew lustily, but only a few stragglers could be got together. "Gentlemen," then said Schahovskoy to his staff, "we and the escort must keep the front; these poor wounded must not be abandoned!" They were words worthy of a general in the hour of disaster. We extended along the ridge, each man moving to and fro, in a little beat of his own, to keep the Bashi-Bazouks at bay. It was a forlorn hope — a mere sham of a cover; half a regiment could have brushed us away; but it was the only thing that could possibly afford a chance for those poor sufferers, lying moaning there behind us, to be packed into the ambulances and carried away into safety.



ON THE RIDGE — OVERLOOKING THE BATTLE OF PLEVNA.

Villiers had been ill and weak all day, and the terrible strain of the prolonged suspense and danger had told upon him severely. His mother, as we quitted London, had with her last words confided him to my care. Now, in his work, as in mine, a man has to take his chance of ordinary casualties. But the ordeal which was now upon us was no ordinary risk. It was known that I had been a soldier in the British army, and I could not go to the rear while the men with whom the danger of the previous part of the day had been shared

were now confronting a danger immeasurably greater. But with Villiers it was different. He was game; and it was only by pointing out to him that he could not be of much use up here, while he could be of important service helping the surgeons with the wounded, that I persuaded him to leave the fire-swept ridge, and go back, down into the village behind us, where there was less direct work. At length he went, and the responsibility for him was off my mind. I promised to join him when we should be relieved, or when night, as we might hope, should bring the dismal business to a close.

We were up there till ten o'clock, and I do not care to write more concerning that particular experience. Some dragoons relieved us, and so, following the general who had lost an army going in search of an army which had lost its general, we turned our horses, and, picking our way through the wounded, rode down the slope.

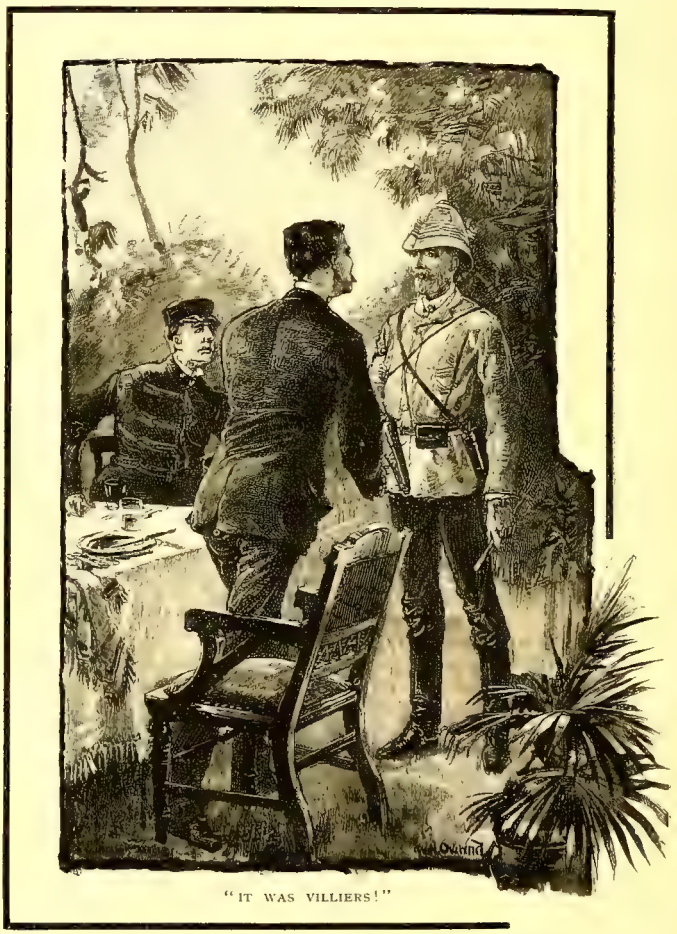
But where was Villiers?

I could find him nowhere. There was no response to my shouts. I could find no surgeon who had seen him; every man was too busy to take much heed of a casual stranger. "Well," thought I, after my vain search, "Villiers is somewhere, doubtless. He may have ridden off farther to the rear; he can not surely have taken harm. Anyhow, it seems of no use for me to linger longer here; I must follow the general and his staff."

We had a bad night of it, dodging the enemy's marauders; but of that I need not now tell. At last came the morning. Ay! and with the morning came the horrible tidings that in the dead of night the Bashi-Bazouks had worked around the flank of the thin Russian picket-line we had left on the ridge, had crept into the village of Radishovo, and had butchered the wounded lying helpless there, with most, if not all, of the surgeons left in charge.

The news thrilled us all with horror; but for me now the question, "Where was Villiers?" became agonizing in its intensity. Away on the Bulgarian plateau there, the memory came back to me of the pretty house in the quiet London suburb, where the lad's mother, with a sob in her voice that belied the brave words, had told me that she let her boy go with a light heart, because she knew that he would be with me. And now there came ruthlessly face to face with me the terrible duty that seemed inexorably impending, of having to tell that poor mother there was but one grievous answer to the question, "Where was Villiers?"

I would not yet abandon hope. I rode back toward Radishovo till the Turkish sharp-shooters stopped me with their fire, quartering the ground like a pointer. Far and near I searched; everywhere I sought tidings, but with no result. Every one who knew anything had the same fell reply,



"IT WAS VILLIERS!"

"If he was in Radishovo last night he is there now, but not alive!" It was with a very heavy heart, then, that, as the sun mounted into the clear summer sky, I realized that professional duty with me

was paramount, and that I must give up the quest, and ride off to Bucharest, to reach the telegraph office, whence to communicate to the world the news of a disaster of which, among all the journalists who then haunted Bulgaria, the fortune had been mine to be the sole spectator.

It was a long ride, and I killed my poor, gallant horse before I had finished it. But next morning I was in Bucharest, and, heavy as was my heart, writing as for my life. The day had waned ere I had finished my work, and then I had a bath and came out into the trim, dapper civilization of Bucharest, with some such load on my mind as one can imagine Cain to have carried when he fled away with Abel's blood burning itself into his heart. There came around me my friends and the friends of Villiers, for every one who knew my boy loved him. Kingston, the correspondent of the *Telegraph*, Colonel Wellesley, the British military attaché, Colonel Mansfield, the British minister to the Roumanian court, and a host of others, were eager to hear the news I had brought of the discomfiture of Schahovskoy, and not less concerned when they heard of the dread that lay so cold at my own heart. We held a consultation — a few of the friends of Villiers and myself. We settled that I should give a day to fortune, before I should adventure the miserable task of telegraphing heart-breaking tidings to the boy's mother. Most of that space I slept — for I was dead beaten, and I think that Marius must have fallen asleep even amid the ruins of Carthage.

On the evening of the next day, Wellesley, Kingston, Mansfield, and myself were trying to dine in the twilight, in the garden of the hotel. Suddenly I heard a familiar voice call out, "Waiter, quick — dinner; I 'm beastly hungry!"

It was Villiers!

The question was answered. I sprang to my feet on the instant — my heart in my mouth. So angry was I at the boy's callousness in thinking of his dinner when we were sobbing about him — so tender was I over him in that — thank God! — he was safe, that as I clutched him by the shoulder and, I fear, shook him, I scarcely knew whether to knock him down for his impertinence or fall on his bosom and weep for joy at his deliverance. So quaint was the spectacle, — his surprise at my curious struggle of emotion, my attitude of wrath with which a great lump in my throat struggled, — that the others afterward insisted the situation should be commemorated by a photograph, in which we two should re-strike our respective postures.

Villiers had been asleep in an ambulance wagon, to which his horse had been tied, when the Bashi-Bazouks had entered the village. A young surgeon had sprung on the box, in the very nick of time, and had driven the vehicle out of the village just as the hot rancor of the fanatics had surged up close behind it. It was the nearest shave — but it had sufficed to bring him out safe, and he had got to Bucharest in time to shout for his dinner, and to save me the misery of telegraphing to his mother that I had a sad answer to the question, "Where was Villiers?"

DOROTHY'S SPINNING-WHEEL.

By Mary L. Bolles Branch.

"WHERE are you going, Dorothy?" asked little Ben Chilton, as he looked up from the boat he was whittling, and saw his cousin, with a cookey in her hand, reaching up to the latch of the stair-door.

"Going up garret to play spinning-wheel," she said in a mysterious whisper, which was overheard by Jane, who sat near by painfully sewing patch-work, and who immediately said:

"I 'll go, too!"

Ben did not want to be left behind, so it was a party of three that made their way up the old, well-worn stairs to the garret, where, past the tall clock, past the disused loom, past a heap of bags and bundles, they made their way, under over-hanging bunches of mint and catnip, to the far corner, where the little old-fashioned spinning-wheel stood.

"I must be the one to sit at the wheel," said Dorothy, imperatively. "That 's what I came up for."

And drawing forward a low, three-legged chair she had found, she seated herself with her foot on the treadle, and adjusted the broken strap.

"I don't care," said little Ben; "I 'm going to ride on the loom and make the reel whirl."

"And *I'm* going to play house," said Jane. "I keep some real pretty broken dishes up here, under the eaves, on purpose."

So she began to set her blue and white fragments in order, while Ben jerked the reins he had tied to the reel. But little Dorothy sat erect and dignified at the spinning-wheel, keeping her foot in constant motion. It was her favorite amusement, and though she loved the calves and chickens out-of-doors, and Grandma's garden full of pinks and poppies, the orchard and the barn, still it seemed to her that it would be hardest of all to leave the spinning-wheel, when her visit was over and she went back to her city home.

"You see," she said to the other children, while the wheel buzzed around, "I play I 'm Grandma when she was young and used to spin, and I play I 'm my great-grandmamma sometimes, who was named Dorothy, like me. *She* could spin flax when she was twelve, and I 'm almost twelve,—I 'm eight,—and this is the house she lived in.

"How queer!" said staid little Jane, as she polished up her crockery. "*I* never think about my great-grandmother."

"Oh, I do," exclaimed Dorothy. "Sometimes, when I am up here alone spinning, I get to thinking I am really that little Dorothy who lived almost a hundred years ago; and when anybody calls quick and sharp, 'Dorothy! Dorothy!' it makes me start, and think perhaps Indians are coming!"

"Ho! ho! Indians are coming!" shouted Ben, lashing his wooden steed with fury.

But this morning no one came to interrupt the children's play by calling "Dorothy! Dorothy!" or "Jane! Jane!" It was baking-day, and Jane's mother was very busy in the kitchen. She had had to take her hands out of the flour once already, to answer a knock at the front door, and she did not want to be disturbed any more.

"*I* can't leave my bread and pies to wait on strangers," she said, as she roused dear old Grandma Chilton from her knitting, and coaxed her to go into the front room to entertain callers.

As the mild old lady, in white 'kerchief and cap, entered the room, she was greeted by two people entirely unknown to her.

"I am Mrs. Leroy," said the elder; "this is my niece, Miss Leroy. We board up on the hill this summer, and in driving by we have noticed your house. It interested us because it looks so very old. It *is* very old, is it not?"

"The oldest part was built more than a hundred years ago," said Grandma; "my husband's gran'ther built it. The rest has been added on since."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Leroy, raising her eye-glasses to survey the broad beam that ran through the middle of the ceiling above her. "How *very* interesting! And I suppose you have old silver, and old china tea-pots and cups and saucers, have n't you?" And she looked again at Grandma with ill-concealed eagerness.

"We have no silver but our spoons," replied Grandma simply, "and most of the chiny I had when I was married has been broke. Janey let the last platter slip out of her fingers the other day."

"Oh, how dreadful!" cried Mrs. Leroy. "But have n't you a *few* pieces left?"

"There 's the bowl Janey mixes her chicken-feed in," said Grandma thoughtfully, much wondering at her visitor's curiosity.

"Oh, *do* let me see it!" said Mrs. Leroy.

"You must understand, Mrs. Chilton," said the younger lady pleasantly, "Auntie has the greatest admiration for old-fashioned things, and would go twenty miles to see a warming-pan or a tea-pot."

Grandma was indulgent. She brought out her quaint, little old tea-spoons and her candlesticks, and made Janey's blue-pictured bowl clean for inspection. Mrs. Leroy professed great delight.

"And now, have n't you a spinning-wheel?" she asked. "Oh, I *know* you must have a spinning-wheel!"

"Why, yes," admitted Grandma, "we have an old wheel up garret."

Mrs. Leroy's eyes shone. She begged to be allowed to go and see it, and it ended at last in Grandma mounting the stairs with her guests and entering the garret.

The children stopped their play and kept a demure silence, while Mrs. Leroy vociferated her delight. She admired the clock, the loom, and two or three very old bonnets hanging overhead, and then she examined the wheel.

"It 's perfect!" she said, in a low voice to her niece, who nodded assent.

"Would you be willing to dispose of this wheel?" she asked Grandma, smoothly. "I 'll give you two dollars for it."

Grandma was taken aback. The wheel would never be used again; it was stowed away with broken chairs and such rubbish, but—to sell it! Still, that very morning she had wished for a little money in her hand. She hesitated.

"I will talk it over with the folks," she said, "and if you can call again, I will let you know."

"Very well," said Mrs. Leroy, "I will come to-morrow with the carriage, and take the wheel right in, if you conclude to let me have it." And then, with a few more smooth words, she departed.

But Dorothy—poor little Dorothy! She stood by the wheel in dismay. Could it be possible that Grandma would sell it?

"Oh, I can't bear to have it go! I can't bear to have it go!" she said, with tears in her eyes.

"Two dollars is a lot of money," said little Jane.

Meanwhile, old Mrs. Chilton was thinking how the summer was almost ended, and her little granddaughter Dorothy would be going home in a few days. She wished very much to give the child a parting present, but she had so little change to get anything with! Two dollars would buy something nice. At dinner-time she spoke about the wheel.

"Sell it, if you want to," said her son Benjamin. "It 's of no use to anybody."

"Yes, let it go," said his wife. "It only clutters up the garret."

"Well, I believe I will let her have it," said Grandma, slowly.

Dorothy's heart sank. She could hardly eat her dinner, and as soon as she left the table she went up garret and cried over her dear little wheel, fondly turning it with her hand.

"It is *too* bad! it is *too* bad!" she said to herself. "That lady will carry it off, and *her* great-grandmother did n't spin on it, and her little girls wont love it. Oh, dear! oh, dear! It must n't go!"

By and by little Ben came up the garret stairs to condole with her.

"If I had two dollars, I would buy it myself," said Dorothy to him. "If Mamma would only come before it is taken away, maybe *she* would give me two dollars."

"Well, let 's hide it somewhere till she comes, then," said Ben, who was a practical little fellow. Dorothy looked at him with beaming eyes.

"I 'll *do* it, Ben Chilton!" she said, "and don't you ever, ever tell!"

The two children then consulted together. Janey was not to be told, because she had shown a mercenary spirit in speaking of the money. Should they hide the wheel behind the chimney? Should they conceal it in the barn? Neither place seemed safe enough.

"There 's my bower down by the brook!" said Dorothy, suddenly. "The bushes are very close and high. We can hide it there."

That very afternoon, while Grandma dozed over her knitting, and while Janey and her mother picked over blackberries, slowly and laboriously down the stairs Ben and Dorothy brought the wheel. Nobody saw them when they went out at the door, nobody saw them cross the lot, and when, after a while, they came quietly home to supper, nobody dreamed that the spinning-wheel was down among the elder-bushes, going to stay out all night for the first time in its life.

The next day Dorothy and Ben were unusually quiet, but they kept a sharp lookout, and the moment Mrs. Leroy's carriage was seen in the distance, they ran out into the orchard and climbed a tree.

Mrs. Leroy descended from her carriage, and her eyes sparkled when Grandma said she could take the wheel. Jane's mother went upstairs to get it. In a minute her voice was heard calling,

"Where is it, ma? I don't see it anywhere!"

"I know where it is!" said little Jane, running after her mother. "It 's in this corner. Why, no, it is n't! How funny!"

But it was anything but funny when an hour's patient search failed to discover it, and Mrs. Leroy at last departed, haughty and irate.

The horn had blown for supper when Dorothy and Ben came meekly in from the orchard.

"Where *have* you been, children?" exclaimed Grandma, "and *do* you know where the spinning-wheel is?"

Dorothy was silent.

"I do believe she knows," said little Jane. "She did n't want it sold."

"Ben, where 's that wheel?" asked his father, sternly. "None of your tricks, boy; I 've got a birch-stick here!"

"Oh! *don't* whip him, Uncle!" cried Dorothy, springing forward. "I 'll tell you truly. We *did* hide it, so we could keep it till Mamma comes, and I 'm going to ask her for two dollars so I can buy it myself, and have it always in my own room at home. I love it dearly!"

"Do tell!" said Grandma, much moved. "Why, all I wanted the two dollars for was to buy a present for you, Dorothy, to remember Grandma by when you go back home."

"Oh, Grandma!" cried Dorothy. "Then do give me the wheel instead! I 'd rather have it than anything else in the world — my own great-grandmother Dorothy's wheel! *May* I have that for my present, Grandma?"

"Why, of course you may, child! I only wish I 'd known how you cared. I am glad you do prize it. I did n't much like to sell it myself."

"Oh! thank you, thank you!" exclaimed Dorothy, hugging her tightly. And then off she ran to the brook, to bring her precious wheel home before the dew fell on it.

Mrs. Leroy came again next day, but no sum could buy the Chilton spinning-wheel for her then. When Dorothy went home, it went with her, and by it she will remember Grandmother and Great-grandmother all the days of her life.



THE TINKHAM BROTHERS' TIDE-MILL.*

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHAT HAPPENED THAT NIGHT.

AT half-past nine o'clock the Tinkham Brothers were still waiting for the return of the Argonauts down the river.

It was a mild, starry April night. The rest of the family had retired, and the lights in the house were all extinguished, when the three older boys ensconced themselves in the willow-tree,—not without bean-poles at hand,—to keep guard over their property.

They could hear, in the darkness, the gurgle of the outgoing tide in the eddies formed by the ends of the open dam. Frogs piped in a marsh

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not far off. No other sound on river or lake or shore. So they waited half an hour longer, under the calm stars.

Then shouts and laughter were heard in the direction of the new club-house, and they knew that the meeting was over. After a while arose on the night air the "Canadian Boatman's Song," sung by harmonious male voices, softened by distance and solitude to an almost spiritual melody.

"That has n't a very w-w-warlike sound," said Lute.

"No," replied Mart. "I think the Commodore's advice has prevailed, as I believed it would."

Truly, no night-marauders ever went to their work of destruction to the sound of such music.

The singing grew loud and strong as the boats passed from under the shelter of the high shore and approached the outlet of the lake, and came floating down the dark current of the Tammoset.

The Tinkhams stretched themselves out on the benches in the tree, so that their silhouettes might not be seen against the starry sky as the Argonauts glided beneath them. One by one the boats passed the dam without difficulty or disturbance. Then, again, the voices were mellowed to an almost spiritual sweetness far down the windings of the river. "Six went up. Only four have gone back," said Rush.

"I suppose the other two are to be kept in the new club-house, along with the Tammoset boys' boats," Mart replied. "Come, to bed now! We are safe from the depredations of the Argonauts for to-night, anyway."

They went softly to their rooms, taking care not to disturb their mother, and slept soundly after their anxious watch. Then, in the morning, astonishment!

The flash-boards, which had been left lying inoffensively on the platform, were missing; and the plank that Buzrow had started with his bar on Sunday had been wrenched off and taken away.

The damage done was not great, but it was exasperating. "It shows what we 've got to expect, and what we 'll look out for in future, boys!" said Mart, sternly, as they set about rigging new flash-boards and repairing the dam.

"Don't tell me again not to strike when I 've a bean-pole over one of their worthless pates!" said Rush, with choking wrath, and Lute added:

"What do you think now of your C-c-commodore? And their b-b-beautiful singing?"

Mart made no reply, but wielded his hammer as if he had been nailing the Buzrow fist to the dam, instead of a board.

The affair was all the more trying because of the delay it involved when the tide was going out, and they wished to take advantage of the wasting water-power. At length, however, all was ready; Rush returned to his jig-saw and his pin-wheels, and Lute to his lathe and the hubs of his dolls' carriages, while Mart opened the sluice-gate.

The machinery started, almost stopped, and then started again with a jerk. "Why don't you let the w-w-water full on?" cried Lute.

"The water is on; the gate is wide open," Mart replied.

"Then what the m-m-mischief is the matter with the w-w-wheel?"

"Thunder knows!" Mart exclaimed, watching the unsteady movements with scowling brows.

Rush sprang to a door which opened upon the water-wheel, and looked it carefully over, while it continued to revolve in the same jerky manner as at first. "Shut it off! shut it off!" he shouted, giving Mart a rapid signal with his hand. "Slowly! There!"—while Mart applied the lever—"I see what 's the matter."

They could all see, after the wheel had stopped. On one side a section of five or six of the slender paddle-blades had been broken out. Only notched splinters remained, showing that the work had been done by means of blows from some hard and ponderous implement.

The three, crowding the door-way, gazed for some moments in silence, only now and then a strong, deep breath being heard above the sound of the water dripping from the wheel. Over it and the band-wheel a shed projected, open on the lower side, and leaving the paddles exposed for a distance of four or five feet above the sluice-way. Evidently, the raiders had stationed themselves below, in the river, and struck the blows which broke out the blades.

Mart drew a last long breath and moved away.

"They mean war," he said, "and war they shall have."

Lute said not a word, but winked his large eyes rapidly behind his spectacles, as they turned to the light. "It 's a wonder we did n't hear the noise," said Rush.

"We were tired, and slept like logs," Mart replied.

"And their l-l-lovely singing had thrown us off our g-g-guard," said Lute.

"There 's one comfort, boys," Mart added, with a peculiarly grim smile. "We have fair warning now of what they mean to do."

"And we don't get caught n-n-napping again!" rejoined Lute, stammering at a frightful rate. "W-w-woe to the next m-m-man th-th-that——"

Mart took up, so to speak, the stitches his brother dropped. "We 'll make things lively for 'em next time! Say nothing to anybody. We 'll keep our own counsel, be always prepared, and

trap somebody. Now, let 's see what boards we can scare up to replace those paddle-blades."

About the middle of the forenoon, the same elegant top-buggy re-appeared which had driven into the yard the day before. But it was not the Commodore's pretty sister who held the reins this time. It was the Commodore himself.

He, too, had a companion, having brought over the other Dempford member of the mill-dam committee chosen by the Argonauts the night before. Disagreeable as this arrangement was to Lew Bartland, he had himself proposed it, offering Mr. Web Foote a seat in his buggy, for the good effect that might result from a morning ride and quiet talk with that bumptious individual before their conference with the mill-owners.

They had arrived at the mill, when a third young man on foot came panting up behind the buggy and joined them. This was the Tammoset member of the committee, Jesse Blump by name; a pumpkin-faced youth, short of stature, short of breath, and especially short in that essential feature called a nose. He was glowing and blowing with the exertion it had cost him to come up with his colleagues, whom he now greeted with a profusion of smiles. After a few words together, the three crossed the level shed-roof to the upper room of the shop, where they were met by Rush Tinkham's flushed face and paper cap.

The youthful Commodore, showing tall and manly beside his companions,—for Blump stood not much higher than Web, though twice as broad,—recognized the hero of the bean-pole with a nod, and asked: "Where are your brothers?"

"Down-stairs," Rush answered, coldly.

"We wish to see them," said Mr. Web Foote, pressing forward with an important strut.

"You can see them," Rush replied, still with curt civility.

"We have come to confer with them on the subject of the dam," Jesse Blump added—because, being a member of so important a committee, he felt that his position required him to say something.

"You are late for that," said Rush.

"How so?" asked the Commodore, with a look of concern, made aware that some untoward circumstance had intervened to balk his good intentions.

"They will tell you," said Rush; "but you can see for yourselves. The damage is n't all repaired."

"Damage!" Lew Bartland echoed, his face clouding more and more. "What damage?"

"That done by your rowdies last night."

Upon which Web Foote fluttered up and blustered: "Our rowdies? What do you mean by that?"

"Just what I say," Rush replied, looking the little fellow steadily in the eye. "Only low, miserable scamps would try to injure us as they did."

"I waive the question of injury, which is something I know nothing about," Web Foote said, with swelling dignity. "But have the kindness to explain why you call them *our* rowdies?"

"Yes, that 's the question," struck in the Tammoset member. "Why *our* rowdies?"

"Because," replied Rush, "I suppose they and you belong to the same club."

"But what reason have you to charge members of our club with acting the part of rowdies?" Web Foote demanded.

"That 's so!" said Jesse Blump. "What reason?"

Rush answered, with a contemptuous laugh:

"Because I have seen them act so!"

"Seen them—when?" cried Web Foote.

"Yes! When?" said Jesse Blump.

"Sunday afternoon. Your Commodore here saw them, too. He wont deny it."

The Commodore did not deny it. He looked heartily sick of the whole wretched business. Rush went on: "They did again last night what they started to do then. And worse. They broke the water-wheel."

"Did they touch your water-wheel?" exclaimed the Commodore, with sudden heat. "I can't believe that!"

"You 'd better step down and see, if you wont take my word for it," said Rush, showing the stairs, and looking as if he would like to have them make the descent with alacrity, head foremost.

"Take us to your brothers, if you please," said the Commodore. And Rush, somewhat mollified by his distressed look and disheartened tone, led the way.

CHAPTER XV.

THE CONFERENCE.

MART was in the gloomy water-shed, removing the shattered blades from the wheel, with his back toward the door that opened from the shop, when Rush came behind him and said:

"Here are some gentlemen who have come to talk about the dam."

Mart merely glanced over his shoulder, showing his sweaty and lurid brows, and remarked, as he continued his work: "There 's been some talk about that already. A little more wont do any harm. They can turn it on."

Rush stepped back, while Web Foote and Jesse Blump pressed into the door-way, the Commodore looking over their hats from behind.

"Can you spare a minute to speak with us?" Web asked, pompously.

"Nary minute," Mart said, giving dryness to his reply by using the old-fashioned vernacular.

"We have come on the part of the Argonaut Club," said the pumpkin-faced Tammoset member.

"I sha'n't hurt you, if you have," said Mart. Clip, clip, with his hammer.

"This is no fit place for a conference." Web Foote drew back with a prodigious frown.

"No place at all." And Blump also drew back.

They were both dressed in dapper style; and the floorless shed over the sluice, the rough boards, the wet wheel, and the damp odors, not to speak of the unsociable workman in coarse clothes, giving them the coldest kind of a cold shoulder, did not form a very dainty setting for their pictures.

"I 'm sorry you don't like the place," said Mart. "I don't like it myself. But my business is here just now; and I 've made up my mind to attend strictly to my business in future, and have as little to do with boat-clubs as possible. They have hindered us about two hours this morning, and we 've no more time to lose."

He was standing on a plank, so placed that he could get at the wheel; and as he said this, he turned and looked over the hats of Foote and Blump, addressing his remarks to the Commodore.

"When was this mischief done?" Lew asked.

"Last night."

"Have you any idea who did it?"

"I don't know the individuals," said Mart. "But anybody can guess in whose interest it was done."

"I hope," Bartland replied, "you will do us the justice to believe that no such outrage as this was ever sanctioned by the club."

"It was n't necessary to sanction it. It has been done, you see."

"You can never make me believe," cried Web Foote, vehemently, "that any member of our club had anything to do with it!"

"Never!" exclaimed Jesse Blump.

Mart made no reply, but received a new paddle-blade — a long board — which Lute just then passed to him over the heads of Web and Jesse. He proceeded to adjust it to the wheel.

"We are in the way here, boys," said the Commodore. "They are not inclined to talk with us, and no wonder. I did hope to settle our differences amicably; but, after what has happened, I don't see how it can be done."

"Thank you for your good-will," said Mart, turning again, while one hand held the board in place. "No doubt you have done what you could. But that does n't seem to be much. You did n't prevent the dam from being attacked on Sunday, nor this other damage from being done last night. We find we have got to depend upon ourselves; and that 's what we shall do in future."

"You are right; I don't blame you," said the Commodore. "I 'll only say that if I could have had my way, things would be different from what I see they are to-day, and must be, I suppose, hereafter."

"Well," said Web Foote, backing out of the water-shed as Lew turned to go, "I regret this piece of work, though, as I said, I don't believe any Argonaut had a hand in it. But that has nothing to do with the errand that brings us here."

"Nothing whatever," said Blump, also backing out, while Mart followed them into the shop.

"I think it has a good deal to do with it," said the Commodore. "We come as a committee, to make peace, and find that somebody overnight has been making war. Whether this dastardly thing was done by members of the club or not, they will have the credit of it, and not without cause."

"I don't admit the cause," Web Foote protested.

"No, nor I!" said Jesse Blump.

"And I intend as a member of this committee to do what we were appointed and sent here for," said Foote.

"Precisely," said Jesse Blump. "What we were chosen and sent here to do."

Lute and Rush now stood with Mart, confronting these two members, while Lew stepped aside.

"We have come to ask you what you propose to do with your dam," said Web Foote.

"Exactly," said Jesse Blump. "What do you propose to do with your dam?"

The drooping side of Mart's homely mouth drew down with its drollest expression, as he gave his brothers a side glance and drawled out:

"They want to know what we propose to do with our d-a-m! What do we propose to do with it?"

"We don't propose to do anything with it," cried Rush, hotly.

"Y-yes, we do!" Lute stammered. "We propose to k-k-keep it where it is, if we c-c-can. And I g-g-guess we can."

"That seems to be the general opinion of our side," said Mart. "We need the dam for our little water-power. And after we get our wheel mended, we shall need it more than ever to make up for lost time."

If it was possible for Web Foote to stand straighter than before, he did it now, as he said:

"We have come on the part of our club to inform you that it obstructs the river and is in the way of our boats."

If it was possible for Jesse Blump to look more pumpkin-faced than before, he did it when he, too, blustered up and said: "That 's the point! It hinders our boats in going up and down the river."

"Do you own the r-r-river?" Lute inquired.

"No, but we own the boats," said Web Foote.

"We own the boats," echoed Jesse Blump.

"And we own the dam," said Mart. "We did n't build it; but we have bought it, and we mean to keep it. We have no wish to interfere with your boats, and you are respectfully requested not to interfere with our dam."

"We heard that you proposed to make some arrangements for letting our boats through," said Web. "We did n't believe it practicable; but our club wished to act honorably, and hear what you had to say, before taking the matter into its own hands and removing the obstructions."

"That 's just it—before removing the obstructions," said Jesse Blump.

"Meanwhile, your honorable club comes in the night-time, and not only attempts to remove obstructions, but breaks the water-wheel!" said Mart. "Your language does n't bulge very much with common sense, my young friends; nevertheless, we 'll waste a little more time on you."

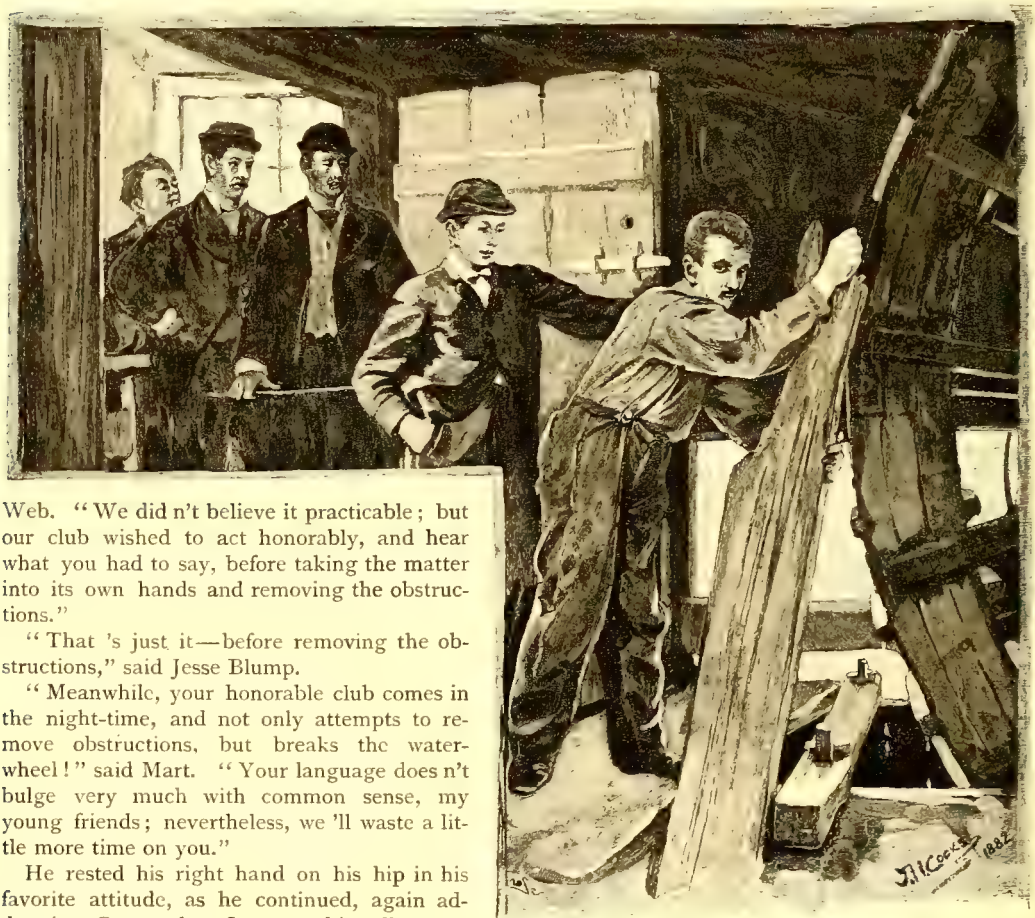
He rested his right hand on his hip in his favorite attitude, as he continued, again addressing Commodore Lew over his colleagues' hats.

"We came here as strangers, and were ready to do anything reasonable for the sake of keeping on good terms with everybody in these two towns who would use us well. We are not brigands and outlaws; though, by their treatment of us, some of your fellows seem to have thought so. We are really as kind-hearted as the old lady who warmed the water she drowned her kittens in. We would n't willingly injure anybody."

"Only yesterday," Rush broke in, also addressing Bartland, "my brother said, if the Argonauts were all like you, he would accommodate your boats if he had to stand at the dam and carry them over on his shoulder."

"What I meant by that rather absurd speech," said Mart, "was this—that we would put ourselves to any inconvenience to oblige you. And so we will do now, to accommodate those who treat us as civilized beings should treat one another. But we see by last night's transactions that we have to deal with savages. And our answer to all such is, that we propose to keep our dam in spite of 'em, and stand up for our rights. Is n't that about the way it hangs, boys?"

Rush and Lute assented with quiet, determined looks.



"HERE ARE SOME GENTLEMEN WHO HAVE COME TO TALK ABOUT THE DAM."

"Then all I say is, you 've got a hard row to hoe!" said Web Foote.

"An awful hard row to hoe!" said Jesse Blump.

"We expect it," said Lute. "But it 's better to know we have a fight on our hands, and be p-p-prepared for it, than to be caught as we were l-l-last night."

"I did n't believe any compromise was possible, and now I know it," said Web Foote. "But I 've done my part."

"Yes; we and the club have done our part," said Jesse Blump.

"You and the club have done your part in a way that *makes* a compromise impossible," said Mart. "The Commodore will admit that."

What the Commodore thought was plain enough, but he said nothing.

"You will have not only the club, but both towns against you," said Web Foote, with a toss of the head, probably from the habit of throwing his hair back in debate, though he now kept his hat on.

"I can speak for Tammoset," said Jesse Blump. "Both towns will take the matter in hand."

"No doubt you will all be very brave," replied Mart. "There are five boys of us, big and little; and there may be five hundred against us. But with law and right on our side, we shall take our chances."

Web Foote was strutting toward the outer door, followed by the Tammoset member. Seeing that the interview was over, Commodore Lew stepped impulsively back toward Mart and his brothers.

"I don't know whether you care to part as friends with me," he said, with manly emotion.

"Certainly I do!" Mart replied, warmly grasping the proffered hand. "You have acted nobly, and I thank you."

"I might have helped you; but this whole business has been managed as badly as possible. You are in a hard place. I don't see how you are going to get out of it. But you may be sure," Lew added, shaking hands in turn with the other boys, "you will never have an enemy in me. I respect you too much for that."

So they parted.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE COMMITTEE REPORTS.

THE last meeting of the club had adjourned to Thursday evening, when it was expected that the mill-dam committee would be able to report.

Again on that evening the Argonauts thronged the new club-room, and the discussion of the exciting topic was renewed. The Commodore was present, but, at his request, the Vice-Commodore occupied the chair.

Mr. Web Foote took the floor, to speak for the majority of the committee. His manner was airy and self-satisfied to a degree unusual even for him. It was evident that the turn affairs had taken had not cooled his ambition nor tripped the heels of his conceit.

"He feels he 's the upper dog in the fight, now," whispered one of the not over-friendly Tammoset boys.

"The room ought to have been built higher, on his account," remarked another. "He 'll hit a rafter with his head some time, when he flings his hair back."

Serenely unconscious of the possibility that his exalted demeanor could excite any but admiring comments, the little Dempford youth stood erect as an exclamation-point, and launched his speech.

He first reminded the Argonauts of the position which he and a large majority of those present at the last meeting had taken with regard to the obstructions in the river.

"Nine out of ten of us, perhaps I might say thirty-nine out of forty of us,"—Mr. Web Foote looked as if he had been the whole thirty-nine,—"were convinced that these obstructions should be summarily removed." (Applause.) "But out of deference to a single member, and because we wished to act MAGNANIMOUSLY in the matter—I say, MAGNANIMOUSLY ——"

This word, uttered at first in small capitals, and then repeated with a swelling stress to which only large capitals can do any sort of justice, was greeted with loud applause. Commodore Lew, seated on one of the side benches, was seen to smile.

"We agreed to the appointment of a committee, and a conference with the mill-owners; though nobody, I am sure, with the exception, perhaps, of that one member,"—the speaker continued, with a peculiarly sarcastic smile,—"expected that any satisfactory arrangement with them could be made. That was n't possible, in the nature of things. What we demand is the river, the whole river, and nothing but the river, open to us,"—he opened his arms wide, as if *he* had been the river,—"now, henceforth, and at all times."

Tremendous cheers. The torrent of eloquence flowed on.

"The conference was decided upon; and I was chosen one of those to perform that disagreeable duty. How very disagreeable it was to be, I had no forewarning, or I should have declined the honor. Going as gentlemen to call upon these much-lauded young mill-owners, we had reason to expect gentlemanly treatment. Invested with

the authority of the club, we supposed we were entitled to respect. But we received instead"—spoken with shrill emphasis and a violent gesture—"*boorish insults and insolent defiance!*"

Great sensation. Web tossed back his hair, swung on his heel, and, looking about him, saw faces flaming up with excitement.

"Yes, gentlemen of the club—fellow-Argonauts! These charming strangers; these industrious makers of dolls' carriages for two continents" (a titter); "these good boys who deserve our help and sympathy, as we were lately informed" (this was uttered with thrilling irony); "these honest, well-meaning mill-owners,—received us with *insults, and dismissed us with defiance!*"

If Mr. Web Foote expected an uproar of indignation to follow this stroke of oratory, he was not disappointed. He then proceeded to describe the "conference" from his own point of view, making out the conduct of the Tinkham boys to have been as bad as possible, and kindling the wrath of the Argonauts.

"Yes, gentlemen," he said, in his final summing up of the whole matter; "after declining at first to have anything to say to us, then treating us with clownish insolence, and insulting in our persons the whole club,—calling us rowdies and savages,—they did finally condescend to inform us of their sovereign will and pleasure. They scoffed at the idea of a compromise, and vowed that they would keep the dam where it is, *in spite of us*. Yes, fellow-Argonauts, IN SPITE OF US!" he repeated, in a voice between a hiss and a shriek. "Their very words, as my colleagues will bear witness. IN SPITE OF US!"

At this climax, Mr. Web Foote tossed his hair back from his forehead and himself back upon his seat.

Indescribable clamor ensued. A dozen members were on their feet at once, gesticulating and shouting; among them the burly Buzrow form and face and fist, and the Buzrow voice bellowing to be heard.

Some were for rushing forth at once and answering the mill-owners' defiance by "ripping out the dam." Fortunately the state of the tide was not favorable to the enterprise; and the chairman, by vigorous rapping on the table, succeeded in restoring something like order.

"Mr. Jesse Blump," he said, recognizing one of them who had been trying to speak.

Mr. Jesse Blump had sat down again in the back part of the room, but now the face of him, looking less like a pumpkin in the lamp-light, and more like a full moon, rose red and round over the troubled waters, and shed its genial glimmer on the scene.

"As one of the colleagues appealed to," he said, "I can bear witness that we—that they—treated us—with the—the very words you have—have heard. They would keep the dam in spite of us. Something like that. I think the other member of the committee will agree with them—I mean with us—that these were the very expression."

Thereupon the newly risen moon, redder if not rounder than before, set again with surprising abruptness.

"What fools we were," remarked one of the aforesaid Tammoset boys, "to put Jesse Blump on that committee!"

"Don't you see?" said the other. "It was necessary to take a member from our town; and the Dempfords chose one who could be led by the nose."

"He? He has no nose to be led by!" was the contemptuous retort.

Blump's speech did not have the effect of firing the Argonauts to a still wilder fury. It served, on the contrary, as a sort of anti-climax to Web's harangue, and prepared the way for Lew Bartland.

Lew felt that he had a tremendous current of opinion against him, but he faced it without flinching.

He could not quite keep down his rising heart as he reviewed what he called the "report of the majority"; which, he declared, entirely misstated some of the facts and gave quite a false coloring to others.

"I admit," he said, "that we were, at the outset, treated with scant civility. But there was a reason for it, which appears very small in the report you have heard, while the so-called rudeness appears very large."

He then gave his own version of the interview, enlarging upon the provocation the mill-owners had received, which Web had passed over as a very trifling matter.

"They did not call *us* rowdies and savages. They called the persons who had committed the outrage rowdies and savages. AND I SAY THEY WERE RIGHT."

Lew made this avowal with an emphasis of suppressed feeling which produced a strong impression.

"If there 's an Argonaut present who holds that they were wrong, I 'd like to have him stand up and say so. If there 's one here who dares maintain that the breaking of the water-wheel that night was an act to be applauded, let 's know who he is, before going any farther."

Web Foote popped up, flung back his hair, and exclaimed:

"No Argonaut had anything to do with it, and I told them so."

A dozen voices echoed, "No! no Argonaut!" and made the room ring with renewed tumult.

"I don't say it was done by Argonauts," Lew went on, as soon as he could be heard. "I 've made inquiries, and I can't learn that any member of the club knew anything about it. But what I say is, it was an act of vandalism, which might well rouse the resentment of the mill-owners. What I say further is, that they had good reason to believe it was done by some of us, or at all events in our interest."

"No! no! no!" clamored twenty voices.

"I say they had reason to think so!" cried the young Commodore, with splendid spirit. "Who are known as the active enemies of the dam? Who but the Argonauts? Of course, they suspected us. Right or wrong, they laid the outrage to us, and treated your committee accordingly. I could n't blame them. They were mad, as any of us would have been in their place. But, even then, they could have been easily pacified and brought to some agreement, if your committee had met them as I think they should have been met, under the circumstances."

"We did n't go down on our knees to them!" cried Web Foote, jumping up.

"We did n't go as far as that; we did n't kneel to 'em!" cried Jesse Blump, who, having sweated off the embarrassment of his first attempt at a speech, felt now that he could make a very good one, if he only had a chance.

Web was in his seat again, and the full moon, which had also risen, had set a second time over the sea of faces. Lew went on:

"They declared their readiness to accommodate every boat that approaches, in a friendly way, to pass the dam. I believe they will do all in their power to oblige those who treat them fairly. But as for going to any great expense to build a lock, or anything of the sort, until they are sure of satisfying us, and feel safe from midnight depredations, they were not so foolish as to waste words about that. They know too well that it would n't satisfy us; and that they have, what they rightly termed, rowdies to deal with."

"I am glad we know what our worthy Commodore thinks of us!" cried Web Foote, willfully misconstruing the last remark, and raising another storm.

"Misunderstand me if you will!" shouted Lew, himself in a blaze of excitement by this time. "Be unjust to me, as you are to the mill-owners. Oh!" he broke forth, with indignation ringing in his tones, "I am disheartened, I am ashamed, I lose faith in human nature, when I see young men like us here unable to take large and liberal and just views of a subject in which their selfish interests are involved; unable to see that the other side has rights they ought to respect; ready to take the law into their own hands, and be judges and executioners in a cause that should be tried by humanity, forbearance, and good sense."

Another fiery speech from the little Dempford member, followed by two or three others on the same side — among them one from the son of the father whose fist had knocked down a cow; then, after a somewhat feeble and lukewarm support of the Commodore by a few of his personal friends, the report of the majority was accepted by an overwhelming vote.

"Commodore Bartland," said the chairman.

Bartland was on his feet again, pale but firm, if not calm.

"I have foreseen how this thing was likely to go," he said, "and I will now ask the secretary to read a paper which has been in his hands since yesterday."

He sat down, but rose again immediately.

"First, however," he said, "I wish to make one more correction. It has been charged that the mill-owners vowed they would keep their dam in spite of us. They did n't say that. What they did say was something like this: '*We have learned, by last night's proceedings, that we have to do with savages, but we propose to keep the dam in spite of all such.*'"

"The same thing! the same thing!" chorused several voices.

"If we are the savages who broke the water-wheel, then it is the same thing; otherwise, it is not the same thing at all. Can't we discriminate? Are we quite blind with passion?" cried Lew, with contemptuous impatience. "But I 'll tell you one thing, gentlemen of the club!"

His energetic face lighted up with a smile, as he added, lowering his voice:

"Those young men of the mill are not of the sort it is altogether safe to trifle with. They believe, as I believe, and as you will find out, that they have the law with them. They are going to defend their property; and I advise whoever has a hand in destroying it——"

"What?" cried Buzrow, as the speaker paused.

"To wear thick gloves!" said Lew Bartland, significantly.

The paper he had called for was then read. In it he resigned his position as commodore of the club.

(To be continued.)

THE QUEEN WHO COULD N'T BAKE GINGERBREAD, AND THE KING WHO COULD N'T PLAY ON THE TROMBONE.

Translated from the German of Richard Leander by Anna Eichberg.

THE King of Macaroni, who was just in the prime of life, got up one morning and sat on the edge of his bed.

The Lord Chamberlain stood before him, and handed him his stockings, one of which had a great hole in the heel.

The stocking was artfully turned so that the hole should not be visible to his majesty's eyes, and though the King generally did n't mind a ragged stocking as long as he had pretty boots, this time, however, the hole attracted his attention. Horrified, he tore the stocking out of the Lord Chamberlain's grasp, and poking his forefinger through the hole as far down as the knuckle, he remarked, with a sigh, "What is the use of being a king, if I have no queen? What would you say if I should marry?"

"The idea is sublime, your majesty," the Lord Chamberlain said, humbly. "I may say that the idea would have suggested itself to *me*, had I not been certain that your royal highness would, in the course of the day, have mentioned it yourself."

"That will do," said the King, for he was afraid of the Lord Chamberlain's speeches; "but do you think I shall easily find a suitable wife?"

"Good gracious, yes! ten to one," was the reply.

"Don't forget that I am not easily satisfied. If I am to like the Princess, she must be very wise and beautiful. Then there is another and very important condition. You know how fond I am of gingerbread! There is n't a person in my kingdom who understands how to bake it — at least, to bake it to a turn, so that it is neither too hard nor too soft, but just crisp enough. The condition is, the Princess must know how to bake gingerbread."

The Lord Chamberlain was terribly frightened on hearing this, but he managed to recover sufficiently to say that, without doubt, a princess could be found who would know how to bake gingerbread.

"Very well," said the King; "suppose we begin the search together." And that afternoon, in company with the Lord Chamberlain, he visited all the neighboring sovereigns who were known to have spare princesses to give away. Among them all were but three who were both wise and beautiful enough to please the King. And, unhappily, none of them could bake gingerbread!

"I can not bake gingerbread, but I can make the nicest little almond cakes you ever saw," said the first Princess, in answer to the King's question. "Wont that do?"

"No, it must be gingerbread," the King said, decidedly.

The second Princess, when the King asked her, made up a dreadful face, and said, angrily, "I wish you 'd leave me alone, stupid! There is not a princess in the world who can bake gingerbread — gingerbread, indeed!"

The King fared worst when he asked the third Princess, though she was the wisest and fairest of all. She gave him no chance to ask his question; even before he had opened his mouth, she demanded if he could play on the trombone. When he acknowledged that he could not, she said that she was really sorry, but that she could not marry him, as he would n't suit. She liked him well enough, but she dearly loved to hear the trombone played, and she had decided never to marry any man who could n't play it.

The King drove home with the Lord Chamberlain, and as he stepped out of the carriage he said, quite discouraged, "So we are about as far in our plans as we were before."

However, as a king must have a queen, after a time he sent for the Lord Chamberlain again, and acknowledged that he had resigned the hope of marrying a princess who could bake gingerbread. "I will marry the Princess who can bake nice little almond cakes," he added. "Go, and ask her if she will be my wife."

When the Lord Chamberlain returned, the next day, he told his majesty that the Princess was no more to be had, as she had married the King of the country where slate-pencils and pickled limes grow.

So the Chamberlain was sent to the second Princess, but he came back equally unsuccessful, for the King, her father, regretted to say that his daughter was dead; and that was the end of the second Princess.

After this the King pondered a good deal, but as he really wished to have a queen, he commanded the Lord Chamberlain to go to the third Princess. "Perhaps she has changed her mind," he thought.

The Lord Chamberlain had to obey, much to his disgust, for even his wife said it was quite useless; and the King awaited his return with

great anxiety, for he remembered the question about the trombone, and it was really irritating.

The third Princess received the Lord Chamberlain very graciously, and remarked that she had once decided never to marry a man who could not play on the trombone. But that was a dream,—a youthful, idle dream, she sighed, a hope never to be realized,—and as she liked the King in spite of this drawback, why—she would marry him.



"'WHY, YOU CAN'T EVEN PLAY ON THE TROMBONE!' 'AND YOU CAN'T BAKE GINGERBREAD!'"

The Lord Chamberlain whipped up his horses and tore down the road to the palace, where the King, overjoyed at the good tidings, embraced his faithful servant, and gave him as reward all sorts of toy crosses and stars to wear at his breast, and about fifteen yards of ribbon to wind about his neck and shoulders.

The wedding was splendid. The whole city was gay with flags and banners, and garlands hung in huge festoons from house to house; and for two whole weeks nothing else was thought of and talked about.

The King and Queen lived so happily together for a year that the King had quite forgotten about the gingerbread and the Queen about the trombone. Unhappily, one morning, the King got out of bed with his left foot foremost, and that day all things went wrong. It rained from morning till night; the royal crown tumbled down and smashed the cross on top; besides, the court painter who brought the new map of the kingdom had made a mistake and colored the country red, instead of blue, as the King had commanded; lastly, the Queen had a headache. So it happened that the royal pair quarreled for the first time, though they could not have told the reason why. In short, the King was cross, and the Queen was snappish and insisted on having the last word.

"It is about time that you ceased finding fault with everything," the Queen said at last, with great scorn, shrugging her shoulders. "Why, you can't even play on the trombone."

"And you can't bake gingerbread," the King retorted, quick as a flash.

For the first time the Queen did not know what to say, and so, without another word, they went to their separate rooms. The Queen threw herself on the sofa and wept bitterly. "What a little fool you are!" she sobbed. "Where was your common sense? You could n't have been more stupid if you had tried."

As for the King, he strode up and down the room rubbing his hands. "It is fortunate that my wife can't bake gingerbread," he thought, gleefully, "for if she could, what should I have answered when she said that I could n't play on the trombone?"

The more he thought, the more cheerful he became. He whistled a favorite tune, looked at the great picture of his wife over the mantel, and then, climbing upon a chair, he brushed away a cobweb that was dangling over the nose of the Queen.

"How angry she must have been, poor little

woman!" he said at last. "Suppose I see what she is doing."

He stepped into the long corridor into which all the rooms opened, and it being the day when all things went wrong, the groom of the chambers had forgotten to light the entry-lamp, though it was eight o'clock at night and pitch dark. The King went groping forward, with his hands stretched out for fear of falling, when suddenly he touched something very soft.

"Who is there?" he demanded.

"It is I," said the Queen.

"What are you in search of, my dear?"

"I wanted to beg your pardon — I was very unkind," she sobbed.

"Pray don't, my love," the King said, in his very gentlest tone of voice. "It was my fault, but all is forgotten. One thing, let me say, however, my dear: there are two words which must never be uttered in our kingdom on pain of death — 'trombone' and ——"

"'Gingerbread,'" the Queen added, laughing, though she stealthily brushed away a tear.

And so the story ends.

EMILY.

(A True Tale of Parental Devotion.)

I HAVE much time for quiet thought, and it has occurred to me that the story of my life might be of interest to some young members of the human race. I belong to a boy who calls himself my "Little Papa." When I tell you that this sketch is a good likeness of myself, you will see why I can not write my own story, but my kind "Grandmamma" has promised to use her pen for me, and write whatever I wish to say.



An old song which she sometimes sings comes to my mind just here; it begins, "I was young, I was fair, I had once not a care"; and this is true of me. I am no longer fair; but this does not trouble me. My life is as sweet to me now as when I boasted of rosy cheeks, perfect features, and a body. Love can make up to us for any trial, and I am happy in spite of all my troubles, because my "Little Papa" loves me now better than ever.

But let me begin my story by telling you that, when I was born, my body was made by a kind, sensible old lady, who thought the flimsy bodies bought in shops not fit for any good doll, such as she meant that I should be. She made me with a shapely figure, and substantial legs and feet, upon which she put good strong shoes and stockings. My head was, and is, as you see, of the kind called indestructible. It has borne many hardships, but outlives them all, with a vigor of which I am proud.

When ready to sit down beside my "Little Papa's" well-stuffed stocking, one Christmas Eve, my dress was of tan-colored stuff, with trimming of bright scarlet, made to wear well and for a long time. Upon my head I wore a neat cap, from the front of which a becoming fringe of short hair fell over my forehead, which, although I say it, is a high and thoughtful one. I have heard it said that my face, without possessing striking beauty, was yet one wearing such a sweet and sensible expression that it was ever pleasant to look upon.

The moment that my "Little Papa" saw me, he received me into the depths of his tenderest affection, and my story would never have been written had he not cherished me ever since with such devotion. Well do I remember him as I first saw his tiny figure, with its short, loose-flowing white dress. He was not quite three years old. His bright blue eye beamed lovingly on me; his light, soft hair flew carelessly around his head, and on his forehead rested "a bang" so like my own that our relationship could not be doubted.

I was at once named Emily in honor of the donor, and began my life in a very pleasant playroom, where a pretty rocking-chair was given me for my own use. I was not always gently treated, but I was beloved, and that made up to me for the anguish of many a hard knock. Very soon, in order to make some experiments (using my head as a hammer), my "Little Papa" removed my cap and hair, and this led to the most mortifying occurrence of my life.

To explain it to you, I must introduce the story of another doll who for a short time shared my papa's heart. Her fate was so sad that I bear no resentment to her for that. She came into our family the next Christmas after my own arrival. I must own that she was a pretty creature—a blonde beauty, light, delicate, and quite different from the quiet, plain dolly who describes her.

When Santa Claus brought her, I felt quite heart-broken, for my "Little Papa" took her joyfully, named her "Lady-love," and I feared would think no more of me. Her day was short-lived, however. One day, he came to his Mamma (my "Grandmamma,") with a hammer in his hand, the end of which was covered with wax. "Wax!" exclaimed "Grandmamma," observing this; "how did it get upon your hammer? I did not know there was any in the house." My "Little Papa" hung his head. I shall always believe that it was an accident, and that he felt truly sorry for it. He did not speak, and "Grandmamma," after a moment's thought, said: "Lady-love's face is the only wax thing in the house, Charlie; have you struck your dear Lady-love?" No answer; she hastened to the play-room, and there the dreadful truth was disclosed. On the floor was Lady-love, her face cracked and scarred—her beauty fled forever! She was indeed such a wreck as to be no longer pleasant to look upon, and fell into such swift decay that soon nothing remained of all her charms but her lovely curly wig.

Then occurred the mortification to which I have alluded, and my "Grandmamma" did me the only unkindness I ever suffered from her. She said, "Emily's cap and bang are gone; let us see how she will look in Lady-love's wig!" Behold, in this second picture, the result!



I did not know myself; transformed from my own plain self to a gay Madge Wildfire, you may imagine my feelings. I was very uncomfortable until one day, when my "Little Papa" thought best to pull off the wig which suited me so ill.

Soon after this, a puppy was brought into our once quiet play-room. Then what misery I endured! Never did I know when his dark, sharp face would glare upon me, and his dreadful, white teeth give me a vicious shake. One day, Nurse had left the play-room, and my "Little Papa" had gone out for a walk with "Grandmamma." I heard a rushing sound, a savage bark, and the next moment was torn limb from limb! Only my head, my indestructible head, was left!



Once in my life, I remember that, while I lay upon the floor, some wise people around me were discussing where the seat of life was located. I can tell them now that it is in the head. My luckless limbs strewed the floor, but *I*—my head—remained despairing, but calm and collected.

When my "Little Papa" came in from his walk, he hugged me to his heart, and, saying that my poor head must be cold, he begged for some cotton and the mucilage-bottle in order to close my wounds, and soon had decked me as you see in the picture above.

I did not like my appearance, but he did, and it had also made him happy to have the mucilage-bottle; so I was content.

Bodiless, hairless, with battered cheeks and forgotten charms, you would hardly suppose that I could ever be happy again. Yet I am, for I know myself to be the darling of my "Little Papa's" heart.

Two days ago he carried me to "Grandmamma," and begged her to make "Emily a cap." She did so, but as she covered my poor bald head, she said: "Charlie, Emily is not *very* handsome, is she?" How my heart—I mean my head—swelled then with joy when he cried out: "I love her better than anything, and *I* think she 's pretty, too!"

At that moment I felt that I must tell the tale of such devoted love, and I hope it has pleased you to hear it. My "Little Papa" is now five years old, and, while he loves me still so dearly, I notice that he plays more with tools, carts, and horses than he does with me. "Grandmamma" said lately to him, "Soon we will put Emily away,

Charlie, in the chest with your baby-clothes"; so I look forward to a future of peaceful retirement there. Perhaps I may some day make my appearance again in active life, as the dear old dolly which my "Little Papa" will show to his children's children as having given him so much happiness. And I know that he will love me even then, for, like me, his affection is indestructible.

IRONING SONG.

[THIS practical little song and chorus can be sung by little girls in the "Kitchen-Garden,"* with appropriate movements.]



FIRST your iron smooth must be,
(CHORUS:) Rub away! Rub away!
Rust and irons disagree,
Rub away! Rub away!

Though your iron must be hot,
Glide away! Slide away!
It must never scorch or spot,
Glide away! Slide away!

Then the cloth, so soft and white,
Press away! Press away!
On the table must be tight,
Press away! Press away!

Crease or wrinkle must not be,
Smooth away! Smooth away!
Or the work is spoiled, you see,
Smooth away! Smooth away!

Every piece, when pressed with care,
Work away! Work away!
Must be hung awhile to air,
Work away! Work away!

Then you fold them one by one,
Put away! Put away!
Now the ironing is done,
Happy day! Happy day!

* See ST. NICHOLAS for April, 1870, page 403.

MRS. PETERKIN FAINTS ON THE GREAT PYRAMID.

By Lucretia P. Hale.

"MEET at the Sphinx!" Yes, these were the words that the lady from Philadelphia had sent in answer to the several telegrams that had reached her from each member of the Peterkin family. She had received these messages while staying in a remote country town, but she could communicate with the cable line by means of the telegraph office at a railway station. The intelligent operator, seeing the same date affixed at the close of each message, "took in," as she afterward expressed it, that it was the date of the day on which the message was sent, and as this was always prefixed to every dispatch, she did not add it to the several messages. She afterward expressed herself as sorry for the mistake, and declared it should not occur another time.

Elizabeth Eliza was the first at the appointed spot, as her route had been somewhat shorter than the one her mother had taken. A wild joy had seized her when she landed in Egypt, and saw the frequent and happy use of the donkey as a beast of travel. She had never ventured to ride at home, and had always shuddered at the daring of the women who rode at the circuses, and closed her eyes at their performances. But as soon as she saw the little Egyptian donkeys, a mania for riding possessed her. She was so tall that she could scarcely, under any circumstances, fall from them, while she could mount them with as much ease as she could the arm of the sofa at home, and most of the animals seemed as harmless. It is true, the donkey-boys gave her the wrong word to use when she might wish to check the pace of her donkey, and mischievously taught her to avoid the soothing phrase of "*beschwesch*," giving her instead one that should goad the beast she rode to its highest speed; but Elizabeth Eliza was so delighted with the quick pace, that she was continually urging her donkey onward, to the surprise and delight of each fresh attendant donkey-boy. He would run at a swift pace after her, stopping sometimes to pick up a loose slipper, if it were shuffled off from his foot in his quick run, but always bringing up even in the end.

Elizabeth Eliza's party had made a quick journey by the route from Brindisi, and, proceeding directly to Cairo, had stopped at a small French hotel not very far from Mrs. Peterkin and her party. Every morning at an early hour Elizabeth Eliza made her visit to the Sphinx, arriving there always the first one of her own party, and spending the rest of the day in explorations about the neighborhood.

Mrs. Peterkin, meanwhile, set out each day at a later hour, arriving in time to take her noon lunch in front of the Sphinx, after which she indulged in a comfortable nap, and returned to the hotel before sunset.

A week — indeed, ten days — passed in this way. One morning, Mrs. Peterkin and her party had taken the ferry-boat to cross the Nile. As they were leaving the boat on the other side, in the usual crowd, Mrs. Peterkin's attention was arrested by a familiar voice. She turned, to see a tall young man who, though he wore a red *fez* upon his head and a scarlet wrap around his neck, certainly resembled Agamemnon. But this Agamemnon was talking Greek, with gesticulations. She was so excited that she turned to follow him through the crowd, thus separating herself from the rest of her party. At once she found herself surrounded by a mob of Arabs, in every kind of costume, all screaming and yelling in the manner to which she was becoming accustomed. Poor Mrs. Peterkin plaintively protested in English, but the Arabs could not understand her strange words. They had, however, struck the ear of the young man in the red fez whom she had been following. He turned, and she gazed at him. It was Agamemnon!

He, meanwhile, was separated from his party, and hardly knew how to grapple with the urgent Arabs. His recently acquired Greek did not assist him, and he was advising his mother to yield and mount one of the steeds, while he followed on another, when, happily, the dragoman of her party appeared. He administered a volley of rebukes to the persistent Arabs, and bore Mrs. Peterkin to her donkey. She was thus carried away from Agamemnon, who was also mounted upon a donkey by his companions. But their destination was the same, and though they could hold no conversation on the way, Agamemnon could join his mother as they approached the Sphinx.

But he and his party were to ascend a pyramid before going on to the Sphinx, and he advised his mother to do the same. He explained that it was a perfectly easy thing to do. You had only to lift one of your feet up quite high, as though you were going to step on the mantel-piece, and an Arab on each side would lift you to the next step. Mrs. Peterkin was sure she could not step up on their mantel-pieces at home. She never had done

it—she never had even tried to. But Agamemnon reminded her that those in their own house were very high—"old colonial"; and meanwhile she found herself carried along with the rest of the party.

At first the ascent was delightful to her. It seemed as if she were flying. The powerful Nubian guides, one on each side, lifted her jauntily up, without her being conscious of motion. Having seen them daily for some time past, she was now not much afraid of these handsome athletes, with their polished black skins, set off by dazzling white garments. She called out to Agamemnon, who had preceded her, that it was charming; she was not at all afraid. Every now and then she stopped to rest on the broad cornice made by each retreating step. Suddenly, when she was about half-way up, as she leaned back against the step above, she found herself panting and exhausted. A strange faintness came over her. She was looking off over a beautiful scene: Through the wide Libyan desert the blue Nile wound between borders of green edging, while the picturesque minarets of Cairo, on the opposite side of the river, and the sand in the distance beyond, gleamed with a red-and-yellow light beneath the rays of the noonday sun.

But the picture danced and wavered before her dizzy sight. She sat there alone, for Agamemnon and the rest had passed on, thinking she was stopping to rest. She seemed deserted, save by the speechless black statues, one on either side, who, as she seemed to be fainting before their eyes, were looking at her in some anxiety. She saw dimly these wild men gazing at her. She thought of Mungo Park, dying with the African women singing about him. How little she had ever dreamed, when she read that account in her youth, and gazed at the savage African faces in the picture, that she might be left to die in the same way alone, in a strange land—and on the side of a pyramid! Her guides were kindly. One of them took her shawl to wrap about her, as she seemed to be shivering, and as a party coming down from the top had a jar of water, one of her Nubians moistened a handkerchief with water, and laid it upon her head. Mrs. Peterkin had closed her eyes, but she opened them again, to see the black figures in their white draperies still standing by her. The travelers coming down paused a few minutes to wonder and give counsel, then passed on, to make way for another party following them. Again Mrs. Peterkin closed her eyes, but once more opened them at hearing a well-known shout—such a shout as only one of the Peterkin family could give—one of the little boys!

Yes, he stood before her, and Agamemnon was behind; they had met on top of the pyramid.

The sight was indeed a welcome one to Mrs. Peterkin, and revived her so that she even began to ask questions: "Where had he come from?" "Where were the other little boys?" "Where was Mr. Peterkin?" No one could tell where the other little boys were. And the sloping side of the pyramid, with a fresh party waiting to pass up, and the guides eager to go down, was not just the place to explain the long, confused story. All that Mrs. Peterkin could understand was that Mr. Peterkin was now, probably, inside the pyramid, beneath her very feet! Agamemnon had found this solitary "little boy" on top of the pyramid, accompanied by a guide and one of the party that he and his father had joined on leaving Venice. At the foot of the pyramid there had been some dispute in the party as to whether they should first go up the paramid, or down inside, and in the altercation the party was divided; the little boy had been sure that his father meant to go up first, and so he had joined the guide who went up. But where was Mr. Peterkin? Probably in the innermost depths of the pyramid below. As soon as Mrs. Peterkin understood this, she was eager to go down, in spite of her late faintness; even to tumble down would help her to meet Mr. Peterkin the sooner. She was lifted from stone to stone by the careful Nubians. Agamemnon had already emptied his pocket of coins, in supplying *backsheesh* to his guide, and all were anxious to reach the foot of the pyramid and find the dragoman, who could answer the demands of the others.

Breathless as she was, as soon as she had descended, Mrs. Peterkin was anxious to make for the entrance to the inside. Before, she had declared that nothing would induce her to go into the pyramid. She was afraid of being lost in its stair-ways, and shut up forever as a mummy. But now she forgot all her terrors; she must find Mr. Peterkin at once!

She was the first to plunge down the narrow stair-way after the guide, and was grateful to find the steps so easy to descend. But they presently came out into a large, open room, where no stair-way was to be seen. On the contrary, she was invited to mount the shoulders of a burly Nubian, to reach a large hole half-way up the side-wall (higher than any mantel-piece), and to crawl through this hole along the passage till she should reach another stair-way. Mrs. Peterkin paused. Could she trust these men? Was not this a snare to entice her into one of these narrow passages? Agamemnon was far behind. Could Mr. Peterkin have ventured into this treacherous place?

At this moment a head appeared through the opening above, followed by a body. It was that of one of the native guides. Voices were heard

coming through the passage; one voice had a twang to it that surely Mrs. Peterkin had heard before. Another head appeared now, bound with a blue veil, while the eyes were hidden by green goggles. Yet Mrs. Peterkin could not be mistaken — it was — yes, it was the head of Elizabeth Eliza!

It seemed as though that were all, it was so difficult to bring forward any more of her. Mrs. Peterkin was screaming from below, asking if it were indeed Elizabeth Eliza, while excitement at recognizing her mother made it more difficult for Elizabeth Eliza to extricate herself. But travelers below and behind urged her on, and, with the assistance of the guides, she pushed forward and almost fell into the arms of her mother. Mrs. Peterkin was wild with joy as Agamemnon and his brother joined them.

"But Mr. Peterkin!" at last exclaimed their mother. "Did you see anything of your father?"

"He is behind," said Elizabeth Eliza. "I was looking for the body of Chufu, the founder of the pyramid,—for I have longed to be the discoverer of his mummy,— and I found instead — my father!"

Mrs. Peterkin looked up, and at that moment saw Mr. Peterkin emerging from the passage above. He was carefully planting one foot on the shoulder of a stalwart Nubian guide. He was very red in the face, from recent exertion, but he was indeed Mr. Peterkin. On hearing the cry of Mrs. Peterkin, he tottered, and would have fallen but for the support of the faithful guide.

The narrow place was scarcely large enough to hold their joy. Mrs. Peterkin was ready to faint again with her great excitement. She wanted to know what had become of the other little boys, and if Mr. Peterkin had heard from Solomon John. But the small space was becoming more and more crowded, the dragomans from the different parties with which the Peterkins were connected came to announce their several luncheons, and insisted upon their leaving the pyramid.

Mrs. Peterkin's dragoman wanted her to go on directly to the Sphinx, and she still clung to the belief that only then would there be a complete reunion of the family. Yet she could not separate herself from the rest. They could not let her go, and they were all hungry, and she herself felt the need of food.

But with the confusion of so many luncheons, and so much explanation to be gone through with, it was difficult to get an answer to her questions.

Elizabeth and her father were involved in a discussion as to whether they should have met if he had not gone into the queen's chamber in the pyramid. For if he had not gone to the queen's chamber he would have left the inside of the pyramid before Mrs. Peterkin reached it, and would have missed her, as he was too fatigued to make the ascent. And Elizabeth Eliza, if she had not met her father, had planned going back to the king's chamber in another search for the body of Chufu, in which case she would have been too late to meet her mother. Mrs. Peterkin was not much interested in this discussion; it was enough that they had met. But she could not get answers to what she considered more important questions; while Elizabeth Eliza, though delighted to meet again her father and mother and brothers, and though interested in the fate of the missing ones, was absorbed in the Egyptian question; and the mingling of all their interests made satisfactory intercourse impracticable.

Where was Solomon John? What had become of the body of Chufu? Had Solomon John been telegraphed to? When had Elizabeth Eliza seen him last? Was he Chufu or Shufu, and why Cheops? and where were the other little boys?

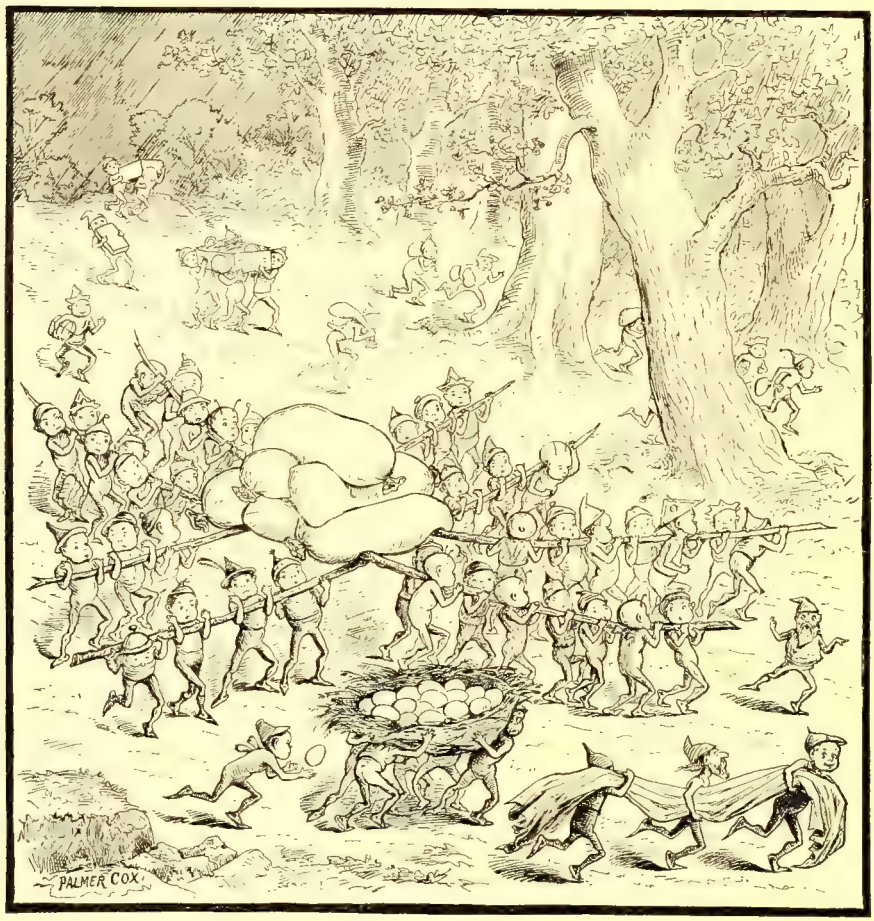
Mr. Peterkin attempted to explain that he had taken a steamer from Messina to the south of Italy, and a southern route to Brindisi. By mistake he had taken the steamer *from* Alexandria on its way to Venice, instead of the one that was leaving Brindisi for Alexandria at the same hour. Indeed, just as he had discovered his mistake and had seen the other boat steaming off by his side, in the other direction, too late he fancied he saw the form of Elizabeth Eliza on deck, leaning over the taffrail (if it was a taffrail). It was a tall lady, with a blue veil wound around her hat. Was it possible? Could he have been in time to reach Elizabeth Eliza? His explanation only served to increase the number of questions.

Mrs. Peterkin had many more. How had Agamemnon reached them? Had he come to Bordeaux with them? But Agamemnon and Elizabeth Eliza were now discussing with others the number of feet that the Great Pyramid measured. The remaining members of all the parties, too, whose hunger and thirst were now fully satisfied, were ready to proceed to the Sphinx, which only Mrs. Peterkin and Elizabeth Eliza had visited.

Side by side on their donkeys, Mrs. Peterkin attempted to learn something from Mr. Peterkin about the other little boys. But his donkey proved restive: now it bore him on in swift flight from Mrs. Peterkin; now it would linger behind. His words were jerked out only at intervals. All that could be said was that they were separated; the little boys wanted to go to Vesuvius, but Mr. Peterkin felt they must hurry to Brindisi. At a station where the two trains parted,— one for Naples, the other for Brindisi,— he found suddenly, too late, that they were not with him — they must have gone on to Naples. But where were they now?

THE BROWNIES' FEAST.

By Palmer Cox.



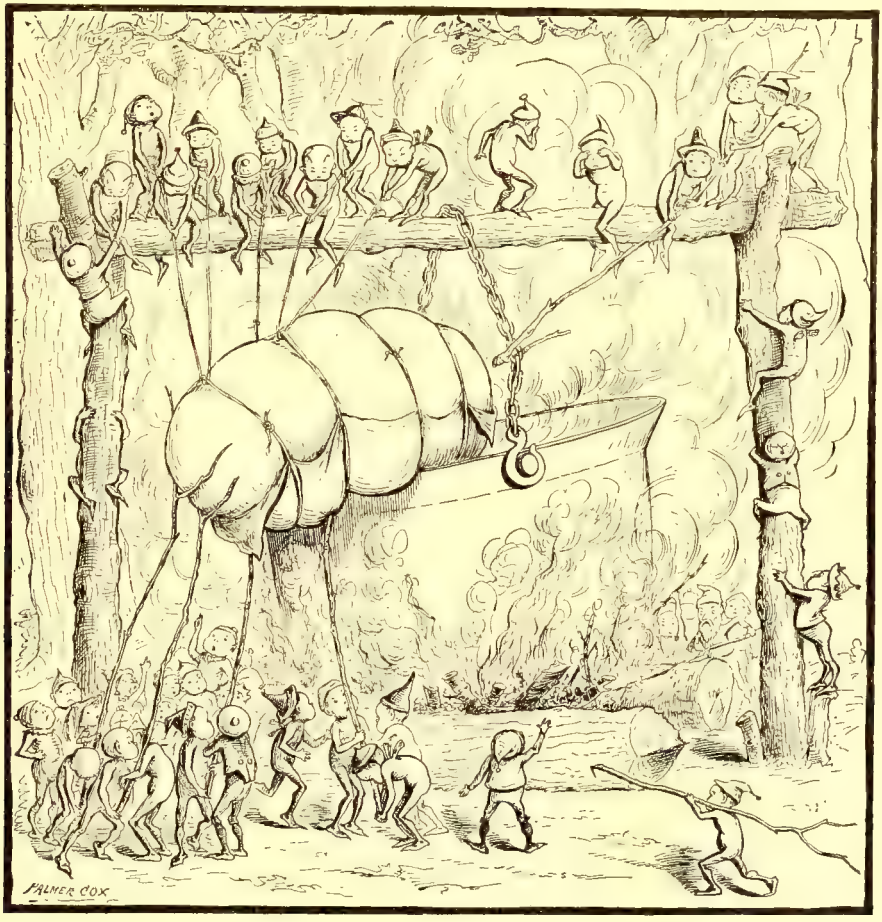
In best of spirits, blithe and free,—
As brownies always seem to be,—
A jovial band, with hop and leap,
Were passing through a forest deep,
When in an open space they spied
A heavy caldron, deep and wide,
Where woodmen, working at their trade,
A rustic boiling-place had made.
"My friends," said one, "a chance like this
No cunning brownie band should miss;
All unobserved, we may prepare
And boil a pudding nicely there;
Some dying embers smolder still,
Which we may soon revive at will;
And by the roots of yonder tree
A brook goes babbling to the sea.
At Parker's mill, some miles below,
They 're grinding flour as white as snow;
An easy task for us to bear
Enough to serve our need from there:
I noticed, as I passed to-night,
A window with a broken light,
And through the opening we 'll pour
Though bolts and bars be on the door."
"And I," another brownie cried,
"Will find the plums and currants dried;
I 'll have some here in half an hour
To sprinkle thickly through the flour;

So stir yourselves, and bear in mind
That some must spice and sugar find."
"And I," said one, "will do my part
To help the scheme with all my heart;
I know a place where hens have made
Their nest beneath the burdock shade—
I saw them stealing out with care
To lay their eggs in secret there.
The farmer's wife, through sun and rain,
Has sought to find that nest in vain:
They cackle by the wall of stones,
The hollow stump, and pile of bones,
And by the ditch that lies below,
Where yellow weeds and nettles grow;
And draw her after everywhere
Until she quits them in despair.

For ditches deep and fences high
Between us and the barn-yard lie."

Away, away, on every side,
At once the lively brownies glide—
Some through the swamp and round the hill—
The shortest way to reach the mill;
And more across the country speed
To bring whatever plums they need;
While some on wings and some on legs
Go darting off to find the eggs.

A few remained upon the spot
To build a fire beneath the pot;
Some gathered bark from trunks of trees,
While others, on their hands and knees,



The task be mine to thither lead
A band of comrades now with speed,
To help me bear a tender load
Along the rough and rugged road,

Around the embers puffed and blew
Until the sparks to blazes grew;
And scarcely was the kindling burned
Before the absent ones returned.

All loaded down they came, in groups,
In couples, singly, and in troops.
Upon their shoulders, heads, and backs,
They bore along the floury sacks;

To stitch the bag they had no thread,
But moose-wood bark was used instead,
And soon the sheet around the pile
Was wrapped in most artistic style.



With plums and currants others came,
Each bag and basket filled the same;
While those who gave the hens a call
Had taken nest-egg, nest, and all;
And more, a pressing want to meet,
From some one's line had hauled a sheet,
The monstrous pudding to infold
While in the boiling pot it rolled.

The rogues were flour from head to feet
Before the mixture was complete.
Like snow-birds in a drift of snow
They worked and elbowed in the dough,
Till every particle they brought
Was in the mass before them wrought.

Then every plan and scheme was tried
To hoist it o'er the caldron's side.
It took some engineering skill
To guard against impending ill:
At times, it seemed about to fall,
And overwhelm or bury all;
Yet none forsook their post through fear,
But harder worked with danger near.
They pulled and hauled and orders gave,
And pushed and pried with stick and stave,
'Midst blinding smoke and flames that reared
And scorched the clothes and singed the beard,
Until, in spite of height and heat,
They had performed the trying feat.

To take the pudding from the pot
They might have found as hard and hot.
But water on the fire they threw,
And then to work again they flew.
And soon the steaming treasure sat
Upon a stone both broad and flat,
Which answered for a table grand,
When nothing better was at hand.

Some think that brownies never eat,
But live on odors soft and sweet,
That through the verdant woods proceed
Or steal across the dewy mead;
But those who could have gained a sight
Of them, around their pudding white,
Would have perceived that elves of air
Can relish more substantial fare.
They clustered close, and delved and ate
Without a knife, a spoon, or plate;
Some picking out the plums with care,
And leaving all the pastry there.
While some let plums and currants go,
But paid attention to the dough.

The purpose of each brownie's mind
Was not to leave a crumb behind,
That, when the morning sun should shine
Through leafy tree and clinging vine,
No traces of their sumptuous feast
It might reveal to man or beast;
And well they gauged what all could bear,
When they their pudding did prepare;
For when the rich repast was done,
The rogues could neither fly nor run.

The miller never missed his flour,
For brownies wield a mystic power;
Whate'er they take they can restore
In greater plenty than before.
When morning came, the anxious hen
Found eggs and nest replaced again.
More sweets were in the grocer's store
Than when at dark he locked the door;
While gazed the housewife in surprise,
And thought the sleep was in her eyes,
For lo! instead of one, a pair
Of sheets were flapping in the air!

THE STORY OF VITEAU.*

By Frank R. Stockton.

Chapter XIII.

IT MUST not be supposed that the officers of the Inquisition and the monks of the monastery which, as has been mentioned before, stood a few miles from Viteau, were all this time ignorant of the fact that, when the Countess of Viteau fled from her home, she took refuge in the castle of the Count de Barran.

It was not many days before this was known at the monastery. But the officers had returned to Toulouse to report their failure to secure the person for whom they had been sent; and the monk who was dispatched with the information that the Countess had not fled the country, as was at first supposed, but had taken refuge within a day's ride of Viteau, had a long journey to make to the south of France; while the party which was immediately dispatched by the Inquisition to the castle of Barran had a long journey to make back to him.

But it finally came, and it was a different party from that which had been sent before. It was larger; it contained many more armed men, and it was under the control of a leader who would not give up the pursuit of the Countess simply because he should fail to find her in the first place in which he sought her.

About the time that the Count de Lannes and our young friends entered Paris, the expedition from the Inquisition at Toulouse reached the great gate of the castle of Barran.

This visit threw the Count, and those of his household who understood its import, into a state of despair almost as great as if it had not been daily feared and expected ever since the Countess had come to the castle.

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The Count did not know what to do. He had thought the matter over and over, but had never been able to make up his mind as to what his course would be in case the officers should appear the lady really under their watch and guard, until news should arrive from Paris.

But the good squire Bernard acted in a very different way. He did not believe in parleying, nor



THE FLIGHT OF THE COUNTESS.

while the Countess remained in his castle. He felt that he could not give up this lady, the wife of his old brother-in-arms, who had come to him for protection; but he could not fight the company that was now approaching, for such an act would have been considered the same thing as fighting Christianity itself.

He was in a sad state of anxiety as he went to the gate to meet, in person, these most unwelcome visitors; and he wished many times, as he crossed the court-yard, that he had yielded to his first impulse and had insisted that the Countess should fly to England while there was yet time.

All that the Count de Barran could do was to detain the officers as long as possible at the gate, and to endeavor to induce them to consent to a friendly council before taking any steps to arrest the Countess. If they would do this, he hoped to prevail upon them to remain at the castle, with in councils. Ever since he had come to the castle he had expected this visit, and he had always been ready for it.

In five minutes from the time that he had seen the officials approaching the castle,—and his sharp eyes had quickly told him who they were,—the Countess and her women, the squire himself, and the men-at-arms who had come with them from Viteau, were in their saddles; and, leaving the castle by a lower gate, were galloping along a forest road as fast as their horses' legs would carry them.

The leader of the party from the Inquisition would not parley, and he would listen to no talk of councils. He showed his credentials, and demanded instant entrance; and as soon as he was inside the court-yard, he posted some of his men at every gate.

If the men at the lower gate had put their ears

to the ground, they might have heard the thud of horses' feet as the Countess and her party hurried away into the depths of the forest.

The main body of the officers then entered the castle, and the leader demanded to be conducted to the Countess of Viteau. The Count de Barran did not accompany him and his men as they mounted the stairs, but, downcast and wretched, he shut himself in a lower room.

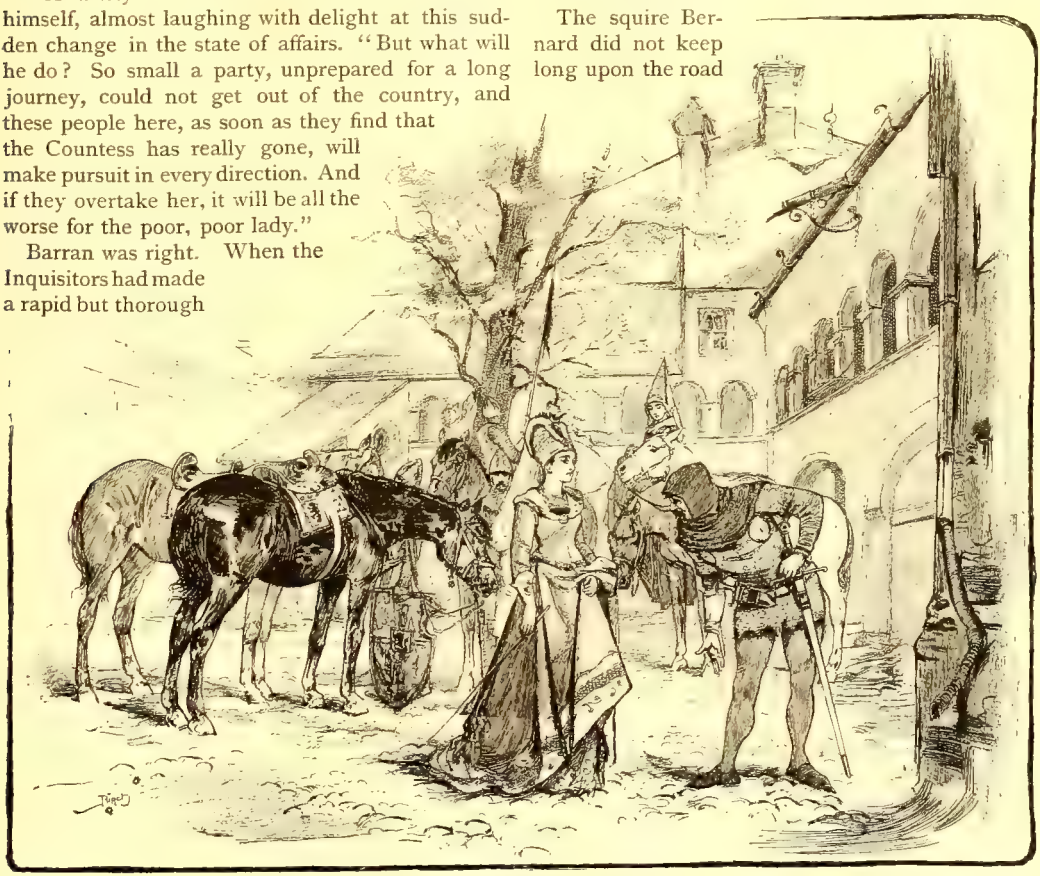
In a very short time, however, the sound of running footsteps and a general noise and confusion brought him quickly into the great hall, and there he learned that the Countess was not in her apartments, and that the Inquisitors were looking for her all over the castle. He instantly imagined the truth, and a little inquiry among his people showed him that he was right, and that the Countess had been carried off by Bernard.

"A trusty and noble fellow!" said Barran to himself, almost laughing with delight at this sudden change in the state of affairs. "But what will he do? So small a party, unprepared for a long journey, could not get out of the country, and these people here, as soon as they find that the Countess has really gone, will make pursuit in every direction. And if they overtake her, it will be all the worse for the poor, poor lady."

Barran was right. When the Inquisitors had made a rapid but thorough search of the castle, and when the angry leader had examined some of the servants and had become convinced that the Countess had again fled, almost from under the very hands of her pursuers, he sent out parties of his horsemen on every road leading from the castle, with orders to thoroughly search the surrounding country, and to make all possible inquiries of persons by whom the fugitives might have been seen. The leader himself remained at the castle, to receive reports and to send out fresh horsemen in any direction which might seem necessary. It was impossible that a lady like the Countess could have the strength and endurance to ride so far that his tough and sturdy men-at-arms could not overtake her. And if she took refuge in any house, castle, or cottage, he would be sure to find her.

The party of soldiers which left the lower gate of the castle and took the road through the forest were mounted on swift, strong horses, and the Countess and her company were only a few miles ahead of them.

The squire Bernard did not keep long upon the road he had first taken. He knew that the officers would probably pursue him this time, and he had seen that their body was composed of many well-



MICHOL WELCOMES THE COUNTESS.

mounted men. So he felt that he must bring into play, not only the fleetness of his horses but his knowledge of the country if he hoped to escape the soldiers who would be sent after him.

Bernard did know the country very well. He had been born in this part of Burgundy, and had, in youth and manhood, thoroughly explored these forests, not only after deer and other game, but in expeditions with his master and Barran against parties of *cotereaux* and other thieves who at various times had been giving trouble in the neighborhood.

About four miles from the castle Bernard turned sharply to the left, and rode into what, in the rapidly decreasing daylight, the Countess thought to be the unbroken forest. But it was in reality a footway wide enough for a horse and rider, and along this narrow path, in single file, the party pursued its way almost as rapidly as on the open road.

They had been riding northward; now they turned to the west, and in a half-hour or so they turned again, and went southward, through a road which, though overgrown and apparently disused, was open and wide enough for most of its length to allow two persons to ride abreast.

They went more slowly now, for it was quite dark; but the squire led the way, and they kept steadily on all night.

At day-break they reached what seemed to be the edge of the wood, and Bernard ordered a halt. Bidding the rest of the company remain concealed among the trees, he dismounted and cautiously made his way out of the forest.

Creeping along for a short distance into the open country, he mounted a little hill and carefully surveyed the surrounding fields and plains. Feeling certain that none of their enemies were near at hand in the flat country before them, Bernard went back to the woods, got on his horse, and, turning to the Countess, he said:

"Now, my lady, we must make a rapid dash, and in a quarter of an hour we shall be at our journey's end."

Without a word the Countess—who had put herself entirely into her faithful squire's care, and who had found early in the ride that he wished to avoid answering any questions in regard to their destination—followed Bernard out of the forest, and the whole party began a wild gallop across the fields.

For a few minutes they rode in silence, as they had been riding for the greater part of the night, and then the Countess suddenly called out:

"Bernard! Oh, Bernard! Where are we going? That is Viteau!"

"Yes," shouted back the squire. "That is Viteau, and, by your leave, we are going there. For you, it is the safest place in France."

"But the *cotereaux!* The *cotereaux!*" cried the Countess. "It is filled with those wicked men!"

"I hope it is yet filled with *cotereaux*," cried the squire, still galloping on; "for it is those fellows who will make it safe for you. Fear them not, fair lady. They want only your money, and as long as they have a good hope of that they will not harm you nor yield you up to any claimant."

The Countess answered not a word; but very pale and trembling a little she rode on, and in a very short time the party drew up before the great gate of Viteau.

"Open!" cried Bernard, "open to the Countess of Viteau!"

Receiving no immediate answer, Bernard shouted again:

"Open! Open quickly! It is the lady of this château who asks admittance. She is pursued! Open quickly!"

There was now heard inside a sound of running and calling, and in a few minutes the head of Michol appeared at the window in the gate. Perceiving that his visitors were but three ladies and half a dozen men, all looking very tired and anxious to enter, and recognizing Bernard, whom he had seen several times and with whose position in the household of Viteau he was quite familiar, he concluded that he could run no risk, and might do himself much good, by admitting the little party; and he therefore ordered the gate to be opened and bade the Countess ride in.

The moment the fugitives had entered the court, and the gate had been closed behind them, Bernard sprang from his horse, exclaiming:

"Now, at last, I can breathe at ease."

The Countess, although a good deal frightened at her peculiar situation, could not help smiling at this speech, considering that they were surrounded by a great crowd of armed men, known to have in their number some of the most notorious robbers in the country, and who were crowding into the court to see the visitors, although keeping, by command of their captain, at a respectful distance.

Bernard now approached Michol, and with the utmost frankness, concealing nothing, he told him all about the troubles of the Countess and why she had fled to his protection.

"As your object," said the squire, "is the payment of the ransom, for which you have taken this château as security, you will not wish to injure that lady by whom you expect the money to be collected and paid. And, if I mistake not, until the ransom is paid to you, you will not allow

that lady to be taken out of your possession and keeping."

"You are a shrewd man, and a knowing one," said Michol, with a smile, "and have judged my temper well. And yet," he said, lowering his voice, "you must have terribly feared those Inquisitors, to bring that lady here."

"Fear them!" said the squire, in a voice still lower than the captain's. "Indeed did I fear them. Do you know that they would begin her trial with the torture?"

Even the rough bandit gave a little shudder as he heard these words, and looked at the gentle lady before him.

Advancing to her, and removing the steel cap he wore, he said:

"Fair lady, you are welcome, as far as I have power to bid you welcome, to this château. Your apartments have not been molested nor disturbed, and you can take immediate possession of them, with your attendants. And you may feel assured that here you may rest in safety from all attacks of enemies of any sort, unless they come in numbers sufficient to overcome my men and carry these strong defenses. And I promise you that when the matters of ransom shall be settled between us, I and my men will march away from your estates, leaving no damage nor injury behind us, excepting your loss of what we have consumed and used for our support and defense."

"Impudent varlet!" said Bernard to himself. "Your hungry rascals have fattened on the possessions of the Countess, and yet you talk in a tone as large and generous as if you gave to her what was your own."

"Sir," said the Countess to Michol, "I accept your offer of protection until I receive tidings of some sort from my lord the King."

"You shall certainly have it, fair dame," said Michol. "My men and I will never stand and be robbed, be the robber who he may."

The Countess bowed her head, and, without having heard all of this remark, rode up to the château and entered with her party.

Chapter XIV.

As soon as possible on the day after the arrival of his party in Paris, the Count de Lannes made arrangements for an interview between his young embassadors and the King.

The seneschal of the palace, to whom Count Hugo was known, gave permission to Raymond, Louis, and Agnes, with their proper attendants, to seek the young King in the woods of Vincennes, where, on fine days, he generally walked with some of his courtiers, after the daily religious services which he always attended. In after years, when he managed the affairs of his kingdom without interference from Queen Blanche, and managed them, too, in such a way as to win for himself the reputation of being the most just and honorable ruler that France or Europe had ever known, Louis the Ninth used to hold regular audiences in these beautiful woods, where those of his subjects who desired to petition him or speak with him could do so with very little ceremony. And even now the young King generally saw the few persons who asked audience of him in this place, which was already becoming his favorite promenade.

Louis, at the time of our story, was about twenty-two years old, but he had been married at nineteen, and was crowned when he was but twelve. His mother, who had been governing the country so long, still continued to do so, and also governed her son and his wife, as if they had been small children. She did not even allow them to see each other, excepting at such times as she thought fit.

This may have been all very well for the nation, for Queen Blanche was a wise and energetic woman, although very bigoted in regard to religious affairs, but it must have greatly fretted the soul of the young monarch, whose crown was like an expensive toy given to a child, but put up on a high shelf, where he might look at it and call it his own, but must not touch it.

The Count de Lannes knew of all this, but he thought it well that his young people should address themselves to the King, who, being a young person himself and of a very kind disposition, would be apt to sympathize with them and to take an interest in their unusual mission. Not being much occupied with state or other affairs, it might happen that he would give his mind to this matter; and if he could do nothing himself he might interest his mother, who could do something.

It was a bright and pleasant day when Raymond, Louis, and Agnes, followed by a lady and a page, with Jasto a little farther behind, and Count Hugo and Sir Charles bringing up the rear at quite a distance, were conducted to the King, who was seated under a large tree, with three or four of his noble attendants standing around him.

When the three children approached him, and bent down on their knees before him, as they had been told they must do, the King gave them a smile of welcome, and bade them stand.

"And now, my little friends," he said, "what is it you would have of me?"

Raymond was a straightforward, honest boy, not backward to speak when he should do so, and it had been arranged that he should be the spokesman. But he had never seen a king, even a young one, and his heart failed him. He looked at Louis, who, though bold enough, could not think of anything but the astounding fact, which had suddenly struck upon his mind, that this king was not old enough to be of any good to them. He looked as young as some of the pages at the castle. The silence was a little embarrassing, and both boys looked at Agnes. She did not want to speak first, although she doubtless expected to say something on the subject, but she presently saw she would have to begin, and so, with a little flush on her face, she addressed the King:

"May it please you, sire," she said, "we have come to speak to you about the mother of these two boys, who is the Countess of Viteau and is in great trouble. We came to you because, as you are the King of France, you can have the wicked business stopped instantly, until some good persons can look into it; and if we went to any of the bishops or the people of the Church, they would take a long time to think about it, and the poor lady might suffer dreadfully before they would do a thing."

"I should gladly help you, my fair little lady," said the young King, with a smile; "but, on my kingly honor, I can not imagine what you would have me do. What is the wicked business, and what have bishops to do with it? Bishops are lofty personages for such young people as you to deal with."

"They are not so lofty as kings," remarked Louis, as the thought came into his mind — although, indeed, he was not impressed with the loftiness of any king present.

"You are right," said the King. "Some kings are loftier than bishops. But come, one of you, explain your errand, that I may know how a poor king can be more expeditious than a great bishop."

As the ice was now broken, and as Raymond knew that he could tell the story better than either of the others, he began it, and laid the whole matter, very clearly and fully, before the King, who listened to the statement and to the petition for his interference with much attention and interest.

"It is a sad, sad tale," he said, when he had heard it all; "but I see not what action the King can take in a matter which belongs entirely to the Church, and is subject to the ecclesiastical laws which extend over France and all Christian countries. In such things, like my lowest subject, I am but an humble follower of our holy fathers, who know what is good for our souls."

"But it is her body, sire," exclaimed Agnes. "Think how she may suffer before they find out about her soul! We are not afraid for her soul."

The young King smiled again, although he evidently did not think it proper to smile about such subjects.

"My fair child," said he, putting his hand on Agnes's head, "you seem to take this matter as greatly to heart as if the lady was your own mother."

"My own mother is dead," said Agnes, "and I fear that I ought to be glad of that, for she, too, was a pious lady, and knew how to read; and all these things might have been done to her had she lived to see this day."

The King's face grew serious at this, and he was silent for a few moments. But presently, turning to Raymond, he said:

"Then what you would have me do is to request these proceedings to be stopped, until some learned and pious man, with mind not prejudiced in this affair, shall examine into your mother's belief, and shall see if there be cause or need that she be tried by the Inquisition?"

"That is all, good sire," said Raymond. "That is all we ask."

"I will lay this matter before my royal mother, the Queen," said the King, "for she has far more knowledge of such subjects, and far more influence with our clergy, than I have, and I fear me not that what you desire will be readily obtained. It is a fair and reasonable request you make, and I am right well pleased you came to me to make it. So be comforted, my little friends. I will speak with the Queen this very day in your behalf."

With this he rose, and with a smile and a little wave of the hand dismissed his young petitioners. They were about to step back, when Jasto, who had been gradually getting nearer and nearer to the central group, so that he had heard all that had been said, pulled Louis by the end of his doublet, and whispered in his ear:

"Ask if you shall come again, or if you may go home with the good news."

Then Louis advanced a little, and spoke up quickly, asking the question.

"Come to-morrow an hour earlier than this time," said the King, who evidently was much interested in the matter, — the more so, perhaps, because so little kingly business was submitted to him, — "and you shall hear exactly what will be done, and who shall be sent to catechise the Countess." He then walked away, and the children rejoined their elder companions.

When Sir Charles heard of the suggestion made

by Jasto, he slapped him on the shoulder and said to him:

"You were always a good fellow, Jasto, with ideas suitable to the occasion, both to speak and to write down with ink. Now I shall be able to see this great city of Paris, which I have not visited for ten long years."

And with minds relieved, and with the fresh and eager curiosity of young people who had never seen a city before, our three friends accompanied Sir Charles on a sight-seeing tour through Paris. The capital of France was nothing like so large and wonderful as the Paris of to-day, but it contained, among other public edifices, that great building the Louvre, which still stands, and which was then used, not only as a residence for the King, but as a prison. There were also beautiful bridges across the Seine, which runs through the city; the streets were paved, and there were shops; there were many people, some going one way and some another—some attending to their business, and some taking their ease, with their families, in front of their houses; gayly dressed knights were prancing through the streets on their handsome horses; ladies were gazing from windows; artisans were at work in their shops, and, altogether, the sights and delights of the Paris of 1236 produced upon these three children very much the same effect that the Paris of 1883 would have produced upon them had they lived in our day.



AGNES MAKES A PLEA FOR THE MOTHER OF RAYMOND AND LOUIS.

A little before the appointed time, the next day, Raymond, Louis, and Agnes, accompanied as at the previous interview, were in the woods of Vincennes, and advanced to the spot where they were to meet the King.

In about a quarter of an hour, the young monarch made his appearance, walking quite rapidly, and followed by several attendants. There was

much less ceremony observed in those days between royal personages and their subjects than at present, and the King walked straight up to our three friends and spoke to them.

"I am sorry," he said, "that I have not performed for you all the good offices which you asked, and which I should gladly have performed. But the Queen, who understands these important matters better than myself, assures me that it would be an action unbefitting royalty to interfere in this emergency which you have brought before me. It is a matter with which the clergy and its appointed institutions have to do, and with which the King can not meddle without detriment to Christianity, and to the proper power and influence of the Church. Whatever ought to be done, in order that the Countess of Viteau shall be justly treated in this matter, will, as I am earnestly assured, be done. And with this," he continued, after a moment's hesitation, "we ought all to be satisfied; ought we not? It was to discover the truth, and to uphold and support good Christians, that the Inquisition was established, and it is not fitting that the King or the nobility of France should doubt or fear the justice of its actions and decisions."

At these words, Agnes burst into tears; Louis, too, began to sob, and Raymond stood pale and trembling. Count Hugo and Sir Charles, perceiving that something unhappy had occurred, drew near their young charges, while the courtiers about the King exchanged looks of compassion, as they gazed upon the sorrowful children.

"There is but one thing, then, to do," exclaimed Raymond, half turning away. "We must fly to England."

"What?" exclaimed the King, "to England! Fly? What means that?"

"In England," said Louis, his voice half-choked with tears, "the King does not allow——"

At this point Raymond gave his brother such a pull by the arm that he instantly stopped speaking, to turn around and see what was the matter, and then Raymond spoke:

"My Lord King," he said, "we must now make our way with our mother to England, because there we shall be safe from the power of the Inquisition. It may be that its trials may be just and right, but we have heard something of the horrible tortures that its prisoners have to bear, to prove whether they will tell the truth or not; and, while I live, my mother, my own dear mother, shall never be dragged from her home and be made to go through such a trial. I would kill her first, myself."

"And so would I," cried Louis, "if Raymond were dead!"

"Oh, boys!" exclaimed Agnes, imploringly, "do not say such horrible things!"

The King, apparently, had not heard these latter remarks. For a moment he seemed in troubled thought, and then he said, half to himself:

"Can it be that a noble lady, and a pious one, I doubt not, must flee my dominions, to take refuge with Henry of England, because, as it appears, she is persecuted by enemies, and threatened with the rigors of the Inquisition, which, whatever they be, may perhaps well frighten the souls of a gentle dame and these poor children!"

"And they could not certainly save themselves by flight, sire," said one of the courtiers, "for the Pope could doubtless order them to be apprehended and remanded to these shores."

"Is there, then, no place to which we can fly?" cried little Agnes. "For I am going, too. Father and I will go."

The young King made no reply. He stood, silent and pale. Then, stepping forward a little, his head held very high, and his eyes sparkling, he said:

"Do not fly to any land. Leave not France. You are as safe here as in any spot on earth. Go back to your mother, my brave youth, and tell her that her own King will protect her from needless molestation, and will give that opportunity she asks for to show her true faith and sound belief. I will desire, as a favor to myself, that the Inquisition shall cease its action against this lady until some wise and learned members of our clergy, whom I will send to her to inquire into this matter, shall give their fair and well-considered opinion of it. And now," said he, turning to his courtiers, his face flushed with youthful pride, "I feel more like a king of France than I ever felt before."

CHAPTER XV.

THE leader of the officers of the Inquisition was not long in discovering the retreat of the Countess. He was greatly assisted by the monks of the monastery near Viteau, who suspected, from what had been said by some of the *cotereaux* who occasionally found it necessary to go outside of the château court-yard, that something of importance had occurred at Viteau. By careful inquiries they soon found out that the Countess was there, and reported the fact to the chief officer at his headquarters at Barran's castle.

The Count, on the contrary, did not know where the Countess of Viteau had gone. She and Bernard had thought it best not to inform him of her place of refuge, and Barran had not endeavored to discover this place, deeming it unsafe for any

one in the castle to know where she was, so long as her pursuers were with him. He knew by the actions of his unwelcome visitors that she had not been captured, but he never imagined that she was in her own château of Viteau.

Early on the morning of the second day after that on which Count Hugo and his party started on their return from Paris, bearing the happy news that the King had consented to interfere in behalf of the Countess, and that one or two well-qualified persons were, as soon as possible, to visit her at the castle of Barran to give her an opportunity of properly representing her case, the Inquisitors appeared at Viteau.

Viteau, although not exactly a castle, was, like all the residences of the upper classes in those days, a strongly defended place. It had a wall around the court-yard, and its numerous towers and turrets and little balconies were constructed to accommodate and protect a large number of archers and cross-bow men.

Therefore it was that Robert de Comines, the leader of the Inquisitorial party, thought it well to have a strong body of men with him in case it became necessary to force his way into the château.

First posting soldiers at every entrance to the grounds, Comines marched to the great gate and demanded admittance. Michol, who had received notice that a large body of men was approaching, and who felt quite sure that he knew who they were, gave some orders to his under-officers and hastened to the gate.

"Who may you be?" said Michol from the window in the gate, "and why come you here? These gates open, now, to no visitors, friends or foes."

Comines did not see fit to state the object of his visit, nor to exhibit his authority, and, without answering Michol's questions, he asked another.

"Are you the captain of the robbers who have seized upon this château?" he said.

"I am the captain of the good and valiant *cotereaux* who hold this château and its belongings as a warranty for a just and righteous debt," answered Michol. "Have you aught to say to me concerning the matter?"

"I have something to say to you," replied Comines, "which you will do well to hear, and that speedily. Open the gate and let me enter."

"If you wish to speak with me," answered Michol, "I am ready to hear what you have to say. But you need not enter, fair sir. I will come out to you."

"No, no!" cried the other. "I must go in. Open the gate!"

"That will I, gladly," said Michol, "but it must be for me to go out and not for you to come in. This is not my dwelling, nor are these my lands. I meet my friends and foes in the forest and on the road."

At these words the gates were thrown open, and Michol rushed out, followed by nearly all his men, who had been closely massed behind him while he spoke. The *cotereaux* were in such a large and solid body that they completely filled the gate-way and forced back Comines and his men, who vainly endeavored to maintain their ground before the gate.

Comines shouted and threatened, and his followers manfully struggled with the robbers, who surged like a great wave from the gate; but it was of no use. Out came the *cotereaux*, and backward were forced Comines's men, until all the robbers, excepting those who were left to guard the other gates, and some archers who were posted on certain of the towers, had rushed into the road, and the gates had been locked behind them.

The sudden confusion had been so great that, at first, the two leaders could not find each other. At length they met in the middle of the road, and the men of each party disengaged themselves from one another as rapidly as possible, and gathered in two confronting bodies, each behind its leader.

"Here am I. What would you have?" said Michol.

"Thief and leader of thieves!" cried the enraged Comines. "Do you suppose that I want you! You shall feel the power of the Church in your own person for this violence. Know that I am an officer of the Holy Inquisition, with all due authority and warrant to carry out my purpose, and that I come to apprehend and take before our high tribunal the person of the Countess of Viteau, who is behind those walls. Now that you know my errand, stand back and let me enter."

"That will I not," said Michol, firmly. "Whatever your errand and your authority, you come too late. The Countess of Viteau is now my prisoner. I hold her and this château as security for the payment of ransom-money justly due me; and I will give her up to no man until that ransom shall be paid. Whatever warrant you may have, I know well that you have none to take from me my prisoner."

"Rascal!" cried Comines, "who would show a warrant to a thief? Will you open that gate to me?"

"No," said Michol, "I will not."

"Then take that for my authority!" said Comines, drawing his sword as he spoke, and making a sudden thrust at the robber leader.

Michol had no sword, but in his right hand he bore a mace or club with a heavy steel or iron head. This was a weapon generally used by

knights on horseback, but Michol was a tall, strong fellow, and he carried it with ease. Stepping quickly aside as Comines thrust at him, he swung his mace in the air, and brought it down upon his adversary's head with such rapidity and force that it knocked him senseless to the ground.

This blow was followed, almost instantly, by a general conflict. As none of Comines's men were mounted, their horses having been left at the monastery, and as they did not number half as many as the *cotereaux*,—who were, indeed, in much stronger force than Comines and the monks had imagined,—the fight was not a long one. The robbers soon overpowered their opponents, killing some, causing others to make a disorderly flight, and taking a number of prisoners.

The latter were carefully robbed,—not an article of value, not a weapon, nor piece of armor being left on their persons,—and then they were set free to carry away their wounded and dead comrades.

Michol sent a detachment of his men to attack the soldiers who had been placed outside of the other entrances to the château; and when these had been routed and the battle-field in front of the great gate had been cleared of enemies, dead and alive, the robber captain entered the court-yard with his men, and the gates were locked and barred behind him.

Bernard, the squire, had been watching the combat from a high tower.

"I knew," he said to himself, when it was over, "that this was the only place in France where the Countess would be safe. For none but a pack of thieves would have dared to fight those who came to capture her."

The Countess was greatly agitated when she heard of the affair, for she knew nothing of it until it was over. She was glad and thankful that her pursuers had been defeated in their object, but she thought it was a terrible thing to have had an actual conflict with them.

Her good squire did his best to make matters look as well as possible.

"You must remember, my lady," said he, "that the fight was not within our walls, and that none of us took part in it. And, I trow, we shall not soon see again those men from Toulouse; for the leader of them has been grievously disabled, and it will be many a day before he will again desire to carry off anybody."

(To be continued.)



THE NIGHTMARE OF THE BOY WHO TEASED THE ANIMALS.

TWO SIDES OF A LAUGH.

THERE was an urchin of the town,
Who, on his way to school,
Whene'er his comrade tumbled down,
Would laugh in ridicule.



But when it was himself who fell,—
As sometimes he did fall,—
He neither bore it very well,
Nor saw the joke at all.



ANY TRAIN.

By Sarah Winter Kellogg.

DICK tossed a letter to his sister Abby. "From Cousin Lydia!"

"Read it aloud," said Zoe. She was cousin to the others, but an adopted daughter of the house.

Abby read:

"DEAR COUSIN: Some time soon, I am coming to make you a long visit, as Mamma wants me away from the city before the hottest weather, and our doctor orders quiet after the winter dissipations, and says I must have cream to build me up—all that I can eat. They wish me to go to you to-morrow, and perhaps I may, though there is to be an excursion this week that I should dislike to miss, and a grand wedding next week. However, you may expect me on any train any day, for I am eager for the cream and the country rides. But do not be disappointed if I should not come for some days. Though I have half a mind to decide to take the first train to-morrow, and I do say that you may expect me. Dick may go to the station. If he should not find me he need not despair, for I may be on the second, though I think it would suit me better to take an afternoon train. But that would hurry my dinner. The evening train is rather late, but papa might find a friend to confide me to. But do not be surprised if I should not come at all to-morrow, or any day this week. But don't leave home, for I may alight from any train; and I would n't miss seeing one of you for the world! Yours ever,

"LYDIA."

"So we 've got to miss the picnic to-morrow," said Zoe—"the first thing there 's been this season that we could go to."

"Don't worry about that," said Abby. "There are eight Sunday-school picnics to come off. Beside, when Cousin Lydia comes, we 'll get up a picnic of our own."

"But, how hard we 've worked to get ready for it! Think of the ironing and baking we did this morning."

"With the ironing and baking out of the way, we shall have more leisure to enjoy Cousin Lydia's visit. But we must send word to Mollie Hyde that we can't go to her picnic to-morrow. Dick, you can take word."

"I 'm busy," said Dick, "studying about the cream to build up Cousin Lydia. Where 's the cream to come from?"

"I 'll tell you: we 'll have to get in our cow that 's been boarding on a farm this winter."

"Oh, have we got to have a cow?" Zoe moaned. "It 's so much trouble to take care of the milk."

"You don't know anything about cow-bother," Dick protested. "The milker and the churner is the one who has the bother. If we 're to have a cow, I want one thing understood: I 'll do the feeding and the watering, and the taking to pasture and the driving home, and the milking and the straining and the skimming. I 'll even feed the cream to Cousin Lydia if she 's weakened by dissipation; but I tell you what, I wont churn!"

"There 'll not be any churning — Cousin Lydia will eat the cream. Perhaps," continued Abby turning to Zoe, "we may buy cream of some neighbor. If you 'll set Dick's lunch, I 'll take a run around the neighborhood. If only Mother and Father were at home, or if the hired girl had n't left!"

Abby returned from her "run" as Dick and Zoe were seated at lunch. At the dining-room door she uttered a shriek. Dick started to his feet, carving-knife in hand.

"What 's the matter?" both he and Zoe cried.

"O Dick, please don't!" Abby prayed.

"Don't what?" said Dick, bewildered at finding himself under accusation.

"Don't cut that tongue — we must save it for Cousin Lydia."

Dick dropped into his chair and jerked the fork from the succulent tongue, which was lying, a heavy interrogation point, on the platter. Zoe had held her hand from slicing it with a vague presentiment of the sacrilege. Dick laid down the carver and sat still for developments.

"And how could you break into my lovely pan of biscuits, when we are expecting Cousin Lydia? She has everything that 's nice."

While saying this to the guilty-looking Zoe, Abby was possessing herself of the biscuits and tongue. She suddenly set these back on the table with another cry of dismay. "And if you have n't cut the chocolate cake!"

Then, cookly curiosity getting the better of her dismay, she eagerly slipped out the sweet striped wedge to assure herself concerning the quality of the cake.

Dick settled back in his chair, and pathetically remarked that, if there was anything in the house poor enough for a fellow to eat, he 'd like a piece of it.

"Please don't be cross, Dick. It was so hard to get these nice things cooked; we are n't used to cooking, and we *must* save them for Cousin Lydia; she must have our best, and then, it may be, we 'll not have anything that she can relish. And, Zoe, you ought to know that we 'll have to save this butter for her, butter is so scarce here it 's almost impossible to get a pound. And, think of Cousin Lydia at a butterless breakfast! It would be dreadful. She is used to every luxury."

"Well, I am not," said Dick; "so let me have some of your unluxurious victuals, for I must go to school."

The girls bore off the good things to the pantry. They brought back slicings from a soup bone, bread, and dried-apple sauce. The bread was dry, the slicings streaked with gristle.

Dick suggested, meekly: "Some catsup would make the gristle tasty."

Abby hated to, but she said it: "We have only one bottle of catsup left, Dicky, and we must save that for Cousin Lydia. You have no idea, dear Dick, what a responsibility it will be to get three meals a day for Cousin Lydia — what thinking, and planning, and working! I wish I was n't the oldest, or that Mother was here. If that hateful Hannah had n't left! You can have some mustard."

Dick said he was obliged.

Abby had failed to arrange for cream, so Dick would have to go for the cow.

"But it 's eight miles," he complained. "It will take me till night to go there and drive the cow back. I 'll have to miss school and go to the foot, and I never was so high up in spelling before. I can't go."

"But Dicky, dear, you must; there is no one else who can. It will never do for Cousin Lydia to come expressly to eat cream and not get it. Her health, not to say her life, may depend upon your going."

"Well, to save her life, I 'll go. I 'll get a livery horse."

"And while you 're at the stable, see about hiring a horse and buggy by the week, for Cousin Lydia is coming out here for rides. Country visiting is stupid without riding. That helps to pass the time. But who 'll have time to drive Cousin Lydia about? We girls will be busy getting the meals and keeping the house in order."

"I can't drive for her," said Dick. "I can't afford to be going to the foot all the time, and missing the base-ball matches, and everything. I 'll tell you: perhaps we can get Joe Harney to come every good day and take her out; then you girls would be free to do the house-work. Joe is good-looking, dresses like a fashion dummy, and talks like an orator."

"First, see if you can hire a buggy," said Abby. "And, Zoe, tell the ice-man we 'll begin to take ice of him in the morning; and order lemons, and sardines, and canned things — salmon, and lobster, and fruits. Wait! And chocolate, and cocoa-nuts, and all sorts of flavoring to make things good; and gelatine, and corn-starch, and

raisins, and citron, and oranges, and dried beef. Wait! And see about spring chickens; they 're expensive, but we can't stop for a little expense."

Then Mollie Hyde came in, much excited. It was the most dreadful thing she ever heard, that not one of them was going to her picnic; it was completely spoiled by their dropping out.

"It 's perfectly awful. There 'll be only five of us left, for I invited only two carriages."

"Invite three others in our places," Abby suggested.

"Who 'll want to be second choice after you?" Mollie snapped. "Beside, there 's nobody to invite. I left Ed Asbury out to get you three in, and it made him so mad that he 's got up a picnic to-morrow to spite me, and he has invited every one that 's not in my picnic. And he 's going to have the band and somebody to make a funny speech, and everything to triumph over me; and now, to have you back out is just too mean."

"We are very sorry."

"If you were very sorry, you 'd go. About your cousin is no excuse; we expect to get back before the accommodation is due."

"But she may come on any train."

"If she could n't say what train she 'd be on, I 'd not bother myself about it. I 'd not take my work and spend the day at the station. Any way, Zoe is enough to receive her. Abby and Dick can go to my picnic."

"But Cousin Lydia would never forgive us if we should n't all be here to receive her."

"But I 'm to forgive your breaking your engagement with me," Mollie said, sharply. "I 'm of no account beside your fine cousin! I 'm nobody! I 'm Miss Nothing! I tell you, I have more to do with your happiness than that cousin. I live next door, and I have a phaeton, and I give a great many parties. I 'll have chances to pay you back."

Abby tried to speak, but Mollie sailed away, slamming the gate as if she meant it should never be re-opened between them. The girls looked at each other in dumb dismay. Then they cried.

About dusk, Dick came home behind a red, lank cow with a spotted calf. A handkerchief was tied under his chin, hat and borrowed umbrella having been lost in fording a creek. But he was not discouraged. He called for a pail to test the milking qualities of his cow.

By persistent effort, he obtained about a pint of milk; and it was rich. They had skimmed milk for the breakfast coffee the next morning; the cream was put on ice for Cousin Lydia, who might be on the first train.

At breakfast, Dick scolded about the soiled cloth and napkins. Abby said they had to make sure of plenty of changes while Cousin Lydia was visiting. Zoe said boys did n't know how hard it was to wash and iron.

As Dick would have only twenty minutes at school before the first train, he said he 'd just wait in the parlor till train time.

"No, not in the parlor!" cried Abby. "We 've got it swept and dusted — in perfect order for Cousin Lydia. You must keep out of the parlor till she comes. You 'd be sure to get things out of place."

Dick sighed, but went out and sat on the steps till train time. Then the girls made haste to change their working dresses for company frocks.

In half an hour, Dick returned without Cousin Lydia. He took his seat on the steps to wait. The girls put on working aprons and began re-sweeping and redusting.

Dick made four trips in, to consult the clock before starting to the second train. Then the girls smoothed their plumage, laid off working aprons, and waited at the window. From thence, in due time, they saw Dick returning looking lonely.

The three gathered at the dinner-table. Dick's glance swept it. It would not have been hard for anything to sweep it.

"Victuals, victuals everywhere," he cried, thinking of the good things saved for Cousin Lydia, "but not a bite to eat." Then, with a look at the soiled linen, he added: "A few more coffee-spillings and gravy-drippings, and this table-cloth and these napkins may afford us subsistence till Cousin Lydia's arrival."

"Then we 'll have fresh napkins at every meal," said Abby.

After lunch, Dick waited on the steps ninety minutes; then spent twenty at the station; went back home for an hour; then to meet the train; went home to tea; gave another grumble about the soiled linen and prison-fare, while the girls told how often they had changed their dresses. Dick waited an hour after tea, went to the last train, came home, hung his hat up, and thanked his stars that it was the last.

"Until nine to-morrow," said Zoe; "Lydia said we might expect her any day, on any train."

The second day of expectation was a repetition of the first, with the difference that Dick had sour cream added to his diet. There succeeded a similar third day, except that the company viands began to appear on the table, but all were stale or beginning to sour. On the fourth day, all three were weary and discouraged from having tried to "save" the good things. The fifth day was Sunday.

"She 'll not come to-day," said Dick; "so please, Abby, let me use the parlor. May n't I

pull down all the books I 've a mind to, and leave magazines and papers around? And, please, let me lie on the lounge after church. I mean to whittle a little piece of pine, if it is Sunday. I 'm fairly aching to see some pine-whittlings on the floor. And, Abby, let me take all the good victuals out to the pig, and let 's have scrambled eggs for dinner."

There was another week of "ditto," as Dick said, during which his books stood solemnly on the shelf while he went to and from the trains; during which they lived on prison-fare and threw spoiled "good things" to the pigs; during which the house was "fixed up" as if to have its picture taken, etc., etc.

By another Monday, Cousin Lydia's cousins had abandoned all hope of the visit. But that very day — while Dick was at school and no welcomer was at the train, while the girls were trying to wash some needed pieces and there was no room on the stove to cook a dinner, while there was no cream in the discouraged house — Cousin Lydia arrived on the noon train, on her way to the sea-side. And, her father joining her by the evening train, they departed, in a sleeper, that night. When reminded of the promised "long visit," Cousin Lydia said:

"Now that you speak of it, I believe I did promise something of that kind; but did n't I say you need n't be disappointed if I should n't come at all? I live in such a whirl, and write so many letters, that I can't keep things in mind. If my wedding-day were appointed, I believe I should forget it."

"I 'm glad she did n't make a long visit," said Zoe, crying, when the visitors were gone. "She 's selfishly thoughtless of everybody's convenience and comfort but her own."

When the parents returned home they found many surprising bills to settle.

"They would n't have been so large," said the poor young housekeepers, worried and apologetic, "if we had n't been expecting Cousin Lydia on any train."

The old folks can never let the young off without pointing a lesson. They must learn, in making appointments, to be definite; and then conscientiously to keep them. He wanted them, their father said, to set their faces against a display that strained the purse and energies and good-nature, and destroyed the pleasure of the visitor and the visited.

"You should so order your affairs," he concluded, "that you would not be seriously inconvenienced at the arrival of a friend by any train."



"AND EVERYWHERE THAT MARY WENT ——"

WORK AND PLAY FOR YOUNG FOLK. III.

SHADOW-PICTURES AND SILHOUETTES.

By Joel Stacy.

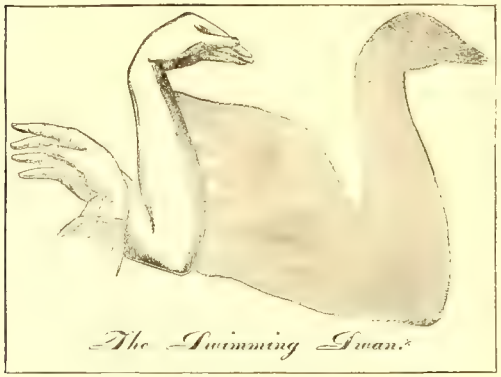
Ever since there have been home walls for sunlight, fire-light, or lamp-light to fall upon, all of us children have been interested in shadow-pictures, and shadow-pictures nearly always have seemed glad to oblige us by appearing in all sorts of pleasant ways. Sometimes they give us Grandma's head and cap, showing sharp and clear upon the wall; sometimes dear little Bobby's curly pate and rollicking movements; or perhaps a big shadow-puss, gracefully waving a blurred shadow-tail on the white surface opposite the glowing fire-place; or, possibly, a shadow looking wonderfully like something that is n't in the room at all, just because somebody has flung a coat, or a hat, or a bundle, or whatnot, on table or arm-chair. No matter what it may be, one thing is certain: If any substance, living or inanimate, comes between a strong light and a wall, it must cast a shadow, and we can make something out of it or not, just as we please. All of you have sometimes seen the grotesque likeness of a person in the shadow which he or she unconsciously casts upon the wall, and have noticed how impossible it is to keep the original quiet while the rest are merrily enjoying the picture. He or she is sure to turn to see what it looks like, and so spoil it all.



Years ago, some ingenious person designed an album for the preserving of shadow-photographs, and these ever since have afforded a great deal of amusement to thousands. They contain full instructions for preserving shadow-pictures, and are for sale in many bookstores. But if you can not get one of these, you have only to buy sheets of paper, black on one side and white on the other, which may be found at any stationer's.

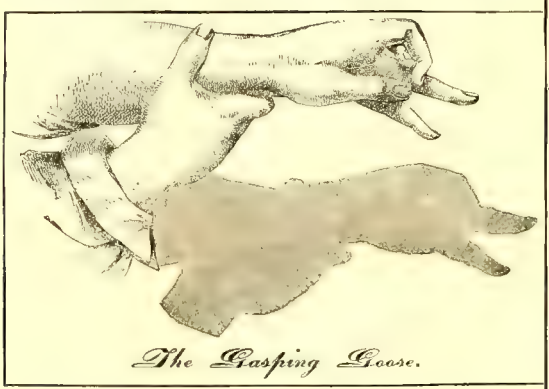
Now, if you wish to obtain a shadow-picture, pin one of these sheets of paper upon the wall, opposite a lamp, with the white surface outward; then, after providing yourself with a well-pointed pencil, place your sitter in such a position that a clear, strong shadow of the profile is thrown upon the paper. If your sitter (or stander) can now remain absolutely still, you have only to trace the outline of the shadow carefully with your pencil, taking care to work as rapidly as practicable. When the outline is all thus traced, you can go back and repair any part that seems incorrect. This done, release your sitter and take the paper from the wall. Now you have only to cut out the picture close

to the pencil-mark, and as the other side of the paper is black, you turn over your picture and paste it upon a sheet of white paper, and you



*The Swimming Swan.**

can show your silhouette portrait in triumph to your obliging sitter, the whole thing having been accomplished in about five minutes. Grouped



The Gasping Goose.

about the picture on page 385 are reduced copies of just such pictures as we have been describing. Many boys and girls become very expert in making these pictures, and, by seizing every available opportunity for tracing shadow-pictures of their friends, in time become possessed of a valuable collection of silhouette portraits. The excellence of the picture must depend very much, of course, on the skill of the draughtsman who traces the shadow, on the power of the sitter to remain quiet, and on the proper position of the lamp for throwing a clear shadow.

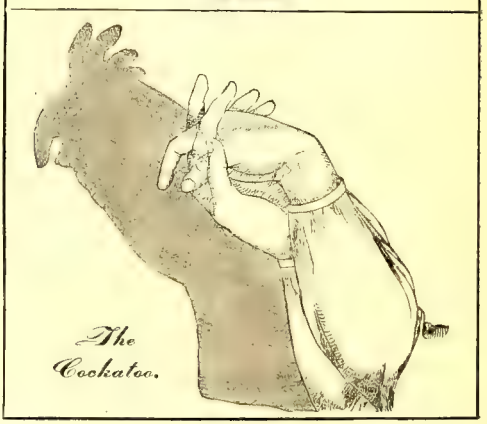
But long before these shadow-albums were thought of, people had found out a capital way of amusing little folks and themselves by making comical hand-shadows upon the wall. A very little practice enabled them to represent the heads and bodies of various animals, and to set these one by one to snapping their jaws or taking little leaps upon the wall. In the accompanying pictures you will find very many designs, some new and some old, on which to practice your dexterous ingenuity. The little baby in the silhouette picture on page 385, you will notice, looks as though he were trying to throw shadows of crullers upon the wall; but though he has a fine head of his own, he perhaps has not sufficient precocity for that. As many houses nowadays have (fortunately in other respects) no white walls on which shadows can be distinctly seen, a sheet or a board with white paper upon it can be used for producing the silhouette portraits.



An Eagle's Head

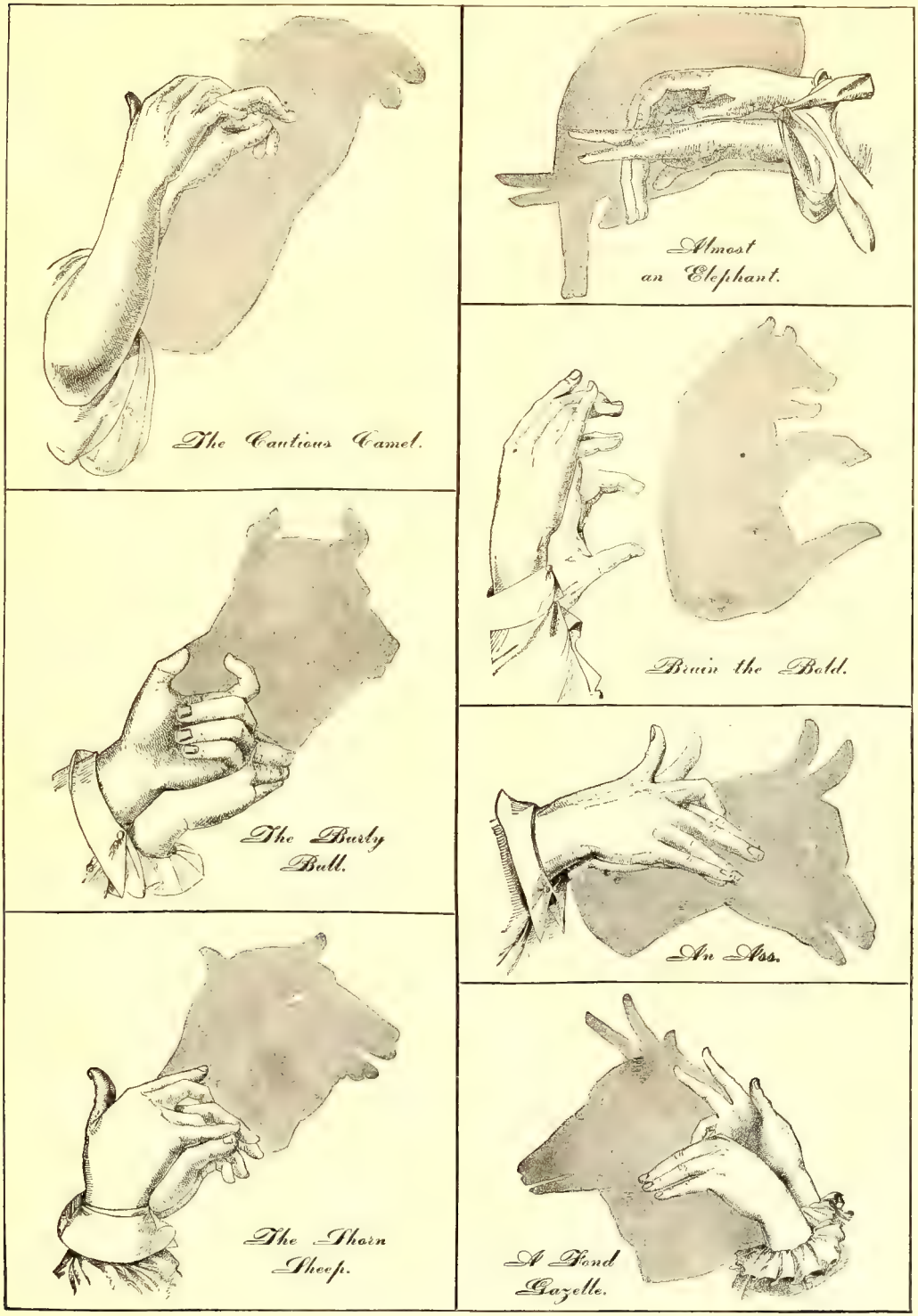


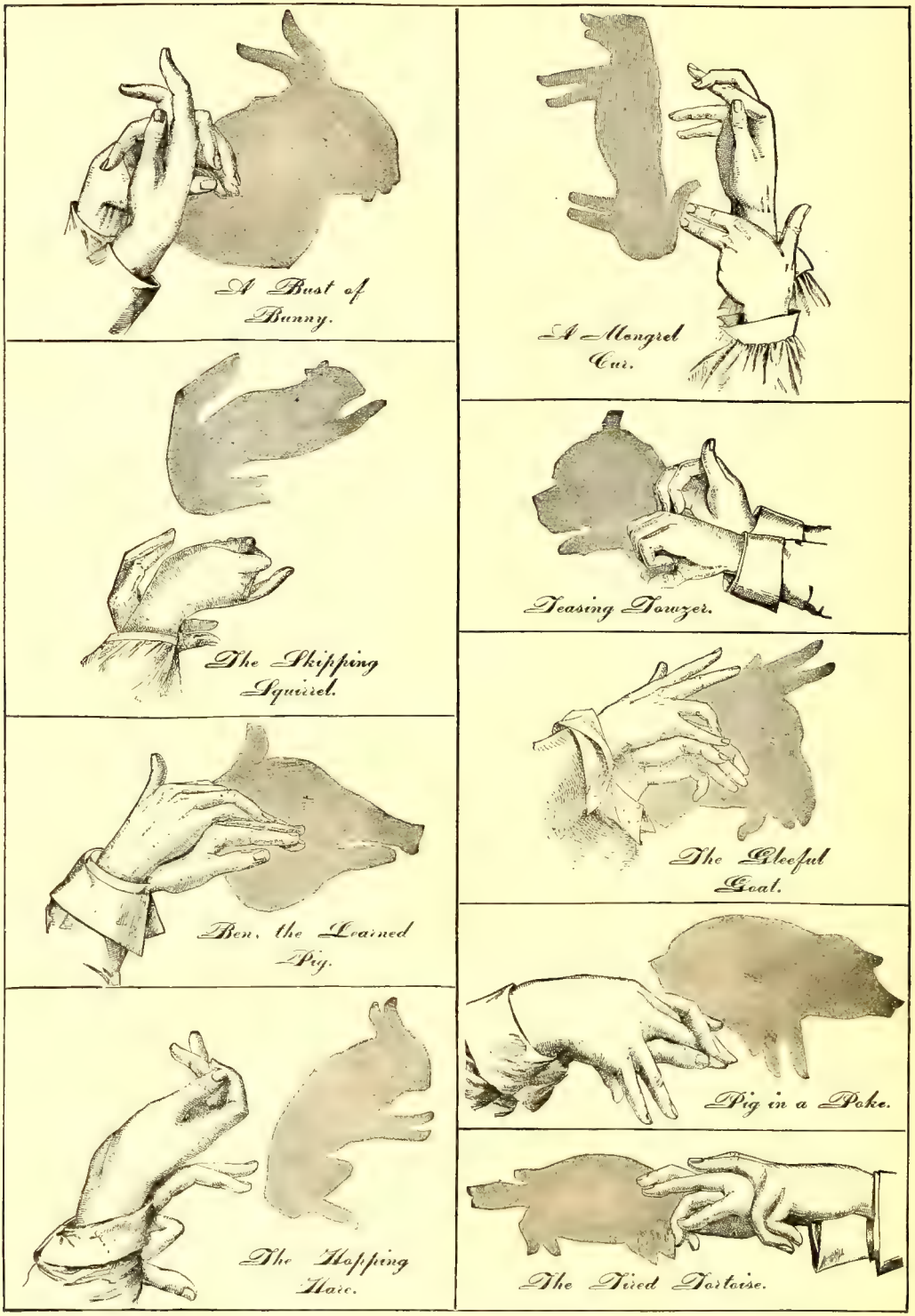
A Bird in Flight.

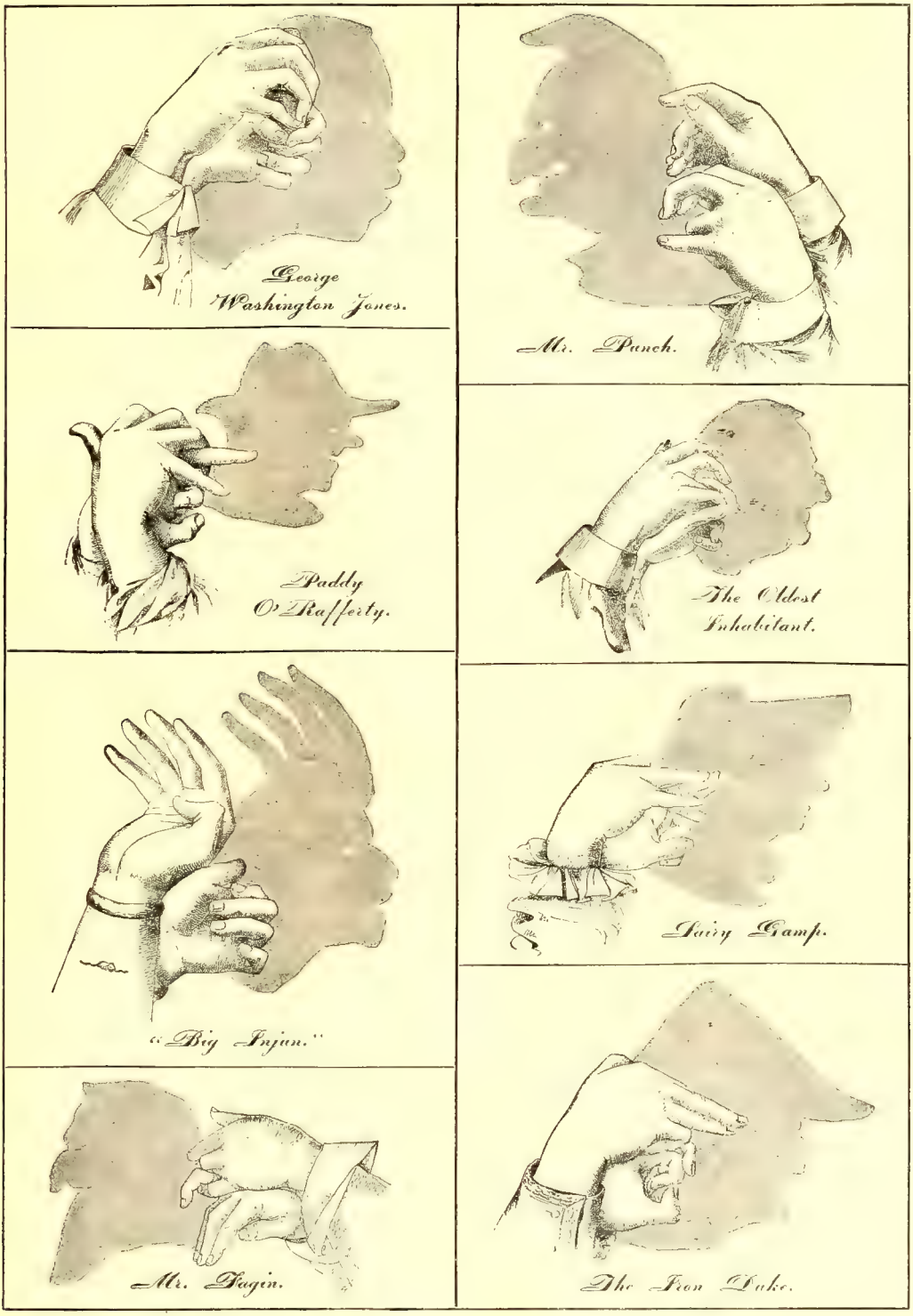


The Cockatoo.

* For the shadow-pictures on this and the succeeding pages, we are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Griffith & Farran, the London publishers of a volume entitled, "Hand-shadows on the Wall."


The Cautious Camel.
Almost an Elephant.
Bruin the Bold.
The Burly Bull.
An Ass.
The Thorn Sheep.
A Fond Gazelle.


A Bust of Bunny.
A Mongrel Cur.
The Skipping Squirrel.
Teasing Towzer.
Ben, the Learned Pig.
The Gleeful Goat.
The Hopping Hare.
Pig in a Poke.
The Tired Tortoise.


George Washington Jones.
Mr. Punch.
Paddy O'Rafferty.
The Oldest Inhabitant.
"Big Injun."
Dairy Gamp.
Mr. Fagin.
The Iron Duke.

AN INDIAN WINTER GAME.

By De Cost Smith.



THROWING THE "SNOW-SNAKE."

THE boys of the United States and Canada are indebted to the Indians for a number of their most interesting games and sports. Lacrosse, originating with the native tribes, and still much played by them, has within the last few years become very popular. Snow-shoes and toboggans, though formerly serving only as conveniences in winter travel, are now used by Indians and whites alike for amusement—the former aiding greatly in winter walks and rambles, the latter transformed into a coasting-sled, and possessing great advantages. But while many of their games are well known, the Indians still have others peculiar to themselves, and with which even their near neighbors are but slightly acquainted. Throwing the "snow-snake" is one of the latter; and, although it may not be properly classed as a game, it might, perhaps, if introduced among us, become a great favorite like skating and coasting. A short description of it may be of interest.

The "snow-snake," or *ka-whant*, as it is called in the Onondaga dialect, is made on the principle of the sleigh-runner, and consists of a long hickory pole or stick, with a slight upward curve and point at one end, while the other is provided with a small notch. The under side is made flat and smooth, so as to slip easily over the snow or ice, upon which, when skillfully thrown, it will slide for a long distance. To make it glide still more easily, the under surface is waxed and rubbed with a piece of cloth until beautifully smooth and polished. The pointed end is furnished with a tip of lead or solder, sometimes of a very fancy design.

The length and weight of the snow-snake varies in proportion to the strength of the person for whose use it is intended. Those made for young boys are not more than four or five feet long, while for larger boys and young men they range from six to eight feet in length. They are made somewhat tapering, being largest near the curved end, where they are usually about an inch or an inch and a quarter in width; while they diminish gradually until, at the notched end, the width is not more than five-eighths or three-quarters of an inch.

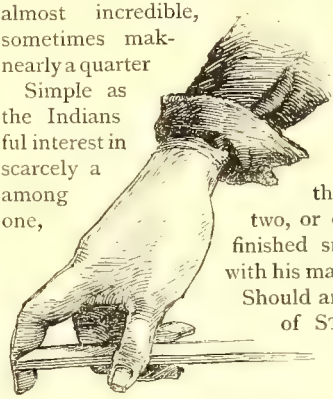
In throwing, the *ka-whant* is held at the smaller end by the thumb and first and second fingers, as shown in the diagram on the next page.

The Indians take great pride in the neatness, accuracy, and fine finish of their snow-snakes, making them only of the strongest and straightest-grained wood, always carefully seasoned.

At the Indian Reservation in Onondaga County, New York, where the winters are long and usually severe, the snow-snake is a great favorite, and a continuous source of amusement. As soon as the jingle of the bells is heard along the frozen highway, and the runners of the heavy "bobs" and wood-sleighs have furrowed the roads with deep, polished grooves, the Indian boys are out, following the sleigh-tracks in small parties, throwing the *ka-whant* in the deep ruts, which it follows through every curve, skipping over the lumps of ice and other inequalities, more like a living creature than a plain hickory stick, and suggesting at once the very appropriate name of the "snow-snake." Although the beaten road-way is usually preferred, the snow-snake may be thrown in almost any situation where the snow is sufficiently firm. On a smooth, level crust, it glides with such rapidity and force that it is said to have been used, when such game was plentiful, in hunting deer and moose. These animals are so nearly helpless in deep snows, that a well-directed snow-snake must have been a very effective weapon.

The game, as generally played, is merely a trial of skill between the players, the object being to throw the *ka-whant* as great a distance as possible. Sides are sometimes chosen, but usually each individual plays for himself. A line being drawn to mark the starting-point, the players step back a few paces. Each grasps his snow-snake, runs forward in his turn to the mark, and, with a vigorous sweep of his arm, sends it sliding and dancing over the snow with the swiftness of an arrow. Each snow-snake bears its owner's mark (an arrow, cross, or star), so that he readily recognizes it, and he whose missile is farthest in advance is declared the winner. In this way a regular champion is chosen. The distance that these contrivances are thrown is almost incredible, skillful players sometimes making casts of nearly a quarter of a mile.

Simple as this game is, the Indians take a wonderful interest in it, and there is scarcely a boy to be found among them who has not one, two, or even three nicely finished snow-snakes, each with his mark carved upon it. Should any of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS attempt this game, they must not be surprised or discouraged if, at the first few trials, their snow-snakes stick their heads through the crust and disappear in the powdery snow beneath, instead of sliding along the surface in the proper way. By digging along for a distance of from twenty to fifty feet, the sticks may usually be recovered, while the slight difficulties of the art can soon be overcome by a little practice and experience.



MANNER OF HOLDING A "SNOW-SNAKE."



HEAD OF A "SNOW-SNAKE."

THE GRATEFUL DOG.

By T. D.

LIT-TLE Tom-my Bax-ter was one day go-ing home from school when he saw some boys who were wor-ry-ing a poor dog. They had tied his hind legs to-geth-er, and were throw-ing stones at him, and strik-ing him with sticks, so as to make him run. They thought it was ver-y fun-ny to see him try to run with his hind legs tied to-geth-er. The poor dog was in great dis-tress, and howled and yelped when-ev-er he was struck by a stone or stick.

Tom-my went up to the boys and told them that they should not do

such a cru-el thing to a poor, help-less dog. But the boys only laughed at him, and went on with their fun.

Then Tom-my put his hand in-to his pock-et and said: "I will give you ten cents, if you will let me have that dog."

There were five boys, and the big-gest of them said: "All right! Give us the mon-ey, and you can have the dog."

Tom-my gave the mon-ey to the boys, and then they laughed at him and went a-way to spend their mon-ey for can-dy.

Tom-my then went up to the poor dog, who was try-ing to gnaw the string from his legs, and pat-ted him on the head. The dog seemed to know that Tom-my was not one of the bad boys, and did not mean to hurt him, for he did not try to get a-way as he had done when-ev-er any of the oth-er boys came near him. Tom-my took out his knife and cut the string from the dog's legs. Then the poor creat-ure sprang up, and be-gan to jump a-round as if he were the hap-pi-est dog a-live. He licked Tom-my's hand, and wagged his tail, as if he were try-ing to say how much o-bliged he was to the lit-tle boy for what he had done.

Tom-my now start-ed for his home, and the dog fol-lowed him for a short time, still jump-ing a-bout and wag-ging his tail. Then he left Tom-my, and ran down the road as fast as he could go.

Three or four months after this, Tom-my was go-ing, one morn-ing, to meet some boys and girls who were to have a pic-nic in the woods. He had his lunch-eon tied up in a nap-kin which he car-ried in his hand. As he was walk-ing a-long, a dog ran up, and be-gan to wag his tail, as if he were ver-y glad to see Tom-my. This was the same dog which Tom-my had saved from the cru-el boys; but he was a young dog then, and had now grown so much that Tom-my did not know him. But the dog re-mem-bered Tom-my ver-y well, jumped up on him, and put his feet a-gainst his breast. "O-ho!" cried Tom-my, "you smell my lunch-eon and want to get it, but you shall not have a bit of it, sir. Go a-way!"

Just then the dog looked up in Tom-my's face, and the boy re-mem-bered that the dog which he had saved from the cru-el boys had looked at him in the same way. He al-so saw that the dog had black ears, al-though his bod-y was near-ly all white, and he had no-ticed that the dog whose legs had been tied had a white bod-y and black ears.

Tom-my was ver-y glad to know that this was the same dog he had saved, and he knew now that the rea-son the dog jumped on him, and seemed so glad to see him, was not be-cause he want-ed some of his lunch-eon, but be-cause he re-mem-bered him, and was grate-ful for what he had done. The dog kept on jump-ing a-round Tom-my and wag-ging

his tail un-til a la-dy who was walk-ing down the road called him. Then he left Tom-my and fol-lowed her.

When Tom-my went home that night, he told his fa-ther all a-bout this dog. Tom-my's fa-ther was much pleased to hear his son's sto-ry, and he



told Tom-my he was glad he had made a friend who re-mem-bered him so well, and who was so grate-ful for his kind-ness to him.

It was not long aft-er this that Tom-my's fa-ther bought the dog of the la-dy who owned him, and gave him to his lit-tle boy. And there nev-er were two bet-ter friends than Tom-my and his dog.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

"THE wind tore through the village, raved in the branches, shrieked through the garrets, whistled past the chimneys, banged the shutters, howled around the corners, blinded people's eyes, and almost swept the children off their feet."

From all of which, as I heard the dear Little School-ma'am read it, I concluded that Mr. Wind must be a very rude and excitable fellow. But the next day, while she was reading from the very same book, I heard with astonishment sentences like these: "The wind crooned a lullaby in the branches";—and "the wind murmured softly in the shrubbery";—and "the wind sighed tenderly above them";—and "a faint wind cooled her heated brow."

And, as I 'm an honest Jack, neither the little lady nor any of her hearers noticed the contradiction of what she had read the day before, nor seemed to think strange of the two accounts of Mr. Wind's doings.

My birds tell me, however, that both statements are true—that he is a terrible fellow when he is angry, but that he is often very kind and gentle. "Why," say they, "the flowers are never so happy as when he frolics with them on sunny days."

I slyly asked a daisy if this were true, one day when the wind was present, and the flower nodded—which, I suppose, settles the fact beyond dispute.

A SELF-WINDING CLOCK.

AN ingenious man in Brussels has made a clock that, without having been touched by any one since it started, has run steadily for a whole year. The works of this clock do not differ from those in common use, save that a fan is so attached as to keep the weights continually wound. This fan is placed in a chimney, and, revolving in the draught, raises the clock-weights until they reach the upper limit, when a brake stops the fan. No fire is necessary, the natural draught being sufficient for the work.

When the Deacon heard of this, he scratched his kindly old chin in a reflective manner, and presently remarked that he had never considered it so much trouble to wind a clock as to make it worth his while to invent some way of obliging the air to do it for him. If he had—— Well, who can say what the Deacon could not invent if he were really to turn his attention to it?

A SPORTING HARE.

A TRAVELING friend of mine has clipped from a French newspaper, and sent to me over seas, this interesting story of a hare that greatly astonished a sportsman of that country:

"An enthusiastic sportsman went to a breakfast given at the commencement of the shooting season. The talk was of game, when suddenly in rushed a servant, exclaiming to the host that a hare had been seen moving about on the lawn. Out went the enthusiastic sportsman, gun in hand, fired at the hare, and missed it. The hare, scratching its nose, stood up on its hind legs, presented a horse-pistol at the sportsman and fired in return. No one was hurt; but the sportsman was naturally astounded, until at last it was explained to him that the hare was a performing animal which had been hired from a neighboring show. The sportsman's charge had, of course, been taken from his gun by the confidential servant, and the whole affair was an amusing and successful practical joke."

THE STINGING-TREE.

DEAR, dear! What a dreadful thing it must be to be a Jack-in-the-Pulpit in Australia, where even the trees are wicked! Now, here is a letter which tells of serious mischief caused by a shrub of that country:

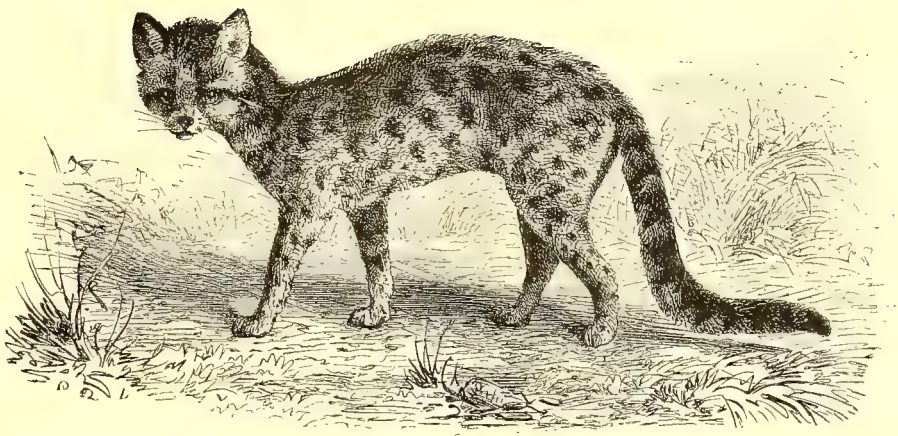
DEAR JACK: Did you ever hear of the "stinging-tree" of Australia? It is described as a shrub very dangerous to the touch, which grows from two or three inches to ten or fifteen feet in height, and emits a disagreeable odor. One traveler describes it as follows: "Sometimes, while shooting turkeys in the scrubs, I have entirely forgotten the stinging-tree till I was warned of its close proximity by its smell, and have often found myself in a little forest of them. I was only once stung, and that very lightly. Its effects are curious: it leaves no mark, but the pain is maddening; and for months afterward the part when touched is tender in rainy weather, or when it gets wet in washing, etc. I have seen a man who was indifferent to ordinary pain roll on the ground in agony after being stung, and I have known a horse to be so completely maddened by the same cause that he rushed open-mouthed at every one who approached him, and had to be shot. Dogs, when stung, will rush about, whining piteously, and they, too, often have to be killed after coming in contact with this terrible stinging-tree."

"PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES."

THAT 'S an old saying, my chicks, and more true than grammatical. There 's the sunflower, for instance, which lately has been held up aloft by folks who thin or fatten, as the case may be, on what is known as "the beautiful."

Now, pretty as the sunflower certainly is, its works outshine it, though they may be neither "æsthetic" nor "poetic." I 'm told that this flower's nut-like seeds are not only extremely valuable as food for poultry, but they also afford an excellent oil, especially useful for lubricating machinery. The residue of the seeds, after the oil has been taken out, makes a sort of cake said to be excellent food for cattle. And finally, the stalks furnish a serviceable fiber, largely used by the Chinese, while the blossoms yield a lasting and brilliant yellow dye.

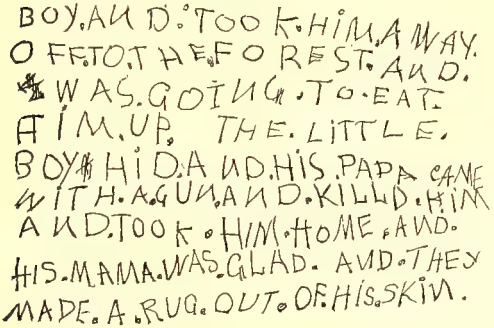
ANOTHER FELLOW WHO WANTS TO BE ANSWERED.



I 'D LIKE TO KNOW IF I 'M NOT AS MUCH OF A FELLOW AS THAT RABBIT-JACKASS OR JACKASS-RABBIT (I FORGET WHICH HE DECIDED TO CALL HIMSELF), SHOWN IN THE DECEMBER ST. NICHOLAS, AND I FLATTER MYSELF THAT I AM NEARLY AS MUCH MIXED UP AS HE IS. NOW, WHAT'S MY NAME, YOUNG JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT-ERS? AND, BY THE WAY, I MAY AS WELL DROP THE HINT THAT I 'M NOT ONE TO BE TRIFLED WITH.

TWO YOUTHFUL COMPOSITIONS.

TALKING of mixed-up things, is not this a very funny story? It is a tiger-tale sent by a little tot five years old,—or rather five years young,—and the Little School-ma'am, while she says I may show you an exact copy of his story just as he wrote it, has taken his name off because she thinks it right to keep that a secret. It 's a fearful recital if read carefully, and, bad as things were for the tiger, they seem to have been even worse for the boy, when you come to think of that rug.



Then here 's another composition which the Little School-ma'am asks me to show you while I am about it, as it is written to one of the subjects given in the December number, and, as she says, "because it is *so* frank and honest":

IF I HAD $1000, WHAT WOULD I DO WITH IT?

As I am such a little boy, if I had $1000 I think I would put it in the saving bank till I became of age. Then I would go and visit some of the most important parts of our country, U. States. I would not go to Europe just then, because I would rather go to see my own country. Some people think if they have been to Europe they have seen enough of the world. But I think different. I have heard of people who have been to Europe and never been to Niagara, or even to Washington yet. I think, if you share your $1000 with some one, you will enjoy it a great deal better than being mean and stingy.

In the first place, I would give $100 to the poor, and $100 to the hospitals, and give my friends $5.00 or $6.00 each. Some boys or girls will think I am bragging, but I am not, I mean what I say; then with the sum I had left I would make up a party and go to Washington, then from there I would go to Niagara Falls, then from there I would go to Watkins Glen, then from there to Canada, then I would return home, by that time I would have a very little money left But I am sure when I was taking these little trips I would be getting some curious things for the Agassiz Association. And then I would think what a nice time I had with my $1000.

Yours truly, WILLIE S——, ten years old.

A MARCH CUSTOM IN WALES.

DEAR JACK: The Welsh have been in the habit, from time immemorial, of wearing a leek in the cap on the first of March. This custom is said to have originated in the circumstance of some Welsh troops, followers of the Black Prince, wearing leeks at the battle of Crecy, in order to distinguish themselves from their enemies. In a very old book, called "The Famous History of the Seven Champions of Christendom," a certain Welshman, Sir David, is made to say to his men, on the eve of battle: "For my colors or ensign do I wear upon my bayonet, you see, a green leek set in gold, which shall, if we win the victory, hereafter be an honor to Wales; and on this day, being the first of March, be it forever worn by Welshmen in remembrance thereof!" Sir David's command, however, is at the present day but little regarded; but on the national holiday a gilt leek is still carried in processions, and a silver one is presented to the head-master at Eton by the Welsh boy of highest rank in the school.

Yours truly, M. W.

THE LETTER-BOX.



MR. ARCHIBALD FORBES.

THERE are very few among the older boy-readers of ST. NICHOLAS who are not familiar with some of the adventures and achievements of Mr. Archibald Forbes, the gallant war-correspondent of the London *Daily News*. And we take pleasure, therefore, in presenting, along with his thrilling narrative, "Where was Villiers?" a pen-portrait of Mr. Forbes himself. For this portrait-sketch we are indebted to the courtesy of the well-known English artist, Mr. Hubert Herkomer,—it being a small pen-and-ink outline of Mr Herkomer's fine portrait of Mr. Forbes, which has attracted so much attention and praise wherever exhibited. The tireless energy and determination which Mr. Forbes has so often manifested in his work are strongly marked in his features, and are plainly expressed in the rough sketch here shown. As Mr. Herkomer has said of him: "He has probably done his hazardous and arduous work better than any other man could have done it. There are many who can write; many who have the gift of observation; many who have physical endurance and pluck; but rarely are all these qualities combined in one individual as they are in Archibald Forbes. And he is as true as steel to those to whom he extends his friendship."

His devotion to his friends is amply illustrated by the story of Villiers. And, aside from the personal interest of the narrative, the account which the intrepid correspondent has here given of a most important and hard-fought battle has all the fire and vividness of his dispatches from the field. We are especially fortunate, moreover, in having secured illustrations from Mr. W. H. Overend, one of the war-artists of the London *Illustrated News*, and himself a personal friend of Villiers.

HERE is a charming long letter, which we print in full because it describes a most interesting event—the first snow-fall, for many years, in the city of San Francisco. Fancy never having seen a snow-storm until you were twelve years old, dear Eastern boys and girls, and you will understand the delight of our far-away friends when the white drifts came down on that last day of the year.

566 WALTON STREET, OAKLAND, CAL.,
December 31, 1882.

DEAR SANTA CL.—I mean ST NICHOLAS: If I had written exactly one week ago, I would have told you of blue skies, a bright sun, green lawns, budding roses, blooming geraniums, fuchsias, and heliotropes, nodding pansies, blossoming violets, and staring chrysanthemums.

And then the very next day was your dear day. Oh, it was just perfect!—too perfect to stay at home after the Christmas presents and greetings had been offered, so our good parents took us children—three happy ones—out to the ocean's side, where we saw many white-winged ships come and go through the Golden Gate, and where we ran on the beach and chased the big waves *down*, and then they chased us *up*, and we were without anything on our heads all the time, and barefoot part of the time.

And *now*, to-day, everything is changed and strange to our eyes. Just at breakfast, my little sister Alma cried out: "Oh, look at the pieces of white cotton out of the window!" Mamma said: "It must be cotton-wood." But my big brother Tom shouted: "It 's snow! Can't you see? *Real* snow!"

Now, this means very little to you, dear ST. NICHOLAS; but please remember this is the first snow out here for twenty years and more, and very, very many had never seen snow at all, and some were frightened.

Pretty soon there was a face pressed against every window up and down our street. Breakfasts were forgotten. Down came the flakes, fast and faster, thick and thicker. Soon one of the neighbor-boys came out, and, gathering some snow, made a snow-ball. That started all hands. In five minutes everybody (except my big brother Tom, who shot himself in the hand the day before—and oh, was n't he mad!) was out in the street gathering snow and pelting each other, and washing faces with snow; and oh, we have had such heaps of jolly fun!

Some of the boys commenced talking about sleds, but none knew how to go about making them, until Addie Kelley (she is n't a boy, though) remembered that ST. NICHOLAS told once how to make real nice ones; and then the magazines were hunted over, and pretty soon saws and hammers, and boys and pieces of wood and nails and ropes, were badly mixed up for a while, and then out came sleds. Some were odd-looking and some were rickety, but all helped to make the fun more furious, and a curious sight it was for us to see them skurrying up and down the street. And oh, oh, what a wonderful jolly day it has been! Nobody went to Sunday-school; and even our pastor threw two snow-balls at my papa, who is a deacon, and Papa got him down on the ground and crammed snow down his back till he just howled, and then Papa let him up. Then they went into our house and had some hot ginger-tea with sugar, to keep from catching cold. They both liked it very much—the tussle in the snow, I mean.

But it 's a very different day from one little week ago, dear ST. NICK. The skies are dead-gray; the sun is somewhere else; the grass is covered with white; the rose-leaves are scattered; the boughs of the geraniums, fuchsias, and heliotropes trail to the ground; the pansies are sleeping beneath pure white sheets; the violets (dead, perhaps) are buried from sight; while the chrysanthemums still stand erect and stare, but with a frightened look.

And now it 's beginning to grow dark, and the night of the year's last day is coming. People are saying, "Wish you a Happy New-Year," and I send the same wish over thousands of miles till it reaches your ears; and not only one do I wish you, but many, *many*, and MANY more, in which to make us children happier and wiser and better. Yours, with love,

MARY LIZZIE SPEAR.

P. S.—Please give my love, also, to Jack-in-the-Pulpit.

As the four subjects for composition,* we give this month the following:

MY FRIEND, THE SUN.
THE HUNGER OF THE RICH.
KITE-TIME.
A RIDE ON A RAILROAD.

BERTHA L. W. copies and sends to the Letter-box the following curious enigma:

Twice ten are six of us,
Six are but three;
Nine are but four of us;
What can it be?
Would you know more of us?
I' ll tell you more:
Seven are but five of us,
Five are but four.

Answer: The number of letters contained in each of the numerals mentioned.

THE following is one of many pleasant letters we have received concerning performances of "The False Sir Santa Claus":

LOUISVILLE, KY., Jan. 6, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been taking you for several years, and feel that we can not part with you. We thought that you would be pleased to know that Mamma had "The False Sir Santa Claus" (published in the November number) for our Christmas-tree enter

* See ST. NICHOLAS for December, page 156.

tainment. There were about ninety persons present, and they all thought it was so good that she was induced to give it at the Sunday-school entertainment. There were several hundred persons present that night, and it was enjoyed very much. Mamma said she felt more than paid for her trouble to hear how heartily the children laughed. I hope you will always go on, and make us as happy as ever. Your constant reader, CARRIE E. S.

A SAD interest is attached to the little poem, "Kitty's Prayer," published in this number, because it was written by a girl, one of four sisters — Bessie, aged 21; Corinne, aged 19; Mildred, aged 9; and Pauline, aged 7 — who were drowned July 4, 1879. It was little Pauline who made the remark concerning her kitty which suggested the poem, and Corinne put the incident into verse.

"UTICA" sends $4.00 for The Children's Garfield Fund.

NEW CANAAN, Dec. 12, 1882.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sure that the boys and girls of New Canaan ought to feel as if they knew you a little bit better than some of your other readers. I will tell you why. In your November number Deacon Green speaks of shooting at a grebe in Justus Hoyt's mill-pond here. Tell the Deacon that the pond and mill are still here, but I don't believe there is a grebe within a great many miles of it. I think, too, that Miss Eva Ogden must have played by the pond a great many times; she lived here for many years.

I guess she must have been thinking of the mill when she wrote "The Miller of Dee." Here is something which I composed for fun:

The miller of Dee
Planted a pea;
The pea did grow,
The miller did hoe.
At last the miller got a rake,
And raked away till his back did ache.

CHARLIE L. DEMERITT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have all been trying our hands at making as many words as possible from your name, and the result is inclosed. We have made many more than George W. Barnes, and perhaps our success is due to our familiarity with the Letter Game, or "Logomachy," as it is called. The game, which we found a pleasant one during the long winter evenings, is played as follows: Each player, in succession, draws a letter from a pile of letters, all lying with their faces downward, till some words are formed. The words thus made are left in plain sight, to be lengthened, altered, or added to, or, as is often the case, to be captured bodily by an opponent. For instance, Papa had the words, "met," "horse," "abbot," "lace," and "salt"; I drew the letter "b" and with it took Papa's word "lace," which I transposed to "cable." I remember once I made the word "garnet," which I felt pretty sure of keeping; but Papa drew an "a," and made "tanager," so of course I lost it. The one who has the most words, when all the letters are drawn, wins the game. It is against the rules to change a word to another tense or number by adding "d" or "s."

Yours truly, M. W.

George W. Barnes has been quite outdone. The list of boys and girls who have made more than 72 words out of the letters of "St. Nicholas" is too long for us to print here.

AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION — TWENTY-FOURTH REPORT.

AN APPEAL TO SPECIALISTS.

WHEN, two years ago, we began to extend our Society by means of the ST. NICHOLAS, we did not have an entirely definite plan, because we could not foresee how many members we should gain. So the first few Chapters found us comparatively unprepared for their reception. We had to send circulars to many, instead of cordial personal letters, such as our heart prompted, and we were fain to leave them thereafter pretty much to their own devices. Even now, the pressure of our correspondence is so great, that many a letter which should have a prompt and hearty answer if it were one of twenty, has to be put off with a scant acknowledgment because it is one of a thousand. Still, we are gaining in system, and are able better than heretofore to direct and encourage the delightful enthusiasm of our members. Much excellent and valuable work is being done in every direction, but we are by no means satisfied. There are much wider possibilities before us. Each Chapter must come to be a power in its own community, a center of scientific intelligence. To it should come the farmer and the laborer, to learn about each curious or destructive insect. It should have a library open for public use. All our members must be missionaries, spreading abroad the sweet truths of Nature. But, to accomplish all this, we must first gain definite knowledge ourselves — the younger, as we have always insisted, by actual observation only; the elder by that, too, but also from the printed record of the observations of others. As we grow out of childhood, we must grow less desultory in our work — more scientific. We have been much gratified to find that our members invariably do this very thing. Accurate observation creates a desire for accurate words in which to record nice distinctions; and every *growing* boy and girl presently writes to learn how to analyze flowers and determine minerals. Now, no one man can be a specialist in more than one or two departments; and a bright boy who devotes himself to *coleoptera*, for instance, soon knows more about beetles than any of his teachers. He soon gets beyond the help of Harris, or any general entomologist, and then he writes to us for aid. Of course, the same is true of mollusks, ferns, grasses, birds, and all the rest.

Our plan has been to receive all such questions, and refer them to such gentlemen of our acquaintance as could most likely answer them. But the range of our scientific acquaintance has limits, although the patience of our friends has as yet proved exhaustless; and we now wish to ask for the names of specialists in every branch of science to whom we may refer questions in their several departments. Therefore, if any coleopterist, algologist, archæologist, mineralogist, filicist (if that will do for a fern-man), or any other large-hearted specialist who may chance to read this paper, will send us his name as one who is willing to answer questions in his line, until further notice, we are sure that nothing could possibly occur to add greater value to the work of our Agassiz Association, and make it of more scientific consequence. We have an army of five thousand willing soldiers. We need a larger number of generous *aids-de-camp*.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	*Name.*	*Members.*	*Secretary's Address.*
392.	Barton, Ala. (A)	6	Charles Nelson.
393.	S. Evanston, Ill. (A)	5	Cornelia B. Adams.
394.	Philadelphia, Pa. (M)	4	Isaac Ford, 1823 Vine St.
395.	Montreal, Canada. (A)	12	W. D. Shaw, 34 St. Peter St.
396.	Springville, N. Y. (A)	10	E. Everett Stanbro.

NOTES FROM MEMBERS, CHAPTERS, AND FRIENDS.

We had an interesting meeting last week. Five specimens to show, and all different. One green worm formed its cocoon in less than a day from the time it was caught, and a large one it is, brown and fibrous. Another lovely brown one spent two days in frisking around its prison before it submitted and rolled itself up. Another old fellow I found quite accidentally. I was out walking, and seeing some down clinging to a dry stick, tried to pick it off, when I found a bright black head at the end of it. It has white spines sticking all over its body. I am going to keep it, and see if it will amount to anything. My most interesting one is coiled around a mass of white web, in which is a little opening. Out of this occasionally walks a little fly. One day, I watched the little flies come out of those small cocoons which sometimes cover the tomato-worm. A little round place was cut out of the end as smoothly as though done by a very sharp knife, all except a tiny place, left as a hinge. M. INA PROHL.

One of our members has a *tarantula*. The body is an inch in length. It has ten long legs, covered entirely with brown hair. The Doctor feeds it little pieces of liver or beef, the juice of which the spider sucks out. It is pretty lively.

WM. R. NICHOL, Albany, N. Y.

During two months I collected ninety-five specimens of wild flowers. There is a flower here — *Calochortus venustus*, I think — which can be safely handled unless it is picked to pieces. In that case it is terribly poisonous.

H. W. CARDWELL, Portland, Oregon.

Geo. Powell, Secretary of Chapter 266, St. Clair, Pa., sends the following: "Number of members at last report, 30; at present, 33. Specimens collected since last report, 116; total number, 600; for exchange, 21."

Ottawa, Illinois (Sec. Edgar Eldredge), tells of "numerous little tunnels" discovered in a sand rock. "In the bottom of each was a little soft-bodied insect which proved to be the larva of the ant-lion. They are still alive in a box of sand in the window, where they dig their tunnels, and stay in them all covered but their

heads, and in some way attract the flies.". The Chapter will exchange gypsum and fresh-water clam-shells.

Freeland, Pa. (Sec. G. Belles), is working for new books and a microscope. Nashua, N. H., commenced its third year November 19th, with Fred. W. Greeley, Box 757, retained as Secretary. They have introduced a new feature — standing committees on different branches. They report on some subject at each meeting, and have charge of a department in the museum.

In the August report, Harrie Hancock speaks of a stone that will bend. A sandstone is found in North Carolina that has the same property. It is called *itacolumite*, and the bending is supposed to be caused by each grain fitting into a socket.

ELLISTON J. PEROT.

HARTFORD, CONN.

During the past summer, most of us made collections. We have pickled small snakes and frogs. We saw a snake eat a frog. We collected sea-weeds. Several are rearing caterpillars. One presses flowers. One saw a sea-serpent in Penobscot Bay. It was about thirty feet long. We knew it was a sea-serpent, because the captain of the boat said it was. [!] We saw some things that had been dredged from the bottom of the sea. One was a long tube that a worm had lived in. Some of us have been keeping a hermit crab. We put it in salt water and it came out of its shell! One was walking in the woods and started up five or six partridges. [Partridges in Conn.? Are you certain they were not ruffed grouse?] One saw sandpipers with their long legs and beaks, and another found a sandpiper's nest. We kept little blank-books, and every day wrote down what we had seen. One of us kept a horseshoe crab and fed it clams. This winter we are all studying birds and moths.

FRANCIS PARSONS.

[A most excellent record, and yet only one out of a thousand equally interesting.]

ST. HELENA, CAL.

We visited the "Petrified Forest" in the Coast Range. It contains trunks and fragments of about three hundred trees. The largest is sixty-eight feet long and eleven feet in diameter, and through a fracture grows a live oak, ten inches in diameter. The petrifaction appears to be calcareous, but many specimens have tiny quartz crystals on them, and we secured one, evidently the end of a log, which has a coating of chalcedony.

SEC. ST. HELENA CHAPTER.

ERLANGER, KY.

We have learned that *Epigæa repens* can be transplanted in September. We read the report of the Forestry Congress held in Cincinnati, got very much into the notion of tree-planting, and did set out some, but it was almost too late in the fall. We intend to set out a grove and call it Agassiz Grove. We think the A. A. could do something toward keeping up the forests. The smallest child can drop nuts along the lines of permanent fences. We are going to plant thickets of flowering shrubs in all waste places about here, to induce the small birds to build near us. We have already prepared a great many cuttings of honeysuckle and tree-box.

I wish you would give a large space to explaining the proper motive for collecting. Many seem to collect for the sake of collecting. I judge from letters I receive that some care more for the specimens than for the knowledge to be gained from them. I know an old man who has a remarkably fine collection, and he cares as much for two old grape-shot that he bought, as he does for his finest fossil; and though he has so many, he can't tell the fossils of one age from those of another. We are getting up a wild garden, and are anxious to get a specimen of *Hepatica* from some of our Northern friends.

LILLIE M. BEDINGER.

I have been noticing the direction in which plants twine. The bean, Madeira vine, and morning glory twine in the same direction, but the hop vine in the opposite direction. My smilax I am not quite sure about. We had a live horned toad loaned to us a few days ago, which was sent here from California. It is really a lizard. It is five inches long, with a wide, flat body. It is pictured in "Tenney's Manual." It is now very sluggish and stupid, moving only when disturbed, and eating nothing.

One of the boys brought in a curious insect a few days ago — a white, fuzzy-looking thing with only rudiments of wings. I found, on examining Harris, that it was the female *Orgyia* (moth), which never leaves its cocoon after its transformation, but lays its eggs and then dies. The male is winged.

E. S. FIELD.

We have found on what bush the walking-stick feeds. [Is it a secret? We wish to know, too.] I have found *Attacus Polyphemus* feeding on beech trees. This was a surprise to me, for I had thought they fed only on the oak.

GAYLORD MILES.

I am sixteen years old and an entomologist. I have 1700 specimens, which I keep in boxes made by Burr, of Camden, N. J. I have had very little trouble with the museum pest.

When I began to study, I was taught from Morse's first book of Zoölogy, and have since branched out on my own responsibility, and learned more by my observation than I ever did from books. I write my notes in a blank-book, and make figures to illustrate them. I have learned to date everything, and intend to make a local calendar. I wish to correspond and exchange with members of the A. A. I have the advantage of knowing an experienced professor of coleoptera

EDWARD G. MCDOWELL,
264 West Baltimore st., Baltimore, Md.

I have experimented with kittens, and have found that if two ribbons, one of a bright scarlet, and the other black, be placed before them, they will play with the former in preference to the latter.

C. FREEMAN.

COLUMBUS, WIS.

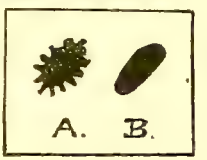
We have twenty members. We hold our meetings in the High School, under the direction of Prof. G. E. Culver. The boys have commenced a collection of the several kinds of wood that grow here. The Board of Education have been kind enough to furnish us with a microscope which magnifies 500 diameters. I hope that all other Chapters will meet with like good fortune. ADA E. GRUDY, Sec.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

Chapter B has thirteen members. The Secretary preserves all essays. The cabinet contains local ores, petrifactions, and shells. We have had labels printed for our botanical specimens. At the mouth of the Columbia River is a mound composed almost entirely of concretions, which, when broken, contain most beautiful shells. They are of various sizes, from an inch to ten feet in diameter.

H. W. CARDWELL, Sec.

Many of the pollen-grains I have examined are prickly, as indicated by A, in the accompanying illustration, while others are smooth, as in B. I have accordingly divided into two groups the flowers I have examined, one list having smooth and one prickly pollen. The result is:



Smooth.	*Prickly.*
Nasturtium,	Chrysanthemum,
Buttercup,	Dandelion,
Carnation,	Ageratum,
Rose,	Golden-rod.
Heliotrope,	
Corn.	

I examined this list carefully, hoping to find some order in it, and at last it struck me that the only two endogenous plants in the collection were on the smooth side. I procured two more endogenous plants, and to my great delight found their pollen-grains smooth also. This suggests a possible rule: "Endogenous flowers have smooth pollen"; but it would be absurd to consider this as more than suggested by four instances.

I shall try to add to the list next time, and I hope others will do the same. A lens of very moderate power shows the outline of the grain, if a strong light be thrown from below. I earnestly hope that some endogenous plant will not dash my hopes by being found prickly before next month.

A WORKER.

[It will be a helpful thought to this energetic worker to remember that it will be as important to disprove her supposed rule as to prove it. The point is, to learn what is true, and in that there can be no hope-dashing. Our little friend is doing exactly the right sort of work, and others should follow directly in her footsteps.]

Too late for extract come good arguments on the geode question from Howard Williams, Mary E. Cooke, Mattie Packard, Minnie M. Dyke, and several others, the best of all being a beautifully executed MS. from the C Chapter of Washington, D. C.

EXCHANGES.

Correspondence in West and South.—William Carter, Waterbury, Conn.

Cocoons of *Luna*, etc., and butterflies and moths for others.—W. D. Keerrfott, Wilmington, Del.

Birds' eggs, sets and single.—Chas. E. Doe, 28 Wood st., Providence, R. I.

Correspondence on ornithology and oölogy.—Charles D. Gibson, Dover, Del.

Our duplicates are exhausted, and we can not make any more exchanges.—E. L. Roberts, Denver, Col.

Pressed autumn leaves, for edelweiss.—Alice M. Guernsey, Wareham, Mass.

Dendrites.—Josie M. Hopkins, Sec., Newton Upper Falls, Mass.

Soil of Illinois.—C. F. Gettimy, Box 298, Galesburg, Ill.

Correspondence, with view to exchange.—Robt. G. Leavitt, Sec., Webster, Mass.

Silver ore, for a Death's-head moth.—P. S. Clarkson, Beverly, N. J.

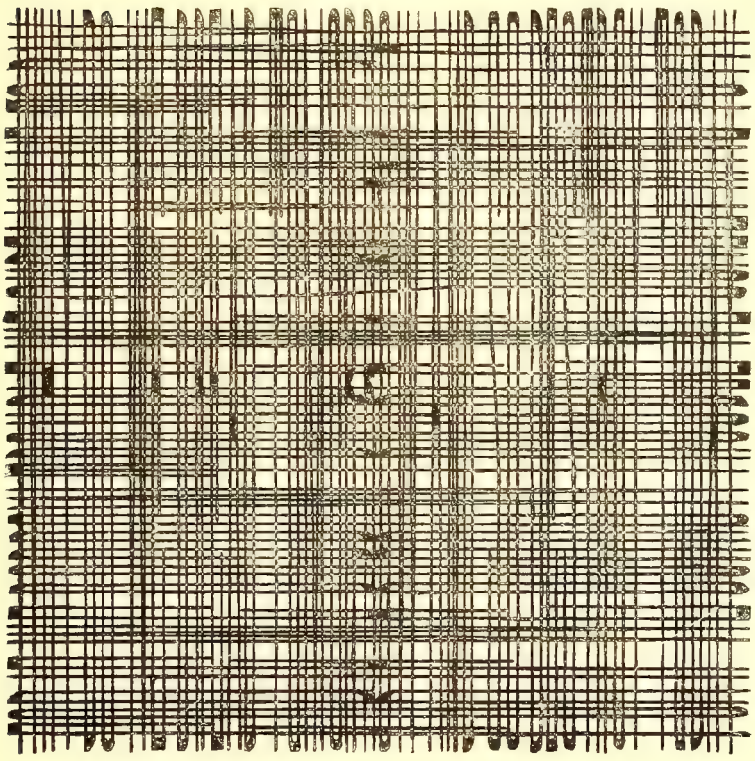
Birds' eggs, fossils, shells, and insects.—Edward C. Fallick, Sydney, New South Wales.

Cocoons, red coral, lava from Sandwich Islands, etc.—Arthur H. Bowditch, Box 510, Brookline, Mass.

All communications concerning the "Agassiz Association" should be addressed to HARLAN H. BALLARD, Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE.



THE foregoing illustration contains a couplet describing the fate of those who "borrow trouble."

RHOMBOID.

ACROSS: 1. Sluggish. 2. Open to view. 3. A famous epic poem. 4. Narratives 5. Marks made by blows.

DOWNWARD: 1. In assistance. 2. A word of denial. 3. A biblical character. 4. To be leased. 5. To set the foot. 6. A plate of baked clay. 7 A haunt. 8. A familiar abbreviation. 9. In assistance. H. H. D.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS & REMAINDERS.

1. SYNCOPATE listened to, and leave a number of cattle. 2. Syncopate severe, and leave to mince and mix. 3. Syncopate a common French word meaning ingenuous, and leave part of a church. 4. Syncopate a substance which exudes from certain trees, and leave to restrain. 5. Syncopate an ore, and leave a repast. 6. Syncopate to bend forward, and leave to halt. 7. Syncopate a man's name, and leave an equal. 8. Syncopate to divide evenly, and leave to possess. 9. Syncopate a knot of silk or yarn, and leave cuticle.

The syncopated letters, placed in the order here given, spell the name of a famous philosopher who was the instructor of Alexander the Great R. H. LOW.

WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. SLUGGISH. 2. Not at any time. 3. To elude. 4. A kind of rampart. 5. A river of England. II 1. To detest. 2. Valorous. 3. A place of safety. 4. Open to view. 5. Leases. III. 1. To rub so as to produce a harsh sound. 2. A bird of a black color. 3. To turn aside. 4. Concise. 5. To go into.

"CHARLES" and "ALLIE B."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials spell the name of a well-known poet, born in 1759; the finals, one of his poems.

Cross-words: 1. Uproar. 2. A lengthy musical composition. 3. Flower. 4. To resound. 5. Heedless. 6. Worthless matter. 7. A tropical fruit. 8. A fabulous animal, often represented in heraldry. 9. A rebellion. 10. A beginner. 11. To cleanse.

DYCIE.

WORD SYNCOPATIONS.

EXAMPLE: Take a marsh from a yellowish paint, and leave a sport. ANSWER: Gam-bog-e.

1. Take a long bone from a Roman magistrate, and leave a melody. 2. Take level from an income, and leave to regret. 3. Take a small boy from an illness, and leave a month of blossoms. 4. Take untamed from to confuse, and leave a beverage.

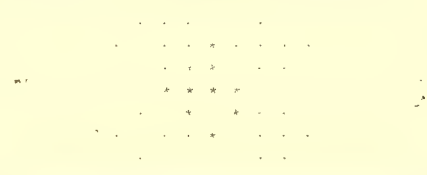
PERRY ADAMS.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of seventy-two letters, and am a famous poet's definition of wit, embodied in a couplet.

My 25-52-11-28-19 is to protect. My 15-65-50-32-10-44 is size. My 8-39 is said by Touchstone to be "your only peacemaker." My 66-14-46-20-61 is to verify. My 23-42-70-53-64 is to partake of. My 21-33-59 is tumult. My 72-47-9-40 is dry particles of earth. My 37-17-54-48-13-71 is a language. My 6-22 is a preposition. My 41-18-69-35 is to cleanse. My 67-3-16 is a track made by a wheel. My 43-12-68-56-27 is a horse. My 58-1-38-5 is to pack closely. My 24-51-36-31-45 is to disconcert. My 34-57-55-30-7-63-29-2 is a professional athlete. My 60-49-26-4-62 is a circular frame turning on an axis. A. E. S. N.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS.



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. In doctor. 2. An exclamation. 3 A guide to mariners. 4. Skill. 5 In doctor.

III. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. In doctor. 2. An epoch. 3. To tend 4 An industrious insect. 5. In doctor.

III. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In doctor. 2. A beverage. 3. Lukewarm. 4. Succor. 5. In doctor.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In doctor. 2. By the way of 3. Timorous. 4. Melody. 5. In doctor.

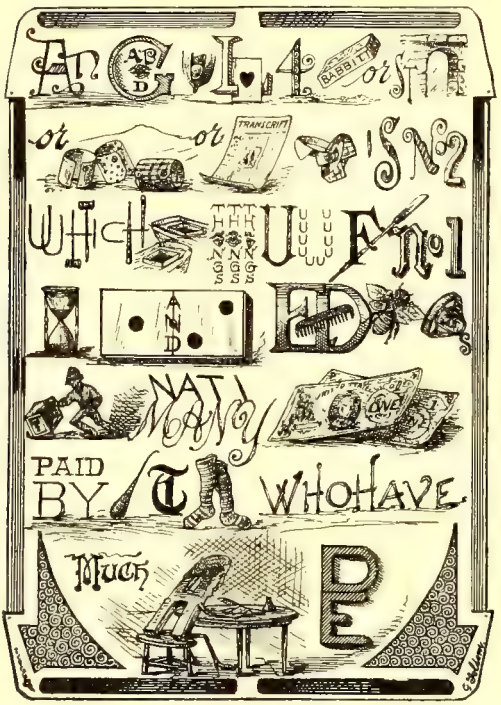
V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In doctor. 2. Condensed vapor. 3. A railway station. 4. Achieved. 5. In doctor.

"MARNA AND BAE."

CHARADE.

WITHOUT my *second*, my *first* were naught;
My *second* from distant lands is brought;
And if my *whole* you happen to be,
A whipping good were the thing for thee. W. H. A.

PICTORIAL CHARADE.



THE accompanying illustration should first be read as a rebus. The answer will be a charade consisting of four lines. This should, in turn, be solved as if it were printed like similar charades. The answer is a compound word which is very familiar to all the readers of ST. NICHOLAS. G. F.

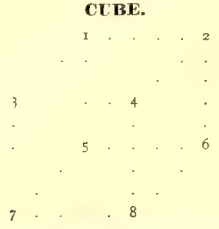
TWO CROSS-WORD ENIGMAS.

I. My first is in Cupid, but not in love;
My second is in Aaron, but not in rod;
My third is in Venus, but not in dove:
And my whole is the name of a sylvan god.

II. My first is in valiant, but not in strong;
My second is in squadron, but not in fleet;
My third is in carol, but not in song;
My whole is the name of a mountain in Crete.

DYCIE.

CUBE.



FROM 1 to 2, nautical; 2 to 6, to anger; 5 to 6, peaceful; 1 to 5, principles; 3 to 4, to keep; 4 to 8, pertaining to Normandy; 7 to 8, the flag which distinguishes a company of soldiers; 3 to 7, a city in Wisconsin; 1 to 3, to secure by anchors; 2 to 4, to merit by labor; 5 to 7, part of a shoe; 6 to 8, smooth. "NOVICE."

DIAMOND.

1. IN gales. 2. The jurisdiction of a bishop. 3. Coast. 4. A wild animal found in India and Africa. 5. To rub out. 6. Before. 7. In wind. ALMA.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

ANAGRAMS. 1. Porcelain. 2. German silver. 3. Maple wood.

DIAMOND. 1. T. 2. Tin. 3. Times. 4. Timbrel. 5. Nerve. 6. See. 7. L.

DIAMOND IN A HALF-SQUARE. HALF-SQUARE: 1. Revered. 2 Eroded. 3. Voted. 4. Eden 5. Red. 6. (R)Ed. 7. D.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Second line, Washington. Fourth line (before erroneously printed fifth line), Longfellow. CROSS-WORDS: 1. TWiLl. 2. LAbOr. 3. USiNg. 4. SHaGs. 5. TIfFs. 6. ANgEr. 7. AGiLe. 8. STiLl. 9. COlOn. 10. GNaWs.

PROVERB REBUS. One swallow does not make a summer.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Transit; finals, Of Venus. Cross-words: 1. TyrO. 2. ReeF. 3. AzoV. 4. NonsensE. 5. SampsoN. 6. IguacU. 7. TuskS.

FEBRUARY PUZZLE. Valentine. Cross-words: 1. Con-vent-s. 2. Pal-aver-er. 3. P-laud-its. 4. L-ever-et. 5. Ho-nest-y. 6. S-tern-ly. 7. Fl-inch-ed. 8. Re-name-d. 9. S-even-ty.

COMBINATION PUZZLE. DIAGONALS, from left to right, Ireland; from right to left, England. CROSS-WORDS: 1. IrksomE. 2. PRayiNg. 3. SlEdGes. 4. ZeaLous. 5. BlAtAnt. 6. INstaNt. 7. DisbanD.

I. CROSS-WORDS: 1. I-rate. 2. R-over. 3. E-bony. 4. L-earn. 5. A-part. 6. N-once. 7. D-ream. BEHEADED LETTERS: Ireland; letters represented by heavier dots, when transposed, Poor.

II. CROSS-WORDS: 1. Plum-E. 2. Hero-N. 3. Swan-G. 4. Pane-L. 5. Faun-A. 6. Sire-N. 7. Free-D. CURTAILED LETTERS: England; letters represented by heavier dots, when transposed, Powerful.

WORD SQUARES. I. 1. Omaha. 2. Medal 3. Adage. 4. Hagar. 5 Alert. II. 1 Chasm 2. Haste. 3. Aspen. 4. Steed. 5. Mends. III 1 Sugar 2. Usage. 3. Gales. 4. Agent. 5. Rests.

PREFIX PUZZLE 1. Y. 2. Ay. 3 Ray. 4. Pray. 5. Spray.

THE names of those who send solutions are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO DECEMBER PUZZLES were received, too late for acknowledgment in the February number, from Francis W. Islip, Leicester, England, 9 — Jessie Hope, London, England, 2 — A. Robinson, 1 — C. and L. E. Yelkenih, 9 — W. Kinsey, 1 — M. A. Cramer, 1 — Salope, 1 — C. Knack, 1 — Inez K. Knowlton, 1 — Edith McKeever and her cousin, Heidelberg, Germany, 9.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 20, from Fannie M. Brown, 1 — Frank Goertner, 1 — T. C. Marshall, 1 — Livingston Ham, 4 — T. W. C., 9 — L. P. G., 1 — Eisseb Sregor, 8 — Mathilde, 2 — Alice Read, 1 — George T. Parker, 1 — Ella Shaw, 2 — Adele Ronyon, 3 — Fanny W. Belding, 4 — Sadie L. Rhodes. 7 — Nicholas Nilsson, 2 — "Stars and Stripes," 6 — Robert R. LaMonte, 6 — "Gretchen," 3 — Minnie B. Murray, 9 — Olive M. Allen, 7 — C. Yelkenih, 8 — Grace L. Dickie, 2 — Mary and Nathalie, 6 — Millie R. and H. L., 1 — Christopher Noss, 5 — "Cold Moon," 8 — George Mather, 5 — H. A. Davis, 9 — Emma C. Wirth, 3 — Samuel H Camp, 3 — Nellie Caldwell, 2 — Professor and Co., 10 — Helen A. Comly, 1 — Vesta and Hattie, 1 — Helen F. Turner, 9 — "A. P. Owder, Jr." 8 — Sam Pell, 8 — Carrie O. Kochtitzky, 5 — Gertie Gordan, 2 — F. Benedict, 1 — Effie K. Talboys, 6 — "Alcibiades," 7 — Etta M. Taylor, 2 — R T. Losee, 10 — Agnes Alma Spear and her Papa, 9 — Amateur, 9 — Minnie Woodbury, 3 — Geraldine, 6 — T. S. Palmer, 7 — Howard S., 5 — Hessie D Boylston, 5 — Constance Robinson, 10 — Charles, 7 — Daisy Vail, 4 — H K. Reynolds, 2 — Immo, 10 — John K. Miles, 3 — "The Houghton Family," 9 — Julia F. Pember, 7 — Bessie H. Smith, 8 — Chas. A. Walton, 5 — Daisy V. R., 5 — Harry L. Reed, 10 — Annie S. Davis, 1 — Maggie M. Perkins, — Maggie Tolderlund, 1 — "Fairview Nursery," 5 — Florence Galbraith Lane, 8 — Clara and her Aunt, 9 — John C and Wm. V. Moses, 10 — Benjamin Woodward, 3 — George V. Curtis, 5 — Vin and Henry, 6 — Percival Phelan, 1 — Sallie Viles, 8 — Elizabeth, 6 — Vee Cornwell, 7 — Harry Wicks, 2 — Anna and Alice, 10 — Paul Reese, 8 — Thomas J Turner, 6 — Lucy Schroeder, 1 — Fannie Louise Woodford, 1 — Lillie C. Lippert, 10 — "Jumbo, Jr.," 1 — Bertha Guthman, 3 — Appleton H., 9 — D. B. Shumway, 6 — Gertrude Lansing and Julia Wallace, 8 — A. D. Close, 5 — Clara J. Child, 10 — Queen Bess, 8 — J. C. Winne, 1.

Numerals denote the number of puzzles solved.



"SNOW IN SPRING-TIME."

[FROM A PAINTING BY GEORGE H. BOUGHTON.]

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. X. APRIL, 1883. NO. 6.

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THE SUMMONS.

BY AVIS GREY.

DOOR-KEEPER of the year,—
April, the opener,—hear!
We wait without, and cry to thee:
With the sunshine's golden key
Open to us straight
The grim and guarded gate,
Whose frowning barriers rise
'Twixt us and softer skies.

We wait without and call:
Myriads we of creatures small,
Multitudes of living things,
Sheathèd blades and folded wings,
Baby germs in close-coiled rings.
Frozen earth-clods hold us down,
Sullen skies above us frown;
Thou alone canst liberate—
April, free us from our strait!

We stand without and wait,
We call and cry together—
All in the wild March weather.
Shrill and importunate
Our summons thrills the air
And pierces everywhere;
And they who do not know,—
Who lack the finer sense
Of Nature-love intense,—
Crouch closer to the fire,
Stirred till it blazes higher,
And, shiv'ring, mutter low,
"How drearily the March-winds blow!"

LOUIS'S LITTLE JOKE.

BY KATHARINE R. MCDOWELL.



T was fortunate for Louis that the opportunity for his little joke fell on April-Fools' Day. But how he could have had it in his heart to want to fool Esther, as she bustled around, so bright and happy, tying on her checked apron, would have seemed beyond explanation, had he not said, under his breath, a moment before:

"I 'll pay her for this!"

The offense to which he thus referred lay in the fact that Esther had paid no attention to the request which he had shouted to her, as he saw her take a telegram from a messenger at the gate:

"Let me see it, Esther! How many of them are coming?"

But she flew straight to the house, and into the kitchen, exclaiming:

"Oh, Becky! Five of them, and they 'll be here for supper. I can sit at the head, can't I, Becky? And you 'll make chocolate for me to serve, wont you? And oh! dear Becky, please, *please* can't I make the custard?"

"Bress your heart, yes," said Rebecca; "an' Becky 'll make you whateber you want. An' de blue set ob china?" she asked, a moment later.

"Oh, yes, Becky — they 're so pretty; and the little crystal cups for my custard, so 't will show through." And she danced merrily about the room.

"Where 's that telegram?" demanded Louis, nearly out of breath from his sudden descent of a tree and rapid run for the house.

"There, on the table, Louis. I could n't stop, I was in such a hurry to tell Becky," explained Esther, as she broke some eggs and carefully separated whites and yolks. "It 's going to be my supper, Louis, and I 'm going to have ——"

"I don't care for your supper," growled Louis. "And I 'm going to pay you, before the day 's over, for not letting me see that telegram at first."

"Oh, Louis! please do not play any more tricks on me," pleaded his cousin. "I told Becky first, because I knew she 'd take more interest in my supper. What do boys care how things are made? They 'd rather go fishing or ——"

But Louis interrupted her with:

"Never mind the fishing, though I suppose you 'll harp on it for years."

"How harp on it?" asked Esther, still intent on her eggs.

"Miss Innocence does n't know, then, that the fellows said they 'd stop for me when they went to the mill-pond to-day, and then all dashed by the house, waving their baskets and not giving me a chance to get in?"

The egg-beater rested on the edge of the bowl.

"Why, how selfish, Louis! I saw them waving, and waved back at them from the piazza, but I did n't know you expected them to stop."

"You waved back at them?" exclaimed Louis, almost frantically. "Well, that 's just like a girl! And now they 'll think you understood the joke, and like enough you did."

"Was it a joke?" asked Esther, opening wide her large gray eyes.

"Then Miss Innocence probably does n't know this is the first of April?"

But Esther had every reason to know it. From the moment that Louis had shouted "April Fool!" when she called to Becky, "I can't get my sleeve on — it 's all twisted," to the time when she found her knife and fork sewed to the table-cloth at dinner, the morning had been a series of similar shouts from Louis Perkins.

"She 's the best one to play tricks upon," he kept saying to himself. "Never suspects, no matter what a fellow does!"

"I don't believe in cruel jokes," said Esther, slowly — "anything that will make anybody else feel hurt; do you, Louis?"

"Oh, you 're very careful of other people's feelings; we all know that," said Louis, tantalizingly, as he slammed the kitchen-door.

"Now, I ought to go and entertain him," thought the forbearing Esther. "I 'll take my eggs out on the piazza and beat them there. Louis!" she called, "come and whittle here, wont you, and let 's talk about the fun when the folks come?"

"If Howard comes, I don't care about the rest," said Louis, apparently in better humor. "He 's the only one who likes fun. Take care, Essie, you 'll spill them!" cried Louis, warningly, as Esther turned the platter of beaten whites upside-down.

"No, I wont," laughed Esther, merrily; "that shows they 're done."

"They don't keep in that shape, do they?" asked Louis, showing interest despite himself.

"They would keep just like this for hours, but it 's better to let them rest on boiling water for a moment," said the little housekeeper, as she held

a "floating island" aloft on the beater. "Is n't it pretty?"

Louis vouchsafed no answer. Had those snowy blankets not been swinging on the clothes-line, his thoughts, perhaps, would not have run in the channel they did. But Rebecca had been washing, and he had noticed her tubs on the back piazza. They were covered with a foam that was so firm one could have sliced it with a knife. Louis had taken a handful of it and found that it did not liquefy or "dissolve." When he saw Esther making the *méringue*, its resemblance to the foam on the suds struck him, and another thought was in his mind as well, when he went back on the piazza again to see if the suds had lost all form.

No, there they were, just as they had appeared an hour before. Rebecca was still making preparations for the new-comers, and had not taken the time to empty the tubs.

"All of which shows," thought the bad boy, "that I can put a platterful of this in place of what Essie has made, and have it go on the table. Imagine the faces they 'll make! Essie wont know what the matter is, and Becky will be so bothered! It will be the best joke yet! I think Essie 'll let me read telegrams first after this," and he walked off for a moment to plan it all out.

"Oh, no; I don't put it on till the very last thing," said the unsuspecting Esther, in answer to his question. "I shall run down cellar just before supper, and put a little of the froth on top of each custard; and you know, Louis, we 're going to use the little crystal glasses! 'T will be just as nice as though Mamma were here, wont it, Becky?"

"If Rebecca's suds don't last, I can make some more with the same soap while they 're all visiting," thought Louis, "and run down with them just before supper. And to think that Es will put it on herself, that 'll be the best of all! But suppose she were to taste it? Well, even if she should, 't would be a good fool, for they 'd have to dance around pretty lively and make some more; but I hope she does n't find it out till she tastes it at supper. Wont it be rich to watch her! She wont know what is wrong, and if any of the company discover a queer taste they wont say anything, but they 'll stop eating rather suddenly, I 'll venture! And Essie, what will she think to see them all steering clear of those custards, after she 's been most of the afternoon making 'em!" And with such thoughts Louis tried to put aside the picture that rose before him, of the pretty cousin who danced around the kitchen in the small checked apron, and to think only of Esther's having refused to let him read the telegram when he had asked to see it.

The afternoon stage brought the four cousins and Aunt Jo, amid much rejoicing.

Esther received them all so prettily, and said so deferentially to Louis, "You 'll see to the baggage?" using a tone that, in its recognition of him as the man of the house, made so evident an impression on the younger cousins, that he almost began to wish he had not saved that dish of suds.

Then, too, he overheard Esther, as she was getting out the rackets for tennis, say to Howard:

"Beware of Louis! He plays splendidly. Serves balls that bound every way but the one you 're prepared for. He gives me odds and beats me, too, and had never played till he came South, three weeks ago. Where has he gone? Louis!" and her clear voice rang over the lawn.

"I 'll be there in a minute. Let Howard get used to the ground," answered Louis, which suggestion struck them all as being very generous.

How pretty Esther looked! Louis could see from his window her bright, happy face, as she darted hither and thither after the balls. After all, would his little joke pay? What was there to be so vexed about, now that he thought it all over?

"Well, I would n't give it up after I 'd gone so far," said a bad voice within; "you said you 'd pay her for not letting you see that telegram."

He stole down into the cellar. He could hear Rebecca overhead singing, "Oh, Dearest May," as she set the table. There was Esther's *méringue* on a small platter. He slid it off and out of the little cellar-window, put the suds' foam in its place, and went noiselessly up the stairs. Rebecca was prolonging the refrain of "Lubly as the Day," so he felt sure she could not have heard him.

They all went in to supper soon after.

"It 's just as well," thought Esther, as she looked at the custards, "that Becky put the *méringue* on. She always makes it look prettier than I do. Still, I wanted to have done it all myself," and she sighed to think she should have seen the custards all ready on the table, when she was just going down cellar to put that bit of fluffy white on each herself.

And what were Louis's thoughts as he looked at the crystal cups?

"Well, who 'd ever think of its being suds? I 'm going to taste my own, to be sure of it."

He did so, and no doubt was left in his mind that his little joke on Esther was going to be a success.

He fancied, as he glanced stealthily around the table, that Rebecca was watching him, and that one of her great smiles overspread her face as he took that taste of his custard.

"I say, Howard," he said to his cousin, "you say you think my two big agates are so handsome, I 'll put one of them up on a wager. If you eat all of your custard inside of a minute, I 'll give you your choice!"

"Why, you 'll lose, Louis. Those glasses are too small to hold much. I 'm willing to try thirty seconds. There would be some fun in it, then."

"All right," chuckled Louis, "I 'll time you," as he drew out his watch.

In even less than the half-minute Howard set down his empty glass with:

"Where 's the agate? I 'll take the blue-and-gold one."

Louis regarded him with astonishment.

"How did it taste?" he asked, under his breath.

"Excellent! Could n't judge very well, though, because I had to eat it so fast."

"Do you know what you 've been eating?" was Louis's next question, as he handed him the chosen agate. "Soap-suds:"

"Soap-suds!" echoed Howard, questioningly. "What do you mean?"

"Hush!" cautioned Louis, proceeding in a half-whisper to give him an insight into the joke he was playing on Esther. "But if they don't taste bad," he admitted, "'t is n't going to be much of a joke."

"I declare, Louis, I would n't have thought you so mean! I 'm glad you could n't spoil 'em, and evidently you have n't, for they 're all being eaten."

Not only were the custards being eaten, but Aunt Jo was praising them, and Esther blushing with pleasure!

What could it mean? Was there any mistake?

Louis tasted his own again, and made a wry face after it, and there was no doubt in his mind this time that Rebecca was laughing at him.

"What is going on at that end of the table?" asked Aunt Jo. "You two boys seem very much absorbed in something."

"Massa Louis is in de suds," said Rebecca.

Louis flushed crimson as he darted an angry glance at Rebecca's face, wreathed in smiles; while Howard, who had watched him taste his custard, laughed outright.

Louis left the table soon after, Howard with him, to whom he gave the other agate as he begged him to promise that he would never breathe a word of the joke to any one.

He little knew that Rebecca was telling the others at the table, concluding her narrative with a hearty laugh and this explanation:

"*I* knowed Massa Louis steal down dat cellar for no good! *I* foun' out his soap-suds; and den *I* make de new *méringue* for all de cups 'cept Massa Louis's. He hab to eat ob de fruits ob de result!"

"But, Becky," said Esther, as she went upstairs that night, — Rebecca leading the way and still laughing at Louis's discomfiture,—"if you had only given Louis a good custard, too, he would have understood that verse in the Bible about 'heaping coals of fire.'"

"Bress your heart, chile," said Rebecca, never at loss for an answer, "'pears to me it 's jes' as important dat he understan' de meanin' ob de verse 'bout de man dat made a pit an' digged it, and den falls in de ditch hisself!"

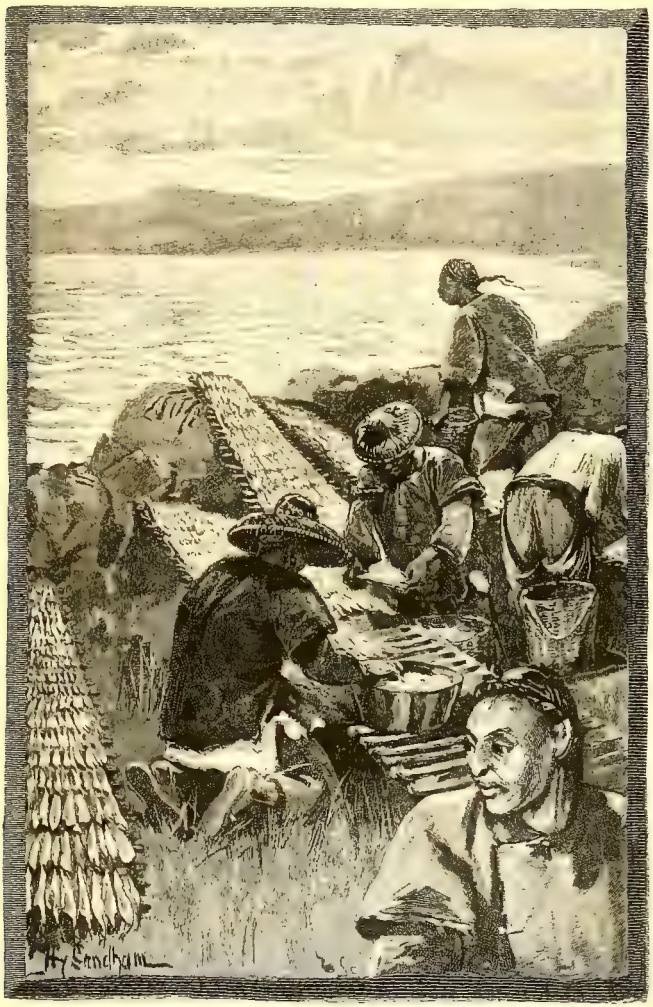
A BRAVE CHINESE BABY.

BY H. H.

HE was very little more than a baby, certainly not more than three or four years old; and the queer, wide clothes he wore made him look so short that, at first sight, it seemed a miracle he could walk at all. He was all alone in the house; in fact, he was all alone in the village. Every other house but his was shut up tight, the door locked, and all the people gone away fishing. What a predicament, to be sure, for a four-year-old boy to be left in! The more I think of it, the more I think he was one of the very bravest fellows ever born. Many a man has got a great name for being a hero without having shown half the courage that this little chap did when he toddled out into the street to meet us. I wish I could have found out his name, to remember him by; but none of us who saw him will ever forget him. We shall think of him always as the Brave Chinese Baby.

It was in a Chinese fishing-village, on the shore of the Pacific Ocean, a few miles from Monterey, in California. There are several such villages on that coast, and, to Americans, they are very curious places to see. I am sure that nothing in all China can look more Chinese, for only Chinese people live in them; and they huddle their little houses close together, on narrow alleys, and set up their queer shrines, and pile their odds and ends of outlandish rubbish all about, as if they prided themselves on living just as unlike Americans as possible.

The village where we saw the Brave Baby was a very small one — not more than a half-dozen houses in it. Indeed, they would hardly have been called houses at all by civilized people. Some of them were not bigger than an ice-house, and some looked more like dog-kennels or hen-coops than habitations for human beings; some were without any window, and none had more than one, and that a tiny one only four panes square. They were all shut up, and the doors fastened on the outside with a chain and padlock.



DRYING FISH IN THE CHINESE VILLAGE. [SEE PAGE 411.]

The door of the Brave Baby's house stood wide open, and, as soon as he heard the sound of our carriage wheels, he came running to see what was coming. We stopped the carriage and got out. He looked at us for a minute with a steady gaze, then turned around, and waddled back as fast as his fat little legs would carry him into the dark recesses of his house. We thought he had run away to hide. Not a bit of it. In a few seconds, back he came, holding up to us a big abalone shell, tightly grasped in both his chubby hands; then he laid it on a bench by the door, waddled back, got another, brought it out and laid it down; then still another.

The abalone is a beautiful shell which is found in great abundance on the southern coast of California, and is offered for sale everywhere. Travelers buy many of them to carry away as curiosities. When their surfaces are polished they have all the colors of the rainbow in them, and are very brilliant. In all the houses in the fishing-villages there are great baskets of these abalone shells kept to sell to travelers, and the Baby had, no doubt, often seen his mother bring them out and offer them to people passing by. So he thought they might be what we had come for. As he held out shell after shell toward us, he fixed his queer, narrow, slanting little eyes on us with an expression of anxiety and inquiry that was pathetic. When he saw that we did not want the shells, he went back again, still farther into the recesses of the cabin, and, bringing out a tin dipper with a little water in it, offered that to us. He was so calm and grave in his demeanor that we did not think of his being frightened; and we walked about, and looked in at the door of the house, and looked at him, and laughed at his queer, wide trousers and sleeves, and old brown hat on the back of his head, as much as we liked. We thought he was a very droll little man, with a good business head on his shoulders, who meant to drive a trade in abalone shells on his own account if he could. The truth is, that even baby Chinese faces look about as old as grown-up faces. They are the same sallow color, and the boys' heads are shaven, just like their fathers'. This little fellow's head was shaven all over, except an odd little wing-like wisp of stiff black hair left above each ear; these were the drollest things about him. They looked like whiskers which had slipped up above his cheeks.

After he found that we did not want either the abalone shells or the water, he stood still for a short time, gazing at us intently. Then he went into the house, to the farthest corner of it — into a room that was more like a cave than a room, it was so dark and low. Here was a big stone, hollowed out to receive a fire; pots and pans were lying on the ground; an old stool stood in front of the stone; everything was black with smoke. On this the Baby sat down, folded his hands in his lap, and looked into the ashes. All this time he had not once opened his lips. The only sign he gave of hearing any of the things we said to him was to lift his eyes and fix them on us with an expression of attention. We stepped inside the door; he did not stir. We looked at all the queer little cupboard-like divisions of the house; at the bunk-bed built in one corner; in another, the Joss's shelf, with its three tiny cups of tea, and its bowl of prayer-sticks; in another, a sort of open closet filled with barrels, baskets, old matting, tubs of abalone shells, ladders, fish-nets, old scraps of iron, wood, paper — everything. The baby watched us gravely, but did not make a motion or a sign of being disturbed.

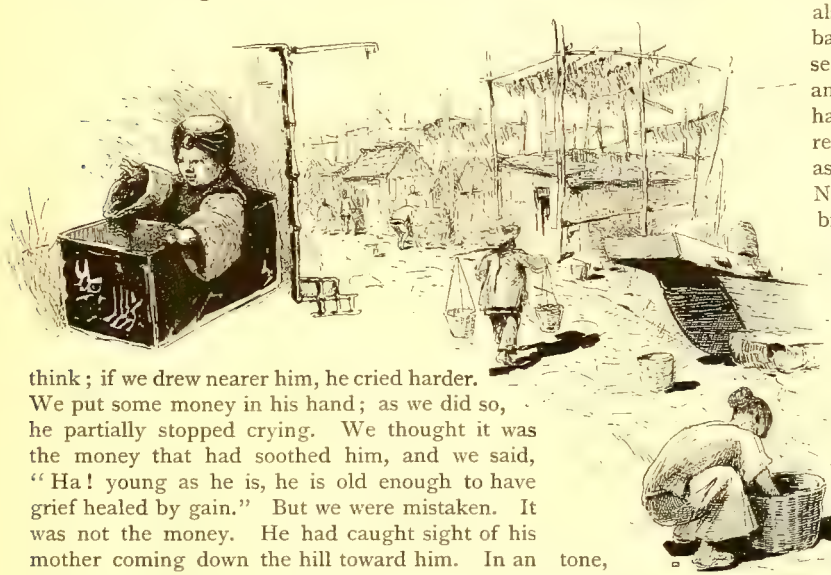


THE BABY OFFERS SHELLS FOR SALE.

Suddenly there came a great noise of hoofs and wheels. We all ran out, Baby following, to see what it was. Two omnibus-loads of people, each coach drawn by four horses, came clattering down in a cloud of dust. They were excursionists from the East, a great party of sixty, all traveling together under the charge of one man. Seeing us standing at the door of this little Chinese hovel, they halted to see what we were stopping for. One man ran into the house, took some abalone shells, and put a piece of money into the Baby's hand to pay for them. The little fellow began to look troubled. He had grasped the tin dipper in his hand, almost as though he had an idea he might need it for a weapon, and drew closer to us, as if he thought we might possibly protect him against these new and noisier enemies. As they drove away, he ran out into the middle of the road, and looked very earnestly up the hill to the north, still clutching his dipper tight. It was plain that he was expecting succor from that direction. We did not yet realize that he was much frightened. His countenance did not show it, and we still watched him with great amusement. It was a picture to be remembered. The beautiful sparkling blue water, with a high promontory rounding out into it, covered with dark pines and cypresses; the lonely cluster of fishing-huts, silent and deserted; and this one helpless little child, standing in the middle of the dusty road, the only guardian of the spot — ah!

he was not so brave as we had thought. All this time he had been struggling with himself, with a terror that had been slowly getting the upper hand of him. In the twinkling of an eye, without a warning of a sob, or a whimper, suddenly there burst from the poor little soul a cry that went to our very hearts.

He had given way at last. He could not bear it a moment longer. What to do, we could not think; if we drew nearer him, he cried harder. We put some money in his hand; as we did so, he partially stopped crying. We thought it was the money that had soothed him, and we said, "Ha! young as he is, he is old enough to have grief healed by gain." But we were mistaken. It was not the money. He had caught sight of his mother coming down the hill toward him. In an instant his composure returned. He did not run toward her, as any baby in the world but a Chinese baby would have done. He stood motionless in his place, waiting, never removing his eyes from her.



She came at a swift, swinging, half-limping gait down the hill, with two big baskets hanging from a yoke across her shoulders. She was, no doubt, a little anxious when she saw the group of strangers in front of her house, and her little son standing by himself in the middle of the road. We hoped that she would understand English, so that we could tell her what a brave little fellow her boy had been, and how he had tried to sell the abalone shells. But she shook her head, and could speak only a few words. However, we patted the Brave Baby's cheeks, and said, "Good boy! good boy!" with such friendly smiles that she was re-assured and smiled back again. It is wonderful how far smiles can go between people who do not understand each other's language. They are sometimes all the interpreters one needs.

The Baby knew two words of English, and as soon as his mother arrived, he opened his mouth, and spoke them.

"Good-bye!" he said — "good-bye!" with an emphasis and directness which were droll indeed. If he had been sufficiently master of the English language to have said, "I 'll thank you to take yourselves off, as quickly as possible, and never let me set my eyes on any of you again," he could not have conveyed his meaning any more plainly than by his "Good-bye! good-bye!"

The mother had been over to another Chinese fishing-village, a short distance beyond, to get corals and shells to sell. Her baskets were full, and she set them down in the road and showed us what she had brought: beautiful red coral, almost as fine as that which comes from Naples; sea-ferns, of bright yellow; and shells of many colors and shapes. While she was showing these to us, the Baby stood as close to her as he could get, holding fast to her clothes, and every now and then saying, in a low but very decided tone, "Good-bye! good-bye!" Poor little fellow, probably he will never again in his life be so thoroughly frightened.



A STREET IN A CHINESE FISHING-VILLAGE.

Afterward, we drove through the other fishing-village. It was close on the edge of the water, where a little inlet rounded in, below high hills. As we drew near it, the odor of fish came up over the hills, like a smell from something cooking in a vast caldron. The fences, the rocks, the ground — all were covered with shining little fishes, spread out to dry; those on the ground being laid on frames of wooden slats. There was only one narrow lane running through the village, and hardly room on that to

step between the frames of drying fish. On the roofs of the hovels, even, poles were set up, and stretched dry. Chinamen were running about, emptying big baskets of fish; other Chinamen were spreading



"SHE CAME DOWN THE HILL WITH TWO BIG BASKETS HANGING FROM A YOKE ACROSS HER SHOULDERS."

from corner to corner; and on them long lines of fish fluttered in the air, like clothes hung out to them, turning them, raking them apart, gathering up the dry ones, and packing them into baskets.

The place fairly swarmed with laborers and their implements; but all the workers kept steadily on, as regardless of our presence as though they had been ants on an ant-hill. Every man, woman, and child was hard at work; children that were too small for anything else had babies strapped on their backs, and were carrying them about. Little girls, not more than eight or ten years old, were at work industriously cleaning the fish, to prepare them for drying. This was a disagreeable sight; it was done in open sheds, where the floor was black and dripping wet with water and the slimy offal of the fish. Here the women sat on high stools, in a squatting posture, with their feet curled up under them, cutting and slashing, stripping the fish, and dropping them into the baskets with as swift a motion as if they were shelling peas. They had the fingers of the left hand rolled up thickly in black rags, to protect them against a chance slip of the sharp knife. They chatted and laughed, as if they were engaged in the most agreeable occupation in the world. There did not seem to be an idle pair of hands in the village. Old men were mending nets, old women putting bait on hooks. The only unemployed creature we saw was one small baby, perhaps three months old, which was sunk up to its neck in a narrow compartment in a wooden box, where it had a ludicrous expression, like an aged infant in stocks for some misdemeanor; it gazed up into its mother's face with an unwinking glare of mingled appeal and resentment which was irresistibly comic.



READY TO DO HIS PART.

It would not be possible to give any idea of the way in which the houses, sheds, boats, barrels, poles, nets, baskets, scaffoldings, and lumber of all sorts were huddled together on one narrow alley not wide enough for two wagons to drive abreast. There was not a foot of open ground. Looking down from the hill on the roofs of the houses, one would think they all belonged to a single set of walls, roofed at different heights and angles. It was a squalid and filthy spot; it would seem impossible for human beings to breathe such air, and sleep in such dark, unventilated hovels for any length of time, without being made ill. Yet there are in this little village nearly two hundred people, many of whom have lived there for thirty years in good health. They are divided into three companies, each company having its leader, who pays wages to the men and women, and has the charge of selling and sending away the fish. We talked with one of these leaders, who was courteous and willing to tell us all he could about the village. His name was Chow Lee. When we offered him money for the trouble he had taken to explain things to us, he refused to take it. Finally, he said we might give it to his wife. She was hard at work cutting up and cleaning fish in one of the sheds. When we offered it to her, she also refused it, smiling as if it were a good joke that anybody should suppose she would receive money from strangers. Then, as if the thought struck her that she would not be outdone in generosity, she called after us, asking if we would not like some abalone shells. "You like um abalone? No? I give you some. You like?" she cried, laughing.

So we went away, feeling that we had made a little mistake in offering money to the wife of one of the three rich men of the village, even if she were at work barefoot in the cold, slimy, black fish-sheds, like the poorest of the laborers. And it set us to thinking, too, that human pride is a plant for which no soil on earth is too poor. Not a lady in all the land could have laughed more airily at the idea of anybody's thinking her an object of charity than did Madam Chow Lee.



THE STORY OF VITEAU.*

By Frank R. Stockton.

Chapter XVI.

The Countess of Viteau now became very anxious to learn, as soon as possible, the result of her embassy to the King, and she also wished her sons to know where she was. She consulted with her squire, Bernard, in regard to the matter; and they concluded that it would be better, if the travelers brought bad news, and the young King had refused to interfere in behalf of the Countess, that Raymond and Louis should know the place of her refuge before any of their party could reach Barran's castle, and that they should immediately join her, when, with them, she should fly the country without delay or further consultation with any one.

She had determined at last that, if she should be obliged to leave her country, she would take her boys with her, and let the Count de Barran and her other friends do the best they could in regard to her estates. She had money enough in her possession to provide for the expenses of a journey to England, but she did not consider, when making her plans, that the captain of the *cotereaux* would require his claims paid before he would let her go. Bernard thought of this, but he said nothing and hoped for the best.

Michol also was quite anxious to know what had been done at Paris, for the news would influence in a great degree the terms of his demands for ransom money.

On the day after the attack of Comines had been repulsed, it was considered that Count de Lannes and his party might be expected to be nearing the

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end of their homeward journey, and it was determined to send a page, accompanied by one of Michol's men, to intercept the travelers and to convey a note to Raymond from his mother.

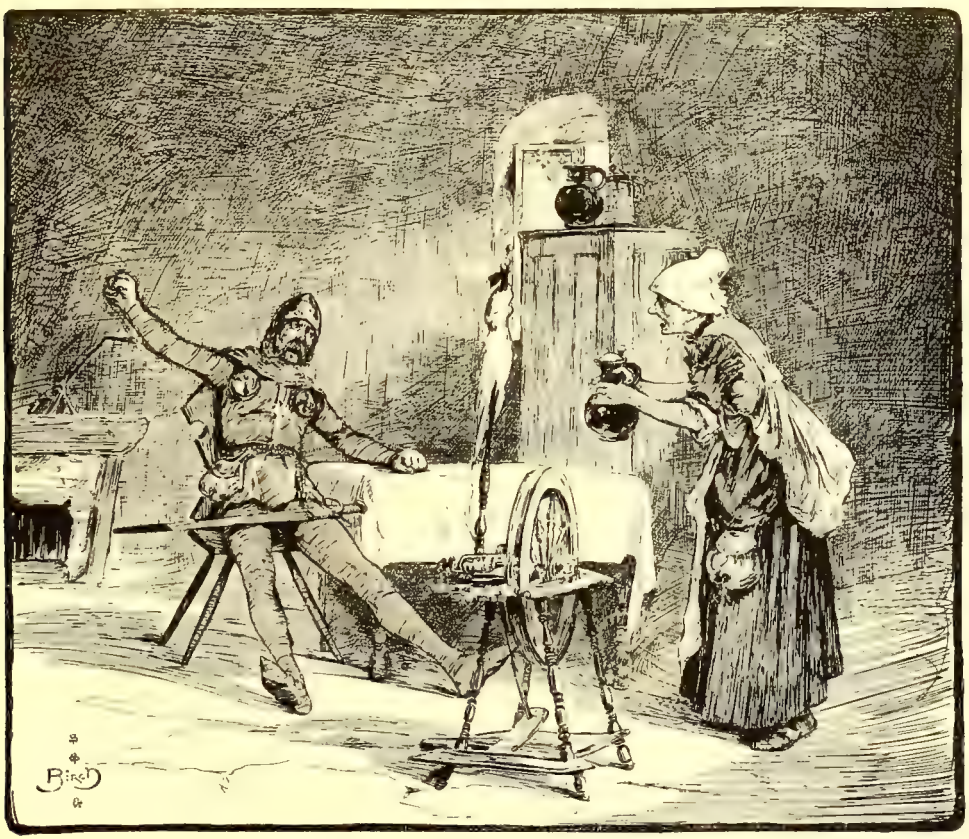
The main road from Paris through Burgundy ran within twelve or fifteen miles of Viteau, and Count Hugo might therefore be met, while yet more than half a day's journey from the castle.

The page's companion knew all the roads and by-ways of the surrounding country, and they reached in good time the high road from Paris, but after waiting there all day and making inquiries at various cottages near by, they saw nothing and heard no news of the Count and his company.

After dark they returned to Viteau, as they had been told to do, for it was known that Count Hugo would not travel by night, and before daylight the next morning they set out again.

The long watch of the previous day had wearied the restless soul of the robber, and he declared to the page, as they rode along, that they would have another day to wait upon the dusty highway, for he had been to Paris and he knew how long it would take the Count's party to go and return, and that they could not be reasonably expected that day.

"See you that cottage down there in the little glade below us?" he said to the page, a little after sunrise. "There live an old woman and two louts, her sons. They are poor creatures, but they make wine good enough to sell; at least, a month or so ago, when I and a half-dozen of my comrades stopped at their cottage to eat and rest, that is what they told me they did with it. We found their wine good to drink,—which can not be said of all wine that is good enough to sell,—and we drank many a full horn of it, and what we did not drink we poured over her floor, so that her house should smell of good cheer."



THE ROBBER IN THE OLD WOMAN'S COTTAGE. [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

"That was a wasteful thing to do," said the page, "and must have cost you a goodly sum."

"Cost us!" laughed the robber. "How could it cost us anything when we had no money? And

now, look you, we have more time than we shall know what to do with, and I am going down there for some wine to cheer us through the day. Ride you slowly on, and I will overtake you before you have gone half a mile."

So saying, the robber turned from the road, and dashed down into the glade. Reaching the cottage, he tied his horse by the door, and, entering, demanded of the old woman, who was cooking something over a little fire, that she should bring him some of her good wine, and plenty of it, too, for he wanted some to drink and some to carry away.

The old woman looked at him for a moment, and then went out and brought a jug of wine and a drinking-horn.

When the robber had sat down on a rough stool, and had begun to drink, she went out for some wood for her fire. But instead of picking up dry sticks, she ran to a small field, where her sons were working.

"Come quickly!" she said. "One of the cowardly thieves who drank and wasted our wine, a while ago, and struck me in the face when I asked for pay, is in the cottage now, drinking and robbing us again. There were many of them then, and you could do nothing. Now there is only one. Come quickly!"

Without a word, the young men, still carrying the heavy hoes they had been using, ran to the house, and rushing into the room where the robber was still seated on his stool, engaged in drinking his second horn of wine, they attacked him with their hoes.

The *coterel* sprang from his seat, and drew the heavy sword which hung at his belt, but, in an instant, it was knocked from his hand, and he was belabored over the head and shoulders by the hoes of the angry young peasants. If he had not worn an iron cap, which was his only piece of armor, he probably would have been killed. As it was, he was glad to plunge out of the door, and run for the woods. The two young men pursued him, but he was a faster runner than they, and his legs were not injured. So, wounded and bruised, and very sorry that he had thought about the old woman's wine, he left them behind, and disappeared among the thick undergrowth of the neighboring forest. His pursuers returned to the cottage and set loose the robber's horse.

"The wicked thief shall not creep back," they said, "to do us further injury, and then jump on his horse and fly."

And they threw stones at the horse until he had galloped up to the road and out of sight.

The page, who had been urged by his mistress to lose no time in reaching the high road, for fear that her sons might pass before he got there, rode on and on, looking back continually for his companion, but never stopping. Reaching a place where they had made a short cut, the day before, he tried to find it, got into the woods and lost his way. A wood-cutter set him straight, but when he reached the Paris road, it was long past noon, and he was dreadfully afraid that Count de Lannes's party had gone by.

Inquiries of some peasants, who lived not far from the road, made him almost sure that his fears were correct, for they had noticed two companies of horsemen go by, and they thought that there were some young people with one of them. Still, he waited and watched, and wondered why the *coterel* did not come, until nightfall, and then he set out to return to Viteau. Without his robber companion,—whom, by the way, he never saw again, for the fellow was afraid to return to his captain, having lost his horse,—it was quite impossible for him to find his way back in the dark, and in less than an hour he was hopelessly lost. Finding no wood-cutter, or any one else, who could show him his way, he wandered about until he and his horse were tired out, and then they spent the rest of the night under a tree.

The page was quite right when he supposed that Count Hugo's party had passed along the high road before he reached it. The travelers had pressed on vigorously during their homeward journey, and meeting with no hinderances,—of *brabançois*, or anything else,—they rode into the gates of Barran's castle before nightfall of the day on which the page had missed them.

As soon as they had entered the court-yard, the two boys sprang from their horses and ran to the great door of the castle. But here they were met by the Count de Barran, who, with outstretched arms, stopped them as they were hurrying to their mother's apartments, and, as gently as he could, told them,—with Agnes and her father, who had now come up,—the story of the visit of the Inquisitors and the flight of the Countess.

The poor boys were almost overcome by this entirely unlooked-for and dreadful news. They had hurried back, excited and happy with the good tidings they were bringing their mother, only to find that she had utterly disappeared, and no one could tell them whether she was safe, or had fallen into the hands of her persecutors. Louis burst into tears, and fell on the neck of his brother, who folded him in his arms, and without a word, the two boys stumbled up the stairs, and were seen no more that night.

Early the next morning, Raymond and Louis, still with pale and tear-stained faces, but unable to remain quiet any longer, came down to the stables,

and, ordering two horses to be saddled, mounted them, and rode away to look for their mother.

If any of their elders had known of their intention, they would not have been allowed to go. This they well knew, and so they hurried away before any one but the servants of the castle was awake. They felt that they hated the Count de Barran for having let their mother go away, without knowing where she could be found or heard from, and they wished to have nothing more to do with him. And they had come to the belief that no one but themselves could do anything for their mother now, and that they must ride the whole world over until they had found her.

rushed together, and began clamorously to ask questions. The page being only one against two was soon obliged to surrender in this question conflict, and to give answers to his eager young masters.

When Raymond and Louis heard that their mother was at Viteau, they asked nothing more, but giving a shout of joy, turned their horses' heads toward their old home, for they were on a road leading directly thereto, which the page had at last found.

Onward and onward the three galloped, much to the weariness of their poor horses, and some hours before nightfall they reached Viteau, where they



RAYMOND, LOUIS, AND THE PAGE RETURN TO VITEAU.

Each was armed with sword and dagger, and they had some money with them to buy food. As to plans, they had made only one, and that was to ride so far that day that Barran would not be likely to find them and bring them back; and then they would make inquiries, and come to some decision as to which direction they should go in their mournful search.

The sun was about two hours high, and they had ridden quite a long distance, when they saw coming toward them on the road a boy upon a horse. In a moment they recognized their mother's page, and he as soon knew them. The three young fellows were readily admitted by Michol, who gave Raymond and Louis even a more eager welcome than that with which he had opened the gates to their mother.

CHAPTER XVII.

NOW that he had not only the Countess of Viteau, but her two sons, under his control and in his power, Michol became very anxious to settle the matter of the ransom money which he intended to demand for his prisoners, as he considered them.

He set one of his new men, who happened to be a truer scribe than Jasto, at work to write a carefully worded paper, to be sent to Count de Barran, and in it he stated the terms on which he would release the Countess and her sons and retire, with his men, from Viteau.

The Countess, now happy in the possession of her sons, and having the good news from the King, was very desirous to start immediately for the castle of the Count de Barran, where she expected the priests from Paris would soon arrive. She was greatly surprised and disappointed when she found that Michol would not let her go until the ransoms had been paid; and the two boys were very angry, and wanted to go down and demand that Michol should instantly order the gates to be opened to them. But their mother restrained them. They were now in the power of these robbers, and they must be prudent.

Michol, having understood that the Countess was not herself prepared to pay any money, had prudently determined to transact his business with Barran alone. He was very glad, however, to have her write a letter requesting the Count to pay the ransoms demanded, promising to return the money when she again took charge of her estates and business affairs, and urging him to use all possible haste in settling the matter with the captain of the *cotereaux*.

This letter, with the one from Michol, was sent to the Count the day after the arrival of Raymond and Louis at Viteau, and it gave the people at the castle the first news of the whereabouts of the Countess, and also relieved them from the new anxiety caused by the departure of the boys, for whom search was at that time being made.

But while these news gladdened the hearts and relieved the minds of the Count de Barran and his friends, the terms of Michol's letter vexed them exceedingly, and threatened to embarrass them very much. The wily robber knew that there were urgent reasons why the Countess should, as soon as possible, be at liberty to attend to her private affairs, and therefore he greatly increased the demands he had before determined to make.

Not only did he require the payment of the amount originally fixed as the ransom for Louis, but he asked a very large sum for the release of the Countess; quite as much for Raymond's ransom; a smaller sum for Bernard; and a good price for his so-called services in taking care of the château, and protecting its inmates.

Beside all this, he demanded that Jasto, the man who had deserted him, should be delivered to him for punishment.

Although Count de Barran was a rich nobleman, the total amount named in this letter was far more money than he had in his possession at the time; and far more, too, than the Countess could afford to repay him, if he had had it to send to Michol. Still, although he was very much annoyed and provoked by the impudent demands of the robber captain, he said that there was nothing to be done but to accede to them; for the Countess must be released, and that instantly. Not only was it positively necessary for her to be at the castle when the priests from Paris arrived (for it was not at all likely that they would be willing to go to Viteau and trust themselves among a gang of thieves), but he was afraid that, if the terms of Michol were resisted or even disputed, he might be provoked to do some injury to the Countess or her sons in order to hasten the payment of the ransoms. Such conduct was not uncommon among these thieves. For these reasons, he would endeavor to raise the money and pay it, as soon as possible.

Sir Charles was very indignant at that portion of the letter relating to Jasto. He had been very glad to regain his old servant, who had left him on account of a quarrel with a squire, and who, according to his own account, had been obliged to join the *cotereaux* because he could find nothing else to do; and he stoutly declared that he would not reward Jasto's good action in bringing Louis to his mother by delivering him to the vengeance of the scoundrel, Michol.

As this determination would make it useless to send the money to Viteau, if Michol insisted on the surrender of Jasto, Barran sent a message in great haste to the captain of the *cotereaux*, to inquire if he would be willing to take a ransom for Jasto, and also to ask if he would release the Countess and her company on the payment of half of the total sum demanded, and be content to remain at Viteau until the rest should be paid.

To this Michol sent a very short answer, in which he declared that he would accept no terms for the release of his prisoners but the delivery of Jasto and the payment of the entire sum named in his letter.

The messengers who brought this answer also brought the news of the fight with the Inquisition people.

Such startling intelligence as this produced a great effect upon the mind of Barran, as it showed him to what length the robber captain was willing to go, in order to secure the possession of his prisoners and the payment of their ransoms; and he set out that very day, accompanied by his chief seneschal and other attendants, to visit some of his estates, and also some small towns at no great distance, and there endeavor to collect the money needed. The Jasto question, he thought,

must be settled as best it could be. His safety must not interfere with that of the Countess.

As for Count Hugo, he would have nothing to do with this business. He utterly disapproved of money should be paid, he said, it would show all the thieves and outlaws of the country that the nobles of France were willing to pay them enormous sums for any ladies and high-born children



THE ROBBERS IN THE HALL-WAY WERE SOON FORCED INTO THE COURT-YARD. [SEE PAGE 419.]

paying the exorbitant sums demanded by Michol, or indeed any money at all, for the release of a noble lady and her sons, whom the rascals had no right whatever to hold or to ask ransom for. If this that they might steal. Heretofore, they expected vengeance if they attempted anything of the kind, but now they would expect such deeds to make them rich. To be sure, this case was a peculiar

one; but never, he declared, as a knight of Christendom, would he submit to the vile exactions of a common robber like Michol.

And little Agnes cried, and wandered about moaning, and wished she was a man. What she would have done if she had been a man she did not know, but certainly she could do nothing as a little girl, or even as a grown-up woman.

Jasto, when he was told what his old master had said in regard to him, retired into a remote part of the castle where he could not be easily found, and diligently occupied his time with some writing materials which he had brought from Paris.

"I must e'en make haste and learn to be a true scribe," he said to himself, "for if my master finds me out, he may be only too willing to toss me into the jaws of the *cotereaux*. So, hard will I work at this alphabet and this little book of words, and keep a sharp eye and ear open for any change in Sir Charles's mind about his good man Jasto. It will be a doughty man-at-arms and a vigilant who delivers me to Michol."

Not long after the Count de Barran had started on his money-raising errand, Count Hugo set out on a little journey to the monastery, a few miles from Viteau, where the wounded Comines and other disabled members of the Inquisitorial force were said to be still lying. He wished to find out whether orders had been received to cease attempts to arrest the Countess, and also to discover the exact truth, as far as possible, about the fight with the *cotereaux* and the strength of Michol's forces.

As he was going into what might prove a dangerous neighborhood, he took with him a body of about thirty-five horsemen, all completely clad in armor, of which there were many suits in the castle, and all well armed. Some of these men were his own retainers, and others belonged to the retinue of Sir Charles, who did not accompany his friend, as Count Hugo thought it well that some knight should remain at the castle, from which nearly all the visitors had now departed.

When Count Hugo de Lannes reached the monastery, he found that Comines was too much injured to speak or think about the affair in which he had been engaged, but he learned from the monks that no recent message had arrived for Comines, and he also heard how the *cotereaux* had robbed him of his clothes and armor, and had even taken, it was supposed, all his papers of authority from the Inquisition.

From this information, Count Hugo felt sure that the Countess need be under no fear of trouble from the Inquisitors before the message to desist from further action should reach them. Comines, although he had excellent surgical and medical attention from the monks, would not recover for some time; and none of the other members of his party would be likely to attempt to carry off a noble lady through a great part of France, without being able to show any warrant for their proceedings.

It had been late in the day when Count Hugo arrived at the monastery, and it was quite dark when, after his party had been furnished with a good supper by the monks, he took leave of his entertainers.

He did not take the straight road back to the castle, but struck off toward Viteau. His men traveled slowly by the light of the stars. Some time before they reached the château, a halt was ordered by a small wood; and there Count Hugo had a ladder made.

Two straight young saplings, which were easily selected by the men, whose eyes were now accustomed to the dim light, were hewn down for the uprights of the ladder, and slight notches were cut into them at suitable distances for the rounds. These were made of short, strong pieces of other saplings, quickly cut into proper lengths, and were fastened to the uprights by strong leathern thongs, of which one of the men had brought a number tied to his saddle.

When this rude ladder was finished, one horseman took it by one end, another took it by the other, and the cavalcade proceeded.

Reaching Viteau,—which they did not approach by the front, but on the southern side,—the horses were tied at some distance from the court-yard, and left in charge of several of the soldiers, while the other men, carrying the ladder, quietly made their way to the side-wall of the court. There had been a moat on the outside of this wall, but after the wars were over, and the Count de Viteau had died, this moat had been allowed to go dry, and so Count Hugo and his men were able to walk up to the wall and set their ladder against it. The Count, with three or four followers, then got over the wall, and when they were in the court-yard they cautiously moved toward the great gate. They encountered no one, for, although the *cotereaux* preserved moderately good discipline, they did not keep a very strict guard at night, expecting no attack from any quarter.

Arriving at the gate, the Count found there one sentry fast asleep. This fellow was quickly seized and bound, with a scarf over his mouth; and the gate being opened, the remainder of the Count's force, which had been ordered around to the front, was noiselessly admitted.

The whole body then proceeded to the château, where a dim light could be seen shining through a wide crack at the door of the principal entrance. This crack, which was between the edge of the

door and its casement, showed that one bolt was the only fastening which the robbers had thought it necessary to use in securing this entrance; and when the Count had made himself certain of this fact, he signaled to a tall man who carried a great battle-ax, apparently brought for use in a case like this, and motioned to him to use his weapon on the fastening of the door.

Two tremendous blows, which resounded through the house, shattered the bolt, and the door was immediately dashed open.

Count Hugo, who had carefully made all his plans, rushed in, with four men at his heels, and hurried up the stair-way which led to the apartments of the Countess and her sons. There were hanging-lamps in the halls, and he knew the house quite well.

At the top of the stairs he encountered Bernard, who slept outside of the door of his mistress's apartments, and who, aroused by the noise and seeing five armed men coming up the stairs, had sprung to his feet and seized his sword, prepared to do his best for the defense of the Countess and her boys. But when Count Hugo raised his visor and spoke to him, the brave but frightened squire immediately recognized him as a friend.

"Stay here!" cried the Count, "with these four men. Guard the stair-way. Let no one go up or down!" And, with these words, he dashed alone down into the great hall-way, where the sounds of fighting and of calls to arms were heard, and threw himself into the combat that was going on between his men and a dozen or so of the robbers who had rushed to the door-way when they heard the noise of the ax.

But there was not much fighting inside the château. Most of the *cotereaux* lodged in the lower part of the house, approached from the outside by various doors, or in the outhouses and stables, and the court-yard was now filled with these, hastily armed to repel the intruders.

The robbers in the hall-way were soon forced into this court-yard, and into the midst of the *cotereaux* Count Hugo, with the whole body of his followers, now boldly plunged. Such attacks as these, made by one or two knights with a few attendants against a much greater force, were very popular in those days of chivalry. For, whether the rash onslaught were successful or not, the glory was the same. And if the safety or honor of a lady happened to be concerned, the unequal combat was the more attractive to the knights. For a lady in those days was often the cause of a knight's fiercest battles and the subject of nearly all his songs. These combats, however, were not always quite so unequal as they seemed, for a knight clad from head to foot in armor was more than equal to three or four soldiers not so well guarded by steel plates and rings.

The Count's men, as has been said before, each wore a complete suit of armor, while the *cotereaux*, although much better protected in this way than most men of their class, were none of them completely dressed in mail. This, with the darkness of the night and the suddenness of the combat, gave the attacking party great advantage.

As they had been instructed, the Count's men scattered themselves among their opponents, shouting the battle-cry of De Lannes, and striking furiously right and left. This gave the *cotereaux* the idea that their enemies were in much greater number than they really were,—and half a dozen of these mailed warriors sometimes banding together and rushing through the throng gave the idea of reënforcements,—while the horses outside, hearing the noises of clattering steel and the cries of the combatants, neighed and snorted, and their attendants shouted, making the robbers suppose there were other forces beyond the walls.

The Countess and her sons were, of course, quickly aroused by the din and turmoil below, and Raymond and Louis rushed to the door, where they were met by Bernard, who told them all he knew, and that was that Count Hugo de Lannes had come to the château with a lot of soldiers and was fighting the *cotereaux*.

The Countess knew not what to think of this most unexpected occurrence, and hastily dressed herself to be ready for whatever might happen, while the two boys, throwing on their clothes and seizing their swords, endeavored to rush downstairs and join in the conflict. But this Bernard and the men on the stair-way prevented, and the boys were obliged to be contented with listening to the sounds of battle and with seeing what little they could discern from the upper windows.

Meanwhile, the struggle raged fiercely below, the crowd of combatants surging from one side to the other of the court. It was not long, however, before the *cotereaux* began to be demoralized by the fierce and wild attacks of their mailed antagonists. Michol had been killed, and there was no one to command and rally them. Some of them, being hard pressed and finding the great gate open, rushed wildly through and were lost in the outer darkness; and before long the main body of the *cotereaux*, finding that many of their companions were retreating through the gate, were seized with a panic and a desire to fly while they had the opportunity.

A great rush was therefore soon made for the gate, out of which the *cotereaux* pushed and crowded—even carrying with them in their rush some of the Count's men who were fighting in their midst.

This flight was precisely what Count Hugo had wished to bring about. It would have been impossible for him to conquer and subdue so many men with his small number of followers. But he had purposely left the great gate open, and hoped by this sudden and determined onslaught in the dark to throw the *cotereaux* into disorder, and thus be able to drive them from the château.

Accordingly, he massed his men as quickly as he could, and, making a circuit of the court, drove before him every straggling *coterel*, and then, following the retreating robbers through the gates, pursued their straggling forces through bushes and fields as far as they could be seen. Then calling his men together, and ordering the horses to be brought into the court-yard, Count Hugo hastened back to the château, and the great gate was shut and bolted behind them. With torch and lantern every part of the château was now searched, and none of the *cotereaux*, excepting the killed and wounded, having been found therein, the Count pronounced his victory complete, and proceeded up the stairs to the apartments of the Countess.

Day had now dawned, and the victorious Count Hugo was received by the boys and their mother with the greatest thankfulness and delight. Bernard had already told them of the rout of the *cotereaux*, but they could not understand why the attack had been made, when they had expected a peaceful settlement of the affair by the payment of the ransoms.

But when the Count explained the matter to them, and told the Countess what an enormous sum the robber-captain had demanded for their release, and told Louis that the surrender and probable execution of Jasto was included in the terms, they did not wonder when he went on to say that his mind could not endure the idea of submitting to such outrageous and unjustifiable demands from a common thief of the roads, and that he had therefore resolved to strike a bold stroke to give them their liberty without payment or cowardly submission. It is true that if this attack had failed the safety of the Countess and her boys would have been endangered; but as it did not fail, nothing was said upon this point.

But the Count gave them little time for thanks or wonderment. As soon as the necessary preparations could be made and the signs of conflict removed from the court-yard, he sent the Countess and her party rejoicing on their way to the castle of Barran. Although the *cotereaux* had not actually pillaged the château, it was impossible for such rude and disorderly men to live there for any length of time without causing a good deal of injury to the house and surroundings, making Viteau an unfit place for a lady to reside in.

Accordingly, with a few of the Count's men-at-arms as an escort,— for no danger was now apprehended on the road,— the Countess went to the castle, not, as before, flying wildly from her pursuers, but journeying pleasantly along in company with her sons and attendants. Bernard, who now no longer feared to leave his mistress, remained behind to attend to the renovation and repairs of the château, and to make it fit for the return of its mistress. None of Count Hugo's men had been killed and but few injured in the fight, for they had protected themselves in the darkness from attack from each other by continually shouting the battle-cry of De Lannes, and the *cotereaux* had not been able to make much impression upon their heavy armor.

The Count now determined, with the main body of his soldiers, to follow up the attack upon the *cotereaux* — to penetrate, if possible, to their camp, and to destroy it entirely, and to drive the remnant of this band of thieves from the forests about Viteau.

Therefore he also remained at the château, which he intended making his basis of operations in the projected campaign of extermination against the remaining *cotereaux*.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BARRAN was much delayed in his endeavors to obtain the money necessary for the ransoms, and he found a great deal of difficulty in collecting it at all at such short notice. And wearied with his unpleasant and annoying task, and with his mind full of doubts and anxieties regarding the obstacles and complications that might yet arise from the probable refusal of Sir Charles to surrender Jasto, he rode into his castle the day after the arrival of the Countess.

His astonishment and delight upon finding the Countess and her family safe within his walls, and on hearing that Viteau was free from every robber and in the possession of its rightful owner, and that for all this no ransom or price of any kind was to be paid, can well be imagined. And when he and the Countess talked the matter over, it became evident to the lady that to repay the Count the sums he intended to advance — which payment she most certainly would have made — would have impoverished her for years.

All was now happiness and satisfaction at the castle, but no one was happier or better satisfied than the ex-robber, Jasto. Now that his enemy, Michol, was dead, he felt that his own life was safe; for it would be no longer necessary to sacrifice him for the good of others. He sat down in

a corner of the court-yard, and thought the matter over.

"As to that ransom," he said to himself, "which was due me for returning the boy Louis to his sorrowing mother, I must make some proper settlement about it. Half of it I remitted when the boy saved me from the hands of the bloody-minded *brabançois*, and one-half of what was left I took off when these good people gave back to me again my brave and noble master, Sir Charles. And now that that great knight, Sir Hugo de Lannes, has killed Michol and saved my life, I do remit what is left, which is only a quarter of the whole sum — after all, hardly equal to the benefit received; for when a man's life is in danger as much from his friends as his enemies, it is a very great benefit, indeed, to have it saved. But, as I have no money with which to make up the balance, I will e'en call the account settled, and so it is."

As Jasto took so much credit to himself for this generous determination, it was not to be expected he should keep the matter secret, and he therefore communicated it to Louis the first time he saw the boy, giving him in careful detail his reasons for what he had intended to do, and what he had done.

All this Louis very soon told to his mother; and the Countess, remembering that she had promised Jasto a reward, and feeling a little ashamed that it had passed out of her mind, took the hint which Jasto had undoubtedly intended to throw out, and sent him a sum of money which, if used with ordinary economy, would make it unnecessary for him ever again to wear a suit of clothes resembling a map of a country with the counties and departments marked out with border-lines of red silk.

A week afterward, when Jasto left the castle with Sir Charles, his education had progressed sufficiently to enable him, with the assistance of his alphabet and his little manuscript book, to write a short and simple message so that it could be read. But he intended to persevere in his studies until he had become as good a scribe as his master formerly supposed him to be.

By the aid of some deserters from the band of *coteraux*, who came over to him when they found out his object, Count Hugo soon discovered the encampment of the robbers, which he utterly destroyed, and then, following them to their several retreats, succeeded in breaking up their organization and in driving them from that part of the country.

He then returned to the castle of Barran, where he was most warmly welcomed by everybody, and where his little daughter Agnes was prouder of her brave father than she had ever been before.

In a few weeks, the Count de Lannes found himself obliged to return to his own castle, which lay several days' journey to the west; and he and Agnes took a regretful leave of all their dear friends, the little girl shedding tears of heartfelt sorrow as she shook her handkerchief for the last time to the boys and their mother, who stood watching her departure from the battlements.

"I wonder," said Louis, "if we shall ever see them again."

Nothing was said for a moment, and then his mother remarked: "I think — that is, I have reason to believe — that we shall soon see the Count and his daughter again."

"Why do you think so, Mother?" asked Raymond.

The Countess did not answer him immediately, and just then they were joined by the Count de Barran, and no more was said on the subject.

The Countess did not remain much longer at the castle. As soon as the squire Bernard had restored her château to its former orderly condition, she bade good-bye to her kind entertainer and friend, and departed with her boys for her own home.

Nothing had been heard of the priests who were to be sent from Paris, but there might be many good reasons for their delay; and arrangements were made for a courier to be sent to Viteau as soon as they should arrive at the castle. The Countess would have been happy to have had her suspense in regard to this unfortunate affair set permanently at rest, but she knew the Inquisitorial party had gone back to Toulouse as soon as their leader was able to accomplish the journey; and having been assured of the protection of her King, she felt safe from unjust prosecution.

On the morning after their arrival at Viteau, Louis, who was gladly wandering all about the house and grounds, went into a little room on the lower floor which was opposite the sleeping apartment of the squire Bernard. Here, by the light of a small window near the ceiling, he saw upon a perch in one corner of the room a falcon, secured by a string which was tied to its leg. Louis threw the door wide open in order to get a better light, and narrowly examined the bird.

"Why, Bernard!" he cried to the squire, who just then entered the room, "this looks exactly like the falcon I took from this very perch the morning of the day I first went to De Barran's castle"

"Of course it looks like it," said the squire, "for it is the same falcon."

"The same falcon!" exclaimed Louis. "And on the same perch! Why, that is a miracle!"

"It is no miracle at all," answered Bernard; "it

is a very simple thing when you come to know all about it. After the rascally *cotereaux* had been driven out of this place, I found the falcon fastened to this perch, and, by marks I had filed upon his beak, I knew him for the same bird I had trained for your brother Raymond. Of course, I was astonished; but, on thinking the matter over, I supposed that this must be the bird which the robbers had stolen from you, and that, bringing it with them when they came here to live,— the rascally scoundrels! — they naturally put it in this room, which they could see had been planned and fitted for the keeping of falcons. Looking into the matter still further, I asked Orlon, the chief falconer of Count Hugo, who was one of the men he had brought here with him, what kind of bird it was he had given to you when the Count desired that you should have one. Orlon then told me it was a falcon which had come to him only the day before. He had been out hawking with his master, and was bringing down to him by means of a lure a falcon that had made an unsuccessful flight, when a strange hawk made its appearance and also answered his call and came down to the lure. Knowing it to be a falcon which had been lost by some hunter, and to be a well-trained bird, he seized and hooded it and took it home with him. The next day, when he was ordered to give a bird to a boy, he much preferred to part with this one, which he had just found, to giving away any of the falcons he had reared and trained himself. And this is the whole of the matter."

"You may think it a very simple story," said Louis, "but I think it is wonderful. I am ever so glad to have the falcon back again; and just think, Bernard, if it had not been for my losing that bird, ever so many troubles would not have happened, and those wicked thieves would never have come to this château!"

The squire agreed that this was true, but he thought more than he said. He thought that if Louis's kind heart had not been anxious to repair the injury done his brother, he would not have been captured by the *cotereaux*; and that, if he had not been captured by the *cotereaux*, no ransom would have been demanded for him; and if no ransom had been demanded, the robbers never would have seized upon Viteau to enforce their claims; and if they had not been at Viteau, there would have been no place of refuge for the Countess when flying from the Inquisitors; and that, instead of the happiness which was now so general at the château, all might have been misery. But he said nothing of this to Louis, for he thought it not right that boys should take to themselves too much credit for what they might do.

But although contentment seemed to reign at Viteau, this was not really the case. True, the château had been completely renovated, and all traces of its occupation by the *cotereaux* had been removed; but the Countess could not forget that it had been made the abode of thieves, and that bloody and violent deeds had so lately taken place before its gates and within its very court-yard. Then, too, she felt that she must soon be separated from her boys. Raymond must go to school at Paris, and Louis must return to his duties as the page of the Count de Barran. And this separation seemed a very different thing to her now from what it did before these troubles came upon her.

Louis was particularly discontented. "I do not want to go back to Barran," he said to his brother. "I do not believe he is a true knight."

"What!" cried Raymond, in surprise. "You should not speak thus, Louis. No man has ever said such a thing of the Count de Barran."

"I suppose not," said Louis, "but I am a boy, and I can say it. He stood still and did nothing when our mother had to fly for her life from his castle; and he wanted to buy us away from the thieves, instead of coming and taking us boldly, as a true knight should. Count Hugo is a different kind of a knight."

"But you should not forget," said Raymond, "how kind and generous the Count de Barran has always been to us. He worked in his own way for our mother's good."

"Oh, yes," said Louis, "I shall not forget that; but I do not want to go back to him."

Matters were in this condition when, one beautiful day in autumn, Count Hugo came again to Viteau. This time he did not clamber over the wall, but rode in bravely at the front gate. He was not followed by a body of steel-clad soldiers, but he brought his daughter Agnes, with her attendants, and a company of followers in gay and bright array. He did not come to conquer, but he came because he had been conquered. He came to ask the lovely Countess of Viteau to be his wife.

A few weeks after this, when the days were becoming clear and frosty, there was a wedding at Viteau. There were many guests; there was feasting, and music, and great joy. Little Agnes had now a mother, and Raymond and Louis a brave and noble father.

And when the wedding was over, the Countess rode away with her husband to his castle of De Lannes, and her two boys went with her — Raymond, because it was on his road to Paris, and Louis, because he was to be taught to be a knight by Count Hugo, who had admired and loved the boy almost from the first time he had seen him.

The priests from Paris never came to catechise the Countess. The truth was, that the young

King was not so much of a king as he had supposed himself to be; for his mother, Queen Blanche, was not willing that the crown should interfere in any way with the operations of the Inquisition, and had not consented that the priests should be sent to the castle of Barran. But as it became known that the King had taken an interest in the matter, and as it was probably considered unwise to bring a religious prosecution against the wife of the Count de Lannes,—who was not only a powerful nobleman, but a warm supporter of both Church and state, and who was also known to have punished and exterminated the band of *cotereaux* who had attacked the Inquisitorial party,—the matter was suffered to drop, and nothing more was ever heard of it.

Viteau was left in charge of Bernard, who would faithfully administer its affairs until Raymond should be of age to come and take possession of the establishment and the estates.

And now, as our friends have left the château, with whose varying fortunes we have, for a time, been interested, we will leave it also; and the story of Viteau is told.

THE END.

THE BEAUTIFUL LADY.

By Henry Ripley Dorr.

THERE 'S a wonderful lady who dwells
In the depths of the shady dells;
A wonderful lady to laugh and sing,
A magical lady, whose voice can bring
The bluebirds back when her clear notes ring;
And she is the beautiful Goddess of Spring.

One day, in the heart of the wood,
At the foot of an oak I stood.
There was n't a bird in the forest drear,
Not even a feather from far or near;
And the bubbling brook, so cold and clear,
Was the only songster I could hear.

I sighed to myself, "Alack!
I wish that the birds were back!"
And when I had spoken the last low word,
A voice as sweet as a flute I heard,—
A voice as clear as the note of a bird
Whose carol the pulse of the wood has stirred.

Then quickly I turned around,
And followed the musical sound.
I followed it, faster and faster still—
I crossed a river, I leaped a rill,
Nor stopped a second to rest until
I came to a tree at the foot of a hill.

'T was an hour before the night,
And I saw a beautiful sight!
A lady stood on the hill-top grand,
A silver trumpet in one fair hand,
And in the other a magical wand;
And she called to the birds in the southern land.

(THE LADY SINGS.)

"Bluebird, bluebird, come to me!
Buds and blossoms delay for thee.
Come, come!
Brooks and rills are no longer dumb!
Soon will you hear the wild bee's hum.
Oh, fly away from the Southland now!
Come and perch on the maple bough!
Over the hill,
Across the plain,
Above the mountains,
Fly back again!
The woods are waiting—
They sigh for thee!
Bluebird, bluebird,
Come back to me!"

The shades of the night came down,
And I went to the dreaming town.
But in the morning all silently
I came again to the self-same tree,
And bluebirds, fluttering, blithe and free,
Chirped loud to the lady, "We come to thee!"



BOB'S WONDERFUL BICYCLE.

By E. J. Wheeler.

Bob Burns was a boy with a wonderful mind
For cogs, cranks, and levers, and every kind
Of machine, from a dollar toy-engine to those
That rush through the depot and shriek through the nose.
And indeed "it was plain
To a person that's sane
That the boy was a genius, and bound to attain
To something uncommon," said Aunt Betsy Jane.

And for one I don't blame her, for Bob surely was
Quite clever with jackknives, and gimlets, and saws,
And constructed such marvels, the neighbors all said,
Enough to turn any ambitious boy's head.

So Bob came at last to consider that he
Was about as ingenious as mortal could be.

One day there arose a tremendous sensation
In his little town, o'er a queer combination
Of wheels, rods, and bolts, which the schoolmaster, Michael,
Informed all who asked him was called a *bicycle*.
Perched high in the seat,
Just by working his feet,
A man gayly rode up and down through the street,
And the boys said "How jolly!" The girls said "How sweet!"

Bob studied that bicycle day after day,
Played "hookey" from school and caught—I dare say
You *know* what he caught—something warm, anyway.



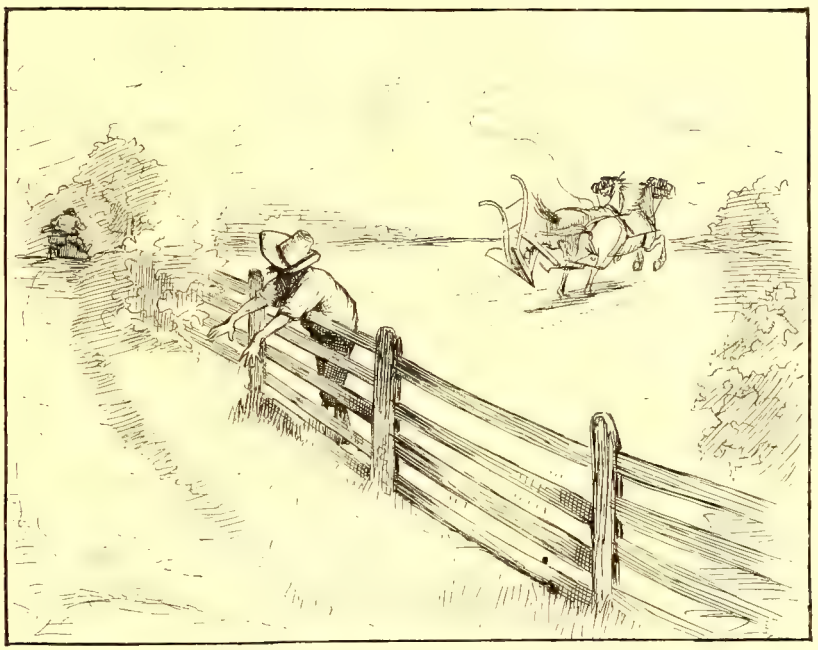
"HE SPED THROUGH THE TOWN, AND WAS SOON OUT OF SIGHT."

At last, this deluded
Young fellow concluded
This new-fangled notion *he* knew all about,
And could make one himself that would "beat it all out."

An old baby-carriage he found in the attic,
Quite stiff in the joints (perhaps 't was rheumatic),
And so rusty it wheezed in a manner asthmatic.
This furnished the wheels, big and little; the rest —

Till at last, with a final hammer and clink,
"There now," he muttered, "she 'll do, I think."

And it was, I assure you, no common affair,
But was bound, as he said, to make most people stare,
For it ran, not by treadles, as those you may see,
But by a huge spring that was wound with a key;
So that all you need do, if you wished for a ride,



"FARMER JONES'S TWO HORSES RAN MADLY AWAY."

The bolts, bars, and screws — with commendable zest
He begged and he borrowed, north, south, east, and west.

And then what a clatter!
Clink, clank, hammer, batter,
Till the neighbors all thought, what on earth is the matter?
But Bob worked away with a grin and a chuckle.
He barked his poor shins, and he bruised every knuckle,

And rubbed
His nose,
And stubbed
His toes,

And how many other things, goodness knows,
Was to pull on the throttle and off you would glide.

Then he called, to observe the result of his labors,
His parents, his brothers, and sisters, and neighbors,
And wisely expounded how much it surpassed
All others created, from first unto last.

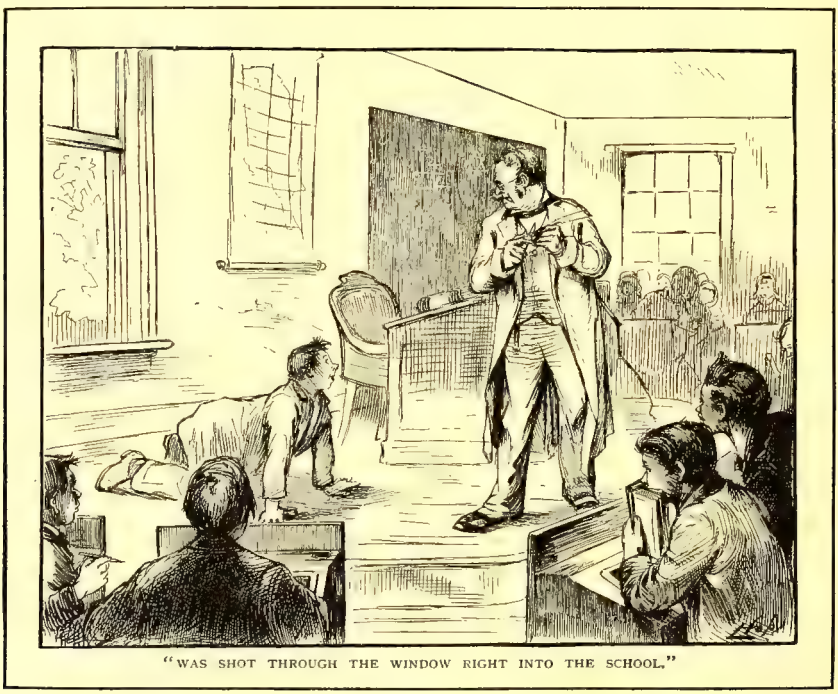
The news and the wonder spread fast, and his fame
Grew wider and wider. The people all came
By scores and by hundreds to witness him try it,
And one wealthy gentleman offered to buy it
At whatever price; but he proudly refused,

And mounted the seat to show how it was used.
The spring had been wound up as close as a bottle,
And all crowded round as he pulled on the throttle.

Whiz! whir!
What a stir!
How excited they were,
As he dashed through the crowd like a shaft from the bow,
Ran over two dogs, hit a fat man a blow
That knocked him a distance of ten feet, I know.
Still faster and faster,
Like news of disaster,
He sped through the town and was soon out of sight,
Unable to stop, and in terrible fright.

The dogs tried to catch him, the women screamed out,
The men followed after with many a shout.
Farmer Jones's two horses ran madly away,
Though every one says they get nothing but hay.

Thus, mile after mile, at the same rapid gait,
He dashed and he splashed, with his hair standing straight,
And his eyes big as fists, and the mud flying fast,
And the tears falling thick as the rain, till at last
With a terrible shock
He struck a big rock,
Was thrown from his seat, sir, and straight as a rule
Was shot through the window right into the school.



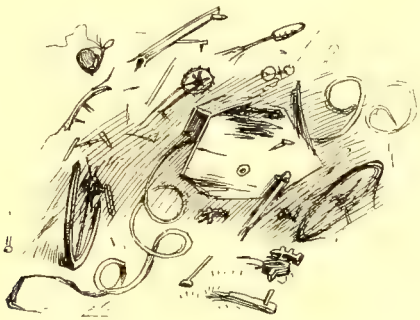
"WAS SHOT THROUGH THE WINDOW RIGHT INTO THE SCHOOL."

The trees skipped behind at a dizzying pace,
The fences on each side seemed running a race.
Up hill and down dale,
With the speed of a gale,
He whizzed o'er the road with a flap of coat-tail
Streaming out from behind, and his face scared and pale.

The poor little scholars all started with fright,
For never before had they seen such a sight;
But the master, with wonderful presence of mind
Remarked, as he quietly mended a pen,
"Master Bob, when you enter the school-room again,

Come in at the door, sir! and, lest you should
waste
Your delicate breath, enter not in such haste."

The bicycle? Oh!
It split into hundreds of pieces, you know,
And each of the pieces is whirling away
In the parks, on the roads, and the meadows
to-day,
As this or that bicycle, patent applied for,
Though *I* can't imagine what boys like to
ride for.



THE PRINCESS WITH THE GLASS HEART.

Translated from the German of Richard Leander, by Anna Eichberg.

THERE are people who have glass hearts. Touch them ever so lightly and they vibrate like silver bells—roughly, and they break.

Once there lived a King and Queen who had three daughters, and all three had glass hearts. "Children," the Queen would say, "take care of your hearts, for they are brittle ware;" and they did take care.

One day, however, the oldest Princess leaned out of a window to watch the bees and butterflies flitting among the hollyhocks in the garden below. "Crack!" they heard something break, and the poor Princess fell back dead the next instant.

Another time the second Princess was drinking a cup of very hot coffee. "Crack!" was heard,—the same sound of breaking glass, only not quite so loud as before,—and in her turn the second Princess stumbled and fell. The Queen raised her with much care, and discovered to her great joy that she still lived—in fact, that her heart had only been cracked and would still hold together.

"What shall we do with our daughter?" the King and Queen said to each other. "Her heart is cracked, and be the damage ever so slight, one day it may fall to pieces. We shall have to be very careful of her."

"Don't worry," the Princess said, cheerfully, for she had been listening; "cracked articles often last twice as long as others."

In the meantime, the youngest Princess had grown to be so beautiful, good, and wise, that kings' sons from all parts of the earth came to woo her. But the old King had grown wise by experience; he remarked that he had only one perfect daughter, and she, too, had a glass heart. He had concluded, therefore, to bestow her hand only on a king who at the same time was a glazier, and who would understand how to care for so delicate an article.

Unfortunately, among all the kings' sons who came a-wooing there was not one who understood glazing, and so they were all dismissed.

At this time there was among the royal pages one who was nearly graduated. That is, after he had borne the train of the youngest Princess three times, he would be considered a nobleman; the King would then congratulate him, and say: "Your education is finished, you are a nobleman. I thank you; you can go now."

The first time the page bore the Princess's train, he noticed how right royally she walked. The second time, the Princess said to him: "You have done well! Give me your hand, Sir Page, and lead me upstairs—but elegantly, as beseems a

royal page who leads a king's daughter." He obeyed, and remarked how magnificent was her dress, and that she seemed intent upon some noble thought.

At last, as for the third time he carried her train, the King's daughter turned to him, and said: "How admirably you bear my train! never before has it been carried so well!" And on that occasion the page noticed how very beautiful was her face. However, he was graduated now and a nobleman. The King congratulated and thanked him and remarked that, his education being completed, he might now go.

As he left the palace, the Princess stood at the garden gate. "You bore my train more gracefully than any other," she said; "would that you were a glazier and a king!"

He would try his utmost, he answered, and she must have patience, for he would certainly return. Then he went to a glazier, and asked him would he be willing to take an apprentice.

"Yes, but it will take you four years to learn," said the man. "The first year you 'll learn how to fetch the bread from the baker's, and wash, comb, and dress the children. The second year you 'll learn how to smear cracks with putty; the third, how to cut glass and set it, and the fourth, you 'll be a master glazier."

The page inquired if he might not begin with the fourth year, as that would be a clear saving of time, but the glazier proved to him that a respectable glazier always begins at the beginning; so he had to be satisfied.

The first year he fetched the bread, and washed, combed, and dressed the children. The second year he smeared the cracks with putty; the third he learned to cut glass and set it, and the fourth he became a master glazier. Then he dressed himself again as a nobleman, bade his master farewell, and then stopped to consider how he should manage to become a king.



THE PAGE TAKES HIS TURN AS THE PRINCESS'S TRAIN-BEARER.

Quite lost in thought, he went down the street, staring at the pavement, when a man came up to him and inquired what he had lost.

He had lost nothing, he answered, though he was searching for something—in fact, he was searching for a kingdom; indeed, he would be much obliged if the stranger would advise him how to become a king.

"I could tell you easily enough, if you were only a glazier," said the man.

"I am a glazier, for I have just finished my apprenticeship."

On hearing this, the man told him the story of the three sisters with their glass hearts, and the old King's determination to bestow his daughter's hand only on a glazier.

"At first there was a condition, that the glazier must be either a king or a king's son. As it was impossible to find the two professions combined, king and glazier, the King has had to compromise,

as, indeed, the wisest people always do. One of the old conditions still remains — the suitor must be a glazier; but there are two new conditions."



"THE FIRST YEAR HE WASHED AND DRESSED THE CHILDREN."

"What are the new conditions?" the nobleman asked.

"Firstly, he must please the Princess; secondly, he must have fine, shapely, unroughened hands. Should a glazier please the Princess, and have such hands, the King will give him his daughter, and after his death he will be king."

No sooner did the young nobleman hear this than he went to the palace, disclosed himself to the King, and reminded his majesty that he had been one of the royal pages, and that for love of the Princess he had become a glazier. Now he would like to marry her and reign himself after the King's death. The King sent for the Princess, and asked her if she liked the young nobleman. She said "yes," for she recognized him immediately; and when the King desired him to take off his gloves, so that he could see if he had shapely hands, the Princess said it was quite unnecessary, as she had remarked his fine hands the day he led her upstairs. So, both conditions being fulfilled, the young nobleman became her husband.

As for the second Princess, she became an aunt — indeed, the very best aunt in the world, as everybody acknowledges. She taught the little Princesses to read and cut out dolls' clothes, and she examined the school reports of the little Princes. Whoever had a good report was praised and received a present; whoever had a bad one, had his ears boxed.

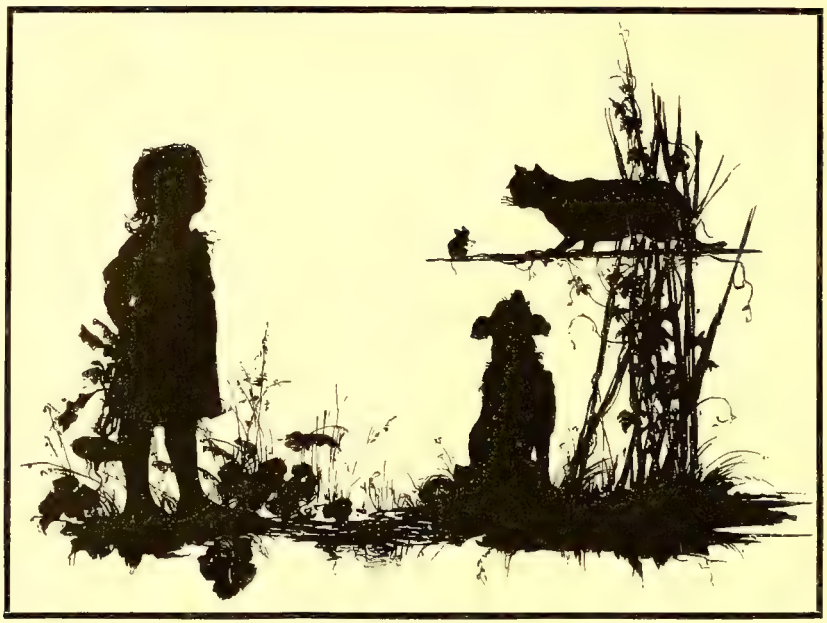
"What do you mean, you naughty Prince, by being such a lazy, good-for-nothing?" she would begin. "What 's to become of you? Out with it — well?"

"K—k—king!" the offender would sob.

"King Midas, my dears, with the great long ears," she would say, grimly looking at the other little Princes, and then the culprit would be terribly ashamed of himself.

The second Princess grew to be as old as the hills, though her heart was cracked; and when people wondered at this, she would say cheerfully, "Cracked articles always last the longest."

That is true enough, for my mother has a white cream-jug covered with tiny flowers, that has been cracked as long as I can remember, and yet it still holds together and has outlived more new cream-jugs than I can count.



AN OBJECT OF INTEREST.

POOR KATIE.

By Mary Wager Fisher.

She was one of the very best pupils in school in the city of St. Louis, but oh! so very, very poor, that, had it not been for her wise and brave little mother, I am sure she never would have gone to school at all. Katie was ten, and her brother Tim eight years old, and the brave little mother, who was three times as old as Katie,—which was not so very old after all,—had no one to help her to take care of them. But she had lived long enough to know that there was nothing in the world that could make up for ignorance, and nothing that everybody respected so much as a good education.

The winter when Katie became ten years old was like all the winters,—bitterly cold some days and sunny and bright on others, but never so warm but that a glowing fire was needed,—so that, with all the other things, there must be money for the coal.

Mrs. Lovell, Katie's mother, was a seamstress, and there were many days when she had but little work to do, and the pay was always small—only a few cents for a garment that she must work at the whole day long. She made up linen and cotton fabrics for one of the great shops of the city; and when your mamma can buy you a ready-made frock for one dollar, you must know that whoever made the frock did not receive much money for the work. For out of the dollar must come the cost of the fabric, the thread and buttons, and Hamburg embroidery, maybe; and the cutter and the salesmen must also be paid. So you see that there could not possibly be much left for the seamstress.

Poor Katie's mother could have earned much more by going out to service with her needle. But, in order to do that, she would have been obliged to find a place for Katie and Tim. And that—oh! she could never do that, she thought. When night-time came she wanted her little ones at her knee. She would rather have their hugs and their kisses, the sound of their voices in her ears, and the patter of their little feet upon the stairs, as they came home from school, than all the

fine things that she could have in the rich families where she might live and sew. So she struggled to pay the rent of her two small rooms and to keep Tim and Katie in school.

In school — that was the great thing. "Plenty of money may come one day, little ones," she would say, "but it will not be worth much if you do not know how to use it. This is the most wonderful country in the world, my birdies. Tim may be President and Katie a Mrs. President, and you can't know too much of school-books. I 'm sure that, when you 're grown up, you can never be glad and thankful enough that your mother sent you regularly to school. So don't mind the patched clothes, and the holes in the shoes, but keep *at the head of the class*, if you have n't a hat for your head!" And nearly every day she had something like that to say to them; so it was no wonder that they often forgot their poverty, and had better lessons than their class-mates.

But the winter Katie was eleven years old, the brave little mother had less money than ever before, and as the spring-time came on they grew so very poor that there was not always enough of bread left after breakfast to make a school-luncheon for Tim and Katie.

"Give it all to Tim," Katie would say; "I believe I don't want anything at noon." Poor little Katie! How hard she tried to think that she was not hungry! How empty her hands felt at first as she trudged along without her dinner! And how her heart beat, and how the blood burnt in her cheeks, when the nooning came, and she of all the girls had no luncheon to eat! Oh, if anybody should notice it! she thought, and she studied how she might behave that nobody should know she was so very poor. The hunger in her stomach was not half so hard to bear as the fear that somebody would know that she had nothing to eat.

But, after a few days, poor Katie began to think that the girls noticed that she brought no luncheon. Then she thought that perhaps if she brought something that *looked* like one, they would never think about her eating it. How she thought it all out, I can not tell; but if any of you have ever been in trouble and tried to think your way out of it, perhaps you may remember that you thought of some very foolish and queer things, and this was the way with Katie. She might tie up a few coals in a paper, she thought, but her mother would need every coal to keep up the fire. There were some blocks in one corner of the small room — Tim's blocks, that Santa Claus had brought him one Christmas, two or three winters before. She could tie up some of those in a paper for a make-believe luncheon, and nobody would know. So she tied up a few blocks neatly, and when her mother noticed it as she started for school, and asked in surprise what she had in the paper, the poor child hung her head for a moment, and then burst into tears.

"Oh, Mamma." she sobbed, "I wanted to make believe that I had some luncheon — it 's only Tim's blocks!"

For one moment the little mother did not understand, and then suddenly it all came into her mind — how the pride of her child was wounded because she could not appear as the other school-children did, and that she had fixed upon that simple device to hide her want. And how it made her heart ache more than ever that her poor little girl must go hungry! But she would not deprive Katie of the poor comfort of trying to "keep up appearances," and her throat was too full of choking lumps for her to trust herself to say much: so she smoothed the little girl's hair and wiped away the tears from her face, and said bravely: "Never mind, Katie! Better days will come! Mother feels sure of it!" And then Katie slipped away with her little bundle, and the poor little mother sat down and sadly wept at the hardships that had befallen her little ones.

When the nooning came, Katie sat at her desk with her make-believe dinner before her. Her teacher noticed that she kept her seat, and seeing her luncheon, went to her and said: "Why do you not go into the lunch-room and eat your luncheon with the other girls?" at the same time reaching out for Katie's bundle.

"Oh, teacher!" cried Katie, bursting into tears, "don't touch it! and oh, teacher, don't tell, please! *It's only blocks!*"

"*Only blocks!*" softly repeated the teacher, and tears filled her eyes. "Never mind, Katie, I 'll not tell the girls. You are a brave and a dear little girl, and one of the best in the school!"

Poor, poor child! The kind words were like manna to her heart; but, longing as the teacher was to give the child a portion of her own luncheon, she would not hurt her pride by the offer before others. But during a short session of the teachers when school was over, she related the incident, and spoke in such high terms of praise of the little girl, that each one resolved to do all possible to bring "better days" at once to the poor mother; and early next morning the better days began. No one touched the brave little mother's self-respect by offering her charity, but plenty of work, with good pay, was carried to her, and enough of bread and milk, and new shoes, and coal, and all other needful things, soon came to their home through the mother's industry. And Tim's blocks went back into their corner, to stay there.

Happy little Katie!

FLYING WITHOUT WINGS.

By C. F. Holder.



A SAILOR'S ADVENTURE WITH GURNARDS. [SEE PAGE 435.]

As I write, there is a curious little brown-eyed creature darting about the room, now perched upon my shoulder, anon nibbling at my pen, balancing upon the edge of the inkstand, or sitting on its hind-legs upon the table, where it sportively tosses about a huge walnut. Now, spread out like a parachute, it is clinging to the window-shade, and now like a flash it springs into the air, coming down lightly, only to dart to some other elevation, thence to repeat its antics again and again.

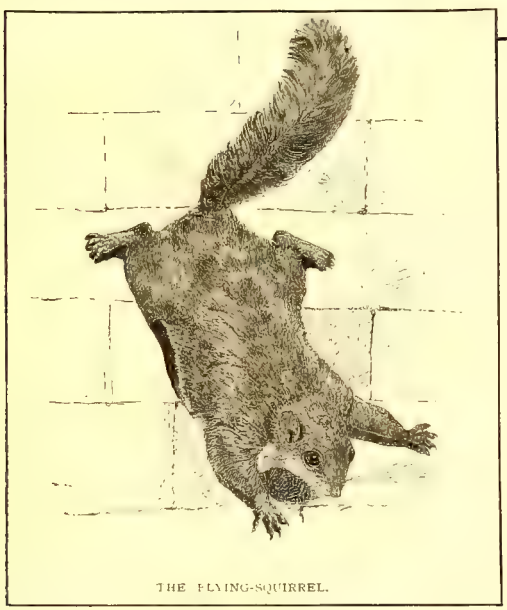
As you must by this time suspect, my pet is a flying-squirrel — one of the familiar examples of a large number of animals that can move through the air without wings. If we closely examine this pretty little creature, we find that between the fore and hind legs there is an expansion of the skin, which, when the legs are spread out, offers a decided resistance to the air and buoys the animal up exactly as though it carried a parachute. When our tiny playmate is in mid-air, notice how careful it is to hold its feet and hands (for it certainly uses its fore-feet as hands) out as far as possible, to catch all the air it can. If we look closely, we shall find attached to each of the hands a delicate bone, which, when the squirrel is in flight, act as booms for the curious sail in front.

But it is in the woods, in their native haunts, that these beautiful animals make their most wonderful leaps. From the tops of the tallest trees they launch themselves fearlessly into the air, coming down with a graceful swoop for a hundred feet or more; then, by a movement of the head, changing their course to an upward one, they rise ten or twelve feet, and finally alight upon the tree of their choice. They immediately scramble to the top to again soar away into the air, thus traveling through the woods from tree to tree much faster than you can follow them. How like they are to birds, building nests for their young, and moving through the air with almost equal freedom!

One of the most curious of this family is the sugar-squirrel — a beautiful creature, with large, curling ears of a delicate ash-color above and white beneath. Like many squirrels, it is a nocturnal or night animal, lying concealed in its nest in some hollow tree until the sun disappears, when it comes out, and spends the night in wonderful leaps from tree to tree, in search of food and perhaps amusement. When descending from a great height, it seems as though they must inevitably dash headlong against the ground, so precipitate is their flight; but this never happens. That they are able to change the direction of their flight while in mid-air seems a very natural and reasonable supposition, though only on one occasion has the accomplishment of this feat been observed. The incident is related of a squirrel, which was being brought to England from its home in New Holland. The sailors had made quite a pet of the little creature, which was a source of great amusement to them on account of its astonishing leaps from mast to mast. One day the squirrel climbed clear to the top of the mainmast of the vessel, and seemed to be afraid to come down again, so one of the men started after it. But just as he was about to grasp the truant, it expanded its broad, wing-like membrane, and shot off into the air. At the same moment the ship gave a heavy lurch to port. It seemed to all



FLYING-LIZARDS.



THE FLYING-SQUIRREL.

that their favorite must inevitably fall overboard; but, evidently seeing its danger, it suddenly changed its course, and with a broad and graceful curve sank lightly and safely upon the deck.

In the forests of the islands constituting the Indian Archipelago is found a curious flying animal that forms the connecting link between the lemur and the bat. The natives call it the colugo, and also the "flying-fox," but it is more like a flying-monkey, as the lemurs are cousins of the monkeys. Like the bats, these animals sleep in the day-time, hanging from the limbs and branches of trees, head downward; but as evening comes on, they sally forth, often doing great harm to the fruit on the neighboring plantations. In some parts of Java they are so numerous that it is found necessary to protect the fruit-trees with huge nets. The extent of their flights through the air is something astonishing. They sometimes drop to the ground and hop along with a shuffling kind of leap, but if they are alarmed, they spring to the nearest tree and in a moment reach its top by a series of bounds. Out upon the branches they dart, and with a rush are off into space. Sailing through the air like some great bird, down they go obliquely, swift as an arrow, a hundred and fifty feet or more, rising again in a graceful curve and alighting safely on a distant tree. In these great leaps they carry their young, which cling to

them, or sometimes follow them in their headlong flight, uttering hoarse and piercing cries. The colugos live almost exclusively on fruit, preferring plantains and the young and tender leaves of the cocoa-palm, though some writers aver that they have seen them dart into the air and actually catch birds. The flying-lemurs are perfectly harmless, and so gentle as to be easily tamed. They have lovely dark eyes and very intelligent and knowing faces.

In many old natural histories,—especially those of Aldrovandus and Gesner,—strange pictures are shown of dragons, with terrible heads, breath like steam, the feet and legs of a bird, and serpent-like skins. In the days of chivalry these dragons were very common, if we may believe the tales of the time, and every knight or gentleman with any pretensions to valor seems to have followed in the footsteps of St. George, according to the old romancers. But, in these days, the world has been so well traveled over that the dragons have been finally sifted down to one or two beautiful little creatures that live in India and the islands of the Indian Archipelago. Save for their harmless aspect, they have very much the appearance of the dragons of the olden time, and we suspect they were the originals of the tales that were certainly believed by the natural-history writers of past centuries. The dragons are small lizards that live among the trees, and though they have no wings, they move about through the air in graceful curves, with almost the freedom of birds. When they are upon a branch, you would hardly notice anything peculiar about them; but, let an insect pass by that they are particularly fond of, and, with a rush, several of them fly into the air. Between their legs is a curious membrane, encircling them like a parachute, banded and crossed with gorgeous tints of red and yellow, which glisten in the sun like molten gold. They seem to float in the air a second while snapping at the object of their pursuit; then they sink gracefully, alighting upon the trees or branches. The seeming wings are membranes—really an expansion of the skin of the flank, held in place by slender, bony processes connected with the false ribs, which shut up, as it were, when the "dragon" is resting, the wings appearing to be folded at the sides. They live upon insects, and dart after them from tree to tree with amazing rapidity, their long tails lashing the air like knives.

According to the naturalist Brontius, the common flying-lizard inflates a curious yellow goitre, or membrane, when it flies, thus rendering it lighter, and reminding us again of the birds, with their hollow bones. Thus assisted, they cross intervals of space as much as seven hundred feet in length faster than the eye can follow them. In darting across small streams, sometimes they fall short and come down in the water, when, of course, they are obliged to swim the remainder of the distance. Sometimes they are found in large streams, so it is not improbable that they go in swimming for the pleasure of it.

Equally curious as a flyer without wings is the *Rhacophorus*—a tree-toad found in New Holland. It also lives in the trees, and, to enable it to move



FLYING TREE-TOAD.

from one to another with safety and speed, is provided with immense webbed feet that serve the same purpose in sustaining it during flight as does the membrane of the draco (or flying-lizard). They launch themselves fearlessly from a branch, their feet held flat and toes stretched apart, and swoop down, then rise a few feet, finally alighting safely at their expected destination. Sometimes four or five are seen darting away together, looking like a flock of winged frogs or toads.

In the sea there are three flyers that really, from the extent of their flights, deserve the name.

Those of our readers who have been at sea, especially in the South, may have seen the common flying-fish, with its brilliant blue-and-silver body and lace-like, sheeny wings. From the crest of a blue wave they dart, singly or in flocks, fluttering along, rising and falling, turning in curves, and returning to the water with a splash — perhaps to fall a victim to some watchful bonito (or dolphin) that has been closely following them beneath the water. These privateers of the sea are their greatest enemies, as they rise in the air following them under water, and emerging just in time to catch the luckless flyers as they descend. The dolphins will take great leaps of twenty or thirty feet in following the poor flying-fish, which, notwithstanding their long wings and wonderful powers, often fall victims to their tireless pursuers. They frequently fly aboard vessels at night, perhaps attracted by the lights, or, it may be, caught up by the wind from the crest of some curling wave, and carried high in air against the sails.

The gurnard, though it has also long, wing-like fins, presents otherwise a totally different appearance. Its head is inclosed in a bony armor, from which project two sharp spines. Some of these fish are of a rich pink color, while others are mottled with red, yellow, and blue, and as they fly along over the water, and the sunlight falls upon their glittering scales, they seem to glow with a golden luster. With such hard heads, it will not be surprising information that they are disagreeable fellows to come in contact with; at least, so thought a sailor who was standing at dusk upon the quarter-deck of a vessel, near one of the West India islands. Suddenly, he found himself lying upon his back, knocked over by a monster gurnard that, with a score of others, had darted from the water, this one striking the man fairly in the forehead. The gurnards are also chased by dolphins, and they are frequently seen to rise in schools, to escape from the larger fish, while hovering above them are watchful gulls and man-of-war birds, ready to steal them from the jaws of their enemies of the sea.

In company with these flying-fish may often be seen curious white bodies, with long arms and black eyes. They are flying-squids, members of the cuttle-fish family, and the famous bait of the Newfoundland cod-fishermen. On the Banks they are often seen in vast shoals, and during storms tons of them are thrown upon the shore. When darting from wave to wave, they resemble silvery arrows, often rising and boarding ships in their headlong flight. So valuable are they for bait, that four or five hundred vessels at St. Pierre are engaged in catching them by means of jiggers.*

Many of the squid family leave the water when pursued. Even the largest of them, often forty or fifty feet long, have been seen to rise ten or fifteen feet in the air, and sail away as if propelled by some mysterious force, their hideous arms dripping and glistening. They are certainly the largest and strangest of the flyers without wings.

* A jigger is made by fastening a large number of fish-hooks together in a ball, points outward.



A FLYING FISH AND FLYING SQUIDS.

THE STORY OF MRS. POLLY ANN BUNCE'S BEST CAP.

Told by Mary Jane.

Mrs. Polly Ann Bunce was Beth Hall's grandmother, and she wanted to go to the convention at Providence.

"'T is n't likely, 'Liz'beth," she said to Beth's mother, "that I 'll ever live to see many more of these anniversaries, and, as I am not so poorly as usual, this year, I think I 'd like to go."

"Well," said Mrs. Hall, "I have been counting on spending a day with Lucius's wife, and I might as well go now and take you to the convention."

"I want to go to the convention, too," cried Beth. "And, anyhow, Mother, if I don't go to the convention, I should like to go to Providence."

Her mother looked very doubtful for a moment, and then said:

"Well, well, I 'll see about it. We shall not go till next week Thursday, so don't begin to tease now, child."

By Wednesday Mrs. Hall had decided to take Beth with her to Providence, and as Dot and I needed new shoes, she offered to let us join the party.

There were quite a number of Tuckertown people going into town that day. Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Polly Ann Bunce went in the early train, but as there was not room for us in the carriage, Beth, Dot, and I were to follow in the next one, under the care of Mrs. Ithamar Tibbetts.

Mrs. Hall said that this was a very nice arrangement, but Beth and I did n't think so, by any means. Aunt Jane says I have a prejudice against Mrs. Ithamar Tibbetts, and that she is a good, generous woman. I suppose she is, but Beth and I consoled ourselves that day with the thought that, when we got to the station, we could run away from Mrs. Tibbetts and get a seat in another car. But she kept her eye on us every minute, and finally seated herself directly behind us.

"I don't care," I whispered to Beth. "In the big depot at Providence I know we can get away from her. We will hurry out of the cars ahead, and there will be so much noise we sha' n't hear her call after us. While we run out into the street, she will have to stay and look after her baggage. That is, if you know the way, Beth."

"Oh, yes, I know the way," said Beth.

We did n't have any baggage except Mrs. Polly Ann Bunce's best cap, in a box, which Mrs. Hall had given us to carry for her.

Well, everything happened exactly as we had planned, and soon Mrs. Tibbetts and we had parted company. "Now," said Beth, "let 's walk slowly and look into all the shop-windows. I want to spend *my* money right off."

Beth had a dollar, and Dot and I each fifty cents. Mrs. Hall had the money for our shoes.

I had just made up my mind to buy a lovely fan with a shepherdess painted on it, when Dot suddenly cried: "Why, where is Mrs. Polly Ann Bunce's best cap?"

Sure enough, where *was* it?

"It has gone on to Boston in the train," said Beth, faintly. "We left it in the cars in our hurry to get away from Mrs. Tibbetts."

"Oh, how Mrs. Polly Ann Bunce *will* look without any cap!" giggled Dot.

"And how do you think *you* will look when we have to tell that we lost it?" snapped Beth.

Dot, of course, began to cry.

"'T was n't *my* fault, Beth Hall. I 'm a real little girl. It was your fault and Mary Jane's."

"It was the fault of all of us," said I. "But I don't care, for we can buy her a new cap. We have money enough, I 'm sure."

"Yes, but I had rather buy candy than caps," whined Dot.

"Mary Jane," said Beth, "if you and Dot will give your money, we will have two dollars altogether. How much do you suppose caps cost?"

"I dunno," answered Dot; "I never buy 'em."

At that we all laughed, and Beth said they were ugly things anyhow, and ought not to be more than a dollar. In that case, we should have fifty cents left to spend.

Pretty soon we came to a place where there were bonnets in the window, and we thought they would keep caps there, too.

"Mary Jane, you ought to ask," said Beth. "You are the oldest."

"I 'm only two weeks older than you," said I, "and I 've done enough things to make up for those two weeks long ago."

"Well, if not the oldest, the youngest, then. The middle person never does anything," Beth said, with a nod at Dot.

There *are* folks who slip out of everything, and Beth Hall is one. I was glad when Dot said:

"But it is n't *my* grandma's cap. I think Beth ought to ask for it."

"Come, Mary Jane," said Beth, "I *dare* you to do it."

Of course, I *had* to do it then. "I guess I 'm not afraid," I said, and walked right into the shop.

There were three girls behind the show-case. I said to one of them: "I 've come to look at caps."

They all looked at each other and began to laugh in a most disagreeable way, and one of them asked: "For yourself, madam?"

I knew she was making fun of me, and was just going to say that we would go to some other shop, when Dot burst out: "Why, Mary Jane 's only a little girl. *She* don't wear caps. It 's for Mrs. Polly Ann Bunce, and she is an old, old lady."

"Well, you know there are a great many different styles of caps," said the girl to me. "What kind do you want?"

"We want a *cheap* kind," said Beth.

I had no idea there were so many different kinds of caps. There was one very fancy one with wheat sticking out of the ruche, and a bunch of grapes on one side in a bow made of pink ribbon. We thought this cap would be very expensive,—it had so much trimming on it,—but it turned out to be the very cheapest one in the shop. I suppose that was because the ribbon was shop-worn. I liked better the black one with the two lace tabs hanging down behind and the purple bow on the top—but just think! that was seventeen dollars! Real lace, you see.

There was still another, with just a ruche and plain muslin strings, which looked somehow just like Mrs. Bunce's; but it was two dollars, and would take all our money. So Beth took up the one with the grapes again, and said to me:

"Oh, what shall we do, Mary Jane? I 'm afraid Grandma wont like this cap."

"Did she send you to buy one for her?" said the second girl, who was leaning over the counter and staring at us.

"Why, no!" Beth answered; "but we lost her cap coming from Tuckertown. We left it in the cars, and now we have got to buy her another."

"The poor little things!" said the third girl. "They are afraid to go home without a cap. Could n't we fix up one for them for a dollar and a half, Eliza? There 's the one we began for Mrs. Jonas Jones; with a ruche instead of the lace, it will look very nice. I dare say they will get a scolding for losing the cap."

"Yes, indeed!" put in Beth, and I never saw her look so wretched before or since. "You had better believe my grandma will scold, with no cap to wear all day, and she a-visiting, too. I dare say we wont be allowed to have any dinner at all, and I 'm so hungry!"

"So am I!" I said, and Dot looked ready to cry.

"There, now, you just cheer up, darling!" said the one they called Eliza, with a very sympathizing look at Dot, whose lip was quivering beautifully. "We will fix up a nice cap for you, all for one dollar and a half."

While she was at work we looked again at the other cap. "I don't believe my grandma would wear it," began Beth. "It 's a very queer-looking thing, anyhow!"

"Yes, indeed—with those grapes and that faded ribbon," said I, as the girl, holding up the cap she had just finished, exclaimed: "There, that 's a bargain for you at one dollar and a half!"

"I should say it was!" said an awful voice from the door. "Eliza Shaw, what do you mean by selling that cap for a dollar and a half?"

We saw at once that the new-comer was the owner of the shop, and that she was as mad as a hornet, besides.

"They can't pay but a dollar and a half," said the girl, but her face turned very red as she spoke.

"Well, let them have the one with the grapes and the pink ribbon, then. That's a dollar and a half, and the only one in the store for that ridiculous price!"

The girl put the nice cap she had just finished in a box, and held out the other one, saying: "Well, this is the best I can do for you, then, after all."

Ruth looked at me and I looked at Ruth, while Dot said: "I 'm sure it 's good enough."

"I hope your grandma will think so," said I to Beth.

"Well, maybe she will," sighed Beth, gloomily. "She called *me* an ungrateful girl, 'cause I said I would n't wear that sun-bonnet Mother bought for me. So I hope she wont despise this costly, handsome cap."

"Yes, a nice, handsome cap, with grapes and lots of trimming on it!" added Dot.

While the girl had been tying the cap up for us, we had been leaning on the show-case, and, just at that moment, the glass gave way with a crash beneath our arms.

"Oh, my! what a thin glass it must have been," said Beth, turning pale.

"My gracious! *Thin!*" said the first girl. "I'm afraid you 'll find it will cost you enough to have it mended. It will be ten dollars, if it 's a cent!"

"But I never had so much money as that, in my life!" cried Beth. "We can't pay for it!"

The woman who had refused to let us have the cap now came tearing up to us, exclaiming:

"Give me every penny you have, and then clear out of my shop!" She seized Dot as she spoke, and we soon found ourselves standing outside on the pavement, with no money and no cap.

"Oh, what a dreadful, dreadful woman!" cried Beth. "And was n't she just as mad as a hatter!"

"You mean as mad as a *capper*," said I; but Beth was too frightened to see the joke.

In fact, we were all half crying by the time we reached the house. We wondered if Mrs. Bunce would wear her bonnet all day, and Dot said she would lend her her pocket-handkerchief, and welcome. But, in any case, we were prepared for a scolding.

"Why, where on earth have you been?" cried Beth's mother, as we slunk into the room. "Mrs. Tibbetts said you hurried off so she could n't keep up with you."

"Why-ee!" exclaimed Dot. "Mrs. Polly Ann Bunce has got her cap on!"

I raised my eyes from the carpet, and lo and behold! there sat Mrs. Bunce, and on her head was the very cap we had left in the cars.

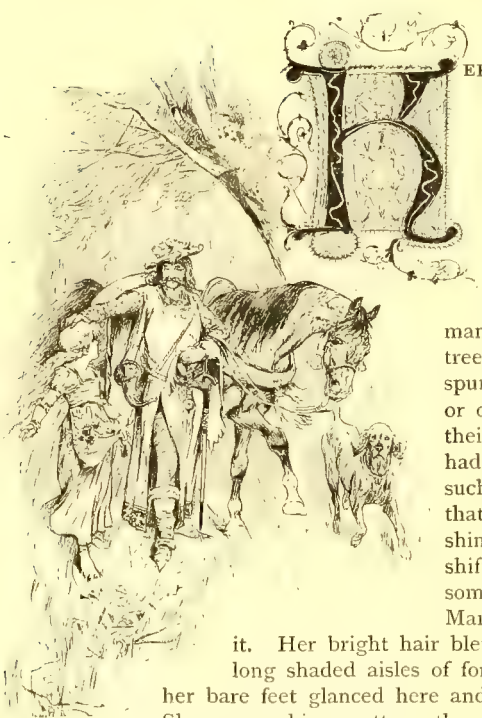
"Yes; Mrs. Ithamar Tibbetts brought it," said Mrs. Bunce, serenely. "The day would be spoiled for me without my cap," she said, "and you children did n't want the trouble of it, so she took care of it herself. I 'm sure I 'm glad I did n't have to wait for it till you got here, though Lucius's wife said she would lend me a cap; but, bless me! it was such a smart-looking one, I should never think of wearing it. Pink ribbons on it!" added Grandma Bunce, with a real horrified look.

Beth and I often wonder whether Mrs. Ithamar Tibbetts brought that cap from Tuckertown, or whether we left it in the cars and she found it; but, as near as we could find out, she never told any one how we ran away from her in the depot at Providence, nor how near Mrs. Polly Ann Bunce came to losing her cap.

And, somehow, we have liked Mrs. Tibbetts a great deal better since then, and I, for one, have concluded that it is very silly to take prejudices against good, generous women.

THE SAD LITTLE PRINCE.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.



HER name was a plain and common one, but everybody had got into the fashion of calling her Little Marigold. The reason they so called her was because of her golden-brown skin, tanned by days and days of romping about in the sun, and her flossy yellow hair that made a lovely cloud, colored like ripe wheat, above her pink, mirthful mouth and her dancing eyes.

Little Marigold lived on the borders of a great forest, many years ago, in a country that would sound strange if I should name it. Her father was a woodman, and plied his ax all day over the trunks of tough trees, winning scanty wages for his labor. Her mother spun at a large wheel in the door-way of their rude cabin, or cooked the barley and lentils that served the three for their frugal meals. But of late, when our tale begins, there had been a dreary famine among the peasant-folk, and even such coarse fare was hard to gain. One day it chanced that, as she stood beside her parents' cabin, a spot of sunshine flickered through the breezy boughs overhead, and shifted here and there on the turf below. It was shaped something like a big golden butterfly, and, as it moved, Marigold made little playful gestures as though to catch it. Her bright hair blew out wide in the soft wind that came rustling through long shaded aisles of forest; her dress was of some old dark-crimson stuff, and her bare feet glanced here and there on the sward, like brown oak-leaves in autumn. She was making pretty, artless gestures with her lifted arms, stooping every minute, as though to seize the airy, flitting scrap of sunshine. But suddenly an unusual sound startled her quick ears; she turned, letting both arms fall at her sides. She was surprised and a little ashamed, but

her sweet, tawny face was still full of childish merriment.

Before her was a gentleman on a glossy white horse, that arched its neck and pawed the ground with restless hoof-strokes. He wore a hunting-costume of dark-green cloth, and a silver horn hung at his side. He seemed about to address Marigold, when several other horsemen joined him, galloping hastily around an angle of close-growing trees.

All these new-comers drew rein when they saw their companion. All save one of them wore dark-green hunting-dresses and carried silver horns; but he who seemed their leader sat his horse with a prouder air than any of the others, and was clad in purple velvet, with a diamond star that flashed on his breast. He had long, flowing hair, that broke into little curls where it touched his shoulders, and his blue eyes had a sparkle in them that was like the laugh of a brook. Little Marigold thought him a wondrously handsome gentleman; she felt certain at once that he was much finer and grander than any of his associates; the horn that dangled from his saddle-bow was of enameled gold, and an immense feather, black and shining like the steed he bestrode, curved downward from his purple cap, half shadowing his genial face.

"I fear we have lost our way, little maiden," said this brilliant person, addressing Marigold, while his associates drew respectfully backward on either side of him. "We have been hunting in the wood, as you see, and the excitement of the chase has led us far from our proper course. You seem a very bright little damsel. Can you tell us, then, the shortest road from this spot to the city gates?"

"Great sir," answered Marigold, dropping a little courtesy which had never been taught her, but which came to her as naturally as its light sway to the lily, "I have never been, myself, to the city, but I well know the road leading thither, and if you will follow me for a short space through the wood, I will gladly show it."

Without waiting any answer, Marigold went tripping past the horsemen; and then, while pausing for a moment, she beckoned to the whole cavalcade with such a beaming smile and such perfect grace that the group of gentlemen exchanged looks of surprise.

But the gentleman in the purple robe gave a mellow laugh, and cried out to Marigold, as she was dancing onward over the smooth sward of the forest: "Nay, little one, you shall come and walk at my side."

And with these words he sprang from his horse, while Marigold again paused, quite frightened by this proffered courtesy. He presently reached her, and they moved along together. Behind them followed the group of huntsmen, all reining in their impatient horses, whose bold, dark eyes told that they still longed to scour the woodland with flying hoofs.

"I think you must always be happy," said Marigold's companion. "Tell me," he went on, "are you ever sad?"

"Sometimes, my lord," said Marigold. "I often fancy it is, perhaps, wrong," she added, gently, "that I should keep so light a heart. For though the world is full of pleasant things, there is much hereabouts to make me very grieved and sorry."

"Tell me what it is," said the gentleman, stroking the child's hair, "and, if possible, I will see that it troubles you no more."

"Oh!" cried Marigold, clasping both hands together, "I mean all the people for miles about, who are sick and dying with the famine! If you could only help them, kind sir, I should be happy indeed!"

For a moment the mirth had gone from Marigold's face, and an eager pleading filled it. But there came a sudden darkness upon the brow of him who walked beside her. "Oh! that is a state question," he said, in his beard, as the phrase goes, and laughed a harsh bit of a laugh. "It is a matter for the King to settle, and not a little girl."

Marigold looked up into the speaker's face, with a guilty alarm on her own. "Perhaps you know the King?" she faltered. "If so, pray forgive me. I meant no harm."

The stranger gave another laugh, not loud, but very jovial. He paused, and Marigold paused too, and the whole cavalcade halted behind them.

"Little one," he said, "I, myself, am the King!"

Marigold could not speak then, for sheer alarm kept her silent. But the King, after watching her dismay, soon said, in gracious tones, "I have told you who I am; now let me know your name."

"I am called Little Marigold, please your majesty," replied the child, lowering her eyes.

"A fit name for so merry a little maid," said the King, with another of his careless laughs. And then, turning toward the huntsmen of his suite, he held converse with them for several moments in a low voice.

"I want you to let me take you home with me, little one," he at length said. "Do not fear; you shall be treated with all kindness: you shall dwell in a beautiful palace, and go back again to your parents as soon as you weary for a freer life. And I will have word sent to them whither you are gone, so that they shall not mourn

you as lost. There is a great favor which you may perhaps have it in your power to perform for me. What that favor is I will tell you as we ride through the forest."

Then, with no more ado, the King caught Little Marigold in his arms and placed her upon the saddle, himself mounting the steed a moment afterward. She felt the King's arm firmly holding her; the long plume from his cap brushed her cheek; the jewels that studded his horse's reins flashed before her eyes. And presently the King's voice sounded close at her ear, questioning whether their course was the proper one. Marigold calmed her puzzled wits as best she could, and told him that they would soon quit these fragrant glades and hollows for the open road which led to the city. And when it had indeed happened, as the child stated, the King once more addressed her.

"Now," he began, "you shall learn what is the service that I ask of you, and that I only hope you can fulfill. At home in my palace I have a son of about your own age, who is called by nearly every body, I regret to say, 'The Sad Little Prince.' There is only too good a reason why he should have won this name. His mother died when he was very young, and he can not remember her loss. For some few years he was as gay a child as any in my kingdom, but of late months a strange melancholy has fallen upon him which there is no driving away. In vain the most famous doctors have argued together over his singular case. None of them can tell just where the trouble lies. It is not bodily sickness, but rather a malady of the mind, which makes him care for no sport, take heed of no event. All day he sits pale, languid, silent. Every means has been tried to rouse and interest him, but with no avail. Now, Little Marigold, when I saw to-day the joy and peace in that sun-brown face of yours, the fancy struck me that your company might perhaps charm away these dismal vapors from my son's brain. I would have you go into his presence clothed just as you are — like one fresh from another world than his own. I would have you speak to him with the same looks and tones you always use. Forget that he is a prince; treat him as you would treat one of your tanned, romping playmates. Will you do this to please me, Little Marigold?"

"I will try, your majesty," murmured Marigold, feeling as if she had fallen asleep in some meadow or lane, as she would often do if the noon were hot, and had dreamed that the King spoke to her thus and was carrying her to the great city on his rich-harnessed steed.

But it was no dream; for just at twilight they came to an open country where the land was quite without trees, like a moor, save that it shelved downward in one vast slope. And at the foot of the slope lay an enormous cluster of dwellings cut with dark streets, and having many domes and spires that stood clear against the rosy evening heaven. This was the city, and through its heart curved a river that looked like a huge silver sickle thrown down in its midst. And in the sky overhead, only low toward its edge, hung a large white star, like a human eye full of dreamy wonder.

But it was nearly night when they reached the gates of the city, and two massive iron doors were swung apart for them to pass within. And now, as they rode along, Little Marigold saw people sitting in the door-ways of rude, narrow dwellings, for the night was sultry. And the faces of these people were wan and haggard, reminding her of other faces in the village near her father's home. And once she thought she heard a bitter groan from a knot of ragged men as their mounted train clattered past; and again she caught a glimpse of a thin woman and a half-starved girl, who bent above a baby that had its eyes closed and seemed to gasp for breath.

Then one of the gentlemen behind called out to the King: "It is too bad that your majesty was forced to enter by this gate and ride through these vile streets."

"No matter," said the King, lightly; "it will soon be over."

And he spoke the truth, for in a brief space of time these unsightly houses changed to stately mansions, and at length they reached a great marble palace, whose pale walls seemed to touch the stars. Proud flights of steps ran up to its wide portals, and here armed men kept guard; while below, on the dark, rolling lawns, were walks rimmed with high shrubs, and statues gleaming from rounded groves of firs. The King dismounted and his gentlemen did the same; then, while a throng of grooms led away their heated horses, the whole company ascended the palace-stairs. The King held Little Marigold by the hand, guiding her short, timid steps. Then they passed through several rooms whose splendors made the child's eyes glisten with their excess of light and beauty; and, at length, the King joined a group of waiting-women who wore peaked coifs and veils, like the court-ladies in old pictures. To the foremost of these he spoke a few low words, afterward giving Marigold to her charge. Then he waved an adieu to the child, and went away, twirling his mustache and humming a song.

Marigold soon found that she was not to see the Sad Little Prince that evening, for two of the waiting-women now led her to a chamber where there was a gilded bed hung with silken draperies.

Then they undressed her, laughing at the shapely plumpness of her childish limbs, and placed her within the bed, beneath a broidered coverlid. Marigold was very tired; it was past her hour for rest. She fell at once into a deep sleep, and only awoke when the sun was shining into the grand room, and some sort of bird whose breast burned like flame was singing with sweet madness from a cage hung in an oriel window.



MARIGOLD MEETS THE SAD LITTLE PRINCE.

But scarcely was Little Marigold well awake before the same attendants who had placed her in bed drew her gently forth. They clad her once more in the coarse frock she had worn last night, and left her still barefoot, such being the King's wish. Then they gave her some rare fruit to eat and milk to drink from a golden bowl, and when she had sated both hunger and thirst, one of the waiting-women took her by the hand, and they passed together down a long hall, where the arched windows were stained with many tints. A page came lightly toward them with a flagon of wine in his hands. But the boy tripped and fell, and a burst of laughter rang from a lounging group of other pages as the red wine broke over the oaken floor; and two little dwarfs, in scarlet-and-yellow jerkins covered with tiny bells, who sat with legs akimbo and a board of chess-men between them, grinned and chattered to each other when they saw the poor page's discomfort.

But presently the waiting-woman led the child between the folds of an arras, threaded another hall, and at length entered a chamber where the light was made dim, like that of a cloudy day just after sunset. Here the walls were hung with

choice pictured tapestries, where ladies held falcons on their wrists or fleet deer bounded through thickets. In a massive chair, whose carved back rose far above him, sat a slender youth with his head leaning upon his hand, and with dark lengths of hair falling about a pale, beautiful face, shaped like a heart. He did not move as Marigold and her companion approached him, but merely turned upon them a pair of eyes so dark, listless, and melancholy that they seemed to tell of some grief beyond any words.

"It is the Sad Little Prince," whispered the waiting-woman to Marigold. "I will leave you with him. It is the King's wish. Have no fear, but draw near him and speak to him just as your mood prompts." And with these words the waiting-woman glided from the chamber.

Marigold stood for some time gazing at the Prince. She did not feel at all afraid, though he was looking at her quite steadily. Crouched beside his chair was a great hound, with meek eyes and a drab skin of satin gloss, and not far away, on a pile of cushions, lounged a court-jester, whose bells jingled from every part of his many-colored clothes as he started up to get a better view of Marigold's ill-clad little form.

"Ho! ho!" laughed the jester, showing all his teeth in a funny grimace, "whom have we here, by all that is odd? May it please your highness," he went on, addressing the Prince, "this is a beggar-child who has come to wear your velvet doublet and play prince in your place, since you are no merrier than a graveyard, and tax the wits of your poor fool to divert you, till he feels as stupid as one of your father's own prime ministers."

"Peace, Fool," said the Prince, not angrily, but with a ring of command in his voice. "Go," he added, waving his hand with a weary gesture; and the fool at once rose, surprised that his young master should pay him enough note even to dismiss him from the royal presence. Jingling his bells, and turning his queer, wizened face twice or thrice toward Marigold, the fool slowly trundled from the room.

And now Marigold and the Sad Little Prince were left alone together.

"Pray tell me who you are," the Prince said, in slow, grave tones, after he had looked a long while at Marigold, "and why you have been brought here."

"I am Little Marigold," was the answer. "The King, your father, has sent me hither. He hopes that I can cure you of your great sadness, though I much fear that I have no art to do so."

The Prince shook his head. His eyes wandered toward the greyhound lying at his feet, with its long drab nose resting on its slim paws. Marigold drew nearer, and smoothed the hound's sleek skin and patted its head.

"Do you pity it because it is a dog?" asked the Prince, softly.

Marigold thought for a moment. "Indeed, no," she presently answered, "for there are many human beings who are not so happy as dogs."

The Prince started. "I see no unhappy people," he said; and then, with a heavy sigh, he added—"except myself."

"Why are you unhappy?" asked Marigold, very tenderly. The smile which had so won the King was on her lips now, but her blue eyes had a sweet, sober spark in each of them.

"I do not know," said the Prince, with another sigh; "do you?"

"You seem to have everything that brings happiness," replied Marigold. "You are not sick?"

"Oh, no!"

"You are not poor," continued Marigold.

"Poor!" repeated the Prince, in a puzzled voice; "what is that?"

"Ah, do you not know what it is?" exclaimed Marigold, clasping her little hands together, while a look of deep sorrow filled her face. "Often enough it is to see those whom we love suffer for food, for rest, for all that makes life dear and good!"

The Prince seemed to muse; his dark eyes had brightened a little. "I do not know what it means to love anybody," he said.

"Ah," cried Marigold, softly, do you not love your father, Prince?"

An eager yet troubled look crossed the Prince's face now. "I have never thought about loving the King," he said. "I have been taught to bow before him—to do him honor; that is all. He is always going to the hunt, or to a state council, or to a ball when we meet. He pats my head; he tells me to be cheerful; he laughs with the waiting-ladies while he talks to me; he has only a few minutes to stay; people bring him messages, letters; perhaps some one of the gentlemen says: 'Your majesty will be late.' Then he twirls his mustache and answers: 'Ah, true!' and then he goes. It is always that way; he has no sooner come than he is going. Do you understand?"

"Yes," said Marigold, thoughtfully, "I understand."

"None of the others will let me love them," continued the Prince. "I think it is because they fear me too much. Only a few have the right to speak when I do not address them. Once I asked why this was so, and a page told me it was because I am so great. I do not feel at all great; surely, I look very frail and small; every mirror in the palace tells me that. And yet, do you know, Little Marigold, that it takes five gentlemen-in-waiting

to put me to bed, and five more to give me my dinner?"

"That must be very bad," said Marigold. She was thinking of how she ate her own dinner of barley or boiled herbs, sometimes carrying it out under the big wild-grape vine near the old well, with no attendants but a stray thrush among the leaves, or the quaint grigs in the grass.

"Now tell me of these whom you call the poor," said the Prince, and he laid one of his slight hands on Marigold's plump arm.

And then Marigold answered, to the best of her young wit. And when she told him of the famine and woe that she had seen here in his father's own city, and how people said that all the evil sprang from the King's heedless rule, the Prince leaned his head on his hand and sat mute for a very long time, with lowered eyes.

But at last several courtiers entered the chamber, and Marigold was led away and left in a great room that overlooked a marble balcony half smothered in pink roses. She watched the joyous view till she grew tired; then she dropped asleep on a great damask couch, and the sun slanted low, and the day darkened around her while she slept.

It was quite dark when something awoke her. But the light of a taper shone in her face, and while starting up from the couch she saw that the Prince stood beside her. Some one else held the taper, however, and, as Marigold's senses cleared, she perceived that this some one was the fool whom she had seen in the morning. But he might now have passed for a wise man, this same fool, his gaudy, bell-trimmed dress being changed for one of dark cloth. And the Prince was likewise clad.

Then, while Marigold was rubbing her eyes, since she was still but half awake, the Prince touched her arm and said, in a voice that was faint, yet clear and firm:

"Do not be afraid, Little Marigold. It is only the fool and I. He has helped me, as I knew that he would, and you and he and I are going on a journey."

"On a journey!" repeated Marigold, now quite roused.

"Yes," replied the Prince. "You shall see. Make no noise, but come with us."

The Prince held out his hand. Marigold rose and took it. Then the three passed from the room, and went through many long, still corridors, guided by the fool, who had blown out his taper, since the lamps hanging in these various passages made it no longer needful. And at length they came forth into the open starlight, through a small outer door which the fool unlocked with a key that he carried.

Then they stole across the palace grounds, in and out of the groves and bosks of shrubbery, fearful of being discovered by the guards. But the fool was wary, taking a roundabout route and letting his keen eyes peer through the darkness with much caution. And at last they reached the street through a narrow gate-way to which the fool, by some artful means of his own, had also procured a key.

"Let us follow him," whispered the Prince to Marigold, pointing toward the fool, who walked ahead. "He knows where I wish to go."

The Prince had given Marigold a dark cloak like that which he himself wore. The hour was still early; they met several passers, but their plain attire and the obscure dusk together saved them from notice. For some time the streets which they traversed were of noble breadth and lined with wealthy homes; but finally these grew crooked, ill-lit, and noisome. Groups of ragged people lounged in the door-ways; sometimes a child's cry sounded shrill and mournful; here and there a candle flickered in the small, cramped rooms, where gaunt forms lay stretched in weary postures.

The fool paused and looked at his young master. The Prince grasped little Marigold's hand still tighter, and shuddered.

"And so these are the poor?" he said, in low yet deep tones.

"Yes," said Marigold.

"Strange!" murmured the Prince, as if to himself. "I have never known of them till to-day. What right had I to be sad when these were suffering and dying so near me?"

The fool came close to the Prince's side. His lean, grim face was all wrinkled with hidden laughter. "So ho! your highness," he chuckled, "here are the folk that pay for your royal father's feasts and hunts. The roasted ortolans and peacocks, the costly fish and the precious wines, are all flavored with their tears, only you that eat and loll at your ease don't care for that."

The Prince grew pale in the faint light where they stood; the fool half turned away, chuckling to himself.

"I wonder if he is really a fool?" thought Marigold. "I hardly understand what he says, but it does not sound very foolish, somehow."

Just then the Prince moved toward a group of rough men in tattered garments, who stood together under one of the few lamps. He drew Marigold along with him. "Be careful, your highness," whispered the fool; but whether the Prince heard or no, he did not heed this warning.

"Will you tell me what it is that makes you poor?" he said, looking straight at the nearest

man of the group, and speaking with bold yet mild voice.

The man stared and laughed; he had on a dingy, wine-red jerkin that was frayed and torn; one of his feet was bare, the other wore a shoe with a long point at the toe and trodden down at the heel.

"What makes me poor, my lad?" he said, while the laugh died on his lips and a drawn, fierce look followed it. "Why, because the King and his court feast and game and hunt all day long, and lay taxes on the people to help feed their pleasures."

There was a silence. "Then the King is not a good man?" asked the Prince, with his dark, still eyes fixed full on the hollow-cheeked face above his own.

"He 's a brave King," cried another voice in the crowd. "He fought well in the last wars. We can't forget that."

An old woman had pushed forward by this time, joining the gathered men. Gray hairs straggled over her brow, seamed with deep lines; her dress was a mass of rags. Want had gnawed her to the bone. She lifted one skinny hand and shook it with an air of rage.

"Who cares if the King is brave?" she cried, her voice all a wild whine. "We forget it, and it is he who makes us forget it. He fills himself with good cheer while we starve. He has no more time to make just laws for his realm. He must tread the dance instead, with the last court-beauty; he must play at tennis; he must rattle the dice with his lords; he must squander dainties on his son—him that they call the Sad Little Prince. Sad, indeed! He should have something to make him sad, the idle, lounging youth! Let him come here and see the babies dying on their mothers' breasts! Let him live on a crust a day, and less, as we are forced to live! Then he might be sad in good earnest. Then he might droop in his gilded chair, and dream that the whole world had gone awry! Bah! I would like to speak my mind to the King! I would like to say my say to the spoiled boy that he loads with sweets whose cost for one week would keep us wretches hale and strong for a year!"

The Prince was looking straight at the old woman as she ended this angry outburst. Marigold saw that his lip was quivering, and that a great tear was on either of his pale cheeks. Perhaps the dimness made no one else see this save Marigold; she was so close to him. After a little pause, the Prince said, very slowly, to the old woman:

"I think you are right, though you are angry. People who are angry are not often right. But perhaps you shall not always suffer. Perhaps there will be a change. It may happen soon —— I don't know. Tell your beads to-night and pray for it."

His eyes were full of tears now, and his voice trembled. Only Marigold saw the tears, but all heard the new voice with which he spoke. A murmur rose in the crowd. The wan faces leaned forward, eager and curious.

"Who are you?" cried a voice. "You are no child of the people. You do not speak as we speak. Where did you get that look? It is like one of the Saints'."



"THEY STOLE FROM OUT THE PALACE GROUNDS."

"Come," whispered the fool, who stood behind the Prince and plucked his cloak. "Come, or it will be too late."

"Tell us who you are!" now cried the old woman; and she caught the front of the Prince's cloak as if to tear it away from his slight form.

"No — stay!" said a fourth voice, dragging the old woman back. "It may be a miracle. Perhaps he is the Holy Child come to us in flesh and blood from the Madonna's arms. Who knows?"

A sudden awe seemed to fall on the group. Many of the rough men crossed themselves, receding several steps.

At this point the fool threw his arm about the Prince and hurried him onward, while his hand still clung to Marigold's. No one followed the three as they sped along with fleet haste. In silence they glided onward through the squalid streets. At last they were in the haunts of thrift and wealth once more. The Prince drew a deep breath as he pressed Marigold's hand.

"Oh, Little Marigold," he said, "you don't know what a change you have wrought in me! I shall never be sad again. I have no right to be. I must think only of making others happy!"

When they reached the palace grounds, the fool unlocked the small entrance as before. But as they were moving across the lawns a gleam of near lights came to them through the thick screens of trees.

"What are those lights?" asked the Prince, pausing.

"Your father holds high revel to-night," answered the fool, "in his grandest pavilion."

The Prince seemed to muse for a moment. "Little Marigold and I will go to the revel," he said.

The fool gave one of his loudest chuckles, but there was more surprise than mirth in the sound. "In that dress," he said, "your highness will look like a beetle among so many butterflies."

"Come," said the Prince to Marigold. The two children went across the lawns together, till the lights grew very near and bright. Sweet music floated to them across the starry dimness. Presently a splendid pavilion rose before them, all ablaze with lamps. It was propped on slim pillars that were wound with blossoming vines. Its floors were crowded with gayly dressed people, whose gems flashed and whose ribbons fluttered.

"Are you afraid?" said the Prince, pausing and turning to Marigold.

"No," answered Marigold, shaking her head. "There is something in your face and the clasp of your hand that makes me brave."

They walked onward. When they came to the stately steps of the pavilion, two armed men moved forth from the shadow.

"You can not pass," said one of the men. "We do not know you."

"Besides," growled the other, "this is no place for children."

Marigold's companion threw back his cloak. A star of diamonds, like that which the King had worn in the wood, only smaller, burned on his breast.

"I am the Prince," he said.

The men drew back, quick as thought, and bowed so low in their clinking armor that the plumes of their helmets nearly swept the ground. Then the Prince and Marigold passed up the lofty flight of steps together.

As they came among the merry-makers, many eyes were turned upon their small, dark-clad figures. But presently, "It is the Sad Little Prince," passed from lip to lip.

A sort of awed hush fell upon the revel. Everybody stopped dancing. The music ceased as well, for the players, though hid in a distant bower of leafage, had seen the sudden commotion and wondered at its cause.

The Prince, still holding Marigold tightly by the hand, moved onward. His head was thrown a little back; his pale, boy-face seemed cut from marble; they who watched him told themselves that he had never before looked so like his dead mother, who had been a good and lovely queen.

At the farther end of the vast room was a dais, and here, in a high chair of gold scroll-work, sat the King. A throng of courtiers were about him. He wore a dress of black velvet slashed with scarlet, and a circlet of rubies on his head, that made a line of living fire. He started up as the Prince, with Marigold at his side, drew nearer, pausing near the dais.

"My son," exclaimed the King, "why are you here?"

There was a dead silence. The Prince stood erect and calm; his dark cloak fell about his slender form in graceful folds; the diamond star was still visible on his breast — the star that it was death for any in that great kingdom to wear, save his father and himself.

His voice rang clear and full when he now spoke. It was not like a boy's voice, nor yet was it deep as the voice of a man. But all who heard it were thrilled, as though from the first notes of a mellow flute when touched by master-fingers.

"Father," he said, "I have come to tell you that you can change all my sadness, if you so wish, into deep rejoicing. For Marigold has taught me what I never knew before — that there are thousands in the world who suffer, while I am guarded from the least real pain. And to-night Marigold and I have gone into that dreary part of the city where men and women and children are calling to you for mercy from the famine, while you will not hear. And they say bitter things against you, and they are right to say them. But if you will not aid these unhappy folk, give me the power

to do so, and by thus filling my mind with their sore needs I shall live a new life and forget the strange woe that has weighed upon me. You yourself sent me Little Marigold, and it is she whose simple speech, though she guessed it not at the time, has shown me that my dismal mood was a sin. For while I mope and grieve because of nothing, while you dance and laugh and speed the chase, our land, that looks to you as its head and help, lies waste for leagues. Not as father, but as King, I plead of you to save and succor your people. Not as your son, but as the King that is to be, I cry out to you this night. Even as I have cast off my trance of gloom, do you fling aside, O King, the trance of neglect that has wrapped your heart, lest they whom you now wrong rise up and tear you from your throne, seizing by force the food and alms that you deny them!"

As the Prince's voice grew still, a low murmur ran through all the rich hall, for he had spoken not as a child, but as one inspired by some wise and pure spirit.

Every eye was now fixed on the King. At the boy's first words, his face had clouded with wrath, but in the silence that followed the Prince's earnest speech he stood with downcast head, as though stung by exceeding shame.

Then, while all gazed upon him in wonder, he took the circlet of rubies from his brow and cast it under foot. And afterward he thus spoke, in a voice that trembled as none present had ever heard it tremble till now:

"The Prince is right. And even as you have seen me throw these jewels beneath my feet, so shall I fling aside all aims of giddy pleasure in the future, till the people over whom God has appointed me justly to rule are once again blest with ease and thrift."

Then for a moment the King paused, and a smile of mockery curled his lips as he looked around at the bright-robed throng about him.

"Oh, my courtiers!" he said, pointing to the form of Marigold, where she stood with her hand still clasped in the Prince's, "not one of all you here could lift the veil of darkness from my son's mind and soul as yonder little child has done!"

Then the King descended from the dais, and went up to Marigold and kissed her, while she stood barefoot amid the splendid throng. And after that he kissed his son, and giving to each of the children a hand, he passed with them out from the pavilion, while a great silence reigned among the amazed courtiers.

On the morrow the King rose a new man. The forest glades rang no more with the bugles of his hunting-train; his halls of feast were void and still; the gaming-board knew him no longer. But, in place of this, he sat for hours in his chamber of council; he rode abroad dispensing humane charities; by degrees the famine lessened, and the land grew loud in praise of his merciful deeds. And the Prince often rode at his side, or sat near him while he framed new laws for the common good of his subjects.

Nor was the Prince any longer called sad, for a look of sweet joy lit his face, and he was like some slender flower that has drooped with drought, but raises itself in new balm and beauty after freshening rain.

As for Little Marigold, she would have gone back in content to her lowly parents and dwelt on the woodside as before. But this the King would not allow.

He sent rich gifts of value to her parents, but retained her in the palace. He had her taught by learned masters and trained in all the gentle niceties of life. And her grace and loveliness waxed with years, till at last she had grown a fairer maiden than any in the kingdom. And when the hour was ripe, he gave her in marriage to the Prince, who had learned tenderly to love her, and was now tall of stature and most comely of presence. And when, in due time, the King died, she became Queen Marigold, reigning with her lord.

Already it had passed into a legend how she had saved the people from sharp suffering in her early childhood; and for this reason, and because of many sweet virtues afterward shown, the long reign of Queen Marigold was full of peace, honor, and love.





THE DROP AND THE CLOUD.

By L. D. Brewster.

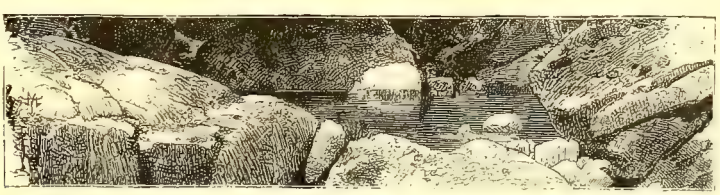
In a mountain spring, a crystal drop
Came trembling up to the glassy top:
It came from the dark, cool depths of earth
And the sunlight kissed it at its birth.

Far up in the azure realms of sky,
The clouds of summer were sailing by,
And the little drop looked up, and said,
As it saw the glory overhead,
"Oh, would that to me the boon were given
To move in the shining ranks of heaven!"

And oft again in its downward course,
As it hurried from its mountain source,—
A bubble, borne by the brimming brook
To many a wild and shadowed nook,
Or loitered slow with the wayward stream,—
It thought of its childhood's sky-born dream.
But on and away the waters flow,
Through woodland and meadow far below,
Over sandy plain and stony bank,
And through swamps, like jungles, dense and rank;
Imprisoned long within rocky walls,
Now plunging down over dizzy falls,
They turn the wheels of the busy mill;
Now white with foam, now dark and still.
Till at length a river, deep and wide,
It flowed where cities stood by its side,
And at last the river reached the sea,
And the dream and dreamer ceased to be:
The drop was lost in the heaving deep,
Where all the rivers of earth must sleep.

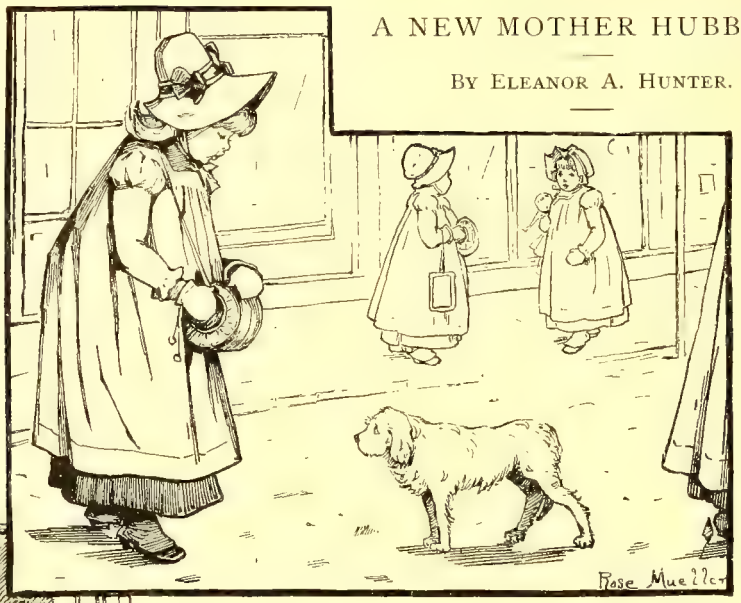
But the sun that kissed the new-born drop,
And whose floods of sunbeams never stop,
Had not forgotten his little child,
Born of a mist in the mountain wild,
And he loosed his threads of golden light,
And up from a wave of snowy white
The drop was lifted so tenderly
It never knew when it left the sea,
But found itself drawn up to the sky,
Afloat in the heavens, soft and high,
As free as the winds of airy space,
As fair as the morning's tender grace.

One tranquil eve, 'mid the purple ones
That shine in the light of setting suns,
It saw far down on the distant earth
The forest-spring where it had its birth,
And all of the winding way it went,
With many a murmur of discontent;
And the early dream came back again,
As the thoughts of youth come back to men:
That thread of silver that ever turned
Away from the skies for which it yearned,
That wandering life of fall and foam
That seemed to lead it away from home—
It now could see was the very road
That led it up to its blest abode.



A NEW MOTHER HUBBARD.

By Eleanor A. Hunter.





Miss Polly Betsey Patterson,
In a Mother Hubbard cloak
And a Mother Hubbard bonnet,
With a most bewitching poke,

One morning met a curly dog.
He was of medium size—
His ears were drooped, his tail was limp,
And the tears stood in his eyes.

Said Polly to the curly dog:
"Why do you look so sad?"
"Because," replied he, with a sniff,
"The times are very bad.

"You see," said he, "the streets are full
Of little Mother Hubbards,
But though I 've wagged my tail most off,
They never speak of cupboards."

Said Polly Betsey: "Come with me.
'T would melt a heart of stone!
I 'll give you lots of bread and
milk,
And a juicy mutton-bone."



She took him home and fed him well;
His tears were turned to laughter;
And now, wherever Polly goes,
The curly dog trots after.

THE TINKHAM BROTHERS' TIDE-MILL.*

By J. T. Trowbridge.

Chapter XVII.

MART BEGINS A SCRAP-BOOK.

The retirement of Lew Bartland rendered another meeting of the club necessary, in order to fill the vacant office of commodore.

It was held early in the following week. Lew was not present, and the Web Foote faction had everything its own way. Web had some opponents among the Tammoset boys and Lew's Dempford friends; but they could not unite upon any one candidate, and, when the ballot was taken, Web was elected by a large majority.

It was just what he expected. He was at the summit of his ambition. He was jubilant — he walked upon air.

A committee of ten members was then chosen, "to decide what measures should be taken for the removal of the obstructions in the river"; in other words, to get rid of the Tinkham Brothers' mill-dam. Somehow the impression had got abroad that it would not be safe for individuals to meddle with it without a strong backing. The time had come, therefore, when it behooved the valiant Argonauts to take action as a club.

After the meeting had adjourned, the new committee held a consultation with closed doors. Its deliberations remained a mystery; but the election of the new Commodore made no little noise in both towns. The *Dempford Gazette* had a paragraph about it:

"We understand that the special meeting of the Argonaut Club on Tuesday evening was a perfectly harmonious gathering; and that Webster Foote, Esquire, was chosen Commodore — *vice* Lew Bartland, resigned — by an almost unanimous vote. This means the speedy destruction of all impediments to the free navigation of our beautiful river. Among our rising young men, there is not one more popular or more prominent just now than Commodore Foote."

We will not begrudge the new Commodore the gratification with which he read this bit of local gossip. He saw it first in the *Dempford Gazette;* and it was natural that he should send at once for the *Tammoset Times*, for the pleasure of seeing it there also. It was the same paper masquerading under another name across the river.

The Tinkham Brothers likewise took pains to procure a copy of the *Times*, having heard that there was something in it about the mill-dam troubles. Rupe brought it to them one afternoon in the mill. They read the paragraph with different feelings from those it inspired in the swelling bosom of Commodore Foote. But they were not dismayed.

"That 's the same strutting little fellow who wanted to know what we were going to do with our d-a-am!" drawled Mart.

Upon which Lute, whose ingenuity sometimes extended to the making of a pun, stuttered out:

"I knew by his g-g-gait that he would be c-c-commodore!"

"By his *gate* that he would become a *door!* O Lute! O Lute!" cried Rush, shaking with laughter; while Mart merely drew down the droll corner of his mouth and gave Lute a reproachful glance.

"I hear there has been a good deal of this kind of l-l-literature in the papers," said Lute. "And I should n't wonder if there would be m-m-more before they get through with us."

"We 'll begin a scrap-book," said Mart, cutting out the paragraph with a chisel on his work-bench. "This may be the nucleus of a large and interesting volume."

"The confounded editors!" exclaimed Rush. "They always take the popular side of a question like this."

"Must n't b-blame 'em," said Lute. "If they should take the other side, how would their bread get b-b-buttered?"

"I would try to take the side of justice, if I went without butter and bread, too!" rejoined Rush. "What do they know about us and our business here? An item like that will prejudice hundreds of people!"

"And sell perhaps a hundred extra p-p-papers," said Lute. "We must n't let Mother see *that!*"

"No," said Mart, carefully folding the nucleus of his future volume and placing it in his pocket-book. "We 'll let her be happy and sleep nights as long as she can. There 's worry enough in store for her, I 'm afraid."

"When she *does* find out, as I suppose she will some time," Rush replied, "we want to be able to say, 'Oh, yes! Trouble about the dam? of course! There has been all the time, but we have n't minded it, and the dam is still there!'"

"If it *is* still there, as I t-t-trust it will be," said Lute. "What makes the Argue-nots" (the boys

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had taken up Mr. Rumney's word) "so quiet just now, I wonder? Planning their c-c-campaign, I suppose."

Nothing which the boys could think of had been neglected in preparing for all possible contingencies, only Mart would not yield to the clamorous request of the younger boys that they might go to town and borrow their Cousin Tom's revolver. Cousin Tom was sick, and they knew he would be glad to lend it in a good cause.

"No, boys," Mart said, "I don't want any weapons deadlier than what we've got. Not at present. I should be sorry to shoot anybody. It would n't look well, and I don't believe I should be happy about it afterward."

"Not in defense of your property?" cried Rupert.

"Not even in defense of our property. This carrying revolvers is a foolish business, as a general thing."

"It 's c-c-cowardly!" said Lute.

"But Cousin Tom carries one."

"He carried one in Texas, where he did n't like to go unarmed among armed and violent men. That 's another thing."

"Don't we expect to have violent men to deal with?" said Rush, who saw the wisdom of Mart's decision, and yet had a boyish inclination for revolvers.

"Yes, rather!" drawled Mart. "And there 's no knowing what they may drive us to. But I don't want to meet 'em with a pistol in my fist, if I can help it. A time might come, you know, when I could n't resist the temptation to use it."

Meanwhile, the brothers kept careful watch over their property by day, and at bed-time every night one of the older ones returned quietly to the mill. There a bed of shavings was prepared, and there he lay down in his clothes, by an open window overlooking the dam.

Attached to a nail within reach of his hand was the end of a piece of twine, which was a ball by day, but which also, every evening, was carried on its unwinding way out of the mill, thrown up the bank, unrolled along the ground, and finally tossed, what was left of it, into a window of the house. Behind the window, which was left open, another of the boys slept, with that end of the string tied to his wrist; while the other end, as said before, remained fastened to the nail in the mill.

Lute was generally the one to betake himself to the pile of shavings, because he was a light sleeper. The first sound of marauders trying their operations would have been sure to wake him. Then a jerk of the string would have been enough to bring the other boys at once to his assistance.

Every morning the twine, cast loose from the casement, was drawn along the ground and over the bank by a pair of hands at the mill, wound in a ball, and kept ready for use the next night. All which was most carefully done, in order not to excite the suspicions of the mother.

Still, no marauders came. Everything was ominously quiet; it was like a calm preceding a storm.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE NEW COMMODORE'S NEW YACHT.

IT was still early in the season for many boats to be passing the dam. If one appeared when the flash-boards were in, the brothers made haste to remove them and let it through, often receiving scanty thanks for their pains.

"No matter for their thanks," said Mart, as Rush one day complained of this lack of civility. "That 's an article they can be as stingy of as they please. We 'll treat 'em well a good deal longer than they treat us well."

Then, one afternoon, an incident occurred.

Web Foote had had a very good sail-boat the year before, but it had been beaten in one or two races late in the season, and as he could not bear to be beaten in anything, he had, during the winter, been building a new yacht, which was expected to outstrip everything of its size that sailed.

It was now finished. Originally called the "Nymph," immediately on his accession to office he had hastened to have the name changed to the "Commodore," much to the distress of the painter, who found difficulty in lettering so broad a name upon so narrow a stern. The boat was sharply built, fore and aft; besides, Web insisted on having the letters large.

The yacht was launched, and the new letters on the stern were hardly dry, when the Commodore started one afternoon to take his namesake up the river.

He would have liked the glory of sailing from Dempford, with his commodore's pennant flying, announcing to all the world the new dignity of the owner. But, though wind and tide were favorable, there were bridges in the way of the mast, which had to be laid ignominiously from stern to stem, with its long, taper end projecting forward over the water.

Web had expected a friend to make the trip with him, but the friend had not come; and, after waiting an hour, the impatient Commodore set out, accompanied only by a stout boy in a small boat.

The small boat had the yacht in tow; and the stout boy did the rowing, assisted by the tide; while the Commodore, on board the larger craft, gave useless orders and steered unnecessarily.

They made a prosperous start. But, in addition to the hour's delay in waiting for his friend, Web found that the tide was an hour earlier than he had supposed. That made two hours. The result was that, in order to get the yacht up into the lake that afternoon, the high-souled Commodore had to get down into the skiff, and pull an oar with the boy.

That vexed Web Foote. He was mad at his friend who had failed him, mad at the boy who did not row faster, mad at the bridges which were in the way of his sail, and mad at the tide which turned before they reached the dam.

Then, you may be sure, he was thrice mad at the dam itself, when they came to it, and found the flash-boards in.

"I wish Milt Buzrow was here with his crow-bar!" he said, mopping the sweat of toil and rage from his face.

In the absence of Buzrow and crow-bar, he was constrained to stop at the mill and send the boy in with an impertinent message to the owners:

"Tell 'em Commodore Foote is here with his yacht, and if they don't pull out their flash-boards he'll smash 'em!"

Which the boy, overawed, perhaps, by the sight of the big brothers, wisely modified thus:

"Commodore Foote would like to have you take up your flash-boards, and let his yacht through."

"Commodore Foote shall be accommodated," said Mart.

The brothers had watched the Commodore's approach; and, while they laughed to see him fume at the oar, and glance wildly over his shoulder at the dam, they had awaited with some concern to see what he would do. Lute had even overheard the original order to the boy.

"Did you tell 'em what I told you to?" Web demanded, when the boy went out to him.

"Ay, ay, sir!" said the boy, who had been informed by him, on starting from Dempford, that that form of expression was nautical, and would be becoming in him; though it might be varied sometimes, by "Ay, ay, Commodore!"

"And what did they say?"

"They said Commodore Foote should be accommodated."

"Well for them! Up with your flash-boards here!" Web called out haughtily to Mart, who followed the boy from the mill. "I can't be kept waiting all day!"

Mart concealed his irritation, if he felt any, by an amused drawing down of his mouth, and an exaggeration of his usual drawl.

"Don't be impatient, my little man! I 'll let you through in a minute."

He was stooping with great deliberation to reach the ropes that fastened the boards to the post, when the Commodore retorted, sharply:

"Don't *little man* me! I 'd have you know that you are talking to Commodore Foote, of the Argonauts!"

"Commodore Foote, or Commodore Little-toe, it does n't make much difference to me," said Mart, holding the ropes, but leaving the boards in their place. "You wont get through any sooner for being so excessively polite."

"I 'll make a hole in your dam!" And, springing on board the yacht, the Commodore seized and brandished a boat-hook.

"You can do that; and other people can make a hole in your yacht, and in you too, if necessary," said Mart. "You have n't a monopoly of making holes, by any means. I 'm going to let you pass."

So saying, he pulled up the flash-boards. The retarded water swept through in an impetuous current. The stout boy in the small boat pulled in vain against it, with the yacht pulling more powerfully in the other direction. Web missed a stroke at the platform with his boat-hook; and the yacht, swinging about, was drifting down-stream, towing the tow-boat stern-foremost, when Mart caught hold of the projecting end of the mast, and stopped it.

"See what a bother your dam is!" snarled Web.

"Yes," drawled Mart, starting the yacht forward again. "It 's a necessary evil. Why don't you sail up in this wind?"

"Don't you see the bridges?" retorted the furious Commodore.

"Oh! the bridges are a bother, too!" said Mart. "Why don't you have 'em taken away? Seems to me I would! I don't see what right they have to stop one of your pretty little pleasure-boats."

"You talk like a fool!" said Web.

"No matter how I talk, as long as I am helping you in a good, sensible way," Mart replied, with strong arms shoving the yacht ahead. "Don't you remember, I said I would do all I could to oblige *gentlemen*? It 's a pleasure to help one who is so very civil."

"Lucky for you the opening aint too narrow for my breadth of beam!" said the little Commodore — speaking of the yacht, of course, and not of his own personal dimensions, as Mart by his smile seemed inclined to construe him. "There 'll be bigger boats than mine going up here soon. Do you know what 'll happen then?"

"I suppose the bridges, if any are left, will all be draw-bridges, and dams will have locks," Mart answered.

"A lock is just what we p-proposed to build, in

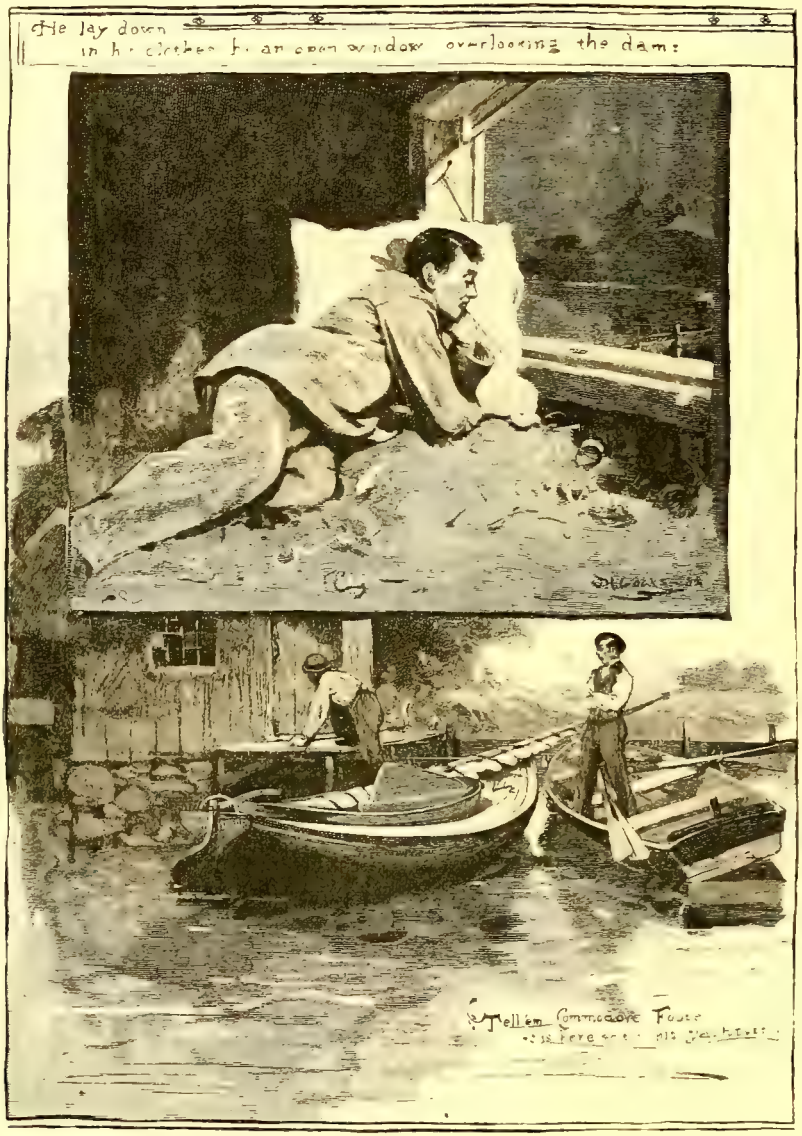
the first place," said Lute, who, with Rush, had come out to stand by his brother and see the yacht through. "It would help you m-m-more than the dam hinders. Don't you see?"

Skiff and yacht were now well through the dam, but the current was strong against them, until Lute

"We are not going to be bothered by any lock, or any dam either! That 's what 'll happen!"

"The 'C-c-commodore!'" said Lute, reading the name on the stern. "He shows about as much good t-t-temper as he does good t-t-taste."

"I don't see how you could keep from catching



illustrated his meaning by putting in the flash-boards. This at once set the water back, and made the further progress of the boats up to the outlet comparatively easy. Nevertheless, Web's last word were flung back spitefully at the mill-owners:

him up by the nape of the neck, and giving him a good ducking!" Rush said, excitedly, to Mart. "I would, if I had been you."

Mart smiled grimly.

"No, you would n't, Rocket! It is n't quite time for that. Come, boys!"

"What a club it must be that is bossed by such a p-p-puppy!" said Lute, as they went back into the mill.

CHAPTER XIX.

TWO SIDES TO A STORY.

MRS. TINKHAM was a woman of keen observation; and Letty and the boys were in constant fear lest something should happen, or some unlucky word be let fall, that might defeat all their plans for preserving her peace of mind — so sure were they that her feeble health and maternal anxiety would not let her sleep, as they did, when she should know all.

It was indeed a wonder that she could be kept in ignorance so long. But the younger ones guarded well their tongues, and, so far, suspicious circumstances and unlucky allusions to the dangerous subject in her presence had been lightly explained away.

"How long can we keep it up?" they asked themselves, watching her pale, serene face with tender concern, and dreading the time when the threatened storm should burst.

The day after Commodore Foote took his yacht up the river was Saturday, on which day Letty ran out to the mill, in a flutter of excitement, to carry her brothers a bit of joyful news.

"Who do you think has come to the house? My old school-mate, Tilly Loring! I thought you would want to know in time, to brush up a little for dinner."

The necessity of brushing up a little to meet a pretty girl of sixteen made her visit rather an embarrassing pleasure to the busy boys. But they gave an extra five minutes to their toilet that day, and were amply repaid in smiles by the charming Matilda.

"I 'm so glad you 've come, on M-m-mother's account!" was Lute's cordial greeting. "She has hardly seen a friendly face since we c-c-came here."

"Don't the neighbors call on you? How strange!" said the visitor. "I thought that it was the custom in the country to call on newcomers."

"So did I," replied the widow. "And to tell the truth, I rather dreaded making acquaintances. I wanted to be alone with my children, and enjoy our new happiness. We *have* been let alone to our hearts' content."

"They don't seem to be a very social set just around here," said Letty, who thought she knew well enough why people avoided the new family that had come to the mill. "But some have called to see the boys on business."

That was one of the convenient phrases those youthful conspirators used, to keep their mother in ignorance of what was going on.

"It's all business," she said. "And I am glad; for that makes them happy."

"It makes us almost too happy!" said Mart. "We don't care to have quite so much on our hands as we have had lately. Some things are quite too pressing."

"Even the girls who call have some business errand," said the widow. "Two drove into the yard one day, and I thought surely we were going to have visitors. But no! they had only brought some message to the shop."

They were now seated at table; and Matilda — or Tilly, as everybody called her — placed between Letty and Rush, was plied with questions regarding their friends in town.

She chatted merrily, telling all the news she could think of; but sobered suddenly when some one asked about Cousin Tom.

"Tom Darrill? oh! he is dreadfully sick, they say. It 's consumption, after all, that he brought home with him from Texas; and they say he can't live."

"Oh, boys!" said the widow, "some of you must try to see him soon. He thinks so much of you!"

Then up spoke Rupert. "I 've been wanting to go in and borrow his revolver, but the boys wont let me."

This was one of those indiscreet allusions to the great trouble which the younger ones would now and then let fall, in spite of themselves, and which had to be explained away.

"What do you want with his revolver?" the widow asked, surprised; while Rupert was overcome with sudden confusion.

"Boys have a m-m-mania for shooting," said Lute. "I 've hardly outgrown it myself. But we 've all got something to do, now, besides p-p-popping at a mark."

"I should hope so!" exclaimed the widow. "I 've the greatest dread of pistols, and everything of the kind."

"I wish Tom would give me his revolver," said Rodman.

"The idea of your *wanting* a revolver, after what Mother has said!" rejoined Letty, and, to change the conversation, she turned again to Tilly, and begged her to "tell everything she knew about everybody else."

"Last Saturday," said Tilly, "I went to visit Sarah Ball. She lives in Dempford now, you know. How far is Dempford from here?"

"About a stone's throw from our b-b-bank," said Lute.

"What do you mean?" cried Tilly. "I supposed I was miles and miles away, or I should have come over to see you when we went out to ride."

"The town lies just across the river," said Rush. "But it 's a mile or more to the village."

"So near? How I wish I had known! The Balls live in the village, and keep a horse and a boat. Boating will be all the rage there this season. They 've got up a club; all the big boys are joining it, and all the little boys want to join it, too. They 've been having a great excitement lately about choosing a commodore."

There was a pause, in which the widow, if she had not been intent on dishing out the pudding, must have noticed the startled and conscious glances the younger boys gave the older ones, and Letty's air of constraint. Lute stammered out:

"A commodore is an article no well regulated club is c-complete without. I hope they g-got one."

"They had one — a splendid fellow!" said Tilly. "But he resigned, and a new one was to be elected. Everybody was talking about it. It seems there has been a great fuss over a dam which somebody has put across the river."

At this, even the older boys were filled with consternation. But the mother went on, serenely dishing out the pudding.

"I 've *heard* they were having some trouble with a dam," observed Mart. "Is n't it settled yet?"

"Oh, dear, no! and it is n't likely to be soon," Tilly rattled on, while Letty tried to silence her with a nudge. "The young men are all up in arms about it; and, of course, the girls and everybody else take their side. Somebody has put a dam right across the river to stop their boats. Of course, they wont stand it; and I would n't, either, if I were in their place."

"Have some p-p-pudding?" said Lute, taking a plate from his mother and passing it to the visitor.

"It 's the meanest thing you ever heard of!" said Tilly, her warmth of manner showing how ardently she had espoused the cause of her Dempford friends. "Thank you," taking the plate. "Think of one man, or two or three (for I believe there are several owners of the factory — a large factory somewhere on the river) pretending they have a right to take all the water for their business, and not leave any for the boats."

Notwithstanding the anxiety they felt on their mother's account, the boys could n't but be amused at this version of the story.

"That does seem preposterous," said Mart. "I should think they might be contented with a fair share of the water, and leave some for other folks."

"Yes, indeed!" replied Tilly. "That 's what everybody says. They 're going to tear it away!"

"Tear what away?" said Lute. "The w-w-water?"

"No, the dam. It 's decided now. The commodore who resigned was Lew Bartland. Everybody likes him; and his sister, Syl Bartland, is a lovely girl — an intimate friend of my friends."

The boys did not dare look at each other. Mrs. Tinkham dished out the last of the pudding, while Tilly continued: "But Lew was too soft-hearted; he wanted to put off doing anything about the dam. So he got the whole club against him. They were going to put in his place a conceited fellow that nobody seems to like half so well. But he 's awfully smart, they say; and he 's dead-set against the mill-owners."

"In that case," said Rush, "I should think the mill-owners would give up and clear out."

"So should I!" Tilly exclaimed. "But they 're as obstinate as they are mean."

"They must be very mean!" said Mart. "Think of their wanting to take all the water and stop all the boats! Where can this factory be, boys?"

"I don't know," said Rush; "and I have n't heard of any such men."

"I hope there wont be any trouble with *our* dam," said Mrs. Tinkham, placidly stirring her tea. "But I confess it has seemed to me as if something untoward must happen, we have been so very happy here."

"Why! have *you* got a dam?" cried Tilly.

"Yes, a little one — a sort of plaything for boys," said Mart. "But we don't take all the water and stop all the boats, do we, Lute? Not quite! You must go out and see it after dinner."

"And the seats in the willow-tree! I wrote you about them," said Letty. "It 's a lovely spot."

She tried to change the conversation. But Tilly persisted in returning to the dangerous topic.

"The Argonauts belong to the best families in Dempford. That 's what the club boys call themselves — Argonauts — though I hardly know why."

"In picking up so many interesting particulars about them," said Mart, "I wonder you did n't learn the origin of the name. Who were the old Argonauts, Rocket? You were reading up about them the other day."

"They were a boating-club named after their commodore's yacht, 'Argo'; their commodore was a fellow named Jason," was Rush's familiar version of the classic myth. "The 'Argo' was called a ship; but it was n't half so large as some yachts built nowadays; and Jason could n't have held a candle to your new Dempford commodore. They pretended to sail in search of a golden fleece; which means, I suppose, that they fleeced everybody they came across."

"You 're making fun of me!" And Tilly turned her bright, questioning eyes on Master Rush.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Loring! It happened some time before any of the present Argonauts were born; thousands of years ago, in fact; that

is, if it ever happened at all. But it 's as true, I 've no doubt whatever, as the most important part of the story you 've brought fresh from Dempford."

"What do you know about the Dempford Argonauts?" said Tilly, with puzzled surprise.

"A good deal; I should think I ought to! I 've met some of them. And we can see their new club-house from our garden."

This was said as they were rising from the table.

"Can you? Show it to me!" exclaimed Tilly.

"I shall be delighted to," replied Rush; and they went out together. "You see the top of that square building over the hill yonder? That 's it, on the shore of the lake that makes in there."

"Is that indeed the Argonaut Club's new house?" said Tilly, greatly interested, and shading her eyes with her hand to get a better view.

"Yes," said Rush. "And here is something else you have heard of." He led her to the edge of the bank. "This is the willow-tree; and down there, you see the water pouring over something like a low board fence?"

"Oh, yes! is n't it pretty?"

"Do you think so? Well, don't whisper it to Mother, and I 'll tell you a secret. That 's the dreadful thing that stops the boats!"

"You 're joking!" cried Tilly.

"Not a bit. It 's too serious a subject. This little old mill is the great factory you have heard of; and that is the identical dam your Argonauts, and half the people in two towns, are crazy over."

"No, no!" Tilly exclaimed, stopping her ears with her hands.

"And we boys," Rush went on, laughing, but rather bitterly, "are the mean, obstinate, horrible men, who take all the water for their business, and don't leave any"——

"I wont hear it! It is n't so! It can't be!"

He had pulled one hand away, and was trying to hold it; but she struggled to free her wrist, and again clapping both palms to her ears to shut out the cruel, astounding, incredible words, she ran across the plank and threw herself upon a seat in the great willow.

(To be continued.)

A QUERY.



SAY! How old must a fellow be
(A fellow who 's pretty old!)
Before he can follow the call of the sea,
And be a sailor bold?



AN APRIL DAY.

ALONE IN ROME.

By Lucretia P. Hale.

Theresa started from the uncomfortable sleep into which she had fallen in her low seat by the bedside of her husband, Luigi.

She had been awakened by a stream of sunlight coming in at the window of her room, high up among the roofs of Rome.

It was only reflected sunlight, but it was all the sunshine that visited the room shut in by the high walls opposite.

Luigi was sleeping now, and more quietly than for many days. His fever was less, and the deep color seemed fading from his cheeks. Perhaps it was because he was no longer so restless that she had been able to fall into this unexpected sleep. But now she must rouse herself, indeed.

Across the foot of the bed lay her boy, fast asleep, too, and she moved quietly, that she might not wake him, for she must go out. The sun warned her that it was late. She had promised her little boy she would go the first thing in the morning for some bread. Before he finally cried himself to sleep, his last words had been: "Oh, Mother! when it is morning, if I lie still, will you give me some bread?" And at intervals through the night he had awakened to sob out his appeal. His words still echoed in her ears. They had formed part of her dreams in her uneasy sleep. She must hurry out, while both were quiet; she must find some bread. Find bread? How should she do it? She had spent her only remaining *paoli* for their last loaf of bread, and the poor, bare room could show how she had parted already with everything of value they had possessed.

She went to the window and looked out through the small bit of reflected sunlight. On a turn of the roof, not far along, was another window, jutting out from a row of buildings facing in another direction. Here was a little balcony, where real sunlight fell upon a few pots of plants, and a young girl had just come to the window, and was scattering some crumbs for the birds that were fluttering around.

"Crumbs of bread, crumbs of bread!" said Theresa to herself, as she looked greedily at the crust that the gay young girl held in her hand. Some of the crumbs fell far down into the court below. Theresa would have liked to stretch out her hands to catch them. But the birds lingered on the edge of the balcony and found a full share.

"He careth for the sparrows," said Theresa to herself, as she turned back into the room and looked at her sleeping husband and child. Lying on the bare table was a faded rose that she had picked up from the pavement the last time she had been down into the streets. Theresa laid it across her boy Maso's hand. It would say to him that she was coming back. She had told him she would go for bread in the morning if he were still.

She stopped to speak to the *padrona* (or landlady) as she went down, to tell her that she had left them both alone, and would soon come back. But the *padrona* was very cross. She turned her back upon Theresa, and would have nothing to say to her, but muttered something as she shrugged her shoulders.

Theresa left, thinking it as well to be spared her angry words. She knew, indeed, that she could not depend upon her for help in the sick-room, for the woman dreaded contagion, was afraid to go near the sick man, and would have liked to have driven them all out of the house, and for some days had been threatening to do so.

The streets seemed damp and cold, as Theresa came down, and the high, blank stone walls along the narrow lanes were wet with mold. No wonder she hurried along to the more sunny squares and wider streets.

She had learned how to make her way through crowded passages, how to "blot" herself against the wall to make room for a passing mule or donkey, for she had had some months' experience in Rome.

How different it had all seemed when Luigi first brought her there — proud and delighted to show her his beautiful Rome!

For she was born far away, in a quiet Maine village. It was strange how Luigi had found his way there, but he had come with some of his compatriots to one of the larger towns to find work as a house-painter, and in the summer had strayed into the country. He fell in love with and married Theresa, because, as he always said, she bore his mother's name — though his mother would spell it without the "h" (Teresa). But Luigi had many other reasons to give, even if Theresa's blue eyes and golden hair had not been enough. Theresa never thought it necessary to tell her reasons for marrying Luigi. But when his summer's job was done, she willingly went with him to New York to find more work.

Here they lived happily enough many years.

There was plenty of work for Luigi, and Theresa was glad in making his home happy.

But Luigi took a severe cold one December, and the doctors said he could not bear the changes of spring. He was himself very sure that Rome would cure him, and was glad to listen to their hopes of what his native air would do. So Luigi and Theresa took their little earnings and started on their way to Rome. They went first to Liverpool, where little Maso was taken ill, and the care of him used up a large portion of their small fortune. They drifted on to London, and here they found kind friends, and Luigi revived and had work.

They remained there till his cough came back, and then they set out again and went forward to Rome.

They arrived in the beautiful October weather, and Luigi's health improved directly and his spirits rose. He wanted Theresa to admire everything—even these narrow streets, with their picturesque arches and door-ways, that now she found so gloomy; and she, too, rejoiced in the sun, and the blue sky, with sunsets like those at home. But Luigi found all his old friends scattered and gone; and as for relations, he had never had any to leave, so there were none to find. And then there seemed to be nothing he could do, and the cough came back, and their money was dwindling away. So they had to leave the sunny apartment where they had ventured to live at first, and be grateful at last for the little room up many stairs, darkened by the high walls opposite, that shut out even the sky. And this room their cross *padrona* grudged them. Happily, they had paid her in advance, and they could stay some weeks longer; but then what should they do?

Little Maso had been so considerate and thoughtful. He had not complained when their fare had grown less and less. The day before, she could give scarcely any thought to him—could not even remember when or what food he had eaten last, because for two days Luigi had been at times delirious, often in high fever, and she had not dared to leave his side a moment.

She would not have called in a doctor, even if she had had the money to pay him, for she knew how to take care of Luigi—her nursing was better than any doctor's care.

But food he must have when his fever should leave him, and Maso must have his bread, and where could she find it? All her money was gone; where should she go?

She had no knowledge of the streets of Rome save what she had learned from Luigi. Indeed, the Epistle of Paul to the Romans had been her earliest association with the old city, and one of the first questions she had asked Luigi, when they arrived, related to the Apostle. Where was Paul imprisoned, and where was the "hired house" in which he had lived two years?

Luigi could not tell her much about it, but he made some inquiries, and then took her to the small Church of Santa Maria, in Via Lata, said to be the actual house in which St. Paul lodged when in Rome. Theresa thought of this little subterranean church this morning. If this were indeed the first old, old church that ever was in Rome, ought there not to be Christians near who might help her in distress? She had never looked for American acquaintances in Rome, and would not know where to find Americans. Luigi's intercourse had been with his own people. And, indeed, even if she had known the name of some American minister or clergyman, she might have been too proud to ask for bread.

But something of the idea of the Christian Church came before her as she pondered—something prompted by the sight of the walls below the great dome of St. Peter's, in connection with the remembrance of that low church sunk beneath the pavement that might have been the church of St. Paul. She saw dimly a Christian Church that, after all, was neither of these, but a spiritual church with the majesty of the one and the simplicity of the other, and wide enough to welcome all the children of God. She did not think exactly this, but she dreamed of help that must come from some high source. As for human help, she had but one hope. A few days before he had been taken ill, Luigi had earned a little money by sitting as a model for some young artists he had met. They were a friendly set, but Theresa had not seen them since they had last moved.

One of them had wanted to have Maso sit for him some time—her pretty Maso, with his blue eyes and golden hair. Perhaps, if he would still like Maso to go to him, she could venture to ask directly for some money to buy bread.

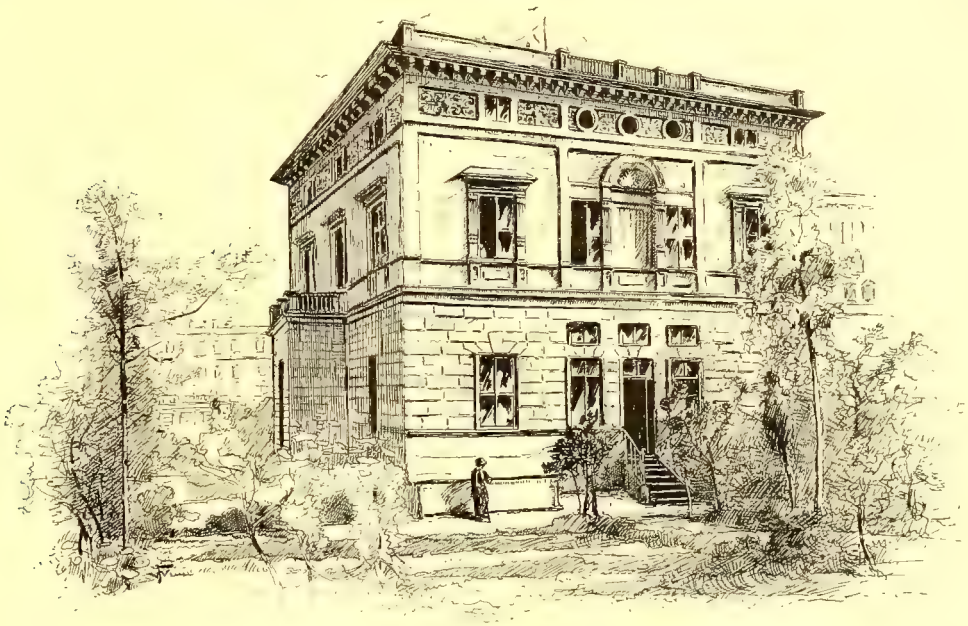
Maso was looking a little wan now, but oh! what a pretty picture he made just as she left him.

She made her way then to the Piazza di Spagna, with its magnificent staircase leading to the Church of the Trinita del Monti, for here she might chance to meet some of the artists looking for a model.

It was a forlorn hope; but twice, when she had been here with Luigi, they had met with these young friends of his, and she knew they lived not far away.

Alas! she was too early for the artists. There was quite a crowd of people in the square, and some picturesque models were grouped on the stair-way of the church. She turned back toward

the fountain on the piazza, where the beggars were thronging. Such a handsome girl, with an Italian head-dress stood near them on the corner. Theresa looked at them all questioningly. Were



THE GOULD HOME [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

they, too, starving? Did these women leave at home little boys pining for food, and husbands sick on their beds? They did not look so — they did not look worn or unhappy. Many of them were gayly laughing and talking. This was their daily business, and they earned more than enough for their daily bread.

A new thought struck her. She turned toward the fountain in the square, with its sparkling waters. About it often gathered a group of beggars. Old Sandro had just left his place, not far from the fountain. It was said, she remembered, that Sandro had heaped up a little fortune in the years he had been begging, and that he paid quite a sum for the privilege of sitting there.

Why could not she sit down in that empty place that old Sandro had left? Perhaps in a few minutes she might get two or three *centesimi*, enough to buy the bit of bread that Maso was starving for — and there was the bread! She was jostled just now by a brown Italian boy, with a tray of rolls upon his head, crying, "*Pane, pane!*" He had seated himself now on the steps, at a little distance, with the tray upon his knees. But she shrank from appearing like an American begging, and tried to wind her cloak about her, that she might look more foreign. She had a talent that way. Once, at home, long ago, she had dressed herself as a beggar, for a joke, and, going to her married sister's door, had begged for a crust of bread. Her sister herself had come to the door, and, not recognizing her, had given her a loaf of such nice bread! The remembrance of this came to her now like a flash, as she pulled her cloak over her shoulders. If her sister should see her now! — but she had no time to think; she must hurry, before old Sandro should be back. She hastily moved toward the place, when a voice stayed her — the voice of a lady, talking English to a young man. She saw them look, as she turned suddenly, and stopped, as if caught in a guilty act. "English! an American lady talking English!" Theresa said to herself. The lady saw Theresa start, and saw her worn and anxious face, as she stopped before her suddenly.

"What can I do for you?" she asked, after a moment. "You know me, perhaps?"

"Oh, no," said Theresa. "I was startled when I heard some one speaking English. It is so long since I have heard any English words. I talk it indeed, with my little boy, but it is long since I have heard it in the street."

"And I am an American, too, as you are," said the lady, "and I was talking English with *my* boy, though he is a grown-up one."

The young man seemed eager to go on, as if

annoyed that his mother should be talking in this crowded place with a woman in such a shabby waterproof. But his mother was not to be hurried away. There was something in Theresa's face that attracted her. She felt that there must be some deep misery hidden beneath its sad expression.

"What can I do for you? Will you not let me send one of those oranges to your little American boy?" she asked suddenly, as an orange-peddler jostled against the party still blocking the way.

Theresa's face lighted up, and she could not help involuntarily glancing toward the bread-vender sitting on the steps chatting with his friends, still with his tray of rolls on his knee. Her new friend saw the glance.

"Here, Frank, take my work," she said, as she drew some knitting out of a basket-bag she held; "I am going to send a lunch to the little American boy." In a few minutes she had filled the bag with rolls and oranges, and handed it to Theresa, who was standing watching her quick motions with distended eyes. As Theresa took the basket, she scarcely seemed to see from whom she received it. "It is a little breakfast for your boy, from your American friend," said the lady, rousing her.

Theresa took the basket mechanically, but her eyes were wandering. She seemed suddenly to become conscious of the sky — of the sunlight sparkling in the glittering waters of the fountain. Then she looked absently into the face of her kind friend, and exclaimed: "Indeed, the Church of Christ is in Rome! Thank you, dear lady. I was hoping for help, but almost in vain. You have saved my boy from starving!"

She then hurried away as though every moment were precious. The streets had never seemed to her so crowded before. How everybody pushed against her — the children, the screaming men and boys with their wares, and the beggars crowding one on another. She clutched the basket with a feverish grasp, lest she should lose any of its precious contents. At last she reached the house, and hastened up the stairs, so breathless that she had to sit a few moments on the top step to recover herself, and so absorbed in thought that she did not hear the voices of her new friend and the *padrona* talking below. When a little recovered, she opened the door quietly.

There was Maso, wide awake, and his face beamed with delight as she lifted up the basket, in silent answer to his silent question. For both of them knew they must be quiet, so as not to rouse Luigi.

As Theresa drew near to the bed, Luigi half opened his eyes, and smiled to see her by his side, and then turned over to go to sleep again. He knew her — he was better!

"Yes, Maso," she said in low tones to the boy, "bread for you, and oranges for Papa's parched mouth when he wakes."

"I will be very careful," said Maso, as he eagerly took the oranges and the rolls from the basket, counting them one by one. "You shall have your share, Mamma; and oh! we can make them last such a long time."

The door was partly open, and for a few moments Theresa did not see that the kind lady was standing there.

"Will you let me come in?" she asked at last, in a soft tone, that she might not wake the sleeper. "I have sent my boy to bring you something more substantial for your breakfast. We followed you, but you came so fast that we could hardly trace you. You were so pale, too, as you stood there, that I thought you were ready to faint, and I have told Frank to bring also a flask of wine."

It was needed when it came. The excitement of joy for poor Theresa was hard to bear, after all her struggle with herself, and she needed the bread as well as Maso. Her kind friend knew how to administer the food she brought. Theresa's little story was told plainly enough by the bare room in which she was found, and by the sick man at her side, and her own appearance showed how long she had herself been deprived of food. The kind lady did all she could for her then. Later in the day, she came with a proposition that seemed at first to come too suddenly to Theresa.

She would like to take little Maso directly to the Home — the Gould Memorial Home. What this was — what it meant — Theresa did not know, and how could she part with Maso? But her new friend told all her plan: that, as soon as possible, Luigi should be moved away out into the fresh air, — to Albano, to Frascati — somewhere where there might be hope of his recovery, — and meanwhile Maso should be taken to the Home.

"And it is a home — a real home," she went on, turning to Maso. "Mrs. Gould planned it for a home, full of little brothers and sisters, happy with their play and lessons, who sit down to dinner almost before they are hungry, and sleep in clean, soft beds at night."

Little Maso's eyes beamed as he listened.

"Yes," their new friend continued, "the children have their soup every day, and rice, or maccaroni, or beans. Most of them grow fat and rosy, because they have enough to eat. They learn lessons every day, and the older ones are taught to print. And they have the love without which children can not be good and happy."

"Oh, take my boy in!" cried Theresa. "Oh, take him to this Home, and then I shall be free to work — shall be stronger to do it when I know that

he, at least, is not starving! Ah, it would break my poor mother's heart if she knew what we have suffered! But he has been so patient! And who is Mrs. Gould? May I see her? May I thank her? Ah! how could she know that there are little children whom their mothers would care for, if they could, but that they, too, have no home?"

"Alas!" said her kind friend, "our dear Mrs. Gould is no longer living, save as she lives in this kind work of hers. She had resided for many years in Rome, and seeing how much helpless poverty there was, and how the poor children suffered, her heart was moved for them."

"And could I learn to print?" exclaimed Maso, who had followed every word with eagerness. "Oh! let me go there now, if Mamma can come to see me! I want to learn to help her. I want to be made *right smart!*"

"Ah, it is American you talk with your little boy," said the lady, as she turned to Theresa, who was smiling at Maso's words. "But I knew you to be an American before you spoke."

"Yes, he is a Yankee boy," said Theresa. "We call him Tommy at home; but his father always called him Maso, and it has seemed more natural here. And I don't know why, but something in your voice made me know you to be an American, and that was why I shrank at the thought of an American seeing me begging."

Theresa had told already the whole story of that day.

"You looked so pale and sad," said the lady, "I could not help following you."

"Ah, indeed! I must have been a beggar with my looks," said Theresa, with tears in her eyes. "But you will help me find work, will you not? I might have found work, perhaps, but I could not speak the language; and I was so anxious for Luigi that I was scarcely fit to undertake anything. But I can work — you will let me? And if it is a home for Maso, it must be best for him. Food for my boy! Ah! I have often had to put him to bed to make him forget his hunger. Yes, food and a good home for my poor, starving boy!"

This little boy, born in New York, the son of an American mother, rescued from starvation, was indeed taken to the Gould Home, where he is being taught to be, as he asked, "right smart."

Mrs. Gould little thought, when she planned a home for "foreign" waifs, that she would be able to give Christian help to the poor American mother who found herself destitute in the Eternal City, under the shadow of St. Peter's.



I cautiously approached him,
for I saw that he was coy,
And asked if he could tell me
a word that rhymed with "Boy."
At first he shook his head in doubt
and slyly bit his curl,
Then brightening up he smiled at me,
and gaily answered, "Girl!"

"WHOOP-EE!"—HOW I FRIGHTENED THE BEARS.

By An Old Californian.



YEARS ago, when Indians and bears were plentiful in California and white men were not, on my way to San Francisco I was riding through what were known as the *tule* marshes, bordering the San Joaquin River near its mouth. Those were days before railroads, steam-boats, or even ordinary sailing vessels, when journeys of four or five hundred miles were made on horseback —swimming streams when you came to them, or "canoeing" them when they were very wide, and leading your horse from the stern of the "dug-out."

I was to cross the San Joaquin in this latter fashion, and was approaching the point from which travelers shouted to the Indian ferryman on the opposite shore, and called him over in his cranky craft.

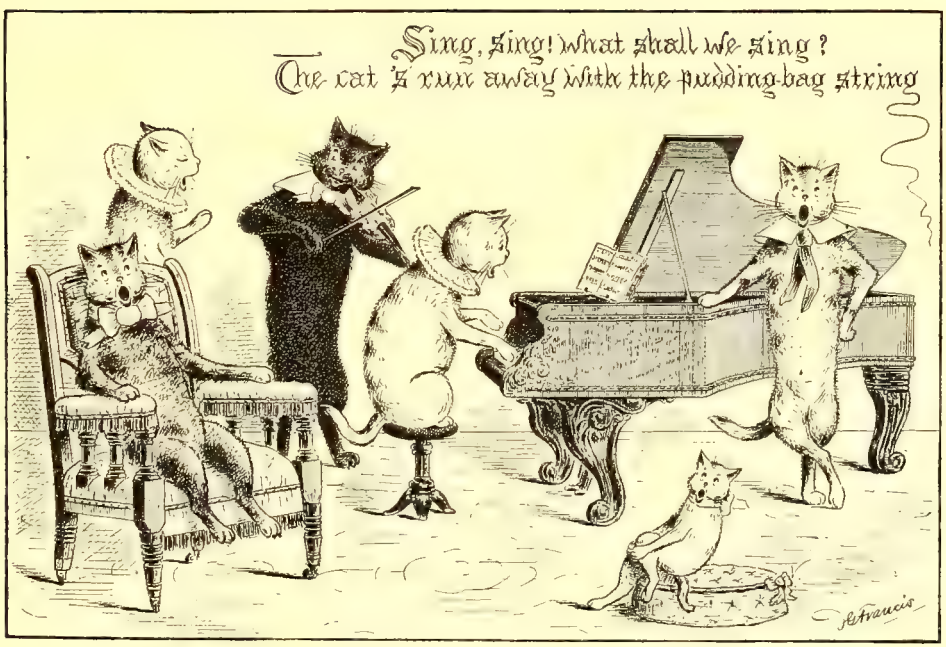
The sun of a brilliant summer's day was setting behind me, and his dazzling rays, already nearly level with the tops of the bushes that sprang up by the horse-path, lit up the tall, sturdy trunks of the forest trees that stretched far to my right. I was about breaking the silence of the vast solitudes by shouting with all my might, "Whoop-ee!" which was the ferry-call, and had just turned my horse's head toward the river-bank, when two bears, which had come down from the woods for their evening drink, and had been concealed from my view by the bend in the road and the tall bushes, suddenly appeared not twenty paces in front, scratching for roots in the middle of the road. Now, horses love bears about as much as do little children who have heard nurses' stories of them; so, no sooner had the beast on which I was riding caught a glimpse of the great, shaggy intruders, than he gave a snort of surprise, and whirled so suddenly in his tracks that I went over his side, saving

myself from a tumble only by clutching the high pommel of my California saddle and holding on for dear life. Back up the road scampered my flying steed, while I clung like a Camanche to his flanks. Righting myself in the saddle, however, I brought the heavy Spanish bit to bear, and soon reined in the frightened animal. I had much difficulty in making him face about, but the great, jingling spurs which we wore in those days were very persuasive, and, though with fear and trembling, the poor horse, puffing like a locomotive, began to retrace his steps.

We had gone back only a few yards when we saw the bears again, and, despite my own and the horse's nervousness, I burst out laughing at their comical appearance. They had been as much frightened, probably, as we, but seeing our cowardly flight, had taken courage and trotted up the road after us, until they came into the full glare of the sun; and there they both stood, motionless, on their hind legs, side by side, each shading his eyes with his right paw and apparently transfixed with wonder and amazement. Horses they were familiar with, because the plains of the San Joaquin were covered with roving bands of wild horses; Indians they had occasionally seen and put to flight; but what that white-faced object, with the blue shirt and colored handkerchief around his neck, was, must have been to them, just then, the one absorbing inquiry of the bear intellect, for they were certainly taking their first look at a white man. The left paw of each hung by his side, limp and nerveless; and, under the paw which deftly and with a most ludicrous effect shaded the vision, the little, wide-open, piggish eyes were, in their puzzled expression, irresistibly comical.

I had no gun with me, and I don't think I should have used it if I had had one; but I bethought me of the ferry-call, and yelled, "Whoop-ee!" at the top of my lungs. That broke the spell and interrupted their gaze at the same moment, and two more frightened bears never got down from their hind legs and took to the woods.

The Indian ferry-man across the river gave me the answering shout, "Hy-yar!" and I shouted "Whoop-ee!" again. I heard the bushes clash and snap and break, as those two utterly astonished bears burst madly through them in their flight. I did not call them back.



WORK AND PLAY FOR YOUNG FOLK. IV.

A PAPER BOAT.

By De Cost Smith.



ONE OF THE ADVANTAGES OF A PAPER BOAT.

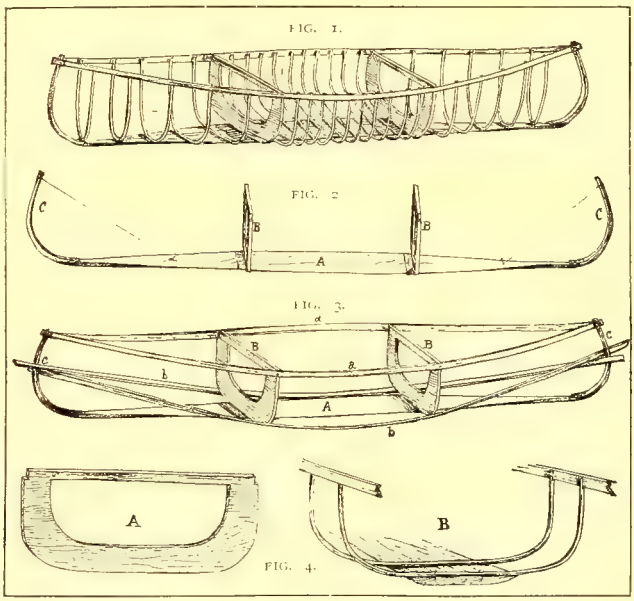
DURING my last summer's vacation among the lakes of Central New York, I resolved to make, if possible, a paper boat which should be easy to row or paddle, light enough to be carried short distances with comparative ease, and, at the same time, safe and even durable if managed with reasonable care.

A short description of this boat, and the manner in which it was made, may be interesting.

It was to be twelve feet long. The first thing was to make a frame-work (Fig. 1 — page 465), on which to stretch the paper. A board about a foot wide, an inch thick, and eleven feet six inches in length, was taken as a sort of keel, or backbone, and was cut tapering, for about a third of its length, toward each end, and beveled on the under edges (A, Fig. 2). The cross-boards (B, B, Fig. 2) were next sawed from a pine plank one inch in thickness. These were shaped, as shown by A, Fig. 4, thirteen inches wide by twenty-six long, and cut away in the center to avoid useless weight. They were fastened cross-wise to the bottom-board, as shown in Figs. 1 and 2, with long, stout screws, so as to divide the keel into three nearly equal parts. Then the stem and stern pieces (C, C, Fig. 2) were added. These were of green elm, screwed to the bottom-board, and bent, as shown in Fig. 2, by means of a string or wire, fastened to a nail driven

into the bottom. I used elm because I found it tougher, and less apt to be broken in bending than any other wood at hand, and preferred the green wood because, on drying, it would retain, to a considerable extent, the shape into which it had been bent. For gunwales *(a, a,* Fig. 3), I procured, at a carriage factory, some light strips of ash, about twelve feet in length, an inch and a half wide, and three-eighths of an inch thick. They were nailed to the cross-boards and fastened to the end-pieces (C, C) in notches, by several wrappings of annealed iron wire (as shown in Fig. 3), although copper would have been better, because less apt to rust when exposed to dampness. For fastening the gunwales to the cross-boards, I used nails instead of screws, because they are not so apt to loosen and come out. The ribs, which consisted of long, slender switches of osier willow, were next put in, but, before doing this, two strips of wood *(b, b,* Fig. 3) similar to the gunwales were bent and placed as in Fig. 3. They were only used temporarily as a guide in putting in the ribs, and were not fastened, the elasticity of the wood being sufficient to cause them to retain their position. The osiers averaged a little more than half an inch in thickness at the larger end, and were cut, stripped of leaves and bark, and put in place while quite green and fresh. They were attached to the bottom-board by means of shingle-nails driven through holes which had been previously made in them with an awl, then bent down until they touched the strips of ash *(b, b,* Fig. 3), and finally cut off even with the top of the gunwales, and notched at the end to receive them (B, Fig. 4). Between the cross-boards, the ribs were placed at intervals of two or three inches, while in other parts they were as much as five or six inches apart. The ribs having all been fastened in place, as described, the loose strips of ash *(b, b,* Fig. 3) were withdrawn, and the frame-work appeared somewhat as in Fig. 1. In order to make all firm, and to prevent the ribs from changing position, as they were very apt to do, I bought some split cane, or rattan, such as is used for making chair-bottoms, and, after soaking it in water for a short time, to render it soft and pliable, wound it tightly around the gunwales and ribs where they joined, and also interwove it among the ribs in other places, winding it about them here and there, and forming an irregular net-work over the whole frame. Osiers are probably as good as anything for the ribs, but no doubt twigs of some other trees, such as hazel, or perhaps birch, might answer very well. For the ribs near the middle of the boat, twigs five or six feet long were required, and it being rather difficult to get these of sufficient thickness throughout, I used, in several cases, two twigs for one rib, fastening the butts side by side on the bottom-board, and the smaller ends to the gunwales, as before described. In drying, the rattan became very tight, and the twigs hard and stiff.

The frame-work was now complete, and ready to be covered. For this purpose I bought about eighteen yards of very strong wrapping-paper. It was of a light cream color, smooth on the surface,



and very tough, but neither stiff nor very thick; and, being made in long rolls, it could be obtained of almost any length desired. It was only about a yard wide, so that it required two breadths to reach around the frame in the widest part. I cut enough off the roll to cover the frame, and soaked it for a few minutes in water. I then turned the frame upside down and fastened the edges of the two strips of paper to it, by lapping them carefully on the under side of the bottom-board and tacking them to it, so that the paper hung down loosely on all sides. It was then trimmed, lapped, and doubled over as smoothly as possible at the ends of the frame, and held in place by means of small clamps. Along the edges it was drawn tight, trimmed, and doubled down over the gunwale, where it was firmly held by slipping the strips of ash *(b, b)* just inside

of the gunwales into notches which had been cut at the ends of the cross-boards. The shrinkage caused by the drying would stretch the paper, thus fastened, tightly over the frame-work. As soon as thoroughly dry, it was varnished, inside and out, with asphaltum varnish thinned with turpentine, and, as soon as that had soaked in, a second coat of the same varnish was applied, but with less turpentine; and, finally, the laps or joints of the paper were covered with pieces of muslin stuck on with the unthinned varnish. The loose strips of ash *(b, b)* were now removed, and another layer of paper was put on, and fastened along the edge of the boat by replacing the strips as before. When the paper was dry, the laps were covered with muslin, as had been done with the first covering, and the whole outside of the boat was varnished several times, until it presented a smooth, shining surface. I then took some of the split rattan, and, after wetting it, wound it firmly around both gunwale and inside strip, passing it through small holes punched in the paper just below the gunwale, until the inside and outside strips were bound together into one strong gunwale. A piece of oil-cloth was then put into the boat, between the cross-boards, and tacked to the bottom-board. This was intended to protect the bottom of the boat, for which purpose it answered very well.

In this way a canoe was constructed which seemed, at first, a success; being light, perfectly water-tight, and much steadier in the water than I had anticipated; but in a few days I was disappointed at finding that it was becoming leaky, the muslin having loosened at some of the joints. After several unsuccessful attempts to stop the leaks separately, I covered the whole boat with unbleached muslin, sewed at the ends and tacked along the gunwales. It was then tightened by shrinking, and finally received three coats of a mixture of varnish and paint. This stopped the leaking entirely, and added but little to either the weight or cost.

Although, since receiving this last coating, it is not, strictly speaking, a "paper boat," I continue to call it so, because there is still twice as much paper as cloth in its composition.

A double-bladed paddle (D, Fig. 5) was at first used to propel it, and answered the purpose, but was found to be awkward, the boat being rather too wide. It was afterward rigged with wooden, and finally with iron, rowlocks (B, B, B, Fig. 5) and light oars. I also put in several extra thwarts or cross-sticks, fore and aft, and made a movable seat (A, Fig. 5). With these improvements it is so satisfactory that I have since made no changes.

The lake on which, as before stated, my summer was passed, is one of the largest in the eastern portion of the group. Most of them are situated within short distances of each other. About

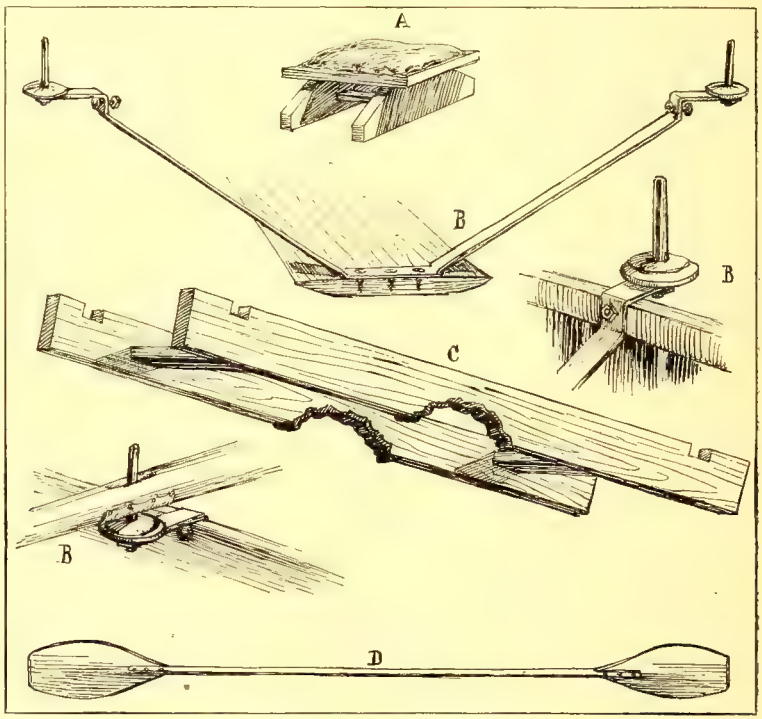


FIG. 5.

three miles and a half (in a straight line) east of our lake is a smaller one, surrounded by high hills. It is a very picturesque sheet of water, abounding in fish, water-fowl, immense frogs, and innumerable mosquitoes. Having seen this lake from a distance, and not knowing much about it, except by hearsay, I thought I would tramp across country with my canoe and explore it for myself; but as I should have to carry blankets and provisions, besides my boat, and travel, by the shortest road, at

least five miles, over a very hilly country, I hesitated for some time about attempting it. At last, however, one beautiful morning in the early part of September, I started, having got together my baggage the night before. The boat was launched, and my "traps" were stowed carefully away in convenient places in the bow and stern. My outfit consisted of two India-rubber blankets, a large army blanket, a double-barreled gun, ammunition sufficient for twenty shots, cotton, arsenic, knife and scissors (for removing and preserving the skins of birds, in case I should shoot any), provisions for two or three days, cup, sketch-book, soap, towel, and other necessary articles. For carrying the boat, I also took a sort of yoke (C, Fig. 5), which brings all the weight upon the shoulders, and in that way lightens the labor. Between me and the shortest "portage" lay some four and a half miles of water. This was perfectly plain sailing, or rather rowing, but, as I had been over the same route several times before, it was not very interesting. After landing, tying the larger articles, such as blankets and oars, inside the canoe, and putting the smaller ones into the pockets of my shooting-coat, I took a short rest, then shouldered my boat, and started on the road. It was shortly after noon; the mercury ranged among the nineties, and the first half of the way was all uphill. By the time I had gone two miles, I began to think that I had undertaken a rather difficult and uncomfortable task; but, encouraged by the constant assurance of the boys and farmers along the road that it was "jest on ahead," I persevered. Passing through one or two small hamlets, I arrived, about sunset, at the foot of the little lake, which lay quietly sleeping, without a ripple on its surface, surrounded by high hills, which seemed like immense giants silently watching over its slumbers. The twilight deepened, and by the time I had arranged my things, and launched my boat (for I had decided to camp about half a mile from the foot of the lake), the moon was shining brightly. It was a beautiful night. The sky was perfectly free from clouds, and the air clear and delightfully cool after the broiling heat of the day that had just passed. As I rowed along, slowly, in order to avoid striking against stumps and snags, the intense silence was broken, at intervals, by the deep bellowing of some yellow-throated frog among the reeds, or by the shrill chirping of the crickets in the fields beyond. At times, a perch or pickerel, basking in the moonlight, near the surface of the water, alarmed by the boat's approach, would turn suddenly downward, causing a slight ripple to break under the very bows; or farther ahead, the track of a swimming mink or muskrat would be marked by a flickering line of silver light. A strange, fascinating weirdness seemed to enhance the beauty of the scene.

Coming to a good camping-place, the canoe was unloaded, lifted from the water, turned over, and propped up on one side with the oars; then, spreading my blankets underneath, I turned in and slept till morning. I awoke and breakfasted early, intending to row to the other side of the lake, but, in turning over the boat, one of the rowlocks (which were then of wood) was broken. Having no means of successfully repairing the injury, this was at first rather discouraging; but, launching the canoe, I paddled about half a mile to a small village on the east shore, where, after a short search, I found a carpenter, who very kindly lent me the necessary tools, and even allowed me to take them away to the shore. I have frequently noticed, in wandering about in this way, the kindness of the people in the country districts. I wore an old straw hat, a dirty brown shooting-coat, a pair of disreputable-looking blue pants with an immense tear in one knee, and shoes which had quite forgotten the sensation of being blacked. But in spite of this costume, which was too uncouth for anybody except, perhaps, a very unambitious tramp, and although a perfect stranger, wherever I went every one received me with the same kindness. After mending the rowlock, I returned the tools, shoved off, and rowed to the head of the lake (which is about five miles in length), fishing with a spoon-hook as I went, and catching a fair string of perch and pickerel. By this time a strong wind was blowing from the foot of the lake, and the waves were rolling so high as to make rowing difficult. I therefore landed and waited, knowing that in an hour or so it would become calmer. I built a fire, and when it had burnt low, dressed two of the smaller fish, rolled them in large green leaves, and, laying them among the hot coals, covered them over. Fish cooked in this way are excellent, if they are first split open to the backbone from beneath, and well salted and buttered inside. But, unfortunately, I had no salt. After dinner, I sat down under a tree on the shore, and amused myself, until the wind slackened, by watching the gulls flying about over the water, and noting the methods of a solitary kingfisher, which sat fishing on an old tree-trunk near by.

I returned to the foot of the lake, and ate supper, which consisted of a pickerel with salt (for I had begged some at a farm-house since my last meal), and some roast corn, besides what I had brought from home. I slept under the boat as before, but not very comfortably; for during the first part of the night the mosquitoes were very

numerous and persevering, and toward morning, when they disappeared, it became so much cooler that I had some difficulty in keeping warm. Just before daylight, as I lay about half asleep, I was aroused suddenly by the whistling of the wings of a flock of ducks, which, judging from the sound, must have passed directly over the spot where I was lying. I kicked off the blankets, grasped my gun, and crawled out into the frosty air; but, although I strained my eyes in all directions, I could see nothing on account of the darkness. I waited a few minutes with the hope that more might follow, but at last gave it up, rolled myself in the blankets, and went to sleep. When I again awoke it was broad daylight, but, owing to the cloudiness of the sky, the sun had not made its appearance. Two woodchucks were feeding on a hill-side some two hundred yards away, rising on their hind feet at times to reconnoiter; a song-sparrow, in spite of the dreariness of the weather, was singing cheerfully in a thicket near by, while out on the lake ducks and other aquatic birds could be seen, feeding a few minutes in one place, then changing to another, with short, restless flights. They seemed so wild that I made no attempt to shoot them, although I bagged a grebe which incautiously allowed me an excellent chance for a shot.

On account of the sudden fall of temperature, and the alarming lowness of my stock of provisions, I determined to go home at once, and had no difficulty in finding some one to drive me over, boat and all, for a very reasonable price. The horse was soon hitched to a light "democrat" wagon, and driven to the lake, where my "traps" had been previously arranged. While engaged in loading, an old farmer who came along stopped and examined the boat carefully, and then, turning with a most comical expression of amazement on his face, exclaimed: "Wall, I swan, if it aint made o' paper!" The nine miles that lay between us and home were soon traversed, and I got back, after my two days and nights of "roughing it," in comparatively good order.

The time selected for my cruise was not a very good one; my bed was not so comfortable, nor my meals so good, as they would have been at home, where I might have staid, reading a book, swinging in the hammock, or doing nothing. But, notwithstanding all this, I enjoyed the trip, although I suppose most boys would be unable to understand how any sane person could have taken it unless constrained by the most dire necessity. Although I saw nothing extraordinary, the fish, birds, plants, and animals were all interesting to me; while the new scenery and the novelty of the entire situation were very pleasing for a change.



STARTING ON A CRUISE IN A PAPER BOAT.

During the three months that I have used my boat, I have often landed it, through heavy breakers, on a very stony shore, besides running it against a fair number of submerged snags and stones, sometimes with considerable force, but, owing to its lightness and toughness, it never received the slightest injury. I have been out in it in very heavy seas, and have found it much easier to manage at such times than a heavier boat. In rowing parallel to high waves it is apt to ship a little water occasionally, unless carefully managed, but all small boats with low sides experience this difficulty. As the sides of my canoe are only twelve or thirteen inches high at the lowest part, I don't think it surprising that a little water should get over in a heavy sea. When not in use, I usually left the boat out-of-doors, turning it bottom up, and put-

ting a block of wood, or some other object, under each end, to keep it off the ground.

The approximate cost of the materials used in the construction of the canoe was as follows:

Varnish, 5 qts	$1.90
Paper, 18 yds	1.20
Cloth, 8 yds	.72
Bottom-board	.60
Gunwales	.50
Cross-boards	.25
Paint	.50
Split rattan	.25
Nails, screws, wire, etc	.25
Total	$6.17

The paddle that I used at first cost little or nothing, but the oars and iron rowlocks were made to order for four dollars.

Since the foregoing article was written, I have had a second season's experience with this curious boat, and believe more firmly than ever in its convenience and practicability. It has proved strong and durable; and has been used for fishing, shooting, and ordinary boating, being equally serviceable in either case. Perhaps the best evidence in its favor is the fact that there are at present, in the village where it was made, some eight or ten boats, in most respects like the one described, all of which, with the exception of one or two which were carelessly constructed, have been entirely satisfactory, and no accidents have happened. The builders were all boys, most of them quite young, and some of the best boats were made by the younger boys. The most popular model seems to be a shallow, sharp-pointed canoe, propelled with a double-bladed paddle; the principal objection already mentioned — that of shipping water in a heavy sea — being effectually obviated by a light decking fore and aft.

Like all light boats they must, of course, be carefully managed; but I consider them quite as safe as a round-bottomed, wooden boat of the same size.

BUTTONS.

By Mary N. Prescott.

"Button, button, who has the button?" asked a glove that had been dropped on the toilet-table.

"I 've got it," answered Jimmy's jacket. "I 've several buttons, in fact."

"No," put in the closet-door, "I have it myself; the carpenter gave it to me."

"I *had* a dozen or so," said a boot, looking rather down at the heel.

"And I have a hundred or more," yawned the easy-chair, "but they don't button anything; they don't belong to the working class."

"Here 's a bachelor's button," remarked a vase of flowers on the bureau.

"There 's a button-wood tree in the garden," said the button-hooker. "I suppose you all grew there."

"I know better than that," pouted the closet-door. "Mine grew in the veins of the earth, where all the precious metals are found. It 's a poor relation of theirs."

"And we," added a pair of ivory sleeve-buttons, "we grew in the land of the white elephant. We were carved from the tusks of the leader, who threaded the jungles and swam the rivers at the head of his troops."

"My buttons," said the glove, "were nearly related to the gem which Cleopatra dissolved for Antony. They were mother-of-pearl, grown in the shell of the pearl oyster, for which divers risk their lives."

"That 's something of a fish story," thought Jimmy's jacket. "My buttons are only glass; but glass is sometimes made of sand, and who knows but their atoms may have been swept down to the sea-shore from 'farthest India?'"

"And I," whispered the bachelor's button, "I sprang from a tiny seed, with all my splendor of blue and purple wings, like the Afrite from the jar which the fisherman found on the beach. It is a miracle how I was packed away there!"



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

——"THIS, of a truth, I always note,
And shape my course thereby:
That Nature has never an overcoat
To keep her furrows dry.

"And how should the hills be clothed with grain,
The vales with flowers be crowned,
But for the chain of the silver rain
That draws them out of the ground.

"There 's time for the night as well as the morn,
For the dark as the shining sky;
The grain of the corn and the flower unborn
Have rights as well as I."

MOTHS AND FALLING WATER.

YOU all have seen the poor moths flutter about the candle or lamp, blinded and yet hopelessly attracted by the light, until at last they fall into the flame and perish. Well, I 'm told that in Iceland the gleam of waterfalls attracts the moths in just the same way, and that moth after moth flies deliberately into the cataract. I 've heard say, too, that one reason why Iceland offered advantages for observing such things is because there is no night there in summer! But that, I suppose, is too ridiculous to be believed. What say you, young philosophers?

JACK'S LITTLE PARABLE.

A DEAR little escaped canary-bird once told your Jack-in-the-Pulpit that the reason he fled from his wire home near the window was because he wanted to go up and see other cages hanging from the sky —and he knew there must be thousands hanging there, because thousands of birds were flying down from it every day. Poor little thing! He did n't even know that he was a prisoner, and that all the other birds were free!

It is a foolish notion of mine, perhaps, but, do you know, I think we children are somewhat like that little canary-bird. We all reason from our cages.

Now, if any one of my youngsters knows exactly what I mean, or even guesses at it, let him rise and explain.

THAT CLOUDY SATURDAY!

OH, yes! April is here again, and it is a year since your Jack first mentioned that "cloudy Saturday" theory. Well, it was rather a pretty theory, but the weather of this spring season has evidently been too much for it. Here are two letters out of many of the same sort. We may as well admit that, in several portions of this country, the clouds insist on having the sky entirely to themselves throughout more than one Saturday in the year.

NEW YORK, Feb. 6, 1883.

DEAR JACK: In the April number you told us that some one had said that there is only one Saturday in the whole year in which the sun does not shine at some time during the day. I have watched the Saturdays this year, and it is not so; for the sun did not shine at all here on either the first or the third Saturday of January.

Your friend, SUSIE E. M——.

ARLINGTON, N. Y., Feb. 7, 1883.

DEAR JACK: I have been watching the weather closely on Saturdays, and on January 20th was rewarded by seeing a Saturday come and go without giving us a glimpse of "Old Sol."

For January 27th we had planned a skating party; but, at night, I had to record the fact that, on two successive Saturdays, the sun had failed to shine.

As our skating for that day had to be given up, we decided to go the next week.

But February 3d came and went, without one ray of sunlight.

Whether we have a chance to air our skates on February 10th, remains to be seen.

We may not see another sunless Saturday in a year, but I am rather skeptical about the truth of the statement that "there is only one Saturday in the year on which the sun does not shine."

Yours truly, B. V.

A GIRL WHO NEVER SAW A SNOW-BALL!

BEFORE we say good-bye to this Saturday subject, here is a letter that may interest you:

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA, Jan. 20, 1883.

DEAR JACK: I am one of your constant readers. I see some of the boys have been watching for the one Saturday in the year on which the sun does not shine. I am sure it would be useless to watch for it in San Diego, or on any other day of the week, either. I got my papa to ask the signal service man here, and he says he can not remember any day, during the years he has been here, on which the sun did not shine. I am twelve years old, and have never been in any town but this, and have never seen a snow-ball; but some winters we can see the snow lying on the mountains 40 or 50 miles from here, and on Christmas morning, three years ago, I saw a cake of ice a quarter of an inch thick, which formed on a bucket of water that had stood out-of-doors during the night. We have a machine here now for making ice, which they go around selling in December; but I would like to go where they have the snowy winters, and see the skating and sleigh-riding that we read about. I suppose Mr. Santa Claus takes off his fur clothing when he comes here. At any rate, I am sure he can not use his sleigh; but he fills our stockings all the same. My brother and I get all our pieces that we speak at school, on recitation day, out of our old ST. NICHOLASES.

Your friend, ANNIE KEILLER.

THE DEACON'S LETTER.

I DON'T know why, but there was something not quite natural about the Deacon's manner as he handed your Jack this letter. There seemed (between ourselves) to be a little more pride than

usual in his dignified air. It was n't exactly *bombastic;* and yet—well, I may have imagined it all. Or, maybe, the letter,—ah, yes! I actually came near forgetting it—perhaps the letter will explain. Here it is:

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 30, 1883.

DEAR DEACON GREEN: A short time ago we came across an explanation of the word bombast, and seeing your question in the ST. NICHOLAS, I thought I would write and tell you what I know about it. The old meaning of the verb bombast was to inflate, and the noun meant cotton used to stuff out clothes.

An old writer, in a book about plants, calls the cotton plant the bombast tree; and another queer old book, called "Anatomie of Abuses," tells of doublets "stuffed with four, or five, or six pounds of bombast, at least."

It gradually became applied to a certain kind of writing, and an old English writer says:

"The sounds are fine and smooth, the sense is full and strong—
Not *bombasted* with words, vain ticklish ears to feed,
But such as may content the perfect man to read."

Now, dear Deacon Green, we all like you so much, and have made a great many speculations as to what you look like! I imagine you are just a little like what Prince Hal called Falstaff,—"A sweet creature of bombast,"—but not in the present meaning of the word. Oh, no! My brother Ned says he likes to think of you as being fat and jolly.

But, whether thick or thin, I hope you will long continue to write for the ST. NICHOLAS.

I am your faithful reader, BLANCHE MCC.

THE WASP'S GYMNASTICS.

WOULD ever you think,
You dear little chicks,
In what way a wasp
To the window sticks?

I 'll tell you just how:
I watched him myself,
And sat still, close by,
On the window-shelf.

He opens his mouth,
And, what do you think,
He puts out his tongue,
And, quick as a wink,

He lifts up his leg
And gives it a *lick;*
And *then*, dears, he can
To the window stick!

L. E. D.

This may be correct enough as poetry,—your Jack does n't pretend to be a judge on that point,—but, when it comes to *facts*, he has the birds and the Deacon and the Little School-ma'am to back him when he says that wasps generally hold on to glass as flies do—that is, by the aid of the little disks with which their feet are supplied. Some say that these disks act as suckers; others, that they secrete a sticky fluid;—but, in either case, it is to these disks that wasps and flies owe their power of climbing window-panes and walking on the ceiling with backs downward. The Deacon says he knows that wasps are very neat, and that, like many other respectable insects, they keep their bodies and their nests as clean as possible; and he suggests that what L. E. D. saw was the performance of the wasp's toilet, as other insects are known to cleanse their legs and antennæ after the manner described in the last of these verses.

A REMARKABLE LILY.

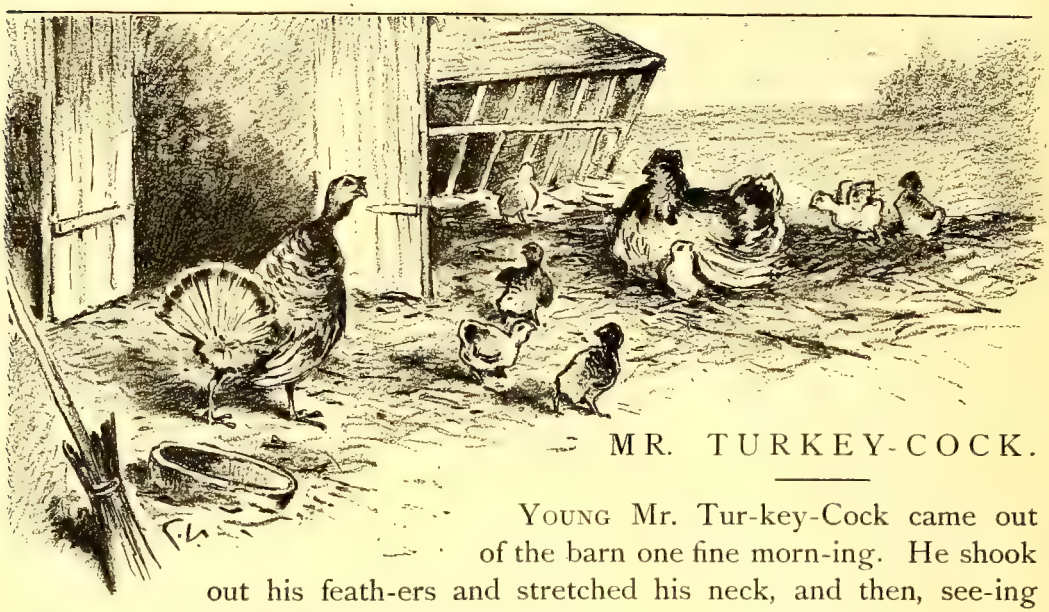
THE Little School-ma'am has heard of a remarkable lily, and has handed your Jack this extract from a letter written by a gentleman who seems to know all about the wonderful flower:

"There is a remarkable lily, popularly known as the 'Easter Lily of Bermuda,' which is supposed to have been brought many years ago to Bermuda from 'the Cape,' by Gov. Lefroy, one of Bermuda's earlier governors, and which is now grown in great quantities upon those lovely islands. It is much sought after for the decoration of their parish churches at Easter, and at this, their season of bloom, the air is heavily laden with their delightful perfume. This lily is noted for the freedom with which it blooms, often producing twenty or thirty flowers on a single stalk, which seems to us, accustomed to seeing only three or four, a very large number; but not long ago a remarkable specimen was sent on here from Bermuda, having one hundred and forty-five perfect buds and blossoms, nearly all of which were in full bloom at one time. The stalk, which was about one inch wide and two broad, was thickly clothed with narrow, dark-green leaves for its entire length (about four feet). Surmounting this were grouped thickly the snow-white, trumpet-shaped blossoms, a mass of snowy white."



ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FIVE BLOSSOMS ON A SINGLE STALK.

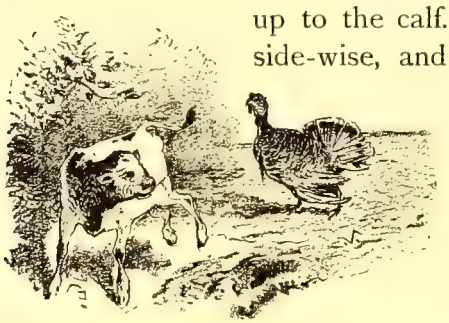
SIDE AND TOP OF SINGLE BLOSSOM.



MR. TURKEY-COCK.

YOUNG Mr. Tur-key-Cock came out of the barn one fine morn-ing. He shook out his feath-ers and stretched his neck, and then, see-ing some ti-ny lit-tle chick-ens close by, he ran to-ward them with his tail set up proud-ly like a fan, and mak-ing a sort of drum-ming noise with his wings. The lit-tle things, who had left their egg-shells on-ly the day be-fore, were fright-ened, and ran a-way as fast as they could to the old hen, who spread her wings o-ver them. This as-ton-ished the young tur-key-cock, who had nev-er be-fore sup-posed that a-ny one could be a-fraid of him.

"I won-der if I could make a-ny-thing else run a-way," thought he. He looked a-round the barn-yard, and saw a lit-tle calf; so he walked qui-et-ly o-ver to it, with his feath-ers ly-ing smooth. The calf looked up, and then turned a-way and rubbed a fly off its side with its nose. Then Mr. Tur-key swelled up his feath-ers, and gave a long "gob-ble," and rushed drum-ming up to the calf. Boss-y gave one quick look, then jumped side-wise, and took an-oth-er look, and then shook its head, kicked up its heels, cut two or three fun-ny cap-ers, and ran a-way.

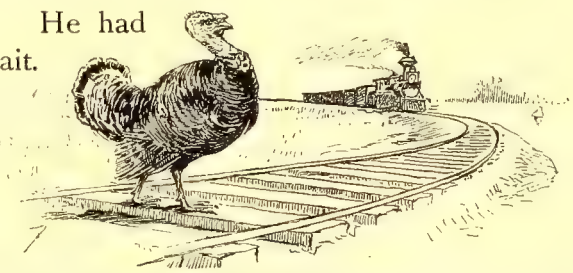


Now the tur-key was proud in-deed, for he had fright-ened the calf, which was big-ger than he. So he looked a-bout to find some oth-er creat-ure to try his trick up-on. At last he saw a horse crop-ping the grass. So he flew down and walked qui-et-ly to-ward it. When quite close, he ran at it, gob-bling and drum-ming, and the horse, which had not seen him com-ing, gal-loped a-way in a fright.

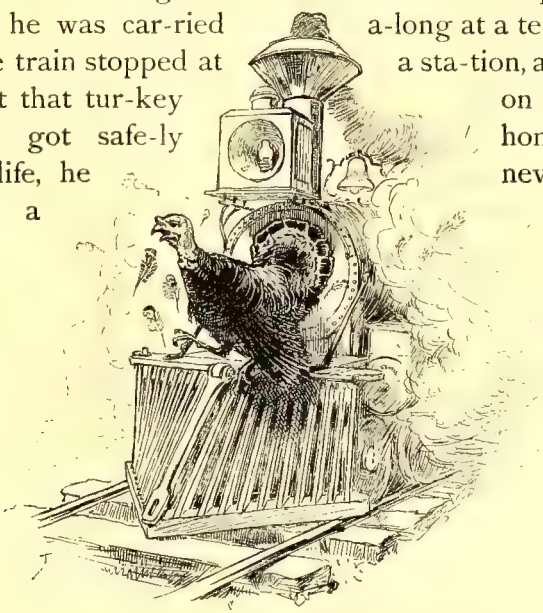
"Ah!" thought Mr. Tur-key, "I can scare ev-ery-thing! What fun it is!" —— Just then a long, shrill whis-tle was heard, and an en-gine came a-long on the oth-er side of the mead-ow, draw-ing a train of cars. Mr. Tur-key knew noth-ing a-bout trains or rail-roads, and he looked hard at the en-gine.



"That can be noth-ing but a ver-y big, black sort of a horse," thought he. "I will go o-ver there and wait for it to come back a-gain." So he strut-ted a-cross the field, think-ing all the time what a splen-did bird he was, since ev-ery-body was a-fraid of him. He walked a-long the rail-road track, all read-y to run at the black i-ron horse when it should come. He had not long to wait. The whis-tle was heard, and he puffed him-self up and ran at the great black thing as it came whizz-ing a-long. Did the en-gine run a-way? Yes, but it car-ried Mr. Tur-key with it, which was more than he had bar-gained for. A great wind seemed to sweep him up on a big black thing, and he was car-ried a-long at a ter-ri-ble rate un-til a bell rang, and the train stopped at a sta-tion, and a man shout-ed: "Hel-lo! look at that tur-key on the cow-catch-er!"



Mr. Tur-key got safe-ly home, but, to the lat-est day of his life, he nev-er a-gain tried to fright-en e-ven a chick-en.



THE LETTER-BOX.

ANOTHER COMPOSITION OFFER.



"A SHARK IN SIGHT!"

INSTEAD of the usual four subjects for composition, we give this month two picture-subjects — "A Shark in Sight" and "The Birthplace of Robert Burns." The most acceptable composition on either one of these two subjects, not exceeding 750 words in length, written and composed entirely by a boy or girl under 16 years of age, and received at this office before April 15th, shall be printed, with the picture to which it was written, in the June number of ST. NICHOLAS, and paid for at the rate of $5.00 a printed page.



THE BIRTHPLACE OF ROBERT BURNS.

The composition for the second picture may be entitled simply "Robert Burns," if desired.

Those who desire the return of their compositions, if unsuccessful, should notify us to that effect when sending us their MSS., and should inclose sufficient postage for the purpose.

SOME of our boy-readers who are lovers of Natural History will be interested in these two letters relating to an article which we printed last October:

MORE ABOUT THE PICUS.

CHELTENHAM P. O., PA., Oct. 2, 1882.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I notice in your October number an article entitled "A Picus and his Pots," in which the author upholds the very erroneous theory that the smaller American woodpeckers — I suppose he means the "*Picus villosus*," "*Picus pubescens*," and "*Centurus Carolinus*," or hairy, downy, and red-bellied woodpecker — subsist, in a very poetical way, by drinking the sap of various trees.

I feel it my duty, as a lover of birds, to absolutely contradict this whole theory; and the author could certainly never have been led into believing such a fallacy if he had ever examined the contents of the stomach of any woodpecker, which would at once convince him of the fact that all the members of this family live on insects, with occasionally a little corn or fruit. Or the structure of the tongue alone would overthrow at once the above fallacy, for what use could a sap-drinking bird have for a tongue such as belongs to the woodpecker family? It is long and narrow, and covered above with sharp spines, set pointing back into the mouth, and it is kept moist and sticky by a viscous liquid which exudes from two glands, situated one on each side of the head.

It is well known that the woodpeckers drill holes in apple and other trees, apple-trees particularly; but if any one will examine the stomach of a bird killed while engaged in this occupation, he will find that it contains, not the sap of the tree, but numbers of minute

insects, larvæ, and eggs, which, if allowed to remain in the tree, would certainly injure it, and in time destroy it utterly.

I hope none of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS have been led (or rather misled) into believing that a bird formed preëminently for the destruction of insects should subsist upon, or even drink, the sap of any tree. If any one has been so misled, I would refer him to the writings of Wilson (in his description of the downy woodpecker), Nuttall (in his description of the same), or to the large work of Baird, Brewster, and Lawrence (vol. II., p. 512), all of whom have studied the matter much more fully than

Yours truly,

WM. J. HAINES.

MR. THOMPSON'S REPLY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Mr. Haines is the one who is mistaken. He refers to books and tongues; I refer to the acts of the bird *(Picus varius)*, as I have seen them with my own eyes. But Mr. Haines can console himself that he errs in good company. Alexander Wilson, curiously enough, falls into the mistake of asserting that the downy woodpecker *(Picus pubescens)* is the bird that bores the rings of pits in the holes of our apple trees, when, in fact, it is the yellow-bellied woodpecker *(Picus varius)* that does it. The hairy woodpecker *(Picus villosus)* and the downy woodpecker *(Picus pubescens)* never peck in green, healthy wood, as they find the insects, larvæ, and eggs upon which they feed in dead, decaying wood. The picus of which my paper treated *(Picus varius)* is the true "sap-sucker." He pecks *green wood*, and prefers a *perfectly healthy* tree, which is full of sap. I have had my eyes within three feet of this bird when it was drinking from its pits. I have carefully noted its habits, for fifteen years, in the woods, from Georgia to Michigan, and I *know* I am *not* mistaken, and that Mr. Haines and his teachers *are* mistaken. I do not deny that the yellow-bellied woodpecker *(Picus varius)* eats insects, larvæ, and insect eggs; I do assert that it drinks sap out of the pits it makes. The red-bellied woodpecker *(Picus Carolinus)* occasionally drinks sap,—this I have seen it do from the troughs in a maple orchard or "sugar-camp,"—but it does not peck green wood. The great ivory-bellied woodpecker is the only woodpecker (save the yellow-bellied woodpecker) that I have ever seen pecking green wood, and then it was done to reach a hollow where winged ants were lodged. The bright-eyed boy-readers of ST. NICHOLAS can, if they live in the country, satisfy themselves on this subject this winter, as follows: Take a good opera-glass and go watch in any grove of cedar trees until you find my bird *(Picus varius)* sitting below his ring of pits. Train your glass upon him, and patiently observe him delicately dipping his bill into the little wells of aromatic juice. You can't be mistaken; he finds no insects there; the wood is green and sound; the pits are full of liquid—he is drinking his nectar! I have seen one of these birds stay for three or four weeks, almost constantly every day, on *one tree*, where it had pecked twenty or thirty pits. Could it get enough insects out of these pits to keep it alive so long? The wounds it had made in the tree kept bleeding and it kept drinking, that was all! Why does it take to the cedar trees in very cold weather? Because the cedar's blood does not freeze. Why does it peck in green, healthy wood if it is hunting for insects? Picus is no fool; he knows what is good! Mr. Haines might as well look into Ben Franklin's books for a true account of the telephone, as to look into Wilson's or Audubon's or Baird's books for *all* the facts of nature. One must use one's own eyes and ears. If I *see* a bird drink sap, see the same thing over a thousand times, must I refuse to believe my senses because Wilson did not happen to record the fact?

Then Mr. Haines is again mistaken if he thinks our particular picus eats corn. I might safely offer him a *moon-stone*, or some other great prize, for every grain of corn he will ever find in the stomach of this bird.

Wilson, in his eagerness to contest the sap-drinking theory, says: "The bird pecks its holes only in the autumn and winter, and most often on the south and west sides of the tree-boles." The south and west sides of trees are the *warm* sides, and there the trees bleed most freely when punctured. But Wilson, himself, asserts that the birds choose the *healthiest* trees in which to peck their pits, and yet he thinks they are after worms, etc., etc., and he is quite sure it is *Picus pubescens* that does the work. He is wrong all around! I could fill ST. NICHOLAS with facts in proof of my bird's tippling habit. I may note one more glaring error in Wilson's account of this picus: He says it associates with the downy and the hairy woodpeckers, which is not true. *Picus varius*, as he names it, is a lonely bird, curiously solitary in its habits, except in the mating season. It never, at any time, place, or season, "associates with" the other little woodpeckers.

In still another particular Mr. Haines is wrong. He says: "The structure of the tongue alone would overthrow at once the above fallacy, for what use could a sap-drinking bird have for a tongue such as belongs to the woodpecker family?" Now, let me answer this: The red-headed woodpecker *(Picus erythrocephalus)* and the golden-winged woodpecker *(Picus auratus)* live mostly on berries and fruits and grain in summer and autumn. What use have they for the woodpecker tongue, according to Mr. Haines? In fact, the two last-named species have almost ceased to peck wood at all for food. They have not left the country because the woods have been cut down, as the ivory-billed and pileated species have; but have adapted themselves to the new environment, eating cherries, berries, apples, corn, and seeds.

Again, the red-headed species is an expert fly-catcher, and may be seen taking insects on the wing as deftly as a pewee; but what use has a fly-catcher for a woodpecker's wedge-shaped bill—according to Mr. Haines? Again, the *Picus auratus* bores in the ground for grubs and worms, just as the woodcock does—why is n't its bill like a woodcock's?

The fact is, boys, Mr. Haines might as well tell you that a red-headed woodpecker does n't eat ripe mulberries because its bill is wedge-shaped, as to tell you that a *Picus varius* does n't drink sap because its tongue has barbs on it! MAURICE THOMPSON.

WE made space in the December Letter-Box for some samples of the hearty and cheering letters about ST. NICHOLAS that come pouring in upon us like a tide, and we can not refrain from printing a few more here. We wish we could print them all, but we have the more reason to be grateful to the hosts of our friendly correspondents because their welcome compliments do not decrease in number or heartiness, despite our inability to make room for more than a very few out of the mass.

This time, we shall head the list with this appreciative and kindly greeting from a father:

PHŒNIXVILLE, PA., Dec. 18, 1882.

DEAR EDITORS: * * * * Allow me to add that our little daughter, too, belongs to that great army of little people to whom ST. NICHOLAS has become a dear old friend and companion, as well as an instructor and educator. Full of impatience and expectation, she always looks forward to the appearance of the new number, and does not mind to take the long walk to the bookstore as often as three times a week, about the time it is due, and great is her disappointment when she returns home without it.

Permit us to do what no doubt many parents have done before us: to express to you, and all those interested in the publication of this excellent periodical, our full appreciation of, and sincere thanks for, the noble and successful efforts you are making to instruct, educate, and entertain our children.

With the highest regards from Mrs. L. and myself, I remain

Your obedient servant, M. G. L.

And not less encouraging is this cordial and interesting letter from an "island home" in the beautiful Lake Erie:

December 6, 1882.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I do not live in the "piney woods" of Florida, nor at an Indian frontier-post, as some of your charming little readers do, but dwell with five small boys, on an island in the middle of Lake Erie.

My urchins range from baby in the crib to Hugh, a ten-year-old, but each and all of the five, in varied fashion, welcome joyfully the monthly coming of ST. NICHOLAS to our island home.

Would that the power in pen or pencil were mine to give to your chaste, cheerful pages pictures of and among these grape-growing islands of the West, where summer lingers longer and Jack Frost arrives later than at any like latitude on all this broad continent of ours. The waters, heated by the summer's sun, retain their latent heat, and this heat, given off as cooler days creep on, softens the air and preserves for weeks our flowers and garden-plants in native greenness, when far south of the Ohio the touch of winter is upon the land.

Pardon the digression, and permit me, as by first intention, to thank you most heartily for the pure pleasure and solid teaching which you, as the "Great School-ma'am," are giving to thousands throughout this world of ours, my own little flock among the growing number.

I have but to add that we are Canadians, living at the extreme southern point of the New Dominion; but I believe that glorious old Santa Claus knows no lines of latitude or politics.

I beg to remain, dear ST. NICHOLAS, for the boys and myself,

Sincerely and faithfully yours, F. B. Mc.

Next comes this frank letter from "another nineteen-year-old":

OSWEGO, January 4, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: On looking through the Letter-Box of the December number of ST. NICHOLAS, I find one letter written by Julie B., who is nineteen years old. I am nineteen also, and do not feel a bit "grown up" either, and enjoy ST. NICHOLAS immensely. My brother and I commenced taking it when it first started, and now my little sister takes it. She had read the old numbers, which we have bound, over and over again, and so, when Christmas came, and

she found ST. NICHOLAS in her stocking, she was so delighted! Of all her presents, I think she liked that best. Your true friend, N. H.

Then here is a hearty missive from a high-school girl at the other side of the continent:

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 6, 1882.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very happy that there is in existence such a magazine as the ST. NICHOLAS; though I am in the senior class of the high school, yet I take great pleasure in the ST. NICHOLAS. I live in a city noted for its cable roads, there being five roads which scale the numerous hills which abound in San Francisco. Among the course of studies which I pursue are chemistry, geometry, literature, Latin, rhetoric, zoölogy, astronomy, and history. I am seventeen years old, and I remain,

Your ardent reader and subscriber, ELISE F.

Perhaps Elise and others may not know that ST. NICHOLAS once described the cable roads of San Francisco (see ST. NICHOLAS for November, 1878), and that, since that article was published, a cable road has been built and is now in operation in the city of Chicago.

From the pile of hearty letters written by dear young friends between the ages of ten and fifteen, we have room for only a half-dozen, selected at random. And we shall begin with this cordial greeting from an English girl:

CARLTON ROAD, KILBURN, N. W., LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl living in London, or rather a suburb of London.

Four years ago, Papa brought me home a copy of ST. NICHOLAS, and I had my choice of that or another magazine, but directly I had read one number, I chose dear old ST. NICHOLAS, and I have taken it ever since, and think there is no magazine to equal it, in either England or America.

The nicest tales, in my opinion, are "Donald and Dorothy" and "Jack and Jill."

I hope I shall always take it, for I sometimes think I shall hardly ever get too old to enjoy it. A friend of mine was taking an English magazine, and I recommended ST. NICHOLAS to her, and she thinks it is the nicest magazine she ever read. I should think it must be jolly in America. If I could pop corn once, and help pull candy, and have a good coast and some snow-balling, I should be quite happy, for our snow melts here as soon as it comes down.

And I should like to be in America on the Fourth of July and on Thanksgiving Day.

In fact, I should n't mind living there at all. But now, dear ST. NICHOLAS, good-bye. From your loving and constant reader,

FLO. A——.

TRENTON, N. J., Jan. 27, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl nine years old; and never had a magazine of my own before last Christmas, when I was delighted to find ST. NICHOLAS among my presents. I was very much amused with the "Brownies' Ride," for my teacher calls me "Brownie," because I have brown eyes. I am just aching for the March number; so please hurry it up, and oblige

Your little friend, H. H. E.

BRANDENBURG, MEADE CO., KY., Jan. 14, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read you nearly four years. You were first given to me as a Christmas present by my brother; I do not know how we could do without you. We live in the country, five miles from our post-office. My little brother, nine years old, goes to the post-office the most. The first sound he hears when he returns is, "Did you get the ST. NICHOLAS?" If the answer is "Yes," all crowd around to get the first look. We can scarcely wait until our lessons are studied, to read it. Then I, being the oldest, read aloud. The next month always seems so far off, so long to wait to get another ST. NICHOLAS. Every one, from my teacher to my baby brother, two years old, hails ST. NICHOLAS with delight.

I think your stories are just splendid, "Donald and Dorothy" especially. Dorothy's picture is perfectly lovely.

I am very thankful for the composition subjects you have every month. I dislike very much to write compositions, and it does n't seem so hard when I get the subjects from you.

Yours truly, NELLIE G——.

"FRASCATI," VA., Feb. 5, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I cannot tell you how delighted I was when I awoke on Christmas morning and found the ST. NICHOLAS among my many other presents. I appreciated it more than any of them. The first time we ever got the ST. NICHOLAS a friend made it a present to my sister and myself for the whole year. My aunts all thought it such an excellent paper. We enjoyed reading it so much, that the next year they subscribed to it for us. This is now the third year we have taken it, and I hope we will subscribe to it a great many more years. I think it is the best magazine for children that has ever been published. Sister and I both thought "Donald and Dorothy" a lovely story, and were very sorry when it ended. When the ST. NICHOLAS comes, she and I rush for it; first we each look at the pictures, and then the one who first got it reads it. My sister and I are two little girls who have lost our dear papa and mamma, and so we live in the country on a large farm with our grandpapa and aunts. We have plenty of horses, and we often go out riding on horseback. I have often ridden on horseback by myself to our post-office, which is just one mile from us, to get the mail. We have three dogs and three cats, which are our pets. We have chickens also, but of all the many pleasant things we have to entertain ourselves with, the ST. NICHOLAS is the nicest and the best. Your constant reader, CORINNE LOUISE K.

MADISON, WIS., Dec. 11, 1882.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, eleven years of age, and for the past five years I have been a constant reader of your magazine, and think, with many others, that it is the best one I ever read. I have learned many beautiful pieces of poetry from it, and last week, at the close of school, I repeated "Little Guido's Complaint." It is in the October number for 1882. JANIE H. H——.

Last of all, we must add these two letters from young wanderers, for it seems their writers have, indeed, seen something of the world:

FORT D. A. RUSSELL, WY. TER., Dec. 6, 1882.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eleven years old. My papa is a doctor in the army. I was born at Fort Wingate, New Mexico, and since then I have been North, South, East, and I am now West again. We live right on the prairie. It blows here all the time. I take your ST. NICHOLAS, and think it perfectly lovely. My sisters Edith and Lisa delight to hear the baby stories. And when we get through I send it to my five cousins in Ireland, who love to read it too. With many thanks for such a lovely book, I am your grateful little friend, AILEEN MAY V——.

FORT ELLIOT, TEXAS, Jan. 14, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You get so many letters from little children all over the world, I thought I might write a letter also. I had ST. NICHOLAS first at White Earth Reservation, Minnesota, way out in the Indian country. In summer it was awfully hot — I could n't run hardly — and in the winter it was very, very cold. I saw Indians nearly all the time. I was a little frightened at first. I was staying at a hospital. A few Indians were very kind to me, and one Indian named Me-Shig-Ke-Ge-Thig was a great friend of ours. Emme-Gah-Bouh, the Indian clergyman, was so good, and we liked him very much. The Chippewas are good Indians. Last year I was in Europe, and in Switzerland. I was so glad to see ST. NICHOLAS again. It had a different blue cover outside, and in Germany and England it had a different blue cover. Very many little English children take ST. NICHOLAS, and German children too, and American children buy it over there, and all that buy it like it very much, usually. I think more of it now than I ever did before, and I should feel very badly if I could not see it. Papa got a Christmas number for me for one of my Christmas presents, and I like that very much too. Now I am way out in Texas. It is a long, long way from the railroad. We have lots of "Northers," very bad winds, and we have some prairie fires here. They were n't very bad, for the grass was not long enough. We had a fire here — a pile of wood took fire. I like the post very well, but I had rather be at my own grandpa's. There are four companies of soldiers. We have a little Agassiz Association. We have nine members. I hope I will always have a copy of ST. NICHOLAS. Good-bye. From your loving friend,

WILLIE T. P.

LUCY C. AND OTHERS.—We can not direct you to any purchaser of canceled or used postage-stamps, which, so far as we know, are worthless.

READERS of the clever story of "Louis's Little Joke," in this number, will be interested in this extract from a letter which the author sent with her MS.:

"The story was suggested by my seeing in the laundry, one morning, suds which had stood for hours, the froth white and pure, and strong enough to be sliced off with a knife. It looked wonderfully like the beaten whites of eggs, and kept its form when transferred to a plate. I suppose it was the force with which the suds had been driven through flannel by the strong arms of the washer-woman that made it so lasting. I have seen foam stand for hours on a lake-shore after a heavy gale."

THE Gould Memorial Home and Schools, mentioned by Miss Hale in her story, "Alone in Rome" (page 460), is a beautiful charity in Rome, which was begun by Mrs. Emily Bliss Gould, and after her death continued, in her name, by a society of ladies and gentlemen. It is supported chiefly by the gifts of American and English friends. A club of young people in Boston, called "The Italian Band," does much to help, and other cities in this country also contain associations in aid of the Gould Home and Schools. There are individuals, besides, who gladly give the eighty dollars a year necessary to support a child in the Home. The institution has been in existence about ten years, and usually has in its care some forty children, who receive daily instruction in needle-work, dress-making, housekeeping, tailoring, shoe-making, etc., beside all the care and comforts of a real home. An English lady, Mrs. Edgecombe Edwards, is now the president of the executive committee which has the actual supervision of the work

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L. M. D. — We can answer your question ourselves You can buy [or order "Through the Looking-Glass" at any bookstore, and the price of the most popular edition is $1.50.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The suggestion concerning the use of Christmas cards on a screen I have adopted, and modified in this way: Taking an old green baize screen, light blue silesia (a prettier background than canvas) was tacked over it on one side, and the cards adjusted by means of a fine silver wire — surgical wire. We made the holes for the wire with a small awl. The wrong side of the screen was finished with pink silesia, plaited and tacked. The whole completed, a pretty plush gimp was put on over the tacks, and the black-walnut edges of the original screen gilded. This was done with a bottle of gilt-paint, and powder and brush (costing about 50 cents).

It may seem strange to the boys and girls that a mother, with three little ones not old enough to read, should watch for the pretty ST. NICHOLAS with avidity. I do, however. Have the many readers of the magazine ever thought of passing it on to those unable to see it otherwise? Our copy goes to a cripple in the Hartford Hospital after we finish it, and affords a double pleasure. Yours sincerely, "AUNT LOTO."

AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.—TWENTY-FIFTH REPORT.

IT gives us great pleasure to note this month a larger accession of Chapters and new members than in any one previous report. Their addresses will be found below. We are also pleased to print the following very kind responses to our hint in the February report. The first is from the President of the Rochester, N. Y., Nat. Hist. Society:

"You may refer to me questions on parasites, infusoria, and pond-life. The only trouble is that replies may be delayed at times, owing to my frequent absence from home

"Yours truly, H. F ATWOOD.

"Office German Insurance Co."

The next is from an enthusiastic member of the Ottumwa Chapter:

"I have had considerable experience with fossils — have labeled the collection in a large public museum in this city. I will gladly undertake the identification of any specimens sent me.

"W. R. LIGHTON, Ottumwa, Iowa."

The third comes from Professor Dudley, of Cornell University:

"ITHACA, N. Y., Jan. 20, 1883.

"I have not yet outgrown my sympathy for the younger people. I will gladly answer their questions so far as time will permit, and will *make* time for their sakes, even when I am busy. My especial department is certain parts of Phænogamic and Cryptogamic Botany; among other things, the *grasses*, *ferns*, and *mosses*.

"I shall always be delighted to serve the boys and girls, even at the busiest moments. WILLIAM RUSSEL DUDLEY."

This will make the eyes of our young microscopists, fossil-hunters, and botanists sparkle with delight. But we caution them that, when they avail themselves of these most generous offers, they must observe two invariable rules:

First. Never write for assistance on any question until you have fairly exhausted all your own means for learning the answer.

Second. Always inclose sufficient postage for the return of your specimens, and also an envelope stamped with a three-cent stamp, and addressed to yourself. We hope that we shall be able before long to refer students in all departments to equally satisfactory sources of information. The call is now particularly urgent for a competent mineralogist, conchologist, and entomologist. Members of the A. A. will kindly call the attention of their elder friends to this need of our Society, as they may very likely not read ST. NICHOLAS.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	*Name.*	*Members.*	*Secretary's Address.*
397.	Mansfield Valley, Pa. (A)	8	Mr. Prestley.
398.	Roseville, N. J. (A)	22	Miss Sara Darrach, 31 N. 11, Newark, N. J.
399.	New York, N. Y. (I)	4	E. B. Lent, 221 E. 39.
400.	Fargo, D. T. (A)	6	Frank Brown.
401.	Louisville, Ky. (A)	7	James Speed, 836 4th Ave.
402.	Cayuga, N. Y. (A)	10	H. D. Willard, Box 94.
403.	Newark, N. J. (B)	4	Chas. Barrows, 168 Market st.
404.	Baraboo, Wis. (A)	7	Miss Dora Coffall, Box 1313.
405	Lexington, Ky. (A)	6	(Not furnished.)
406.	Fort Elliot, Texas (A)	9	Thos. Hood, care Capt. Hood.
407.	New York, N. Y. (J)	7	A. C. Weeks, 120 Broadway.
408.	Hartford, Ct. (E)	12	W. H. St. John, 194 Farmington Ave.
409.	Sag Harbor, N. Y. (A)	10	C. R. Sleight.
410.	Princeton, Ill. (B)	10	Miss E. M. Richardson.
411.	New Salem, Mass. (A)	12	D. F. Carpenter.
412.	Syracuse, N. Y. (B)	8	B. Burnet Nash.
413.	Denver, Col. (C)	5	H. W. Henderson, 454 Cal. st.
414.	New York, N. Y. (K)	6	H. Ries, 139 W. 49.
415.	Waterbury, Conn. (C)	5	Wm Carter.
416.	Racine, Wis. (A)	4	J McColman, 926 Main.
417.	Keyport, N. J. (A)	6	Phelps Cherry.
418.	Boston, Mass. (D)	18	Harry C. Sanborn, 49 Lawrence street.
419.	Chicago, Ill. (M)	8	Geo. Lynne, 107 Sedgwick st.
420.	Hanover, Ind. (A)	8	C. Danner.
421.	Petaluma, Cal. (A)	19	Miss Mary Denny.
422.	Brooklyn, N. Y. (G)	4	R. C. Avery, 98 Second Pl.

EXCHANGES.

Florida shells, for minerals.—S. A. Howes, Battle Creek, Mich.

Correspondence in South and West and in British America desired, with view to exchanges.—H. N. Johnson, Waterbury, Conn.

Common opal, for other minerals.—S. B. Arnold, Whipple Barracks, Arizona Territory.

Minerals, fossils, and woods, for foreign, Southern, and Pacific coast woods.—L. L. Lewis, Box 174, Copenhagen, N. Y.

Insects and birds' eggs, for insects and minerals; send for printed list.—E. Hamilton, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Birds' eggs.—Wm. Sicard, 1404 L st., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Fossils.—C. R. Eastman, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

The address of Chapter 388 should read as follows: C. F. Gettemy, Galesburg, Ill.

Attacus Cynthia cocoons, for cocoons of Io, Luna, Polyphemus, and Cecropia.—A. C. Weeks, 120 Broadway, N. Y.

Ores, for ocean curiosities or insects.—Eddie Boynton, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Dakota grain, grass, and prairie flowers, for sea-shells or minerals.—Jesse French, Grand Rapids, Dakota.

Polyphemus, Cecropia, Promethea, and Io cocoons, for lepidoptera.—Fred. A. Brown, Malden, Mass.

Insects and minerals.—Lillie M. Stephan, Pine City, Minn.

Petrified wood, buffalo teeth, for iron pyrites or buhl-stone.—Frank Brown, Fargo, D. T., Box 1769.

Cocoons of Promethea and Cecropia, for minerals.—Henry Gilbert, 27 Inman st., Cambridge, Mass.

Celebrated Spanish poison-plant, "Loco," for sea-shells or birds' eggs.—Thomas S. Hood, Fort Elliot, Texas.

Woods, for pressed ferns from West or South.—Harry G. White, 39 Union st., Taunton, Mass.

Chapter 351, East Boston, Mass. (B) has 26 members, instead of 6.

Robins' and bluebirds' eggs.—Helen Montgomery, Box 713, Saco, Maine.

Edelweiss, for pressed autumn leaves.—Alice M. Guernsey, Wareham, Mass.

The address of Chapter 374 should be changed to F. E. Cocks, Sec. Brooklyn E, 136 Seventh st.

Colorado minerals, for eggs or insects.—R. W. Anthony, 796 Welton st., Denver, Col.

Nest and eggs of yellow-headed blackbird, for eggs or insects.—W. I. Strong, 804 Cal. st., Denver, Col.

Florida moss, shells, cocoons.—Box 14, Beverly, N. J.

Correspondence on entomology.—John P. Gavit, 3 Lafayette st., Albany, N. Y.

Pentremites, for petrified wood.—Miss Jessie P. Glenn, Bowling Green, Ky.

Flint, satin slate, asbestos, serpentine.—C. Hadden, Jr., 69 Remsen st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Cocoons and chrysalids.—Jas. P. Curtis, 57 Seward Ave., Auburn, N. Y.

Agatized wood and minerals.—L. Wadsworth, Box 2772, Denver, Colorado.

REPORTS FROM MEMBERS AND FRIENDS.

Did you ever hear of pussy willows in October? On October 5th, I found a tree with pussy willows on nearly every twig.

SACO, MAINE. HELEN MONTGOMERY.

CANTON, N. Y., Feb. 8, 1883

I caught a chipmunk in my squirrel-trap, and was about to let it go, when I saw on the lower part of the abdomen a bunch as large as the end of my finger, with a black thing as large as half a pea sticking out. It felt like an acorn. The black thing that stuck out was ringed like a cocoon. It fell out of the chipmunk, and looked something like this:



It was sparingly covered with short, stiff, light-colored hairs. When I touched it, it moved a little. I took it home and laid it in a box, but when I went again for it, it was gone. MARK MANLEY.

[Will some one name this parasite? We venture to suggest a species of *Acarina*, in spite of the apparent articulations.]

NORWICH, CONN.

How the statement became established that *Citheronia regalis* (see Jan. report) is rare in N. E. (and I confess it has authority), I do not know. The observations of naturalists here do not warrant it. The larvæ are plentiful on butternut trees in New London, Conn., and are also found feeding in freedom on bayberry. Last season a friend of mine, who offered 25 cents each for full-grown caterpillars, was surprised to have a youth bring him 40, as the result of one day's hunt. A company of three have at least 150 of the larvæ feeding, but the result can not be known until spring. The larvæ suffer terribly from ichneumons, and the per cent. that survive is small. Larvæ of the Pine moth *(Eacles imperialis)* were also plentiful last season. They were found by me feeding upon white pine, arbor vitæ, maple, ash, hickory, and bayberry. The caterpillar was uniformly green, tending to black, on all food-plants but hickory and bayberry. On these they were in second and third stage, and were red. A. W. PEARSON.

D. M. Perine asks about a red speck on a house-fly. It is a parasite that is common on flies late in summer. It has three pairs of delicate legs, which are little used. It adheres to the fly by means of its mouth, which is a strong sucker. Very often the body will break before the sucker will let go. I have taken thirteen from one fly. I can not give you the name of the little fellow: in fact, I question if it has ever been christened. There is a good field for some of your amateur entomologists in studying its life history, structure, and habits. The house-fly is infested by two other parasites. The first is a minute worm, called *Filaria*, which is often found in the fly's head or proboscis. The other is a vegetable growth *(Empusa musci)*, a sort of fungus, like the mold on stale bread. The mycelia of this fungus, which are analogous to stalks of higher growths, penetrate the tracheæ, and, filling them, suffocate the fly.

You may often see adhering to the window a fly with a whitish deposit around it for half an inch. This is made up of thousands of spores, the fruit of the fungus. A.

["A." will please accept our thanks for his kind answer.]

H. A. Cooke, of North Brookfield, Mass., asks what is a "hair-snake." The scientific name is *Gordius aquaticus*. It is called Gordius from its habit of tying itself into a sort of "Gordian knot." As found wriggling its seven inches about in a pool, it is in its *imago* state, and is free. Not so, however, in its larval condition. It was then a parasite, and lived inside of some insect. Of course, no member of the A. A. accepts such boyish fallacies as that a horse-hair transforms itself into a hair-snake. GENESEE.

PITTSTOWN, N. J.

I should like to know the scientific name of a bug that swims about on top of the water, and, when it is disturbed, goes under water. It is black, about half an inch long. We call them "eel-bugs."

H. E. DEATS.

[They are a genus of Coleoptera called *Gyrinidæ*. Common name, "whirligigs."]

VICKSBURG, MISS.

DEAR SIR: The curious "bug" described by Bina J. Ray in your September number is generally known as the "Devil's Coach-horse." It is quite common in this latitude. It is sometimes of a green color, and at other times is brown, and I think possesses the property of the chameleon in the power to change its color.

It is very pugnacious, and its bite quite painful. I have seen two of them, placed in a cage with a full-grown mocking-bird, make a determined fight, catching and sticking close under the bird's wings. It was only after a protracted conflict, and with considerable difficulty, that they were overcome by the bird and killed.

The head of this insect appears to be composed entirely of mouth and eyes, the latter protruding like round knobs. The neck is very small, and the abdomen bulbous-shaped. It is provided with wings, which are used readily. The head turns easily on the neck in any direction without moving the body: and the insect follows with its eyes every movement of an enemy, by turning the head only, like an owl. This gives it a comical, and at the same time a rather formidable, appearance, when angry or alarmed. OLD BOY.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

I write to inform you of the organization of a Chapter of the Agassiz Association in Salt Lake City. Several of us boys have been more or less interested in natural history for some time, and when we read about the A. A. in ST. NICHOLAS, we thought that it was just what we wanted. So on Wednesday, August 2d, four of us met and organized the Chapter.

We have already taken several tramps after specimens. On the first one we found the terminal moraine of a glacier, and our honorary member gave us a long description of glaciers — the manner of their formation and movements, and the way in which moraines are formed. Our last trip was to a mining district situated 9300 feet above the sea. It lasted five days, and we walked sixty miles, and found many rare alpine plants, fossils, minerals, and bugs.

FRED. E. LEONARD, Box 265.

No abatement of interest. We are working up an entertainment, with the profits of which we intend to get a room. At one meeting we debated the question: "Resolved, That specialists accomplish more in natural history than generalists." We should like to have other Chapters take it up and let us know what they make of it. I have always read that quartz has no "cleavage," but I have a specimen of milky quartz which shows a remarkably fine plane of cleavage — 4 by 2½ inches. W. R. LIGHTON, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Questions from Albany, A: How does a cat purr? Tell something of a singing mouse. What are the differences between butterflies and moths?

I desire to obtain some popular science monthly or weekly, that treats, in a popular way, all the natural sciences. *The American Naturalist* is more technical than I wish. W. STRIBLING.

[Any one who will recommend a good paper to us, answering this description, will confer a favor.]

HYDE PARK, ILLINOIS.

I am happy to inform you that a Natural History Association has been formed in our high school. We have 17 members, all of whom are very enthusiastic in their work. We all desire to connect ourselves with the A. A. We had a cabinet made, which cost $25 00. The Board of Education has kindly advanced the cost of this, provided we leave our collection in the building. They also allow us to meet in the building. We have an entrance fee of 50c., in order that none but "workers" may join. We are very careful about electing new members. Address W. R. GWYNN, Box 237.

The special work of the term in Wareham, Mass., Chapter A, has been determinative mineralogy: we purchased 10 different minerals, and have analyzed them. We have a cabinet which has a number of specimens in it, together with several books, some purchased by the Chapter, and others presented by the Smithsonian Institution and the Department of the Interior.

We receive, through Mr. Glosser, the following report of Chapter C, No. 109, Washington, D. C. Listen to what the members have learned in one month:

Amber contains the fossil remains of 800 species of insects, and many kinds of plants.

Some snails breathe through an orifice which is on the right side in dextral and on the left in sinistral shells.

Deposits of metalliferous rock are formed in layers, beginning at the walls of the seams, which are sometimes highly polished. The central layer is composed of interlacing crystals.

The shark family contains the largest fishes. Sharks are nearly the only viviparous fishes, and the female is larger than the male.

Most of the movements of plants are independent of their growth. The ends of morning-glories revolve until they strike something, which they twine about."

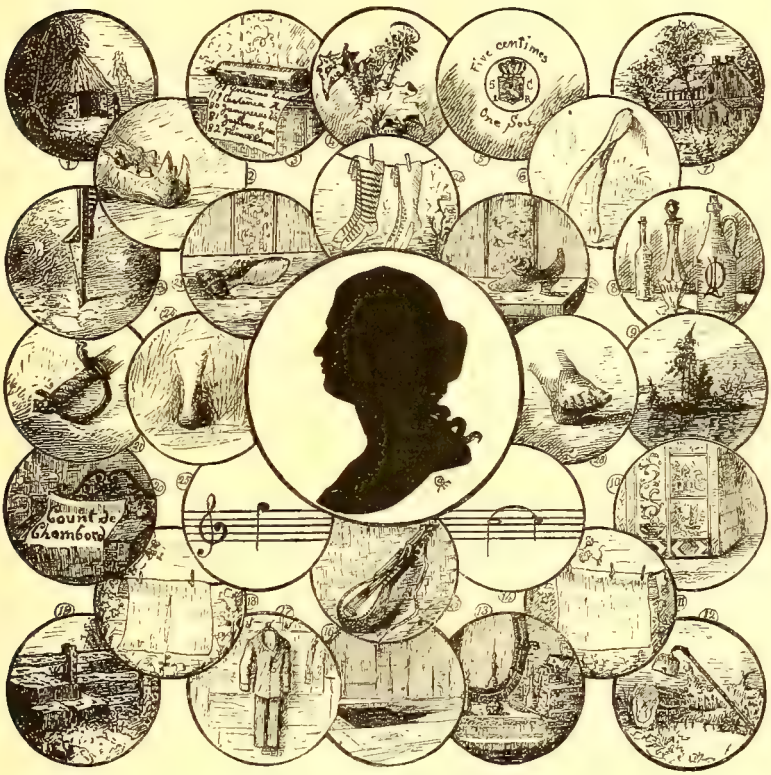
In concluding this report, we wish to remind the Association of the prize offered in February for the best essay on evidences of design in Nature. We now fix the date at which all essays must reach us as May 15. We hope for a large number of papers. Chapters will bear in mind Agassiz's birthday, on the 28th of May. Longfellow's poem on A.'s 50th birthday, and Whittier's "Prayer of Agassiz," are among the most appropriate selections for reading or recitation. We hope to have full reports of the manner in which the day is observed.

Some time ago we hinted that we wished to receive photographs of all members of the Society, for an A. A. album, but only a few understood what we meant. We have, however, made a beginning, and shall be pleased to receive a group picture of each Chapter, and individual photographs of as many members as possible.

We must remind new members (and some older ones) that an inclosed, self-addressed envelope *(stamped)*, or a postal card, are conditions of correspondence. No answers to postal cards. Reports and letters should be written on ordinary commercial note-paper — not foolscap — and on one side of the leaf. Address all letters to

HARLAN H. BALLARD,
Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.



THE central picture in the above illustration may be described by one word of ten letters. With these letters words may be formed describing each of the smaller pictures.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals spell the Christian name, and my finals the surname, of a famous novelist.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Gladdened. 2. One-half of a romp. 3. A sea east of Italy. 4. A bird similar to a crow. 5. Profitable. 6. To amuse. 7. Greets.

"MARGUERITE."

REVERSIBLE WORDS.

I. READ forward, I am always present; read backward, I never can be lost.

II. Read forward, I am a recompense; read backward, I am part of a bureau.

F. J. M.

RIDDLE.

BOTH of the following verses may be answered by words sounding alike, but spelled differently:

Covered by me
The prisoner bows his head.
His fate is fixed—
His life-long doom is read.

Covered with me
E'en dullest things look bright,
A contrast this—
From darkness into light.

F. J. M

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

ONE day I called my (1) *principal tributary of the Amazon* servant, whose name was (2) *a county of Georgia* and told him he was a lazy fellow, and deserved to be punished for allowing the (3) *division of Western Africa* fowls in the garden. The (4) *sea-port city of China* rooster had spoiled my pansy bed, and the little (5) *celebrated town of Javas* were ruining the pinks. (6) *A county of Georgia* showed no (7) *cape on the Carolina coast*, but promptly repaired the damage as well as he could. I then sent my (8) *cape of Florida* servant to tell the æsthetic Miss (9) *county of Idaho* (10) *county of West Virginia* that I had a fine (11) *county of Mississippi* for her. He soon returned, saying she would be with me as soon as she had finished practicing a Christmas (12) *county of Ohio*.

At this juncture my brother, who was a famous hunter, returned from a hunting expedition, with the news that he had killed a (13) *county of Kentucky*, a (14) *lake in British America*, and a (15) *city of New York*; and had accidentally shot a neighbor's (16) *county of Alabama*. As we were both becoming (17) *a kingdom of Central Europe*, we sent word to the (18) *county of Illinois* to serve dinner. Miss (10) *county of Idaho* now appeared, with a (20) *country of East Africa* on her head, and an (21) *inhabitant of Afghanistan* thrown over her shoulders.

Our dinner consisted of (22) *county of Minnesota* soup, a fine boiled (23) *river of Idaho*, and a roasted (24) *country of Europe*. The vegetables were served on the finest (25) *country of Asia*. For dessert we had (26) *county of New York* ice, (27) *sea-port city of Spain* grapes, (28) *country of South America* nuts, and last of all, some delicious (29) *sea-port town of Arabia* coffee.

ELSIE E.

NINE DIAMONDS.

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TOP ROW: I. 1. In quire. 2. A gleam. 3. One who uses an agricultural implement. 4. A word expressing affirmation. 5. In quire. II. 1. In quire. 2. A sharp blow. 3. A sharp instrument. 4. A large metallic vessel. 5. In quire. III. 1. In quire. 2. Three-fourths of a small brook. 3. A large stream. 4. A sheltered place. 5. In quire.

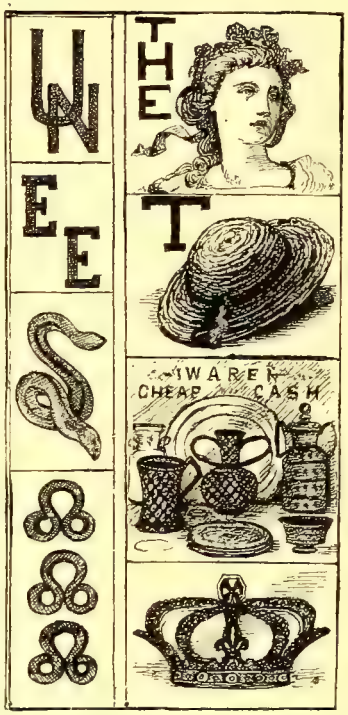
MIDDLE ROW: I. 1. In quire. 2. Uppermost. 3. A wanderer. 4. An inclosure. 5. In quire. II. 1. In quire. 2. A wooden vessel. 3. A governor. 4. To entreat. 5. In quire. III. 1. In quire. 2. To bind. 3. A cavalryman. 4. An edible fish. 5. In quire.

BOTTOM ROW: I. 1. In quire. 2. A vehicle. 3. A contestant. 4. A color. 5. In quire. II. 1. In quire. 2. To fold. 3. More uncommon. 4. To fondle. 5. In quire. III. 1. In quire. 2. A dandy. 3. A boatman. 4. A wooden nail. 5. In quire.

"A. P. OWDER, JR."

PROVERB REBUS.

THE answer to the accompanying illustration is an oft-quoted proverb.



NOVEL ACROSTIC.

EACH of the words described contains seven letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below another in the order here given, the first line of letters will spell the surname of a much-loved poet, and the third line, the name of one of his poems.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The part toward which the wind blows. 2. Very plain. 3. Closest at hand. 4. The first book of the Bible. 5. Acting as a drudge for another at an English school. 6. A precious stone. 7. That which quiets. 8. Freedom from business. 9. A public conveyance. 10. To coax.

HELEN F. T.

PI.

Ryeve rate si dewersan yb a slomsob,
Ryeve gish hitw nossg dan hertulag tlenb,
Pealp-slombo puno eth bezseer sost hetm,
Pilar skown erh won, nad si tencton.

H. V. W.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of fifty-seven letters, and am a quotation from the *Merchant of Venice*.

My 49–3–43–27–13 is to squander. My 45–22–56–2–18–42 is a day of the week. My 55–41–11–44–9–25 is to entice. My 34–29–51–40 is a multitude. My 53–31 20–46 is a pronoun. My 8–38–12–4 is a small horse. My 36–32–15 is misery. My 52–16–19–1–57–50 is a fleet of armed ships. My 7–21–39–10–23–28 is to help My 30–35–24 is to scatter abroad. My 33–48–26–6–17–54 is to pull with a twist. My 14–5–37–47 is sin.

"CESARIO."

CHARADE.

WE loaded the *first* at the station,
With barrels and barrels of flour;
The busy freight agent had told us
The train would *last* in an hour.

We hurried about pretty lively,
And piled up the barrels so fast
That, when the long train reached the station,
Our *whole* was quite ready to *last*.

"HIAWATHA."

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE.

ONE word is concealed in each sentence. 1. Hal was discouraged, for his three ventures all proved disastrous. 2. Shall Percival or Reginald go for the parcel? 3. The lateness of the hour prevented Anna from making the call she had intended. 4. She was not especially entertaining. 5. All the theaters seemed well patronized.

"CORNELIA BLIMBER."

TWO CROSS-WORD ENIGMAS.

I. My first is in strive, but not in vie;
My second in prove, but not in try;
My third in awkward, but not in sly;
My fourth is in sing, but not in cry;
My fifth is in nature, but not in sky;
My whole holds castles for which we sigh.

II. My first is in leopard, but not in cat;
My second is in thin, but not in fat;
My third is in board, but not in slat;
My fourth is in stood, but not in sat;
My fifth is in fly, but not in bat;
My sixth in carpet, but not in mat;
My whole is something to puzzle at.

"SIDNEY AND IDA," AND "ELSIE E. B."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE.

Why do we dread to-morrow, and so destroy to-day?
For if we borrow trouble, we surely have to pay.

(These words will appear by holding the picture near and on a level with the eye. The second line may be seen by reading from the right-hand side of the picture.)

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Robert Burns; finals, Tam O'Shanter. Cross-words: 1. RioT. 2. OperA. 3. BlossoM. 4. EchO 5. ReckleSS. 6. TrasH. 7. BananA. 8. UnicorN. 9. RevolT. 10. NoviciE 11. ScouR.

WORD SYNCOPATIONS. 1. T-rib-une. 2. R-even-ue. 3. Ma-lad-y. 4. Be-wild-er.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

True wit is nature to advantage dressed,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed.

Pope's *Essay on Criticism*, lines 297 and 298.

RHOMBOID. Across: 1. Inert. 2. Overt 3. Eneid 4. Tales. 5. Dents.

CYNTRAL SYNCOPATIONS AND REMAINDERS. Aristotle: 1. He-A-rd. 2. Ha-R-sh. 3. Na-I-ve. 4. Re-S-in. 5. Me-T-al. 6. St-O-op. 7. Pe-T-er. 8. Ha-L-ve. 9. Sk-E-in.

WORD SQUARES. I. 1. Inert. 2. Never. 3. Evade. 4. Redan. 5. Trent. II. 1. Abhor. 2. Brave. 3. Haven. 4. Overt. 5. Rents. III. 1. Grate. 2. Raven. 3. Avert. 4. Terse. 5. Enter.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS. Upper Left-hand Diamond: 1. C. 2. Aha. 3. Chart. 4. Art. 5. T. Upper Right-hand Diamond: 1. T. 2. Era. 3. Trend. 4. Ant. 5. D. Central Diamond: 1. T. 2. Tea. 3. Tepid. 4. Aid. 5. D. Lower Left-hand Diamond: 1. T. 2. Via. 3. Timid. 4. Air. 5. D. Lower Right-hand Diamond: 1. D. 2. Dew. 3. Depot. 4. Won. 5. T.

PICTORIAL CHARADE. Letter-Box.

An abiding place for soap, or starch, or cuffs, or paper collars
Is number *two*, which holds three things you use for number one;
Our *one* and *two* combined bring the nation many dollars,
Paid over by all those who have much letter-writing done.

TWO CROSS-WORD ENIGMAS. I. Pan. II. Ida.

CUBE. From 1 to 2, marine; 2 to 6, enrage; 5 to 6, serene; 1 to 5, morals; 3 to 4, retain; 4 to 8, Norman; 7 to 8, ensign; 3 to 7, Racine; 1 to 3, moor; 2 to 4, earn; 5 to 7, sole; 6 to 8, even.

DIAMOND. 1. L. 2. See. 3. Shore. 4. Leopard. 5. Erase. 6. Ere. 7. D.—— CHARADE. Naughty.

LATE Answers to JANUARY PUZZLES were received from F. W. Islip, Leicester, Eng., 10—Sydney Bilbands, Bonchurch, Eng., 1.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 20, from Fannie S., 1—C. M. M., 6—C. A. Neff, 1—Percy Merrell Nash, 3—Helen M., 2—Hattie I. Weisel, 2—Carry H. Bailey, 1—Sallie Seaman, 3—Frank R. Gadd, 1—John Burnet Nash, 1—Roy Guion, 4—E. L. B., 3—"Curiosity," 1—Philip Embury, Jr., 5—J. Webb Parker, 3—Stiles A. Torrance, 1—Leila L. Parsons, 1—J. M. L., 4—Alicia and Jessica, 9—Alice L. P., 1—Daisey Osbi, 1—R. H. Murphy, Jr., 4—Theodore H. Piser, 1—Edith Howland and Willis Brower, 1—Frank Osborne, 1—Carleton V. Woodruff, 5—Paul Reese, 8—"Alcibiades," 7—Lillian Byrne, 4—Willie Koehnle, 8—Edith Sinclair, 1—Etta M. Taylor, 2—"Brooklyn," 6—"Oscar" and "Harry," 3—Tom Orrow, 3—J. X. Watson, 2—Charlie M Philo, 1—Nannie McL. D., 4—Daisy and Dandelion, 2—L. I., 9—Dillaye G. Thompson, 2—Gracie A. R., 6—Minnie A. Olds, 4—"North Star" and "Little Lizzie," 4—J. B. Whitehead, 4—Edith Howland, 3—"The Stewart Browns," 7—Effie K. Talboys, 8—Isabella Purington, 3—Willie Frautwine, 4—L. E. and C. Yelkenih, 9—L. Wager, 1—Helen and Harry, 3—Warren Dickinson, 9—Livingston Ham, 1—Harry B. Sparks, 7—Sam Bell. 8—E. Reyemllae, 5—Florence G. Lane, 7—Nellie Caldwell, 5—D. B. Shumway, 8—Harver and Mazy, 6—Lulie M. Bradley, —Joe B. Sheffield, 2—G. Mather, 5—Mamma, Madge, and I, 6—"Queen Bess," 8—"M. N. Bank," 2—E. Riley, 2—Vin and Henry. 6—Appleton H., 7—L. Gilman, 6—A. D. Close, 4—Hazel, 8—B. Stromenger, 3—Dycie, 6—Pernie, 9—J. A. Nowland, 3—K. B. and A. B., 9—B. and C. Wehl, 6.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 20, from Delia Marble—"Lode Star"—Sallie Viles—Philip C. Kennedy—H. A. Davis—"Arabi Bey"—Harry L. Reed—Amy Slade—R. R. R.—"Vere-de-Vere Vaughan"—Clarence A. Cobleigh—Belle Bartholomew—Minnie B. Murray—Helen Smith—Maggie M. Perkins—R. T. Losee—"Two Subscribers"—L. V. Pirsson and H. W. Faulkner—Helen F. Turner—Mamma and Weddie—Howard S.—Neely and Frank—"The Houghton Family"—Pinnie and Jack—"Professor and Co."—Louis R. Custer—John C. and Wm. V. Moses—"A. P. Owder, Jr."—Grandma, Frank, and Anna—Katie Schoonmaker—"Ursa Major and Ursa Minor"—Heath Sutherland—"Town and Country"—Tom and Ida—Eugene and Bessie Smith—Papa, Mary, Anne, and Belle Casal—"Marna and Bae"—Sarah C. Dwight—Pearl Stevens—Scrap—Teresa and Elizabeth—Dexter S. Crosby, Jr., and Harry W. Chandler, Jr.—Cuchee Smith—Sadie and her Aunt—"Three"—Lillie C. Lippert—Francis W. Islip—K. M. B.—Mary Ingham—Lizzie Owen—"Erasmus"—Edward J. Colgate—C. J. Child—Papa, Elida, and Samuel Whitaker—G. Lansing and J. Wallace—G. L. Waterhouse—H. M. Baynes—Grace Eddington.


A Joyful Easter

